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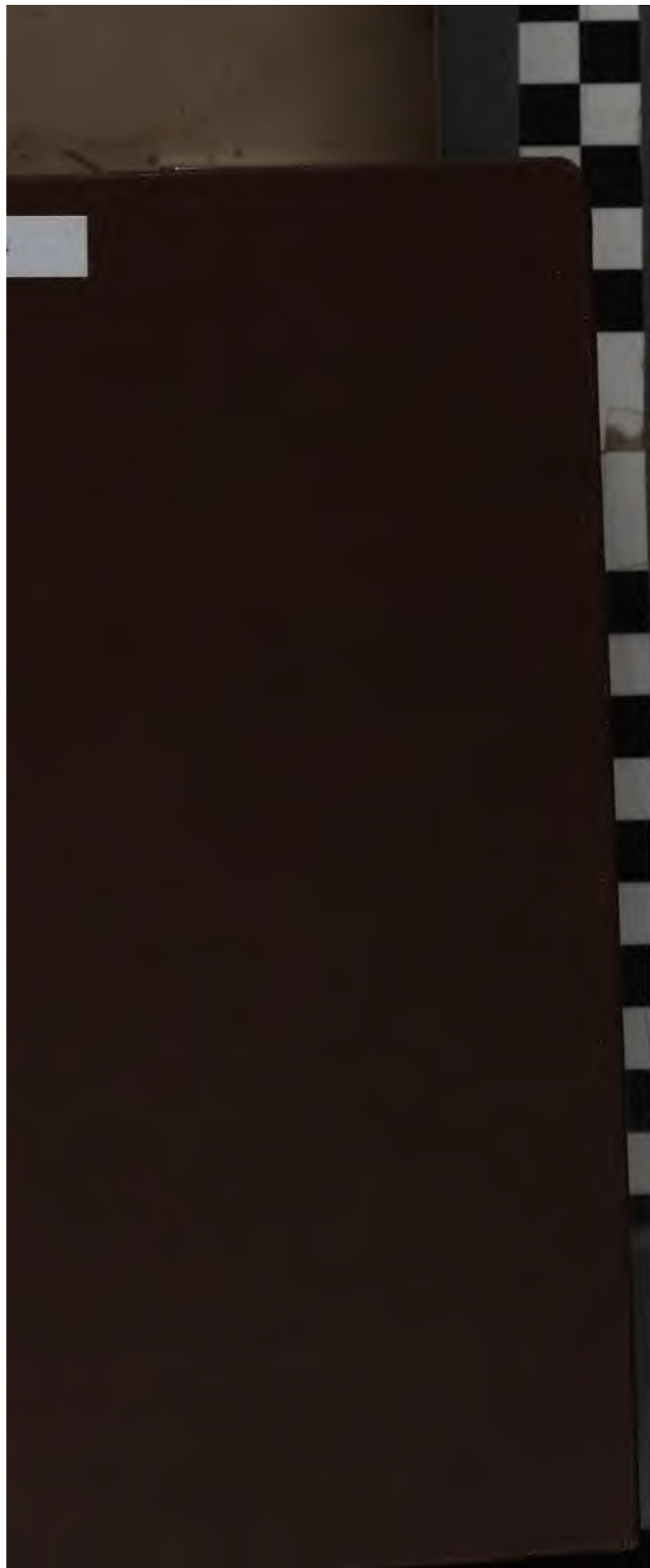
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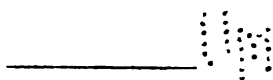




THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MDCCC LI.

JULY — DECEMBER.



Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ
ἙΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

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- ART. I.—1. *Œuvres de Descartes. Nouvelle Edition, collationée sur les meilleurs Textes, et précédée d'une Introduction par M. Jules Simon.* Paris : Charpentier. 1851.
2. *Histoire et Critique de la Révolution Cartésienne. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut.* Par M. Francisque Bouillier, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale. Paris : Joubert. 1842.
3. *Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris : Charpentier. 1845.
4. *Discourse on the Method of rightly conducting the Reason, and seeking Truth in the Sciences.* By Descartes. Translated from the French, with an Introduction. Edinburgh : Sutherland and Knox. 1850.

IN the estimation of many large and sanguine minds, metaphysics, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, has long ceased to possess claim on attention. The assumptions of alchemy and astrology have vanished before the generalizations of those positive sciences of which they were the forerunners. Augury has given place to physiology ; the law of the supposed transmutation of metals is now superseded by the *law of definite proportions* ; and the occult influences of the stars by the *registered perturbations of the planets*. The science of metaphysics, it is assumed, bears to the investigations of modern psychology precisely the same relationship, and must soon abdicate the

tottering throne on which it has been dreaming for ages. Philosophy, these great men contend, has long since renounced all hope of arriving at the nature of things, or at the knowledge of things *per se*; and even Bacon understood by *forma*, by the *latens schematismus*, and the *latens processus*, nothing more than *we mean* by the elements of which anybody is composed, the laws that govern its action, and the facts that are developed in its study; and, therefore, *philosophy* should, by becoming strictly inductive, renounce all opinion, and all hope of forming opinion, on the nature of mind, or the relations of mind and matter, of God and the universe.

It is not within our province to enter, at much length, into these discussions; but we cannot resist the conviction that to entertain them at all is to acknowledge that we *have* a greater power than the conclusions of the anti-metaphysicians seem to allow. We cannot defend the opinion that philosophy is only the science of laws without assuming a contradiction of that maxim, without involving ourselves in deeper problems than we profess to consider consistent with it.

It appears to us that metaphysics can never become a purely inductive science of laws, will never end in a mere register of antecedents and consequents, of Baconian causes and effects, that the mind is never sufficiently isolated from all influences but *one*, for us to calculate upon the actual effects of that one. If we could put pure mind into some crucible, and subject it to the influence of separate causes; if we could stand upon the border land of mind and matter, and survey each separately and trace their mutual action; if we could form a calculus with which safely to analyze our mental operations; if, independently of consciousness, we could experiment on our own thoughts, and unwind the genesis of ideas, and if the combining elements of our calculation were generic instead of individual—mere determinate constants, instead of variable and complicated factors, the thing would be done; but this condition would satisfy the metaphysician as much as the mere mental physiologist; and it is because this eminence has always seemed inaccessible, and because the attempts to sketch the wide panorama from its summit have ever proved hopeless, that the course of philosophical enterprise has been so circular, and has appeared so frequently to return to the very point from which it started some centuries ago. It is granted that the explanations of those who have looked upon philosophy as 'the science of being' have frequently been absurd, and when subjected to the sledge-hammer of a merciless logic, have been shivered for a while into a thousand pieces; stretched on the inquisitorial rack, 'the thews of Anakim' have snapped, the joints of very Samsons

have been dislocated, and systems after systems of ponderous pretension have gone the way of all absurdities; yet, the re-appearance of them, age after age, has proved, either that they did not know they were dead or that they really survived because they contained an amount of truth which their opponents have determinately ignored.

It may be considered late in the day to be raking from their long resting-place the silent ashes of Descartes; it may be said, that we are not now bound to declare ourselves Cartesians or anti-Cartesians, any more than we are to range ourselves under the old banners of Nominalist and Realist, or to contend that we are not Eleatics, Peripatetics, or Platonists; yet it seems to us that the great controversies to which the writings of Descartes gave a new birth, are being forced again on our attention, and that we are beginning to feel once more the recoil which every previous philosophical era has exhibited from the dogmatism of the sceptic.

Jules Simon, the able editor of one of the volumes whose titles are prefixed to this article, tells us that Cartesianism is as living and powerful as ever.* It would seem that refuge is taken from many of the dreams of German constructors of the universe, not in the baseless hypotheses of Descartes, but in the veritable psychological method, in the strong common sense—the clear-headed and generally perspicuous style, and the healthy, devout, and inspiring assurances of his ‘Discourse on Method,’ his ‘Meditations,’ and ‘Principia.’

The influence of Descartes may be seen in this fact—‘that from 1637, the date of the “Discourse on Method,” to the end of that century, no philosophical work, of any importance, made its appearance, which was not for, against, or on Descartes.’† This great man, the founder of modern philosophy, did for metaphysics that which Francis Bacon accomplished for natural science, when he established its first principles and developed the method of its successful treatment. If we would see the true source of modern idealism—if we would trace the Pantheism of modern schools to its philosophical origin—if we would whet our swords for the long conflict which awaits us with this great enemy of God and man—if we would understand the writings of the great French, English, Scotch, and German Schools of philosophy for the last two hundred years—if we would unravel the pedigree of many opinions and much phraseology—we must

* *Le Cartésianisme est aujourd’hui aussi vivant et aussi puissant que jamais.* Introduction, *note*, p. 2.

† *Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne.* Par V. Cousin.

be familiar with the historical position and philosophical claims of René Descartes.

Descartes has scarcely received from Englishmen the respect or attention which his influence upon them should have commanded. Cyclopædias and the histories of philosophy that are current among us have not, indeed, forgotten him; but we have no translation of his works, with the exception of the tractate mentioned at the head of this article. Whether a natural enmity to Frenchmen is the cause of this neglect, or the intense nationality which makes us stickle for the superiority of his great opponents, Bacon and Locke, has deafened the ears of Englishmen to his claims, we hope that some of our enterprising publishers will not allow this disgrace to cling much longer to our nation in general, or to themselves in particular.

Descartes was certainly not the first who innovated upon the established modes of thinking which scholasticism had introduced into the mind of Europe; but, in metaphysical science, he was the first who so innovated as to create a great and permanent alteration.

There had existed, from the period of the introduction of Aristotelian logic into the teaching of the Church, the most extraordinary combination of freedom of discussion with servile deference to authority; and hence the wire-drawing and distinctions were introduced, which threatened to split into infinitesimal fractions the truth that had not already evaporated in the voluminous productions of this learned father, or that angelical doctor.

Some new light had shone during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, strange to say, Italy was its birthplace. The veritable ghost of Aristotle was summoned from his grave; the bag of bones that had often passed for the Stagyrte, was ground to powder and scattered to the winds by Pomponatus and by Vanini, who had studied his writings for themselves, and had declared themselves his true disciples; while the revival of Greek literature, the discovery of Plato's Dialogues, the magnificent results of the Copernican theory of the heavens, the immortal ridicule of Erasmus, Rabelais and Montaigne, compelled scholasticism to hide its wizened head.

Marsilius Ficinus, the philosophical chief of the Neo-Platonist school, chosen by the Medici family to preside at Florence over an academy formed for the study of Plato, together with his Latin translations of Plato, Proclus, and Plotinus, executed in a style that has given them European fame;—the Platonic furor

* Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason, &c. Translated from the French. Sutherland and Knox.

of Patrizzi, which led him to impute atrocious crimes to Aristotle, to impugn the authenticity of his works, to blacken his memory and tarnish his philosophical fame;—the learning and eloquence of Ramus, who comprehended the absurdity of reasoning from given premises to a given conclusion, who stripped theology of its dry and abstract form, and whose tragic death, amid other massacres of St. Bartholomew, has so often been lamented; combined with the influences of other great and erratic minds to prepare the way for the daring steps of Descartes. Wherever the chains were fairly snapped, loud was the indignation of cowed priests, fiercely glared the torture-chamber of the Holy Inquisition, and not a few expiated their love of novelty and freedom by their blood.

Among others, Jordano Bruno, who was Eleatic in his tendencies, passed over Platonism in his recoil from Aristotelianism, and became the great type of the poetic scepticism of later times. He was, as Cousin has remarked, the poet of the system of which Spinoza was the geometer; and, of course, became obnoxious to the vehement hatred and persecution of his contemporaries. Schoffe, in a letter to Ritterhausen, said of him, '*Il n'est pas une erreur des philosophes païens et de nos hérétiques anciens ou modernes qu'il n'ait soutenue.*' The man who could boldly defy the Holy Fathers, when they pronounced their sentence on him with the words, '*Majori forsitan tum timore sententiam in me fertis quam ego accipiam*'—was not likely long to have eluded their bigoted vengeance.

Campanella is the name of another cultivated and poetic soul, who, spurning the yoke of mental tyranny forged by scholasticism, and imposed by spiritual despotism on the neck of a sluggish age, incurred the vindictive wrath of the Church. His Platonism was more subtle than that of Bruno, and his mysticism was more refined. His tragic life was, at least, a flash of aurora in the midnight.

Again, there was born near Naples, towards the close of the sixteenth century, Julius Cæsar Vanini.* Like Bruno, he travelled through Europe, drawing enthusiasm in with every breath, and inhaling within the pale of the Church some of the air of liberty, that had swept, as a reviving breeze, from Wittemberg across the world.

This man wrote two celebrated works at the beginning of the seventeenth century, under the following pompous titles: the first—'*The Amphitheatre of Eternal Providence, Divino-Magical, Physico-Christian, Astrologico-Catholic, in opposi-*

* Lucilius was his baptismal name, which he changed in the title-pages of his works into that of Julius Cæsar.

tion to the Ancient Philosophers, Atheists, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and Stoics;’ the second, ‘On the Wondrous Secrets of Nature, the Queen and Goddess of Mortals.’ The first of these works contains, unquestionably, a formal *d priori* argument for the existence of God; but it is for the existence of a god that can neither be known nor loved; and his pompous proof is a bare recognition of the imposing conception of a personal god. Disappointed in the success of his metaphysical method, he fell back upon the authority of the Church, in every great question which affected man’s moral position or destiny; and, if we were to judge him by ‘the Amphitheatre’ alone, we should pronounce him a believer in a personal god, every attribute of whom was to be communicated by the revelation of the Bible, and by the Church. But in the second work, which appears, from his letters, to have contained his true opinions, he proclaims himself the philosophical atheist, and the ill-concealed hater of Christianity.

Led by his evil genius, after having wandered over Europe, he settled in Toulouse, where the secret tribunal of the Inquisition was in active operation. The novelty of his opinions excited the attention of the holy office to his spiritual crimes, he was delivered over to the secular arm, and on the 9th of February, 1619, was burnt alive as a heretic.* There was in this man an extraordinary combination of mental forces. He was by turns pusillanimous and bold, the hypocrite and the hero: to-day masking his opinions in deference to the opinions of others; to-morrow, baring the depths of his perturbed and sceptical spirit. As long as there was hope, he cringed before inquisitors, and professed implicit deference both to Theism and to Christianity: as soon as hope had fled, he drew up the visor, and died as he had lived. Thus there were many forces opposed to philosophy. It could not act freely in its search after truth; and no means were at its disposal, if it would not reason from principles that were stereotyped, and in a method that had almost the authority of inspiration. Natural philosophy and astronomy were gagged. The telescope, pointed to heaven, was fenced by the *cheval-de-frise* of ecclesiastical injunctions, and darkened by a medium which distorted the light of the stars. We owe it mainly to Bacon and Descartes that science has overstepped the narrow bounds which had been so long assigned it, and has occupied its legitimate field of inquiry. We owe it to the spirit of these men, that the tendency which exhibited itself in the tragic course of Bruno, Ramus, Campanella, and

* Victor Cousin, *Fragmens de Philosophie Cartesienne*. La Philosophie avant Descartes. Schrammuis de Vita et Scriptis J. C. Vanini, 1715.

Vanini, was neither strangled in its birth nor consummated in a heartless scepticism.

Bacon and Descartes differed widely in many respects; but there are many observable points of connexion between them. They were both laymen, and yet they dared to be the innovators in science and philosophy. They both propounded methods for its study, and each luxuriated in the *facts* of nature. But they differed, inasmuch as the one made metaphysical truth, and the other physical laws, the subject of his investigation. Bacon made facts his study, that he might arrive at principles; Descartes assumed principles, that he might understand facts. Bacon sought to arrive at the extreme generalizations of science—those ultimate laws which, being supposed, the universe might be constructed; Descartes examined his own consciousness, and there searched for principles which would legitimate and conditionate all knowledge.

The opening recommendations of the 'Novum Organon,' and those of the 'Discourse on Method,' are remarkably akin; but 'The Doubt' of Bacon was in order to clear his eyes for the observation of what *was*—'the Doubt' of Descartes was to prepare his consciousness for the assumption of what *must have been*. Bacon's great failure was his neglect of *deduction*; Cartesian misunderstandings arose from the neglect of *induction*.

On turning from the philosophy of Bacon to his life we recoil with shame and grief. Passing from his essays or his laboratory to his judgment-seat, we discover a man whose principles were lofty, but whose actions were mean; who *said*, 'that it was heaven upon earth to move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth,' but whose duplicity, selfishness, ingratitude, and avarice, cannot, to the honour of human nature, often find a parallel.

The life of Descartes furnishes no such contrast to his philosophy. Heavy charges of literary plagiarism have been brought against him, but they cannot be said to have been substantiated. There is an able *résumé* in the 'Biographie Universelle,' of the voluminous memoirs of him written by Baillet: but the true philosophical sketch of his history will be found in his own celebrated 'Discourse on Method.' A few particulars will here suffice. He was born in Tourraine, on the 31st of March, 1596, of noble Breton parentage. The Jesuit college at La Flèche had the honour of conducting his early education, of watching, if not of fanning, the flame of his early devotion to study. Here, he tells us, he was first addicted to the pursuit of literature, and was not a little exalted by his conscious equality with the illustrious youth who were there competing for the presidency of the age.

At La Flèche he became convinced that 'there was nothing more delicious and nothing more sweet than poesy;' that mathematics had in some sense availed to lighten the burdens of mankind; that theology had presumed to show the way to heaven, and that philosophy, at least, gave the power of confounding and dazzling the simple. Mathematical proofs riveted his mind, but he felt wofully disappointed at the fewness of the practical results of such an imposing, and, to his mind, satisfactory science. He contrasted these spare practicalities with the moral theories of the ancients, which loomed in the distance like splendid palaces on a foundation of sand.

His thorough dissatisfaction with the philosophy of the schools impelled him to renounce all literature, and begin to study consciousness and life, or, as he says, 'the great book of the world.' Armies, courts, cities, were for several years the pages of that book. His vindication of this daring renunciation of all authority—of this attempt to construct a system and devise a method of his own—is one of the happiest efforts of his genius.* 'He did not seek to rebuild the town in which others dwelt, but to reconstruct the abode of his own mind. He might for this purpose use old materials; but the plan must be new, and the ground must be cleared.'

An anonymous mathematician in Breda—where he was wintering in the uniform, and with the occupation, of the young and intrepid soldier—had placarded the wall with an unsolved problem. It would have been amusing to watch the countenance of Professor Beckmann, of Dort, when young Descartes, who had submissively asked him to translate it into French for him, solved it with that instinctive, and almost intuitive, perception of mathematical truth for which he was afterwards so famous.

He continued his wandering and warlike life some eight or nine years; and it was not until 1629 that he sought and found a retreat in Holland. Here he composed his '*Traite du Monde*,' and exhibited what some would term a craven spirit and a pusillanimous alarm at the decision of authority against the motion of the earth; and unquestionably modified his statements, if not his principles—his mode of expression, if not his premises—in deference to the Court of Rome. M. Bouillier, in the admirable prize-essay, the title of which is prefixed to this article, vindicates him on the ground of his excessive desire to propagate the system he had been maturing, and his fear that persecution might have impaired the interests that were dearer to him than life itself. He published his great work, the '*Discourse on Method*,' with his '*Dioptrics*,' '*Meteors*,' and '*Geometry*,' in

* Discourse on Method, Part I.

1637. It was written in French, and afterwards translated into Latin by a friend, and published with the corrections and additions of the author. The 'Meditations' were written first in Latin, and published in 1641; and six years afterwards, they appeared in a French translation by Le Duc de Luynes. The 'Principia' was published in Latin, in 1644. It contains, perhaps, the final statement of all his opinions on metaphysical and physical subjects. Through the whole of this period he remained in perfect secrecy. Père Mersenne, through whom his 'Meditations' were given to the world, and who became the channel of communication between Descartes and his great opponents, alone knew of his retirement.

In 1643, the 'Meditations' penetrated the massive walls of the Vatican, and were greeted with execrations by the Sacred College. It was denounced an ecclesiastical crime to print, read, or hold, a copy of the works of Descartes. There was too much daring in his style—too much of the spirit of a man consummating a revolutionary victory—to suit the pretensions of Rome.

Francis Bacon had separated the provinces of religion and science, by declaring that human wisdom failed completely in the solution of the mysteries of the faith. Pomponatus had shown that they were distinct; but had proclaimed *his* readiness to believe as a Christian what he disbelieved as a philosopher. Descartes was prepared to wrest from the hand of ecclesiastics the charter by which they alone had been permitted to pronounce on the immortality of the soul and the being of God, and established an absolute and universal criterion of all knowledge, which would not supersede, but must take the precedence of, all authority. Catholics, however, had other victims 'to harry out of their dominions;' Jesuits left Cartesianism to contend with Jansenism; and the Parliament of Paris found the Port-Royal more troublesome than our philosopher.

Strange to say, Descartes suffered more persecution from Protestant theologians than from Jesuit priests. Gisbert Voet, Professor at Utrecht, sought by fair and foul means to damn his reputation; and the strong arm of William Prince of Orange was powerless before the storm of prejudice and hatred which this bitter enemy had raised. A discovery of the treasonable and insidious intentions of Voet terminated that persecution; but it was under a fresh insult from the bigoted Professors of Leyden that Descartes accepted the invitation of Christina, Queen of Sweden, to become the inmate of her palace, the instructor of her own mind, and the ornament of her court. He died on February 11th, 1650, after a short illness. Christina wept over him, and sought to bury him among the magnates of Sweden; but the spread of Cartesianism throughout Europe made the

French proud of their countryman, and resolve to consign his remains to their national cemetery in Paris in 1666.

In reviewing his life, we find neither his virtues conspicuous, nor his defects glaring. The hero of a philosophical revolution, he despised the instructions of the past, and had unbounded confidence in his own opinions. He was fond of money, and ambitious of fame. He was tenacious of his own discoveries; yet he was generally thought to be a literary pilferer from other men's treasures.* His mind was subtle, ingenious, and profound. He saw, with intuitive rapidity, the most recondite principles, and disengaged other men's fallacies with marvellous precision and logical tact. His discoveries were numerous, not because he made successful generalizations of facts, but the most happy of guesses, and the most sagacious deductions from them.

He wrote for the people as well as for the philosophers of his age, and thus made public opinion his ultimate appeal. He wrote in a language that is European, and in a style not far from perfection. While Dugald Stewart has hailed him as father of mental philosophy, Voltaire and V. Cousin hail him as the founder of French literature.

The influence of the Cartesian philosophy is boundless; its ramifications innumerable. We will endeavour to characterise certain parts of it, and, as far as our limited space allows, describe their results. It would be unjust to the memory of Descartes to overlook the flood of light he poured over mathematical science by the discovery which he thus describes in his 'Discourse on Method':—

'I had no intention of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated mathematics; but observing that, however different their *objects*, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best to consider these proportions in the most general form possible. . . . Perceiving, further, that in order to understand these relations, I should have to consider them one by one, and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that in order the better to consider them individually, I should *view* them as subsisting between straight lines, . . . and *express* them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way, I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by the help of the other.'—*Discourse on Method*, &c., translated from the French, pp. 62, 63.

The application of algebra to geometry has done for the

* Hallam, in his 'Literature of Europe,' has given abundant material from which to form an opinion on the charge of plagiarism brought by Leibnitz and others against Descartes: vols. ii. and iii.

mathematical sciences what the application of the expansive power of steam to the creation of a motive force has done for the mechanical arts. As far as astronomers and mathematicians are indebted to this great principle for the magnificent results of their study, during the last two hundred years, they owe them also to the fertile and creative mind of Descartes. But we must not identify his labours in astronomical science with the far-reaching and almost miraculous results of Newton's genius and toil,

‘Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone,’

as Wordsworth has it. And here we differ from M. Boullier, who, speaking of the hypotheses of Descartes and of Newton, says:—

‘La différence entre les deux hypothèses est peut-être moins grande que d'ordinaire, on se l'imagine. Toutes deux envisagent l'univers sous un même point de vue. Pour Newton comme pour Descartes le problème de la constitution de l'univers est un problème de mécanique. . . C'est, donc, Descartes qui, le premier a eu l'idée que tous les mondes étaient également assujétis aux lois générales de la mécanique. . . Par cette seule idée il a préparé Newton ; il a fait peut-être plus que Newton.’—*Histoire et Critique de la Révolution Cartésienne*, p. 432.

The prize-essayist of the French Academy seems to have forgotten the progress that had been made in the direction of Newton's great discovery by Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Hooke, and others. Descartes sought an hypothesis which might explain the origin and continuance of the movements of the solar system, and at the same time solve the mystery of light, and proclaim the *prima materia* of the universe. Newton, and others, perceived that the great problem was, in the first instance, the discovery of the central force which, when acting on the dynamical relations of two and three related bodies, would satisfy the conditions imposed by the observations of Kepler. Descartes only suggested what was *analogous* to the supposition of *central forces*, in his ‘*Théorie des Tourbillons* ;’ but Newton, having considered as settled the fact that central forces would deflect into a curve resembling an ellipse the bodies that were moving laterally to the centre of force, *proved* that the central force, required to account for alleged and observed facts, was *in the direct ratio of the masses* in question, and *in the inverse duplicate ratio of their distances from the centre*. Descartes endeavoured to show *à priori* how the world *must* have been created ; Newton, to interpret the *law* of its *conservation*. And, in manifest contradiction to the statements of Boullier, Descartes either would not appreciate, or did not comprehend, the merit of Galileo, who was at once a disciple of Bacon, his

own contemporary, and the true philosophical precursor of Newton. We allude to the mathematical genius of Descartes, which was unquestionable, and fruitful of many valuable results, because it forms a key to the *method* which he pursued in his metaphysical investigations. Benedict Spinoza fully developed the hints which Descartes threw out in his replies to the objections of Mersenne, and presented his metaphysics in a geometrical form; but the intense desire to start from first principles, and to carry the force and vitality of their accuracy into the extreme ramifications of his reasonings on metaphysical subjects, permeates the entire philosophy of Descartes; and from his mathematical success, we may explain his eagerness to start from some absolute and irreversible certainty in his solution of the great ontological problem. Sometimes we are assured, in criticisms on Descartes, that the celebrated criterion—'Whatsoever is clearly and distinctly perceived by us is true in itself,' is the basis of all his reasonings; and, sometimes, that his famous '*cogito ergo sum*' is the basis of *this criterion*. This confusion may occur from the different degree of prominence given by our author to these points of departure, in the three great works to which we have referred—the 'Discourse on Method,' the 'Meditations,' and the 'Principia.' In the last-mentioned work, he is laying the foundation of all his subsequent ratiocinations, and there we find *consciousness* made the prominent standard of appeal. In the 'Discourse on Method,' he is describing the process by which we may arrive at truth, and the '*criterion*' receives the principal attention. It is trifling with Descartes to quibble, with Gassendi and others, that the formula '*cogito ergo sum*' involves the unproved assumption, '*quod cogitat est*.' There is neither premiss nor conclusion in the formula—it does not profess to be a syllogism, and our philosopher again and again denied its argumentative character; insisting on it that we may doubt the existence of our bodies, of the earth we tread upon, and of the heavens above us, that the belief in God may be a superstition, and in nature a delusion; but that it is *impossible to doubt* that we form such a judgment, to doubt, while we doubt, that we doubt.

Jules Simon correctly states the argument of the 'Discourse on Method' thus: 'The reason why Descartes assumed the "*cogito ergo sum*" as his groundwork, was that it appeared to him clearly and distinctly true, and hence everything that partook of this character was to be trusted as true on the same principle and with the same confidence.' But M. Simon insists upon it that 'the criterion' is only a general statement of 'the formula'—that '*cogito ergo sum*' is only an affirmation, in a psychologically concrete form, of the something of which the

criterion is a logical and general affirmation ; viz. the *validity of our faculties*. But here he seems to us to have confounded two things—the assumption by Descartes of this formula, and the truth of the formula *itself*—the reason why he chose it as his groundwork, with the reason why it is, in itself, *true*. The two things appear to us essentially different : the one is a statement of a great fact that consciousness is the great source of information about self ; and the other assures us that we can have as distinct a consciousness of other things as we have of self. Gassendi, Hobbes, and Locke, would have granted that, if we can obtain as certain a consciousness of any other thing as of self-existence, then the Cartesian *criterion* would be the true canon of all philosophy ; for it is not possible to deny our own existence in any words which are not unintelligible or absurd.

The able translator of the ‘Discourse on Method,’ who has been, we presume, one of the pupils of Sir W. Hamilton, has endeavoured to present in the form of ‘a Reflective Analysis’ (pp. 28, 29), the way in which we arrive at this conviction of our existence from the phenomena of thought ; although, we humbly submit, a similar process might possibly be framed by a second Sir W. Hamilton, for the intellectual generation of various elements of this process, and an infinite series of similar demonstrations given, for all its predecessors—all equally necessary for the full establishment of the cognition of that which it is impossible to deny.

It is well, however, to notice that Descartes felt the inadequacy of his ‘criterion’ for general use, until he had proved that he was not the sport of some malign spirit—some demon of darkness, whose pleasure it might be to confound human nature and make the evidence of our faculties and the validity even of our clearest perceptions questionable ; and, though no demon ever could be supposed capable, by any process of deception, of making his own existence doubtful, yet it appeared to him that his ‘criterion’ was not sound, until he had demonstrated the perfections of the Deity. The paralogism involved in his meditations did not escape the acumen of his celebrated opponents, Mersenne and Arnauld. The existence of the Deity was proved by the force of the ‘criterion ;’ but the validity of the criterion *rested* on the veracity and goodness of God. In his reply to Arnauld, he thus, however, expresses himself :—

‘Qu’il n’est point tombé dans cette faute qu’on appelle cercle, en disant que nous ne sommes assurés que les *choses* que nous concevons fort clairement, et fort distinctement, sont toutes vraies qu’a cause que Dieu existe, et que nous sommes assurés que Dieu existe, qu’a cause que nous concevons cela fort clairement, en faisant distinction des choses que nous concevons en effet, d’avec celles que nous nous

ressouvenons d'avoir autrefois fort clairement conçues. Car nous nous assurons que Dieu existe, en prêtant une attention actuelle aux raisons qui nous provent son existence.'—*Réponses aux Quatrièmes. Objections.*

By this modification of his first statement has Descartes disengaged his criterion of evidence from the demonstration of the being and perfections of God, giving to the evidence of the latter a value of its own. He has made the former rest upon two great propositions, depending for its *character* on the first, and for its *validity* on the second.

Inasmuch as every subsequent investigation of Descartes depends on the truth of the being of a God—infinately wise, holy, powerful, and good—and as the philosophical structure which he reared rests on the philosophical proof of this position, he gave three demonstrations of this great proposition, which he repeated three several times in the 'Discourse on Method' in the 'Meditations' and the 'Principia.'

There are two axioms of great importance, which Descartes assumed in these arguments, and which may themselves be fiercely contested by all his opponents. The first is—that ideas differ as much as the images of them in the mind, and those which represent substances have more objective reality than others: and the second is—nothing less than the great law of causation. 'Il doit pour le moins y avoir autant de réalité dans la cause efficient qu'il y a dans l'effet.' We may observe here, that all the Cartesians made a grievous mistake in *not giving proper prominence to the active powers of man, and in virtually confounding the will with the decisions of the judgment and the desires of the soul.* By doing this, the notion of causation and of force was driven, even in the theory of Descartes, into the background, and it was completely exterminated in those of Malebranche and Spinoza; but it is somewhat remarkable to find the *principle of causation* thus silently asserting its prerogative without a strictly logical summons, and *underlying* the argument of a philosopher who almost formally denounced it in the subsequent developments of his system. The first proof that our philosopher propounds of the being of God involves each of these axioms, and is seen to the greatest advantage in the third meditation. Ideas in the mind must answer to that of which they are the representations. Some ideas are merely the consequence of the relation of my mind to external objects, and I can account for *them*: others are of my own creation—are due to my imagination or fancy, and are easily explicable. But I have within me *the idea of God*—of a substance, infinite, eternal, immutable, independent, omniscient, omnipotent—which I could not have created, because *I* am the reverse of all these things; which ex-

ternal nature could not have supplied, for there is nothing there answering to it. I have not arrived at it by a mere negation of finite qualities, because there is more reality and positiveness *to me* in this infinity than in the finite existences by which I am surrounded. Nor can it be a delusion of my fancy, for it is the most real of all my thoughts. It is not a combination of my imagination, for it is the most *simple* of all my conceptions: it is as true *to me* as the consciousness of my own existence. Therefore, God exists: the *idea* answers to a *reality*; and that *reality* is God.

Hobbes, Gassendi, and all the rest of Descartes's opponents, contest the wording and form of this immortal argument; and, perhaps, if we analyze it into a syllogism, it will fall to pieces. We are disposed to say, however, that 'cogito ergo sum,' and 'cogito ergo Deus,' are *great intuitions* rather than *demonstrations*: that they express deep ineradicable convictions of the reason, from which we cannot escape; and that the great failure of Descartes was, that he did not also propound a 'cogito ergo *natura*,' and, upon these three cognitions, build the whole structure of his ontology. When either of these three statements becomes subordinate to the other two—when the validity of *one* of them is made to rest on the insecure treatment of logical forms, a door is opened either to absolute idealism or to gross materialism. This door *was* opened by Descartes; through it Spinoza and all his modern followers have passed.

The second demonstration occurs in the 'Discourse on Method,' in the third 'Meditation,' and in the 'Principia.'

It is the *a posteriori* argument, in a *metaphysical form*.

I am; and I have the idea of God; I cannot, then, be the author of myself, or I should have endowed myself with the perfections of which I have the idea. If it be supposed that I have always been what I am now, that will not dispense with my having had a cause, for the *mere duration of substance is only the repetition of the act by which it was first produced*. To recur to my parents, or to any combination of causes save the all-perfect and infinite, will not solve the conditions of the problem. Here, therefore, my own existence and my idea of God is the demonstration of God's existence; and, Descartes concludes—

'When I reflect upon myself, I know not only that I am an imperfect thing, incomplete, and dependent on another—one which tends and aspires ceaselessly to something better and greater than itself, but I know also that He on whom I depend possesses in himself all those great qualities to which I aspire.'—*Third Meditation*.

In this argument we notice the first appearance of the great fallacy which has run through the whole of Cartesianism—viz.,

the *identification of creation and conservation*—the supposition that every moment is an act of repeated creation ; that there is no *force* in *substance*, no *activity* in *man*. Here peeps out that perfect *passivity*, both of matter and mind, which became so fearful a tool in the hands of Spinoza, and has been the fruitful source of the errors which, by *denying the personality of man*, have obliterated from the universe a *personal God*.

There has been great difference of opinion about the third argument ; we will quote from the 'Principia' and the 'Discours de la Méthode :—

'Cum autem mens quæ se ipsam novit . . . primo quidem invenit apud se multarum rerum ideas. . . . Considerans deinde inter diversas ideas, quas apud se habet, unam esse entis summe intelligentis summe potentis et summe perfecti quæ omnium longe præcipua est, agnoscit in ipsa existentiam, non possibilem et contingentem tantum quemadmodum in ideis aliarum omnium rerum, quas distincte percipit sed omnino necessariam et æternam. Atque ut ex eo quod exempli causa, percipiat in idea trianguli necessario contineri, tres ejus angulos æquales esse duobus rectis, plane sibi persuadet triangulum tres angulos habere æquales duobus rectis—ita ex eo solo, quod percipiat, existentiam necessariam et æternam in entis summe perfecti idea contineri plane concludere debet ens summe perfectum existere.'—*Principia* I. §§ 13, 14.

'The existence of the Perfect Being is comprised in the idea of Him in the same way that the equality of its three angles to a right angle is comprised in the idea of a triangle.'—*Trans. Discourse on Method*, p. 79.

Now Jules Simon has well put it :—

'The idea of the essence of God implies the existence of God ; there is, then, an identity between conceiving the idea of God, and conceiving clearly that God is.'

Mr. Lewes tells us that this last is the most perfect demonstration of the three, and he puts it into the form of a syllogism, with the criterion for the major premiss. Mr. Hallam seems, with all his clearness, to be quite mystified about it, and unable to comprehend its meaning ; and M. Bouillier pronounces it utterly worthless. We are glad that such a momentous truth does not rest on such an insecure demonstration, even in the theories of Descartes.

If now, having established, as he thought, the Being of a God of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, he had proceeded with his criterion to reason out the truthfulness of our sense perceptions, and if he had recognised the validity of our indestructible common sense, when we transform our impressions into perceptions, and are convinced of the existence of an external world, he would have laid the foundation for a true science, as well as uttered the birth-cry of modern philosophy.

But he rendered this great persuasion of the human reason insecure by the position which he gave it in the temple of truth.

Having established two great fundamental propositions, he advances to the *proof* of an external world. The very circumstance that he thought it worth his while to *prove* this great reality betrays the insecurity of his principles.

'I think, therefore I am,' is indisputable ; and if Descartes had deduced hence the *properties* and not the *essence* of thought, we should have a different history of Cartesianism to relate. By making thought the *essence* of the substance—*mind*, as extension was the essence of the substance—*matter*, he gave to Malebranche and Spinoza, those principles on which we have already remarked. Vast, also, was the chasm thus opened between mind and matter, and profound the problem which was thus revived for subsequent metaphysicians to solve. All Cartesians saw the distinction between these substances—mind and matter ; but they differed widely as to the mode of bringing out their harmony. Malebranche could have done very well without matter altogether ; he believed in it, on the testimony of Scripture only ; Spinoza said, extension and thought are not substances, but *attributes of the infinite substance*, and that their harmony springs from the oneness of their origin. Leibnitz saw a 'pre-established harmony' between them ; such as might be supposed to prevail between two mechanisms of some great contriver, which were founded on the same principle, and, without connexion, imitated one another's movements. And if we suppose the two mechanisms to be two pieces of clockwork, so constructed that when one is on the point of striking, the Deity interposes, and, by a direct act, causes the other to follow its example, we have 'the theory of occasional causes' suggested either by Regis, Clauberg, or Geulincx, and adopted by Malebranche. However fruitless, these discussions proved of immediate result, the psychological method of Descartes became that of Spinoza on the one hand, and even of Locke and Leibnitz on the other, so that all that has been developed in the more recent philosophies of France, Germany, or Scotland, owes its origin *indirectly* to the genius and daring of this one man.

Descartes, by dedicating his meditations to the doctors of the Sorbonne, and by requesting them to endorse his rebellion against their immemorial rights, struck a sly and fatal blow at their influence ; while, by appealing to the people, he laid the foundations of another despotism scarcely less galling, though of a different class. There was the tyranny of a *literary democracy*, when the fate of poet and philosopher, essayist, dramatist, and divine, was settled by the satire of Boileau, and the wit of Voltaire. The people—or rather the mob of jour-

nalists and journal readers—shouted applause to the dicta of their favourite, and he became the fountain of authority and the arbiter of taste. Fashion now reigned instead of truth, and whereas once the knee was bent to learned doctors, these learned doctors now received the only diploma that could be worn from ‘*Les Bas Bleues*.’

The history of superstition, of tyranny, and of literary despotism, falls into the same circle. The breaking of crosses, the fall of monarchies, the overthrow of Sorbonnes, require for their comprehension one embracing glance.

The effects of the *eikonoclasm* of a Gallican mob, and of the feverish excitement of ‘the Age of Terror,’ will never cease; and, in the same way, the vibrations of the battle-cries raised by the startling paradoxes and new spirit of Descartes, will never be spent.

To trace the history of Cartesianism is to ascend an ancient river whose banks are studded with hoary ruins. Occasional disturbance in the celestial origin of its waters creates a tidal swell through its whole extent. Fertility is educed from the slime that it deposits on the deserts by its side. Mystic temples, written over with cabalistic signs, loom ghostlike from amid its islands and behind its cataracts; nor are its waters unsaluted with a bard-like monument that gazes on the sunrising; the seeds that were buried a thousand years ago in tombs excavated in the rocks through which it found its way, still retain their vitality; and every museum of wonder throughout the world contains the mummied corpses of its defunct heroes, and fragments of the palaces in which they dwelt.

ART. II.—*Tales and Traditions of Hungary*. By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. In 3 vols. London: Colburn.

It is something remarkable to see two foreigners, husband and wife, writing, after a brief sojourn amongst us, in our own language with a freedom and correctness, nay more, with an unconstrained eloquence, which would do great honour to any native author. We are equally at a loss to distinguish the style of these accomplished Hungarians from that of English-born authors, and that of one from the other. Driven from Hungary by the unhappy turn of the revolution there, Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, distinguished by their talents, as well as their pro-

perty and station in their fatherland, disdain to spend their days in aristocratic indolence, but occupy themselves in making us acquainted with the literature and social and political circumstances of their country, thereby, at the same time, enabling them the better to assist their fellow exiles who are less fortunately circumstanced. This is in itself truly meritorious, and the manner in which they acquit themselves in a strange tongue, entering boldly into competition with the splendid array of our native writers, is quite extraordinary.

The contents of these volumes consist of a number of short stories which occupy the first, and a romance by Mr. Pulszky, which runs through the remaining two. Of the shorter stories there are several, such as 'the Guardians,' 'the Loves of the Angels,' 'the Maid and the Genii,' and 'Ashmodai, the Lame Demon,' which are derived from Jewish traditions, and are pretty well known to the English reader. The 'Maid and the Genii,' is the legend of Harut and Marut, who are said, by the Jews, in punishment of their abandoning fidelity to heaven for the love of an earthly damsel, to be confined in a deep cavern, or, as it is here given, in two wells, under Babylon, and to hang there in chains till the day of Judgment. Ashmodai is the well-known *Diable Boiteux*, or Devil on Two Sticks. The rest of the legends are more national and unknown to us, except the one called 'The Hair of the Orphan Girl,' which is the Hungarian version of that almost universally diffused legend of the Fairy Godmother—the Cinderella of England, the *Aschenputtel* of Germany, and the *Kari Trästak* of Norway. In this version of the story, the false Cinderella, the ugly daughter of the wicked stepmother, when attempting to impose on the prince, wears the splendid hair of the true Cinderella, which the base stepmother had shorn from the orphan girl for the purpose. It is rent away by a tempest on the wedding-day, and dispersed over all the land. When the bridal procession of the true Cinderella returned over the heath from the cathedral to the palace, all the hills around were adorned with golden bunches—the hair which the storm had rent from the false bride. It still adorns the heaths of Hungary, and its name, 'the hair of the orphan girl,' reminds the shepherd of the beautiful Ellen.

'At every election in Hungary,' says our authors, 'each of the parties chooses its standard and its party sign, which they wear in their hats: a rose, a green branch, a cock's, or an ostrich's feather. The prettiest of the signs is, no doubt, the *feather-grass*, bearing from afar the semblance of a bird of paradise. It is extremely sensitive; unfolding of itself when exposed to the sun's rays, while its delicate fibres shrink from rain.' This

is the plant to which the legend attaches, and which, therefore, still in Hungary is called 'the hair of the orphan girl.'

'Pan Twardowsky; or, The Demon Outwitted,' is a very amusing sort of Hungarian Faust; and Jock the Horse-dealer, besides the German legend of the Emperor Barbarossa sleeping in the Castle of Kyphäuser, introduces our Thomas of Erceldoun in the Scottish highlands. Klingsohr of Hungary is also pretty well known, through the German popular legend of St. Elizabeth of the Wartburg. It is curious how these northern stories circulate everywhere amongst the people. Most wild of all, however, and perhaps most Hungarian, is the legend of 'The Rocks of Lipnik,' in which the witch Omna tempts the Prince Wladin. There is something so weird and full of the awful spirit of the mountain and the forest in this story, that we will quote the earlier portion of it:—

'Amongst all the rivers of Hungary, but two bend their course northward, not joining the waters of the Danube, which carries all the other streams to the Black Sea. The Poprád and the Dunajetz, in the county of Zips, flow to the great plain of Poland, and, united with the Vistula, hasten to the Baltic. At the banks of the Dunajetz, the Red Abbey marks the limits of Hungary towards Galicia, seldom visited by strangers, except by patients who seek the banks of Smerdzouka, in the neighbourhood of the village of Lipnik, from which the guests get their provisions. The villagers who bring these supplies not seldom entertain the guests with traditions of bygone days.

'In ancient times of Paganism, Kullin, a powerful king, ruled over this country. His sway extended along the whole range of the Carpathians; his herds grazed on all the Alpine meadows; but, higher up, where no vegetation springs forth, the mighty Omna reigned over the barren rocks. She was a far-famed sorceress, not immortal; but in possession of the balm of youth. She preserved the semblance of a youthful woman, though she was many centuries old; yet, whenever she neglected to smooth her brow with the youth-imparting balm, she looked withered and weather-beaten as the moss of the rocks. Like the Thetis of ancient mythology, she had the power to adopt every shape, and could dazzle the human eye; but her heart was of stone, for it had been petrified by the lapse of time.

'Prince Wladin, the son of the king, was the handsomest youth of the realm, and none equalled him in courage, in kindness, and in generosity. He was beloved by all, but by none more than by Adla, the pride of the court, the favourite of the queen, the betrothed of the prince.

'Once upon a time, Wladin, while hunting, caught sight of a magnificent chamois of uncommon size. He followed it for hours, and left his companions far behind. Whenever he thought he had approached it near enough to strike it with his arrow, it slowly climbed further up the steep rock, and thus induced the prince to follow it again. It allured him higher and higher to the brink of eternal snow. Just when

he thought it was within his reach, the chamois seemed to perceive the danger, fixed its backward-bent horns on the cliff which overhung the precipice, swung itself over with a powerful leap, and disappeared. The prince, disappointed at his failure, now sought to retreat. He had so eagerly pursued his prey, that he had not noticed the steep height which he had climbed. He stood on a narrow platform, surrounded by giddy abysses and perpendicular rocks; no outlet was visible, nor could he retrace the way he had come. He knew that in descending it would be impossible to find the clefts by which he had ascended, and he could discern no path on any other side. He sounded his bugle to give notice to his companions, but the sounds died away without echo; he was too far off to be heard. Dusk approached—night came on; he eagerly waited the dawn of the morning, which he thought might light up some unknown path. Morning came; but the rays of the sun only showed him still clearer that there was no way out. He waited till the evening—every attempt failed to climb the rock above him, and he thought a sudden death would be preferable to hopeless starvation; but in the very moment when he approached the brink of the precipice to throw himself down, he heard a noise as the rustling of silk garments. He turned round, and beheld a majestic woman, the Queen of the Rocks.

‘She took his hand, and silently beckoned him to follow. Her steps seemed to create paths, for the descent was long. When they arrived at the Alpine meadow well known to the prince, Omna pointed out his retinue, now visible in the distance, and said, “Wladin, thou dost not further require my aid.” But the prince bent his knee, and pressing the hand which had led him, exclaimed, “Let me thank thee, who saved me from destruction! It is not death I feared; but there is one whom I love, and I know that with my life Adla too would be lost—she would not survive me—Adla! the peerless beauty! the best of all women! This thought alone embittered the danger from which thou hast rescued me. Our gratitude is thine—thine our veneration to the last of our days!”

The sorceress smiled.

“The feelings of youth,” she said, “are passionate in gratitude as in love, but they soon vanish. When thou seest the cloud from which thunder and lightning break forth, thou wouldst deem its irresistible power lasting, if thou hadst not seen that a ray of the sun, a gust of the wind, suffices to dispel or absorb the cloud. Thy feelings will not prove more lasting.”

“My gratitude will last as long as my love, and my love ceases but with my life,” replied Wladin.

“We shall see,” she said, and disappeared behind a rock.”’—
Vol. i. p. 185.

The various encounters between Wladin and Omna, the latter under various disguises, and the tragic conclusion of the story, we must leave to the reader; as we must the singular poem of ‘Yanosh the Hero,’ which our authors have translated

at length. It may serve as a test of the distinctive tastes of the Hungarians and the English. Here it would be accounted extravagant, though not destitute of wit. It was written by Alexander Petöpy, whose fate, says Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky 'was no less poetical than his lays. His talent had just dawned over the country, and he had obtained the hand of a young person, who, by her fortune, offered him an independent livelihood when the year 1848 broke out with its commotions. He first took an active part in politics. When the war began, he entered the army; he fought for his country and sang its glory; but since the unfortunate battles in Transylvania, he has disappeared; his fate is unknown.'—(Vol. i. 259.)

Perhaps the most curious chapter in the volume of smaller tales is that on the Hungarian outlaws. 'The robber,' say our authors, 'is a personage who appears in almost every Hungarian tale, and in every diary of the tourists who have wandered over the extensive plains of the Theiss, not that they have met the robber, but that they have heard of him. The innkeeper has always a story of highwaymen in readiness to frighten the stranger who arrives towards evening, in order to detain him all night.' In spite of their numbers, however, we are assured that nothing occurs more rarely than burglaries or attacks on travellers. Yet, on reading through this chapter one would hardly think so. We will take the only considerable extract we can make, and then the reader can judge for himself. After describing an association of men of property and station who committed all sorts of strange practical jokes, in which the Marquis of Waterford would have been very much in his element at one time, it is added:—

'The Hungarian robber is usually nothing else than a homeless outlaw. On some unfortunate occasion, perhaps, when a quarrel has arisen in the tavern over a bottle of wine, he has not precisely enough estimated the force of the blows given by his *fokos* (brass axe), and has killed his comrade, whom he only meant to have thrashed. He must fly to the forest; the village is no longer safe for him.

'Amongst the "Poor Lads"—the name which these homeless fellows adopt, the deserters are predominant in numbers; as, in spite of the warlike spirit characteristic of the Hungarian, he does not like to be a soldier in the Austrian army. He knows that, according to the system of the government, he will be compelled to leave his country, and be sent to Gallicia, Italy, or one of the German provinces, where he does not understand the language. . . .

'The life of such a deserter, when he has become a "poor lad" is most romantic, but very sad. He exists in the woods, often in the ruins of some ancient castle, and not unfrequently visits the herdsmen on lonely farms, and requires them to provide him with bread, wine, and lard. If they give him a part of their stock, he looks after their

herds, and thus makes their task easier. But if they refuse his demand, he occasionally steals some of their flock, not to sell, but to eat them.

‘Sometimes when he knows that no hajdu (county constable) is in the neighbourhood, he ventures on Sunday evening to a remote village, and dances in the tavern with the young women. Of course, he takes care to be well armed, and even during the dance keeps his hand on his pistol. Not far from our castle of Szecseny, on the ruin of Hollokő, there lived such a ‘poor lad;’ he was a deserter, and not seldom visited our herdsmen on the remote farms. The shepherds exposed to such calls, need to be better paid than others, as they often fall into the necessity of sharing their victuals with the robber, who requests in a manner which makes a refusal dangerous. The county-judge, whom we well knew, once had an official commission to a Jewish farmer’s, who resided in the mountains. Our neighbour, the young Hungarian poet, Lisznyai, accompanied the judge on this excursion.

‘Established at the breakfast-table of the farmer, they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Janos, the outlaw, who had opened the door, and stood on the threshold, with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, and in his belt a brace of pistols, and the *batta*, the peculiar Hungarian axe.

“‘Sir,” he began, “it is long since you sought my retreat. I have, therefore, thought it my duty now to wait here upon you, as you have come upon my estates. Grant me permission to keep you company for a little while.” With these words he stepped into the room, left the door open, and posted himself with his back against the wall, in such a way as to keep the open door in sight. He then took a cup of coffee with the company, who, after they had recovered from their surprise, questioned him about his mode of life. He said that he often felt very dull, but sometimes found amusement in the perusal of the novels and poems which the Jew bought for him in Pest. He drew from his pocket a small volume of poetry; it chanced to be Lisznyai’s, who was of the party. The young poet was naturally highly gratified at this adventure, and assured the nobles that it gave him more pleasure to see his songs in the hands of the “poor lad” than to read them most favourably reviewed in the columns of a fashionable paper. Janos was delighted also at the encounter, and said—

““Young gentleman, as you so well know how to handle the pen, do me the favour to write for me a petition to the county, that the gentlemen would not have me persecuted any longer. I deserted from my regiment three times. The last time, I left my post where I stood as sentinel; and if I am given up to the court-martial, nothing awaits me but three bullets. I have murdered no one—I have robbed no one: I live as a poor lad, and request nothing but that I may not be hunted like a wild beast. Is it not miserable enough to be forced to live in the forest, quite alone and shelterless? If a free pardon is granted to me, I will handle the robbers in the woods better than any country hajdu; and I will shoot down, whenever I find them, those wretches who, some weeks ago, misused my name when they plundered the Jewish pedlar. These are criminals; I am ashamed that they call themselves poor lads.”

‘The young poet promised the petition for him; the outlaw took a courteous leave, and in a few moments had disappeared. Two months later, he was killed in a fray in the village by a young peasant, to whose pretty bride he had paid too much attention.

‘On the great plains of Lower Hungary the “poor lads” are more dangerous; here, they are horse and cattle-stealers, and often display an astounding boldness. In any case, they are most dangerous to society; for if one of them is a desperate character, he finds little difficulty in forming a band, which easily grows into a gang of highwaymen. They seldom carry on their mischief for any long time, as even the extensive forests of the Bakony, and the backwoods in the counties of Beregh and Marmaros, grant them no secure shelter. They seldom venture to attack travellers of higher rank than pedlars, or Jewish innkeepers. It was a rare exception when, in 1818, they dared to assault the metropolitan of Karlovitz, archbishop Verhovacz, who, on his return home from Vienna, was suddenly stopped in the Slavonian woods by a gang of robbers. But the priest did not lose his presence of mind: he arose from the seat of his carriage, showed the golden cross which adorned his breast, and exclaimed:—

“Wretched men, do you not see that I am your metropolitan? I curse you as sinners, who act in opposition to the commandments of our Lord. You may kill me, but your crime shall drive you through the world, and you shall be accursed like Cain, and shall be fugitives and vagabonds on the earth like him.”

‘When the robbers heard these words, they fell on their knees and entreated—

“Do not curse us, bishop; do not curse us! Bless us, that we may be fortunate upon earth.”

‘The metropolitan replied:—

“I cannot bless you, but go and sin no more, and our Lord in his grace will, perhaps, forgive your sins. Repent, and abstain from your criminal deeds!”

‘The robbers no longer stopped the way of the archbishop, and the whole gang broke up in a short time. The curse of the prelate had frightened them into repentance.

‘Prince Frederick Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated field-marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber, Haburak. The prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gömör and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown so

dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep descent of the road was so dangerous, that it was most hazardous to proceed. The prince tried to reassure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table facing the window, while his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, on the alert in case his master should want any aid.

'The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine-jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly-arrived guest. The prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly, he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said, "This is for the wine these good folks have drunk: they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady: the entertainment has lasted long enough. I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise."

'At this imperative command, one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and, contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage-and-four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?"

'An uproar followed. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and, therefore, *we* are masters *here*!"

'"We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman!"

'"We have got money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty!"

'"We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we are! We will not be ruled!"

'All this was simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult, from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak.

'"I am a master in the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers; I am a soldier; and fear neither the mouth of a rifle, nor the edge of an axe."

'During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly-marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sate during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said, in a commanding tone, "Silence!"

'The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sate down to the table.

'"Mr. Officer," continued the man, "don't think that you frighten us. I, too, have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table would be overthrown, the candles extinguished; and, before you were aware of what

was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window, who thinks he watches us, while we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage, and take her to the adjoining room. We never will disturb a lady's rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present, we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak-leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell!"

'The prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and, relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared.

'On the morrow the lady continued the journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes, and the drops of rain glistening on the branches, reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour, they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bade the coachman halt.

'The horses stopped; the prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mien, rode close up to the carriage door, and said:—

"We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now, I will see whether it was worth the trouble!"

'With these words he lifted the veil which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face.

"She is really very pretty."

'He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words:—

"Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber, Haburak; and if you sometime hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Ave Maria* for his soul."

'The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished.

'Two years later, newspapers related that the robber, Haburak, had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes at Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.'—Vol. i. pp. 308—327.

We have quoted from the first volume, because the matter in it is more separable, and because also the subjects are more illustrative of the condition of the people of Hungary, their various modes of life, and the legends which enliven their winter firesides. But the historical romance which occupies the two latter volumes is a work of high interest, and of much vigour and freshness in the execution. Mr. Pulszky is well qualified, by his intimate knowledge of the history and political movements of his native country, to place before us a living picture of its circumstances, both in relation to its unfortunate connexion with

Austria, and its internal feelings and aspirations. Having moved amongst its higher classes, and been engaged in its most recent and glorious struggle for the maintenance of its independence, he lays open with a master's hand the very action of the national heart, and all those impulses of patriotism, and resentment of ages of wrongs, which have led to the late great revolt against the House of Hapsburg: a revolt conducted with such splendour of valour and ability, but brought to a melancholy close by the slavish hordes of Russia.

Mr. Pulszky could not introduce this into the pages of a romance; it is too near both to the reader and to the feelings of the writer; but he has taken a parallel case, and by that means shown us very much how the Government of Austria causes such resistances by its miserable policy, and how it proceeds in putting them down. The subject of this romance, is a conspiracy which took place soon after the outbreak of the first French Revolution, and when French ideas of revolution were spreading throughout every oppressed country of Europe. It introduces us to a secret society in which Martinovitch, the Abbot of Sasvár, and several of the nobility, as well as some young students and lawyers, were engaged. We are brought into the family of Dr. Kovatch, where we find his daughter, Lenke, and a Madame Raimond, a French lady, who figure much in the story. We are deeply interested in the fortunes of Alexander Solartchek, a young lawyer of a noble nature, who is engaged in the conspiracy, and at the same time in love with Louisa Raimond, the young French widow. We must not, however, reveal the secrets of the story. They are strongly exciting, very tragic, and very true, as may be learned from the Appendix. The whole work will, without doubt, be read with extreme interest, its intrinsic merits being heightened by the novelty of the scenery, and the freshness of the materials.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In Three Volumes. London. 1834.

HUMAN nature, which must worship, worships the Dead rather than the Living. To award extraordinary praise to a man while he is among us is generally avoided, as though it were a tacit admission of inferiority. But when he is dead, he seems to be removed beyond comparison. Men do not then wound their

own pride by being fair to him ; they rather gratify it in the very act of praising, which at that period is a sort of assumption of equality, if not of superiority.

To the truly great man, however, human praise or blame is of small value. He knows its worthlessness, and looks to a higher Judge. He runs his course steadily, although no hand is raised for him—although all hands are raised against him ; and when it is over, he goes calmly to his *rest*. To him it matters little if the earth resounds with praises or reproaches—for there is another and a better world.

This truth is illustrated in the life of the extraordinary man whose name heads this paper. He pursued an honest and manful course ; he was hated, and persecuted, and wronged in every way by his contemporaries ; but posterity have done him justice, and there are few hearts now that refuse respect, if not reverence, to his name. But the general public do not know how many claims he has on their esteem. They associate his name with his ‘ Family Instructor,’ ‘ Religious Courtship,’ ‘ Memoirs of the Plague,’ and, above all, ‘ Robinson Crusoe.’ But all these were works of his old age. His chief labours were as a politician and Nonconformist ; and he was a sufferer in the cause of religious liberty. The fact is, that De Foe had no biographer worth notice till more than fifty years after his death. Since then several memoirs of him have seen the light ; but scarcely any of them deserve to see light any longer. They lack the animation and reality, which their subject demands. The energetic hero of them shows calm and passive under treatment. They are as lifeless as he is. The best is that by Mr. Wilson, whose elaborate and painful work will always be the standard for future biographers ; but it is written with a diffusiveness of style not calculated to lure those who begin it, to the end.

This is so opposed to what should be the case, that we think it well to present a brief account of his life and opinions, touching chiefly on his career as a politician and Nonconformist.

To go no further back in his pedigree, his father was a butcher in Cripplegate, where Daniel was born in 1661. His parents were Independent Dissenters ; their minister Dr. Annesley, was once rector of Cripplegate, but, having seceded from the Establishment, preached in St. Helen’s, Bishopsgate.

Under such care, he was brought up in the strictest rules of the Dissenters of those times. The sect was then comparatively small, for it was dangerous to belong to it ; and true piety had then, as it would have now, under similar circumstances, but few votaries. As Lord Bacon says of virtue, we may say of religion—it is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

Of his early years we know little. They were overshadowed, we know, by one cloud—the Great Plague. He was in London all the while it raged; his father judging that his family was as safe there as anywhere else, if it were God's pleasure they should be preserved. The scenes he then saw, and constantly heard of, remained, though he was very young at that time, indelibly impressed upon his mind, but he did not write about them till many years after.

In 1675, at the age of fourteen, he was put to Mr. Morton's academy, or college, in Newington, where, he afterwards says, the pupils had one advantage over those in the established universities; namely, that while, in the latter, the tutors were careful about the dead tongues, and had all their readings in Latin and Greek—in this one, the tutors gave all their lectures and systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, in English; by which, of course, great advantages were gained. For, as he says, it seems absurd to the last degree that preaching the gospel, which was the end of their studies, being in English, the time should be spent in the language which it is to be fetched from, and none in the language it is to be delivered in. And to this error he humorously attributed it that many learned, and otherwise excellent, ministers preached away their hearers; while jingling, noisy boys, with a good stock in their faces and a dysentery of the tongue, though little or nothing in their heads, ran away with the whole town.

The languages, however, were not neglected. He learned Latin and Greek, Italian and French. He also appears to have acquired a good stock of mathematics, geography, logic, and the like; although the bent of all his studies was primarily towards the office of the ministry.

But it was not intended that this should be his career. He was to preach from the press, and not from the pulpit. He was solemnly set apart to the clerical profession; but in the impatience of no common genius, he so mixed himself with political controversies, sharp-witted discussions, and secular matters, that it was found necessary, as time drew on, to withdraw him from this employment.

Two years afterwards, he began authorship; and it appears that his worthy parents got over his disgrace at college on learning that he was likely to become of some note and use as a defender of Nonconformity, and in the troubled atmosphere of politics. It seems to us as if he never lost sight of his original destination, though he left the regular road to it—we mean preaching; but that, in the majority of his writings, he was constantly aiming at the spread and growth of true and unfettered religion.

Among his earliest pamphlets was one which has not descended to us, but being on a subject nearly akin to certain recent transactions on the continent, we may notice it here. The Emperor of Austria had goaded the Hungarians into rebellion. These poor people were Protestants, and the Emperor a Papist, which made matters worse. They appealed for aid to neighbouring Protestant countries, but without success. On this they called in the Turks, who were then a brave nation, and with them they pressed the Emperor so hard, laying siege to Vienna, that Sobieski, King of Poland, fearing lest the Mahommedans should get footing in the very heart of Europe, raised a large body of troops, horse and foot; and, suddenly coming on the Turks, defeated them with great slaughter. The question in England was, whether it was right to help the Papist emperor, who had dealt very unmercifully with his Protestant subjects, and many said, no; but De Foe thought, that their calling in the Turks quite overbalanced the scale against the Hungarians—it not being the interest of the Protestant religion to have even Popery itself thus extirpated. In fact, he said, he had rather the Emperor should tyrannize than the Turks. ‘For the Papist hates me because he thinks me an enemy to Christ and his church; but the Turk hates me because he hates the name of Christ, bids him defiance as a Saviour, and declares universal war against his very name.’

This was the first time he differed from his friends in politics, many being much offended with him, for which he expressed his sorrow; but, having carefully examined his opinions, he would not suppress them when he believed them to be true. This was one of the noblest traits in his character. He was a sincere man. He began life by boldly avowing what, after mature consideration, he believed to be the truth; and he continued to do so in spite of persecution, and loss of friendships, and of money. No sleek, variable man, he—bending and yielding to the opinions of others, either from courtesy or fear. He feared nothing but his Conscience: that was the only critic who could make him afraid. Unlike the great body of his contemporaries—unlike the great body of our contemporaries, too—he thought for himself; he ascertained the truth for himself; and then he would not hide it, but proclaimed it on every side, although dungeons, and pillories, and fines, as well as arguments, were brought against him.

In 1685, Charles II. died, leaving the nation in a truly pitiable state. Morality, honesty, religion, and all other virtues, were not only neglected, but ridiculed in every way. Such things could not be suffered in another reign. Divine right was a straw to prop such a fabric; and though James II. came

to the throne with fair promises, it was no sooner known that any amendments were proposed with a view to the establishment of Popery, than the whole body of Protestants in the nation determined to make a stand against him.

Their first efforts failed. With a number of others, mostly Dissenters (for the revenues of the Church not having been as yet fingered, that body only looked on), De Foe joined Monmouth when he landed in June, 1685. The expedition was badly managed: had it been otherwise, he states that it must have succeeded, for half the Dorsetshire nobility would have joined the Duke but for his ill-timed proclamation of himself as king, and the denunciation of Albemarle and Faversham as traitors. These and other follies worked against them; and on Sedgemoor the army was scattered by James's forces, and Monmouth was afterwards taken. De Foe did not wait for the issue, but escaped to London, where he managed so well as not even to be suspected of a share in that business; nor would it have been known at all, if he had not himself divulged it years after.

This event, however, made him seriously consider whether he was not losing his time by thus mixing in the battles of politics, which he could neither direct nor allay. He was recommended to a respectable manufacturer, then in want of a London agent; and, after a struggle, he was persuaded to lay politics partly aside, and commence as a broker. His offices were in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, where Royal Exchange Buildings now stand.

But he did not take kindly to trade. It was solemn drudgery to him; and he hankered after politics and adventure, just as a jockey turned ploughman would hanker after the chase when he saw his field alive with hunters in full course. Accordingly, he took a very early opportunity to join once more in controversy; and when James, to encourage the Papists, proposed the free toleration of Dissenters, he wrote a pamphlet to caution his fellow-Nonconformists against accepting such a gift, not granted by parliament, but by the royal dispensation alone. It was plain, he said, that it was wholly inconsistent with the constitution, and done only to create a feud between the Dissenters and the Church, that the Papists might find a weak and divided camp, and so get the day. Here, again, he offended some of his friends, who told him that he was a young man, and did not understand the Dissenters' interests, but was doing them harm instead of good; to which, when time undeceived them, he only returned the words of that young man to Job, for which God never reproved him—'Great men are not always wise, nor do the aged understand judgment.' In fact, though he had said, he had

rather the Popish Austrians should ruin the Protestant Hungarians than that the Infidel House of Ottoman should ruin both Protestant and Papist in Germany, yet he would rather have the Church of England pull the Dissenters' clothes off by fines and forfeitures than that the Papists should fall both on Church and Dissenters and pull their skins off by fire and faggot.

This was a strange time in our ecclesiastical history. The Nonconformists held the real balance of power, and, had they joined with King James, the Prince of Orange might as well have stayed in Holland. But they would not do this. The Church had cruelly plundered them, yet they chose rather to be under a Protestant than a Papal governor, and so saved the Church of England from her enemies.

De Foe's account of the conduct of that Church in her straits, is very amusing. The clergy, he says, became the very opposite of what they had been, and were the foremost to cry up peace and union, pressing the Dissenters to forget unkindnesses, and come into a general league against the danger that threatened them; and they were 'their brethren, the Dissenters,' and 'their brethren that differed from them in some things,' now that it was evident if the Nonconformists joined Rome *they* would be undone. To these sudden friends, however, the Dissenters paid little or no heed; they preferred their tyranny to Papal tyranny, and therefore did not intend to side with Rome, which, when they found, the Church party took courage, and the crisis of our history arrived.

James had grown proud, in consequence of his success against Monmouth, and pushed his prerogative far beyond its rightful limits. Mass-worship was openly practised in many places, and the offices of trust and high pay were filled with priests. The Protestant feeling of the nation would bear no more, and proposals were made to William of Orange, who landed at Torbay on the 4th November, 1688. De Foe regrets, in one of his tracts, that he could not leave his business so long as to go there to meet him, but he joined the march at Henley.

It seemed as if the whole people of England had, with one consent, risen for their deliverance. Where they could they joined William; where they could not do that they assembled under the gentlemen and nobility, and drew together in great bodies at York, Nottingham, and elsewhere. The enthusiasm was so great that a sudden terror fell on the enemy's camp, and when the people looked for at least a battle, the whole Popish pack had vanished, like spectres at cockcrowning.

De Foe tells many tales of this excited time; how poor James parted with his dignity, and courage, and crown alt-

gether. He gives the best account of his escape from Faversham by boat, and his return, and how, being recognised, he was nearly mobbed ; how he applied, but without effect, to a clergyman for protection, reminding him of the doctrine of divine right of kings so much preached and professed by his cloth. And he satirically expresses his wonder how the clergyman could so suddenly have forgotten the doctrine, just as the king was dethroned. If he had forgotten it when the throne was firm, and Judge Jeffreys the lion rampant on the arms, it would have been another thing, but,

‘ ‘Tis natural in man to save his own,
And rather to be perjured than undone.’

As soon as William heard how James was handled he sent a coach and guard for him, and had him brought to London, where his presence being inconvenient, he allowed him to pass to Rochester, and thence, on the first opportunity, he escaped to France.

Thus, as De Foe says in one of his papers, was the public peace of Britain preserved, and the religious and civil liberty of the country were rescued from the ruinous projects of Popery and tyranny. The crown was effectually secured in the hands of Protestants, it being, once for all, declared inconsistent with our constitution to be governed by a Roman Catholic ; and not only this, but the right of the people was proved to dispose of the crown even in bar of hereditary title—that is, to limit the succession of the crown. By which article De Foe—who hated divine right as much as the Stuarts hated freedom—saw a thorough suppression of that absurdity.

But still he was disappointed with the Revolution, because of the scanty allowance made to the Nonconformists. It angered him to see how foolishly that party acted—unlike men of sense, and men who had been so long ill-used. He would have had them make just and reasonable conditions with the Churchmen ; not the Low Churchmen only, but the High Flyers also. Both, as he said, wanted the Revolution equally, and would have given any terms. Schools, academies, places—they might have been all had under hand and seal—they could not have been denied at that time. But the simple Dissenters ventured their liberty on a parole of honour, when they might have secured it by express stipulation, and we all know the result. It has been too much our practice. Our chief men, long in opposition, are flattered when their powerful antagonists are humbled, and ask for terms ; and they are easily induced to play the magnanimous part, and trust that to generosity, which they should insist on as their right. Let us be awake in these times, when we are again holding the

balance of power; and, while we secure our freedom as Protestants, take heed that we free ourselves from our Protestant chains.

However, when the Church property was once more settled, a bone was thrown to the Dissenters; by the Act of Toleration in 1689. This was much against the desire of the High Church party, whose affection for their 'brethren that differed from them in some things' was now over. But De Foe could hardly attend to these things at that time, having met that fate, as he says, which imprudence is sure to bring, even if unattended with negligence, such as we fear must be charged to him. His brokerage business appears to have answered well, but he was not content with it. He traded on his own account, and, indeed, overtraded; and although many do this and succeed, our great merchants often making their chief money, that is, the first of it, at risk of the insolvent court, yet the system of false capital is utterly rotten, and those who pursue it deserve to fall.

There were other causes, however. He was a hosier; but, although the '*blue-stocking*' has long been the sign of feminine literateurs, we do not find that authorship was happily blended in the case of De Foe with trading in the article itself. In fact, his soul was not in what he did in Cornhill; and some heavy losses in 1692 forced him to a deception which he abhorred, and he absconded from his creditors.

He who has nothing, can pay nothing; and, to keep a man in perpetual prison for debt, De Foe argued, was murdering him by law. To avoid this, he escaped in time; but we record it to his honour, that he eventually paid every one nearly twenty shillings in the pound.

After a short absence from his country, which he dearly loved, and was always loath to quit, the temper of his creditors proved friendly, and he returned. He was solicited by some merchants to settle at Cadiz, as a broker once more, but Providence, he says, who had other work for him to do, placed a secret aversion in his mind to quitting England, and made him refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the Government. Some time after this he was made Accountant to the commissioners of the stamp duty, in which service he continued till the determination of their commission in 1699.

After this he formed a company for making pantiles, which, till then, had been wholly imported from Holland; the works were at Tilbury, on the Thames. De Foe was made secretary; but the scheme had not much success, and at last, owing to the barbarity of his enemies, it was ruined.

Meanwhile he did not cease writing. It will be impossible

for us in this sketch to refer to all his labours, for he was a far greater literary phenomenon for productiveness than even Sir W. Scott or Southey. We shall, however, omit none of the most important.

The high Tory party had soon tired of the Revolution, and William found both plentiful and malignant assailants. Among their most current nicknames for him was foreigner and alien; and, as De Foe narrates, a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, came from one Mr. Tutchin, called the 'Foreigners,' in which the author fell personally upon the king himself, and then on the Dutch nation; reproaching his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, and summing all up in the odious name of FOREIGNER. Such conduct filled De Foe, as he says, with rage, and he wrote the 'True-Born Englishman.'

This was his first truly popular work. Hitherto he had plied in the shoals and narrows, but now he put boldly out to sea. His cause was good, and he sincerely loved it; he set himself to defend a great and noble man, and he succeeded. He covered the opposite party with ridicule; he showed how foolish it was to suppose such a person as a true-born Englishman could exist, seeing that every nation under heaven had intermixed with us, and he concluded with some strong and hearty lines, which, being the best, as well as the essence of the whole, we will quote:—

'Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore;
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end,
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their great actions, not our own;
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate race;
For fame of families is all a cheat—
'Tis *personal virtue only makes us great.*'

The poem had numerous faults, as had all his poetical works; so many and so apparent, as he says, that even his enemies could not avoid blundering on them. But it contained so much sense, and did so much good to the liberal cause, that the king himself noticed him, made a friend of him, and employed him on several services.' What these were we can never know, but that they

were important he himself informs us. He seems to have honoured, and even loved, the so-called stern William, and never suffered the royal memory to be abused. We do not at all doubt that he told the truth when he said that the king would never have suffered him to be so persecuted and ill-treated as he afterwards was, if he had been spared. He adds, with true sorrow, 'Heaven for our sins removed him in judgment.' He wrote many political pamphlets at this time, but we hasten on to a more stormy period of his life.

On Queen Anne's accession, she having been brought up in the High Church sect, the zealous of that party—as the hot men of all sides do—thinking the game in their own hands, and all other people to be under their feet, began to run into mad extremes. The Nonconformists immediately saw that they had acted foolishly in leaving the whip in their enemies' hands. They were as completely shut out of all places and chance of rising in the State now, as they had been in the worst days of Papal tyranny. Their hard gained Act of Toleration was nullified as much as possible; and De Foe raised a cry of warning.

But the Dissenters were like a rope of sand, and would nowise hold together. Some among them, esteeming their views so far as not to conform to the Church, but not esteeming them so far as to forego worldly distinctions for the sake of them, allowed occasional conformity, as it was called, by which, for the sake of office they attended church, took the sacrament kneeling, and otherwise conformed to the Establishment, though at heart Dissenters.

Now De Foe hated half-men, as all sincere men do. He had —(and we take this opportunity to say, that in speaking of his opinions we use his own language as much as possible, though without the confusing inverted commas)—he had written a pamphlet on this subject in 1697, when Sir Humphrey Edwin, the lord mayor, took the sword and traps of office to church in the morning, and to the chapel at Pinner's Hall, Broad-street, in the afternoon, of the same Sunday. But the question dropped at that time, and there was no particular occasion to revive it till 1701, when Queen Anne having ascended the throne, and Church pretensions having grown higher, it was necessary to stand more sternly than ever to principle.

In this year Sir Thomas Abney was lord mayor, and followed Edwin's example: he both conformed to the Establishment and dissented from it, which De Foe took to be cause for scandal. It does not appear that he found any other fault with Abney. We all know something of him from his munificent and Christian treatment of Dr. Watts, whom he invited into his family after a violent fever, and kept in his house till he re-

covered, and for many years after. But in this occasional conformity he was wrong, and De Foe acted the part of a faithful monitor in reproving him for it. It was an ill example for the chief magistrate of the chiefest city in Christendom to dodge religions in this way; to communicate in private with the Church of England to save a penalty, and then to go back to Dissenters from that Church. De Foe, feeling strongly on the subject, addressed a new edition of his 'Enquiry' to Sir Thomas Abney's minister, at Pinner's Hall, the Rev. John Howe, who had been a Churchman, but was afterwards a persecuted Nonconformist. De Foe's object was to draw from Howe some defence, if he approved, of the practice, or to give him an opportunity to declare against it if he did not, without the offence of a voluntary announcement.

But he got no satisfaction: he ought to have chosen a younger man; for John Howe was gone on too far in his way to heaven to be dragged back to the controversies of this troublesome world. Doubtless the eminent piety of the author of 'The Tears of the Redeemer over Lost Souls' caused De Foe to address his preface to him, and he not unnaturally expected to be answered when Howe published a tract on the subject. However, the great theologian merely said that he would not enter into controversy on the circumstantialia of religion, believing that every man must answer to God, who would not be severe on a wrong judgment.

De Foe returned to the charge. To Howe's somewhat strong expressions concerning him personally, as also to his arguments on what did not touch the question, he was brief, his object being the question itself. And he maintained, as we think, with great clearness and truth, that he who dissents from an established church, except from a true principle of conscience, is guilty of sin in making a wilful schism; that he who conforms to an established church against his conscience is guilty of a great sin; that he who dissents and conforms at one and the same time must be guilty of one of these sins; and that he who has committed either of these sins ought not to be received again on either side, except as a penitent.

And whereas, in his tract, Mr. Howe had spoken of the differences between the Church and Dissenters, as though the points at issue were but trifles, De Foe said, that if they differed only about trifles, the Dissenters would have much to answer for in making so large a chasm in the Church. But he denied that they were such, and stated that he dissented because of the episcopal hierarchy, political ordination, and royal supremacy—because of the imposition of things owned to be indifferent, as terms of communion, and the like; adding, that

no one pretends to dissent in everything, but that the above were not, in his opinion, trifles : if they were, he would conform. To all this, however, Mr. Howe made no further reply, and the Government soon took up the matter, nearly passing a bill to prevent occasional conformity in future.

But this was not De Foe's aim. He saw the scandal of occasional conformity as regarded the Dissenters themselves, but he also felt bitterly the crying shame of excluding the most liberal body of Protestants in the country from all place and power in the Government. For surely the nation cannot be said to be represented in Parliament, while one sect holds the keys of the great gates of the State, and lets none in but through their baptisms, confirmations, and other formalities of religion.

The part which De Foe took in this question, however, was badly received by some of the best men among the Nonconformists of that day, and made them less willing to assist him when he fell into trouble for their sake, which happened soon afterwards. For, finding that their enemies grew fiercer every day, and that the Act of Toleration was being continually narrowed, he fell, he says, into a sort of fury, and produced one of the most extraordinary pamphlets that ever issued from the press.

He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the High Flyers, or, as we should say, High Churchmen, and collecting all their venom, put it into form. And when Sacheverell preached a sermon called the 'Political Union,' in which he urged all true sons of the Church to raise the banner of defiance against the Dissenters, De Foe sallied out with his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' and made some jump on their seats. He pretended to be a High Flyer himself, and began by rejoicing that the Dissenters had, on Anne's accession, lost the power they had enjoyed nearly fourteen years, to eclipse, buffet, and disturb the poorest of all churches. But now, he said, seeing their day was over, they were all for peace and mutual forbearance, wishing, like Æsop's cock after he was unperched, to preach up union. 'But no, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'your day of grace is over: you should have practised moderation and charity, if you expected any yourselves—it is now our turn.' He then went on to speak of the fatal lenity (?) which had been shown them by James I. and Charles I., in their being suffered to colonize New England, instead of being sent to the West Indies (the transportation of those times), or by some other method cleared out of the nation! 'If this had been done,' he said, 'the anointed of God would never have been murdered (Charles); we should have had no sordid impostor set up (Cromwell); and more to that effect.

After this he turned to the reasons offered why the Dissenters should be tolerated, answering them plainly. To the reason that they were very numerous, and made a great part of the nation, he said that the Protestants in France had been more so, but the French king had effectually cleared the nation of them on St. Bartholomew's day, and did not seem to miss them; and the more numerous they were, the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress them:—adding, that if they were to be allowed only because their number was an obstacle to their suppression, then it ought to be tried whether they could be suppressed or not. To the reason that it would be inconvenient to have internal strife in war time, he adduced the success of suppressing the old coinage during the late war, and said that the nation could never enjoy peace till the spirit of Whiggism and schism was melted down like the old money.

He then undertook, in his character of Churchman, to show the queen what she ought to do as a member of that Church, whose doctrines he took care to show were charity and love. This was, in short, to renew fire and faggot; and he excused it by showing how toads and snakes, being viperous, are destroyed out of charity to our neighbours, and whereas these are noxious to the body and poison life only, the others poison the soul. It is in vain, he pursued, to trifle in this matter. If the gallows, instead of fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be many sufferers: the spirit of martyrdom is over; they that go to church to be chosen sheriff's or mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. He then turned with his satire on the system of fines. 'We hang men,' he said, 'for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church shall be bought off for five shillings! this is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.' He then reproved such Dissenters as said with Mr. Howe that the differences between the sects were on trifles—making use of it as an argument why they should be compelled to give up such whimsies. So he closed his case, with a few sentences calling on all good Churchmen to uproot the schismatics and shut the door of mercy.

The effects of this pamphlet were extraordinary. Every one was deceived. The Low Church party were terrified at this bold proposition of red-hot persecution, fearing to be forced into it, or compelled to join the Dissenters. The Dissenters fell into a kind of stupor at so positive a threat of war to their barren liberties. And the High Church people were delighted to have their secret wishes so thoroughly set forth; Sacheverell himself not having dared hitherto to name the stake and gallows.

It is to us, we confess, a perfect mystery how any one could have been deceived. Party spirit is the most dull and earthy of all spirits. The banter is so evident on the very face of the thing, that none but religious disputants could have doubted it. De Foe often boasted of having a letter by him from a Churchman in the country to his bookseller, which was as follows: 'Sir, I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise in the world, called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the Holy Bible and sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put it into her Majesty's heart to put what is there proposed in execution.' Truly if his belief came from no more deep study of his Bible and Comments than he could have given this tract, it was of small value.

No sooner, however, was the authorship of the satire traced to De Foe than a storm burst on his head. The High Flyers were ashamed at having been so thoroughly deceived, and vexed at having their designs so discovered and given to the world by an Independent; and they blushed when they reflected how they had applauded the book, and as they were now obliged to condemn it, so they were hampered betwixt doing so and pursuing their rage at the Dissenters. The greater part of them, in order to condemn the author, condemned the principles, for it was impossible to do one without the other, and they laboured in print and in the pulpit to clear their church of the slander. But this still answered the writer's end; for, the more they censured the practices he recommended, the more they condemned such wretches as their pet Sacheverell. But he had wounded the tenderest part of these men's human nature; and few men can pardon a wound in their self-esteem. They might have overlooked, or answered, an insult, but he had made them laughing-stocks to themselves, and their very discovery of this made them laughing-stocks to the world. So they resolved to punish him. A reward of fifty pounds was offered for his apprehension; and his pamphlet was burnt by the hangman. He wrote a defence, but it availed nothing. His printers were arrested, and he, to save them, gave himself up to the law, which treated him with the utmost cruelty. He was tried at the Old Bailey in June 1703, having lain in prison six months. He was advised to plead guilty, with many half-promises that if he abstained from defending himself he would find mercy. In this his own lawyers concurred, and he accordingly did so. But it was a snare. He was found guilty; there was no recommendation to mercy; and his sentence was—a fine of 200 marks; to

stand thrice in the pillory ; to be imprisoned during pleasure ; and to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years.

This infamous sentence was sufficiently severe in itself. But its consequences were severer still ; from being in respectable circumstances, he was reduced to ruin. His Pantile Company was completely broken up ; and he had no other means of supporting his wife and children, while in prison, than by his pen. Besides which, he lost the countenance of many of his friends, who could not believe an innocent man would be so severely punished.

The brave man was not to be subdued by means like these. He was put up in the pillory at Temple-bar, in Cheapside, and at the Royal Exchange, where every second man knew him ; but, by a poem which he circulated among the people, he turned the disgrace of the punishment upon those who inflicted it. ‘ Hail ! hieroglyphic state machine,’ he exclaimed, addressing the pillory,

‘ Contrived to punish Fancy in.’

‘ Tell all people that De Foe stands upon it :—

“ Because he was too bold,
And told those truths which he should not have told,
That thus he is an example made
To make men of their honesty afraid !
Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can’t commit his crimes ! ”

For this publication, however, the Government did not care to prosecute him, having already gone too far that way.

And now he turned with stern determination to provide bread for his family. We cannot give an abstract of all he wrote in his imprisonment ; we shall only refer to some of the chief topics. In his ‘ Reformation of Manners,’ he says of the slave traders, respecting their infamous traffic, which had never before been censured :

‘ The harmless natives basely they trepan,
And barter baubles for the souls of man :
The wretches they to Christian climes bring o’er,
To serve worse heathens than they did before.’

Thus stepping far in advance of his age in this as in so many other things. He wrote several pamphlets in defence of the Dissenters from various enemies, as well as against the High Church party. He entered into the question of ‘ The liberty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland,’ in which he ad-

verted (as afterwards at greater length in his 'Memoirs of the Church of Scotland') to the miseries and brutalities to which they had been subjected by the High Flyers in past and present times. We wish that poor Aytoun had read some of his statements before he put out his absurd prose prefaces to the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.' De Foe now turned his pen to the defence of suffering Nonconformity in Ireland, where the Episcopalians, under pretence of preventing the growth of Popery, had got Dissenters shut out of all place and power in government.

His most extraordinary work, which he commenced and carried on in prison, was the 'Review,' a periodical which he at first issued once, then twice, and ultimately thrice a week, writing the whole of it himself, and continuing it for nine years. This, independently of his other elaborate works, written at the same time, is a feat unparalleled in the history of letters; and considering the variety, pathos, wit, and satire contained in it, would have served, if he had left no other works, as an imperishable monument of his genius.

In 1704 his enemies' administration ended, and Harley entered office. De Foe's almost boundless talents and invention, although employed under all the disadvantages of personal captivity, had naturally drawn much attention to him. Many attempts had been made to win him, but in vain—he was not in the market; they could not buy the indomitable Dissenter. But Harley was almost one of his own school, and though he could not buy his services, he got him set free from prison, and afterwards made a useful public servant of him. He left Newgate in August of that year.

He retired with his family to the country, where he continued his literary labours. But malignity followed him there. He was said to have stolen from custody; this he answered by offering himself to the officer who said he had a warrant against him. His works were reprinted in a garbled form. His Reviews were stolen from the coffee-houses to prevent their being read. His debts were bought up that he might be prosecuted. He was summoned before magistrates on frivolous pretences. He was harassed in every conceivable way. At one time, he says, he had fifteen letters threatening to kill him, some naming the very day and manner of the murder.

Still he held on his way; steadfastly walking by that inner light of truth which was his constant guide. Not too peacefully, however, for he took every occasion to show his scorn of his opponents. He was several times waylaid, but came to no harm; and he told his enemies that he put such trust in God and his own rectitude, that he should adopt no other caution

against them than to stay at home at night, because he was persuaded they would not do their murderous work by day ; or by day, he would wear armour on his *back*, because he was sure they would not attack him face to face.

So time passed. Space fails us to speak of his controversies and tracts much further. We had purposed to enter on his belief in apparitions, and his ludicrous imposition on the credulity of the public, in order to sell Drelincourt's terrible book of divinity on the 'Fear of Death.' We must pass these by, however, to speak very briefly of one or two more of his greatest works.

In 1706, he went to Scotland in a diplomatic character. The object of his mission was the union of that country with England. There he was, at first, very unpopular, but he conducted himself so well that at last he became somewhat of a favourite. His services were repaid with a pension on his return to England in 1708. He wrote several very popular works at this time, but the best is the 'History of the Union,' a huge quarto, now seldom to be met with, but which we should much like to see reprinted. It contains some of the most vigorous passages that ever came from his pen. When in the commencement of this year Harley left office, De Foe prepared to fall with his semi-patron ; but Harley would not have it so, and passages to the honour of all parties occurred, by which his pension was continued by Harley's successors.

We can but allude to his writings against the Pretender — against theatrical performances, which he condemned, as men of experience in them usually do ; and upon the subject of literary copyright. Far seeing, and gifted with the courage necessary to propound the almost innumerable schemes that crossed his mind—schemes which were then ridiculed, but are now adopted, he was, of course, subject to the most virulent attacks. His old enemies were ever persecuting him, and in business, and in letters alike, he met with care and misfortune sufficient to have crushed a less resolute man.

When George I. came to the throne, and the Whigs, on whose behalf De Foe had written and suffered so much, regained power, the ungrateful treatment he received from them seems to have saddened and subdued the spirit of the great man. Old age was stealing rapidly upon him, and disappointment, and poverty, and persecution, were doing their swift work. It seemed as though the stern conqueror of the strongholds of tyranny and priestcraft was about to fall into the back ground, and his sun was to go down in darkness. Yet he made one great effort to defend his career, and in his 'Appeal to Honour and Justice,' he has left a piece of pathetic self-

defence, which few we think who know his life can read unmoved. 'By the hint of mortality,' he says, 'and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a very great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity; and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go. I am unconcerned at the rage and clamour of party-men; but I cannot be unconcerned to hear good men and good Christians prepossessed and mistaken about me. However, I cannot doubt but it will please God at some time or other to open such men's eyes. A constant steady adhering to personal virtue, and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to him, has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire.' But this self-defence was not completed ere a stroke of apoplexy laid him low.

And now comes the most wonderful part of our tale. He languished for six months (Mr. Chalmers says six weeks), between life and death, at the end of which time his constitution suddenly threw off his disease, and he returned once more to the world. But he was no longer a dispirited and broken man. Like a phoenix new rising from the ashes, he came from the bed of sickness as with new youth, with fresh energies and renovated powers.

He devoted them almost entirely to fresh pursuits. Thirty years of political struggling was enough even for him. His first work was 'The Family Instructor,' written in dialogue. Its object was the revival of family religion, which had visibly decayed; and the piety, as well as the nature and good sense pervading it, have kept it popular till the present day.

His chief labours were, however, in fiction; and the series of imaginative works which he now poured forth, will, as Mr. Wilson says, entail honour on his name, as long as true genius, consecrated by moral worth, shall be esteemed. His stores of reading, and his intimate knowledge of mankind, were now turned to account. His fancy and judgment had been ripened, and, at the same time, chastened, by his many sufferings. The first and greatest of these works was 'Robinson Crusoe.'

The number of genuine good works that have been refused by 'the trade,' is extraordinary. 'The Fathers,' as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good, common-place matter, is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of 'Paradise Lost,' and works of olden times—in our days 'Pelham' was refused, and 'Vestiges of Creation' was refused; and 'Mary Barton' went

round the trade: 'Vanity Fair' was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, therefore, that no one would undertake 'Robinson Crusoe.' It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure bookseller; while, if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune.

Who does not wish that he still had to read this extraordinary work for the first time? It is one of the eras in a boy's life when he gets this book. Full of life and incident, it enchains the attention from first to last, while the wisdom contained in it, and the depth of religious colouring with which it is pervaded, endear it to the heart, as long as truth and beauty have a place there. The style is plain and matter of fact, but no one notices the style while reading it. All is so natural, and unaffected, and real, that its truth seems beyond question, and on putting it down, the universal wish is, with Dr. Johnson, that it was longer.

His subsequent fictions, if not equal to Robinson Crusoe, are extraordinary in their degree, from the same causes. We can only name them: 'The Dumb Philosopher,' 'Captain Singleton,' 'Duncan Campbell,' 'Colonel Jacque,' 'Memoirs of a Cavalier.' The last named is, perhaps, superior in genius to all the rest. Then came the 'Memoirs of the Plague,' which is full of pathos and exciting interest and truthfulness. Its reality is in fact intense; we become spectators of the scenes in the grass-grown streets; we hear the bellmen cry, 'Bring out your dead,' and see the dead-carts wending to the pits and emptying their fearful burdens. The subject is, indeed, revolting; yet the treatment of it is so impressive, as well as interesting, that the reader is compelled to finish the book when he has once begun it.

Besides all these, our wonderfully fecund author—who we think must have exceeded Voltaire, or even Lope de Vega, in quantity as much as he did in quality, wrote three long works (two of them novels) on subjects which we shall not further name, not being in accordance with the better morality of our time. Our knowledge of them is from secondhand, but we believe they did not at all derogate from his own character.

Then followed 'Religious Courtship,' 'A Tour through Great Britain,' 'New Voyage round the World,' 'Essay on Apparitions,' 'System of Magic,' 'Political History of the Devil,' 'Compleat Tradesman,' 'Captain Carleton,' with numerous tracts, chiefly on social subjects. Amongst these was one 'Augusta Triumphans,' which contained a project for a London University and for a Foundling Hospital, both of which we have seen carried out in our days. These, as

well as his poetical works 'Caledonia' and 'Jure Divino,' deserve elaborate criticism, but we must be content with naming them.

He was now (1730) an old man of seventy, afflicted with both gout and stone. He seems to have borne these sufferings with equanimity, looking forward in religious confidence, as he had done from his youth, to that time when he should drop his pains for ever in the grave. His circumstances appear to have become once more somewhat easy, and he might fairly have expected to close his eyes in peace. But the world he had done so much to improve, harassed him to the last.

Some creditor came on him this year, as it seems from sheer malice. He was imprisoned for a short time, and then released. To save what money he had for his children, from an enemy whom he describes as perjured, he made it over to one of his sons, in trust for two unmarried daughters and his aged wife. But his son proved worthless. 'I depended upon him; I trusted him,' he writes to his son-in-law; 'I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands. But he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound, under hand and seal, beside the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me.' Yes, the brave heart that had showed an undaunted front to all 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' could not bear up under this dreadful treachery. Committing the desolate ones to this son-in-law's protection when he should be gone away, 'I would say,' he added of himself, 'and I hope with comfort, that 'tis yet well. I am near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases, *Te Deum laudamus*. It adds to my grief,' he concluded, 'that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath.' His last breath was not far off; in a few weeks the hand of death came mercifully upon him, and his toils, and sufferings, and sorrows, were for ever over.

In summing up his character we must notice the two great features of it; his intense *sincerity*, and his no less intense

determination that, as far as possible, it should be sincerity about *the truth*. Always looking to another tribunal than that of man, he passed unwavering on his wonderful career. Living in a troubled time, he took his side, and having taken it, stood fast. He dared to be moral in an age of vice, and to be personally pious in an age of formalism. We have abundance of sentimentalists about us in the matters of religion, and so had he. But he dared to speak openly about Him in whom he trusted; in his tracts, and histories, and novels—in the greater part of these two hundred works which have come down to us, we find him, whenever there is a suitable occasion, speaking of the great truths of revelation. And though many of his faults, and they are all on the surface, are such as we cannot now palliate, they were mostly those of a heated and controversial age, and never those of an evil heart; in Mr. Wilson's words, 'Religion was uppermost in his mind; and he reaped its consolations'—may we not hopefully add, 'its exceeding great reward also.'

ART. IV.—*The Architecture of the Heavens*. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D.,
Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.
With Poetic Illustrations, by the late David Scott. 1850.

THE spectacle of the heavens, even when unaccompanied by any scientific insight into the organism of that divine display, is sufficient for the highest moral and spiritual purposes in the soul of man. This important proposition is luminously exemplified in and by the inspired penmen of the Hebrews; who have certainly given an expression to the religious teaching of nature, so original that every other attempt has been only an echo or imitation of it, and so searching and conclusive that it can never be excelled. The new results of science were not necessary to the right reading of the world-old ethics and theology of creation; and, in point of fact, the spirit, which has accompanied the scientific victories of recent ages, has frequently gravitated towards exceedingly low views of nature and of man; views against which the Bible-poets would have lifted up their voices, with even more amazement than indignation. At the best, the modern writer on such a topic as astronomy, when well-nigh lifted out of himself by the greatness of his theme, and unable to put forth any more words of his own for the conveyance of his emotion or his thought, is

fain to cry out, 'O altitudo,' and to round his loftiest periods with Scripture texts,—

‘those jewels five-words-long,
That sparkle on the forefinger of time!’

Yet science is fraught with its peculiar burden of feelings, longings, ethical complacencies, spiritual delights, thoughts too deep for words or tears; and that by no means only in and for the explorers and prophets of this new and illustrious, though secondary and inferior dispensation of God's providence, but also for the whole world. Each separate science, indeed, carries its proper emotional atmosphere; the emotional history of the sciences, treated in all its variety of details, would constitute a new and interesting chapter of modern literature; and astronomy should certainly receive the largest share of exposition in such a narrative. What doubts, what questionings, what inward contentions have arisen in thousands of bosoms under the bare enunciation and conception of the Copernican astronomy! How many have made shipwreck of their faith and hope upon the plurality of worlds! What contempt of old convictions, and also what haste in the adoption of new opinions, have been brought about by the mere perception of the simple and glorious fact that the earth is but a speck of dust in the awful system of creation, and we its seeming parasites!

Apert, however, from all sinister or perilous effects of the contemplation of astronomical phenomena, as represented in the true system of the heavens, it is evident that the modern conception of the stellar universe cannot be without its influence on the whole mind of modern times. Nor can there be any doubt that the spirit-quelling views of the sublimities of astronomy which Chalmers, Herschel, Mary Somerville, Dr. Dick, and especially Professor Nichol, have successively held up before the public eye, have done the reading classes a world of good. Such studies lift the spirit away from what is accidental, local, and deciduous in earthly life; and that might be a questionable benefit, perhaps, if they did not unfailingly bring the thoughtful mind home again to the essential, universal, and everlasting elements of human existence. The vast spaces, the enormous magnitudes, the surpassing effulgencies, the mild splendours, the unimaginable velocities, the amazing diversities and complexity, together with the still more worshipful unity and simplicity of astronomy, unite to communicate an expansive impulse to the soul, the joy of which is near akin to pain, the solemnity of which is almost adoration, the euthanasia of which is little short of the nature of religion. When the imagination, the heart, and the conscience really accompany the understanding in its

scientific journey through the heavens, this visible universe becomes a dreadful and a holy place; and the whole man is fain, for very self-conservation, to melt into a spiritual swoon of wonder and love. But our affections are dull, our imagination is heavy, and this is a rare result. A chemist once stood with an astronomer upon his watch-tower; the eye of a telescope was bent upon a double star, a system of two suns of different-coloured radiances, and we know not how many planets apiece, revolving round one another; the light by which the friends beheld those sun-stars had taken at least thirty years to come to the earth; it had been coming, and that at the rate of 195,000 miles in a second, while they had been growing from childhood to manhood; and now their conversation was all about the celestial organism, of which it was a single pulse. 'If I truly and presently believed all we have been saying,' said the chemist, 'I should surely die where I stand, and pass away to God by exolution.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the master of the observatory, 'we know these things, but we can hardly be said to believe them; I have believed them only in some moments of my life, and these but few and far between.'

It is, therefore, important that the books intended for the instruction and edification of the public by means of science be well fitted to accomplish their design. The general reader does not want either the multiplicity or the coldness of exclusively technical detail. He wants prominent facts, grand views, and the enthusiasm of the subject; and the last of these—namely, the proper feeling of the science under exposition, is by no means the least important. It cannot be given, however, without the chosen facts and generalizations of the department, for it is the flower and aroma of these. But no non-technical work on science can possibly be popular without it. It is the possession of it in a quite peculiar manner and degree, that renders the works of Dr. Nichol so successful and so great. Full of knowledge, and of the latest knowledge, they avoid the excess of technicality with consummate skill. While they are clear, sufficient, and eloquent expositions of the things to be taught, there is another charm about them, which is not so easily defined as recognised. They are suffused with a nameless sense of vastitude, speed, splendour, power, life, growth, beauty, worship, and even mystery. The very faults of the author's style, namely a certain grandiosity and distension, accompanied by an ever-recurring width of sweep, which is more suitable to the orator than the penman, are favourable to his purpose. An orator by nature, a poet by sympathy, and a man of science by culture, Professor Nichol satisfies the understanding of his reader with abundance of the clearest information, carries his imagination into the thick

of the shining hosts, and then lets him down with some arrowy word of beauty sticking in his heart. These commendations, such as they are, apply equally well to the work the title of which is put at the head of this article, and to that which was reviewed in our May number. It is, therefore, not surprising that many a literary man, to say nothing of the more general student still, has drawn all his astronomical knowledge, and also the germs of all his astronomical emotion, from these splendid books; for they present the scientific competency of Herschel, in combination with much of the oratorical magnificence and glowing humanity of Chalmers.

Since this is the scientific age of human history, since, therefore, no man can properly belong to this age unless he be more or less initiated into the method and substance of science, and since it surely behoves every really living soul to drink into the spirit of his age, it is a matter of first-rate importance that the young should be led into the new temple by the hand of wisdom. Understanding all the sinister tendencies of an excess of the merely scientific life, the good teacher will counteract them, by means of poetic enthusiasm, and also, still more effectually, by means of spiritual self-possession. Otherwise the tree of science may prove a poison-tree, as it has frequently done; and thence the recoil of some spiritual-minded men, such as Arnold, as well as of certain poets, such as Wordsworth, from the instruction of the unfledged in the principles of analytical knowledge. It is easy, however, to misunderstand this greatly important subject. In order to the bringing of a complete man out of a young creature born in this age, the example and the precept of that which is indeed spiritual in religion cannot but be the principal means, for his spiritual nature is what is deepest, and, therefore, most distinctive, in man. Next to religion should come the manifold influence of art, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and especially poetry; for art speaks to the imaginative instinct, which is as peculiarly human as the god-ward affections of the soul, although it is posterior to worship, and there must be holiness before the perception of its beauty. Tuition in science could not easily injure the living foundations of such an embryo, while it is absolutely necessary to the communication of firmness and accuracy of outline, of extension and solidity, of flesh and blood. The study of philosophy proper, that highest knowledge which ignores the facts and general conceptions of science, and deals only with ideas, were the complement and completion of so liberal and Christian an education. But so fair an ideal is never to be realized in its perfection; and, therefore, all that can be meant, when one speaks of a complete man, is a man in whom the several germs of humanity proper have all

been somewhat elicited by culture. Religion, art, science, and philosophy must work together with the unshrinking practice and sufferance of life, in order to give the world assurance of a man; and the very mention of practical life reminds us how lamentably few children can possibly reap the benefit of this idea of education—an idea which is almost as old as it is inapplicable, until the coming of a better political and social day than this. But the higher class of teachers, whether clerical or secular, might and should; and especially those authors who write on grave subjects for the people and the young. It is because Professor Nichol approximates to this humane and congenial type in a very rare degree, that we have offered these hints in connexion with his name: more especially because we remember that he published a Christmas book on 'The Stellar Universe,' some three years ago, intended for the use of children.

The initiation of the British boy into the marvels and huge conceptions of astronomy, and into the hero-worship of Isaac Newton, can scarcely fail to constitute an epoch in his life, although it may not come by observation. We remember our own introduction well. It was through the medium of Chalmers' astronomical discourses, prematurely read, though somewhat prepared for them by a venerable father's lessons. We had even lent our aid to the paternal hand in the construction of a rude diagram of the solar system on the sea-shore, and seen it washed out by the flowing tide. But the hold that the great preacher's revolving career of explication took on our youthful mind can never be forgotten. Like a rushing wind, it sucked us up the welkin, in a state of intellectual intoxication with the joy of new images, new fears, new hopes, and new thoughts without end. One summer evening soon afterwards, we had been playing long and lustily at hide-and-seek, and when our companions had gone home to their beds, we lay down supine in an empty cart near the house. The city of God came out unawares. There, overhead, were the abysses full of stars, many-sized and many-coloured, stretching from before the eye; with beginning, but with no seen or conceivable end; with ponderous speed that made the head dizzy to think of it; with splendour, which distance alone rendered endurable; and all swathed in that fathomless, billowless, speechless night! Morbidly feeling ourselves drawn towards the centre of the earth by gravitation, we could not move, till a sudden panic of awe drove us home in terror. The punctual house-mother had been spending the evening at a neighbour's, but had just returned in time. We ran to her knees and, kneeling unbid to say our prayers at her feet, could not find a word to say, but burst into a passion of tears, hiding

our head with sobs in the warm lap ; and that hour of feeling had its share in the shaping of more lives than one.

Uplifting and altogether satisfactory as is the consideration of the solar system and its general relation to the heavens, it is not until the mind is raised to the study of the firmamental astronomy, as it is now called, that the universe of stars, planets, moons, comets, and meteors, arises on the prostrate soul with all its power. Our wondrous system is but a speck after all. The sun, carrying all his satellites along with him as easily as the earth carries her solitary moon, moves around or towards what cosmical centre its silent Creator only knows ; but, as it appears to us upon this world, it is in the direction of Hercules, a well-known quarter of the milky-way. And that classical milky-way is now known and understood to be one vast organism of solar systems, possessed of an outward shape, as well as of an inward structure. Within it, suns are arranged into many particular combinations ; and its exterior form is as unique as it is unexpected. Innumerable solar systems, thrown into organic groups, are bound together in one vast community by the force of gravitation ; and our solar system is only a particle, our earth only an atom, of this multitudinous firmament. The distances of solar system from solar system, within the awful limits of the milky-way, are stupendous. The nearest are so remote that only a very few have been computed. Bessel's star in that group of our firmament which is called the Swan, is 670,000 times more distant from the terrestrial sun than the earth ; and yet the earth is some 79,560,000 miles from that sun. A bright star in the Lyre, another group or constellation of solar systems, is thrice as remote as Bessel's ; light takes thirty years to run from its surface to our eyes, taking only eight minutes to come from the sun ; yet both the Lyre and the Swan are comparatively near at hand. What is to be thought of those stars which blaze upon the farthest confines of the old milky-way ? But our firmament is not the universe. It probably bears as small a proportion in size, complexity, and glory to that immeasurable and indefinable thing, as the solar system to itself, or the terrestrial moon to the solar system. It appears that there are other firmaments, as remote from ours in proportion to their sublime dimensions, as the stars of our firmament from one another. There is no visible end to the number of them, indeed, nor to their variety, nor to their unfolding. Each nebula seems to be a true firmament of stars. As the nature of the case renders it impossible for human observation to reach the limits of the architecture of the heavens, it also appears to be inconceivable by man that the heavens should have any limits at all. The true outside of the starry fabric is not to be thought

unfeigned commendation, but for a novel and peculiar feature, to which we have not yet adverted. This popular treatise, though strictly a scientific production, is actually furnished with a series of poetic designs. A great artist has expressed the emotions of firmamental science, at least as they moved within his own bosom, in his proper and personal dialect of the universal language of pictorial art; and his drawings constitute the illustrations of this astronomical exposition. The plastic arts have almost always been employed in illustrating each other. Architecture and poetry have been heightened and set forth by sculpture and painting; and so have the poetic incidents of history and romance. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry have all been rendered auxiliary to that which is poetical or beautiful in religion. But the illustration of science by artistical forms is an absolute novelty. Darwin and his followers, indeed, did all they could to wed poetry and science; but they failed. Yet science is not incapable of so high and pure a union any more than religion—any more, we mean, in kind, not in degree; for religion is supreme and central, sitting with the poetries for her handmaidens, and the sciences for her lords, while the useful arts are the busy citizens of her ideal commonwealth. There is what is beautiful in science, and there is what is properly and peculiarly beautiful in the several sciences. If the internal and solid substance of science is orderly and grand, rather than beautiful, yet its surfaces, whereon the light of religion or of art may be suffered to play, are iridescent with as many hues as there are in the heavens themselves. Then the borderland between science and nescience is ever a region of twilight and wonder, mystery and apprehension, sublimity and homeless thoughts, baffled intellect, the terrible beauty of awe, hoping against hope, the choice between faith and defiance, and also sometimes the very euthanasia of love. Lastly, the emotional history of science, like that of all human conflict and victory, is eminently capable of being made the body and vehicle of artistic soul. In short, the points of contact—let us rather say the places of interdiffusion—between science and art, are many; and it only wants the eye of genius to descry them. It will sound strangely in some ears, but it has long appeared to us that Tennyson is a poet penetrated to the core, even if he know it not, by the scientific culture of his age. Emerson is also the poet of science in no small degree. Browning is scientific in method, though not in matter. Bailey uses the results of science, as freely as other bards have been wont to use the first appearances of nature, in the upbuilding of his symbolic rhyme. The same tendency is vigorously nascent, we think, in the many-gifted author of the 'Roman'; and it will

assuredly reach a memorable development in that rising poet, in proportion as he shall feed upon the manna that is now falling from heaven, instead of vainly striving to sustain a contemporary life on that which fell in any other age; a thing the latter, which this particular artist is too brawny and alive to do.

Never was a man better fitted by nature, and also by the peculiar cultivation which his idiosyncrasy instinctively pursued, as well as by the circumstances of his life, to set forth the underlying ideas and the pervasive sentiments of science in artistic symbols, than the late David Scott of Edinburgh. A painter-poet by birth, born among a people prone to an extremely intellectual way of considering even the phenomena of the religious life, addicted all his days to a sceptical or scientific view of things, mingling intellection with all his feelings, speculating even when painting, thought ever accompanying his sense of beauty and holiness, yet deeply pious and unfathomably enthusiastic in art, the pictures of this remarkable man were more original and great in thought, as well as more individual and profound in feeling, than they were successful in those outward properties which have usually been recognised as conducing to the perfection of a plastic work. An excess of thoughtfulness, or rather an excess of the tendency to think analytically or scientifically, seems to have, in some degree, defeated this aspirant's aim at original catholicity in art; as it certainly in some degree diminishes the artistical integrity of Robert Browning, the poet. The predominant scientific spirit of the last three hundred years, in fact, has asserted its claims somewhat too potently over these naturally great artists. They have been too great and representative men to escape the epochal influences of their age, and not quite great enough to subjugate them entirely to the older spirit, and the still nobler purposes of true art—a problem which no man, indeed, has yet solved with memorable distinction, with the single exception of Goethe—a problem, however, which is openly proposed by the times to every candidate for the poetic representation of the nineteenth century.

The very excesses and defects, it is to be observed, which rendered the artistic completeness of David Scott impossible, save and except on the condition of a longer grant of life (for, alas, he died yet young) were highly favourable to the poetic illustration of science, especially such a science as astronomy. Too much thought is congenial to the subject, and to the spiritual mood induced by vivid contact with it; the emotions of the theme are deep and still, few and simple, vast and impersonal, as well as religious and almost intellectual; while the very nature of illustrative designs both lessens the artist's temptations to self-expression, and facilitates a more ideal treatment. The

illustrations of firmamental astronomy, which Dr. Nichol and his publishers have been so original and courageous as to adorn this remarkable book withal, are accordingly worthy of the exalted subject. At the same time, the critic may readily detect some of those daring peculiarities in these drawings, which have usually been urged against the designs, and even the great paintings, of Scott. In order, however, to a just valuation of their surpassing merits, it is necessary to consider them in the spirit of an inquirer as well as of a judge. Above all, it is absolutely to be demanded that the student of the designs be also a student of the printed work. He must read Dr. Nichol with docility and sympathy, and suffer himself to be filled with the same thoughts as lifted up Scott to the level of illustrative composition, before pronouncing upon the united labours of the Professor and his departed friend. He must penetrate to the idea of the astronomer and the artist, and then he will be in a condition to criticise the manner in which it is set forth—a necessity which is equally applicable to the eloquent climaxes of the writer, and to the highly ideal designs of the painter.

These unique productions seem to show what untried, but not inaccessible, regions there exist for the developments of high art, in connexion with other great subjects, than either the Greek mythology or Roman-catholic Christianity. As works of design, they are surely beautiful and sublime; and if the drawing of the figures is uncommon, it must not be forgotten that each and all of those images are purely symbolical personages; but what distinguishes these illustrations is the astonishing wealth of thought which they contain. The clue to the right understanding and feeling of them may not always be easy to find, uneducated as modern public taste undoubtedly is to the perception of symbolical meanings; but if the ingenuous student be so happy as to lay hold of it, he will certainly not lose his reward, if it is beneficial to have one's scientific reflections and philosophical conclusions baptized in the mellow, moral, and almost religious light of beauty.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. Including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Literary Characters from 1794 to 1849.* By R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 vols. London : Bentley. 1851.

IF literature were rewarded according to the merit and pains-taking of those who sustain its spirit and vigour, we should have fewer revelations of the description now before us. Nothing nobler or purer than the labours of the mind untrammelled exists ; but nothing is so wearing, so fatiguing, so unrewarding, as the pursuit of literature as a means of gain, or as the hope of livelihood. It is, unhappily, too well known that we are far behind other countries in this respect. We do not, as a nation, sufficiently welcome an author ; we do not encourage him, or feel towards him one-half the enthusiasm that we do for a public singer or figurante at the opera. The loftiest flights of intellect sink to nothing when compared with the astounding feats of a ballet-dancer. In France, the writer even of moderate abilities is sought, fêted, received with smiles, however poor he may be. Here, in England, bare civility is accorded him ; and those who would derive deep pleasure from the perusal of his work, who are indebted to him for many happy hours, yet shun all contact with his rusty coat or shabby hat. We take and accept the results of a man's labours, but ungratefully reject the man himself. Mr. Gillies, albeit in early life, not aware that he should ever require to write for gain, has learnt the bitter truth in a long life of misfortunes and anxieties, which he is candid enough to reveal to his reader. His story is one of warning to many ; but in all Mr. Gillies's reveries, it seems as though they were attributable entirely to the force of circumstances, and not to any fault of his own. His early youth was passed in quiet and pleasant study, on his father's estate, under the care of a judicious and laborious tutor, who instilled into the mind of his pupil a love of study and research, which has never forsaken him. His childhood, and the relation of those extraordinary anecdotes by which young geniuses are discovered to be such at six or seven months old, are entirely dispensed with ; and our author wisely plunges at once into an era of his life likely to be of more general interest. Dr. Glennie, Mr. Gillies's tutor, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who, not possessing affluence, was open to any engagement that might present itself. Coming on a visit to our author's father, the latter one day jocularly asked him if a certain room called 'school-room'

could by any means be converted into a dwelling-house. The answer he received was an unhesitating affirmative ; and, accordingly, the next day, carpenters were set to work, the floor was boarded, a bed placed in a recess, wardrobes and shelves were put up, so that when the contented pastor next saw the apartment, he was as pleased with it as if it had been a royal mansion. Here, then, the boy received his early education. Poetry, history, and classical pursuits, alternately engaged his attention. The only drawback to the perfect felicity of the tutor and his pupil was, the fact that the chimney smoked incessantly. Various remedies were vainly tried ; but Dr. Glennie, in spite of a cloud that would have driven many in despair from the apartment, quietly proceeded with his studies, and took little heed of the occurrence. After several years spent in this agreeable life, it became necessary that young Gillies should proceed to Edinburgh, for the purpose of matriculating at the university, and attending certain lectures which were considered essential to the completion of his education. Quitting the happy school-room, he accordingly departed, and entered for six months upon a somewhat novel career.

Schools, and all establishments resembling them, have, it is well known, undergone remarkable alterations of late years. They had come to be regarded as petty states, in which cruelty and ill-usage and neglect were constantly practised with impunity, and the master and pupils were in a state of perpetual warfare. The bad name they, deservedly in most cases, arrogated to themselves, has and will long continue to abide by them until a more extensive reformation takes place ; the most extortionate terms were demanded ; and for this, little food, and less learning, was all they received. In this respect, however, the last quarter of a century has shown a remarkable superiority over former days. Much remains still to be done ; but few establishments on a par with 'Do-the-boys Hall' exist even in the far-famed Yorkshire districts. Mr. Gillies, however, did not go to school, which makes his treatment the more unpardonable. He went to board with a master who received 'a limited number of pupils,' and proffered to treat them as if they were in their own home ! He was, moreover, a graduate in the University of St. Andrews, and was assisted by a French teacher, who was the major-domo, as it were, of the establishment, and whose especial province it seemed to be to look after the cooking department of the home, instead of assisting the pupils, to any great extent, with their French studies. His chief attempts in this way were made in private lessons in the town.

The abode was situated in one of the obscurest and most ill-famed streets of Edinburgh, and consisted of a '*flat*,' in one of the edifices called '*lands*.' Each floor formed a separate domi-

cile; and a gloomy, winding, common stair led up to every one. It happened that Mr. Gillies's future residence was situated seven or eight stories high; though, as he says, 'there were beings so horribly perverted and abandoned, that they lodged even higher than he.' Every home, or lodging, at Edinburgh used at that time to exhibit the name of its owner blazoned athwart the door on a brass plate; but the graduate proceeded so far as to set a miserable lamp of rushlight, fed with train-oil, over the door in the long winter nights. The whole suite consisted of a dining-room, commanding a magnificent prospect over the Old Town, a drawing-room, overlooking the street, and three other rooms, divided amongst the master, pupils, and servant girls.

The menage, utterly different from what Mr. Gillies had hitherto been accustomed to, was so ill-arranged that it inspired him with infinite disgust at once, although he came quite prepared to make the best of it. The chamber was illumined by two lank mutton candles, by the aid of which, at a table covered with an unsteady rag of green-baize, sat the master with the two younger pupils, all three solemnly engaged in writing out portions of *Levizac's* French exercises. The senior pupil sat in dignified repose by the fireside, affecting to read '*De Lolme on the British Constitution.*' The greatest appearance of discomfort pervaded the place; there was no sign of order or regularity. It was plainly visible that the master had assembled his pupils together with the idea of making as much out of them as possible, and of yielding in return just as little as it was practicable for him with any show of reason to do.

At half-past nine, the major-domo entered, after having disposed of all his out-door work for that day, and announced supper. He then briskly lifted the candles and writing apparatus, twitched off the green-baize, and bawled for Marie to bring the supper, '*tout de suite!*'

'*A nappe de table, considerablement tachée*, having been spread by the beautiful Marie, we were served with a so-styled omelette at one end, and a dish of *pommes de terre frits* at the other. Three or four hard eggs, cut into halves, set into some dingy milk and water, like floating islands, this formed the omelette; and the other delicacy consisting of thin slices of cold boiled potatoes, which had been placed to warm on a gridiron, and were now nicely blackened and smoked. For second course, as this was our *fête* night, we were indulged with six square little morsels of cheese, and a plate of raw apples, so green and sour that to eat one would, I thought, have been a certain means of incurring illness for a week. And, to crown all, when the nightly feast drew to its close, a bottle was mysteriously placed on the table, containing a little remnant of that most exhilarating and delightful beverage, whisky distilled from potatoes. Of this precious fluid each

pupil was allowed three teaspoonfuls, in a wine-glass, which, with hot water and *cassonade*, made a charming beaker of toddy.'—P. 199.

Such days as these, however, were not of long duration. Six months glided past, and other scenes soon obliterated these disagreeable associations and reminiscences. Thrown in his youth into a variety of society, and among individuals of the most eccentric character, his reminiscences are of a highly amusing nature. Without being, as the title implies, strictly literary, they are sufficiently agreeable and allied, through himself, to literature and literary men, to warrant their being placed in these records. Besides, it is not to be expected that because a person is himself literary, he should incessantly be mixing in the society of literary men; his experience of life, the fortuitous combinations of many circumstances, would throw him among the most different characters, who are not a whit the less entertaining because not literary, or even illiterate.

Society, at the time when Mr. Gillies was a young man, was very different to what it is now. And this remark we make without insinuating that our author is as old as Methuselah. Our progress, as a people, has been wonderful and rapid, and we have outlived the days of such coarse revelry as is described in the early pages of our author's Memoirs. It is astonishing how people could even live in times when the lucifer match was unknown, and fires had to be kindled by means of gunpowder or flint and steel! The days, the fashions, and the times have altered, and, be it hoped, much for the better.

With the lofty, mysterious, horsehair head-dress—the patching, the powdering, rouging, and otherwise deforming the figure of our women, many other social enormities have disappeared; much of the low taste for night bouts, extraordinary feats of drunkenness, and day revels and ridiculous dissipations, have passed, and men, if they do waste time in idle revelry or dissipation, do so less openly and with less defiance of public opinion. The days of powdered curls, and square coats, and broad frills, have passed, and a more refined, though but slightly elegant, costume, has taken its place. The progress a nation has made in civilization may be shrewdly guessed at by its prevailing fashions and costumes. When men powdered their hair, and devoted whole shelves of their wardrobes to their cravats—when gold, and fine muslin, and brocade adorned their persons, fewer great things were done; when the plain and sober dress was assumed, it showed that men had become more practical and devoted to politics, business, and statesman-like habits. Those who, amidst the rapid civilization of their neighbours, still pre-

serve the quaint relics of a former age in dress and habits, come to be looked upon as natural curiosities. In 1794, therefore, our author looked upon the laird of Bonnymune as a rare specimen of ancient formality and eccentricity, ruling like a petty sovereign over his passive tenantry, beneath the black, bleak hills of Castelthun. His chief boast was, that he had never slept a night from under his own roof. His ancestors had always slept there, and that to him constituted an unanswerable argument why he should do so likewise. Being unfortunately, however, extremely fond of assembling round him those who could tope like himself, he on one occasion fell a victim to his own weakness. One day after dinner, at a friend's house, his discriminating taste being rather obtuse, he very willingly—

‘Drank cherry bounce, mistaking it for port, and declaring that it was a pleasant, pure, and generous wine, very old in bottle. As a matter of course, when the midnight hour approached, the laird wished to ride home, and the horses were ordered. But Peter had never in his life seen his venerable master so far gone; besides, they had a long way to ride, and the night was both dark and gusty.

‘After some consultation with the kind host and his family, it was agreed that Bonnymune could not, and must not attempt to ride home. But as any proposition for his going to bed, or staying in the house after twelve o'clock, would be resisted and resented with obduracy, stratagem was used.

‘They led him out of doors with a light, which the wind instantly extinguished. Then in the pitchy darkness, they assisted him to mount, not upon horseback, but upon a *faul* dyke or turf wall, a common kind of fence in the far north. Here Peter had cleverly attached the bridle to the stump of an elder bush, he put the reins and the whip into the hands of his master, and then retired, with the words, “Now your honour, the road straight afore ye.”

‘Away went the laird, as he supposed, whipping and spurring to his heart's content, till he arrived at the land of dreams and utter oblivion. When wearied of his exertions he tumbled off. Now Peter ventured to advance—“Eh, sirs, dang me, to think of the lyke of that!” Then raising his voice, “We're at hame now, sir! we're at hame I'm telling ye! Your honour's just fa'en off at our ain stable door.”

‘But stratagem was no longer needed. The laird persisted most comfortably in his profound sleep, and was carried to bed without a murmur. Next morning, however, no sooner did he wake to consciousness, than he vowed vengeance for the trick that had been played on him; declaring, moreover, that had he been allowed his own way, he could have ridden home as well as ever he did in his life. He departed at daybreak in huge wrath, and would not, by any persuasions, be induced to visit at the house again.’—Vol. i. p. 15.

It happened once that a friend came unexpectedly to dinner,

and, as it proved extremely bad weather, the laird invited him to stay all night. The storm, instead of abating, the next morning was increased; and the Scotch visitor having heard there was a good library collected by the laird's ancestors, ventured to ask if he might hunt over the 'auld buiks' to amuse himself with.

'Buiks, man!' was the reply he received, 'ten cart loads of them gin ye like; and what's mair, ye're welcome to take them hame to your ain hame, if ye think siccan rubbish worth the expense of cartage.'

Thus encouraged, as may be supposed, the visitor proceeded at once to the rarely-opened library, accompanied by the laird, who amused himself with a broad grin in peering over the young student's shoulder, accompanying his proceedings with a sort of verbal commentary, composed of a series of contemptuous grunts, whenever an exclamation of delight burst from the visitor. At last, heedless of the shower of grunts, and shrugs, and satirical observations, of the owner, after a long examination the connoisseur suddenly came upon a heap of plays and novels, or 'devil's buiks' as the laird called them, and amongst them discovered a folio, which he asked permission to borrow.

'Borrow!' said the laird, 'the chap's daft, I think: did na' I tell ye to cart awa' the hale lot o' them? Pit the folio in your saddle-bags, man; make a kirk and a mill o't, or leiht your pipe with the paper.'

This despised volume happened to be the veritable first edition of Shakspeare: a rarity now almost unattainable at any price, and which, afterwards, accompanied by the second and third editions, all richly and uniformly bound in Russia leather, was sold to the late Mr. James Roche, of Castle Granard, for five hundred pounds.

We have not, however, completed our anecdote yet; the most important part remains to be told. Still persevering in his examinations, the student came to a compartment of the library which created his no little surprise. The books, it is true, were genuine, but they were, to say the least, very strange in appearance, and by no efforts could he extract one volume from its resting-place. Hereupon the laird began a vociferous chuckle, and, infinitely amused at the wonderment of his guest, explained, that after having stood the lapse of centuries, the shelves became at length worm-eaten, and incapable of supporting any longer their ponderous burden. One day, when the wind was howling about the old house, making the walls themselves tremble, with a heavy crash the book-laden shelves fell to the ground, where they remained for a considerable period. The room being at length required for some purpose or another,

and the pile of volumes obstructing the place, a carpenter was called in and ordered to mend the shelves. This he accordingly did in a very neat and artistic manner. But, unfortunately, when he had completed his appointed task, it was discovered that the volumes would not one of them fit in. The erudite laird and the wise carpenter consulted together, and deemed that they had discovered a clever method of solving the difficulty without being at the pain of disarranging the work already done. So they raised the volumes in rows upon the floor, and measured them and measured the shelves, and by dint of sawing off an inch here and an inch there, at length brought them within the proper compass, and the carpenter inserting them, hammered away with his mallet until they stuck so tight that it was impossible by any exertion of strength to move them. And here they then remained, and probably there remain to this day.

This disregard, or rather incapability of appreciating, books is not, unhappily, a sign of the past. Although education has been so wide-spread, and though under its banner the multitudes are rapidly ranging themselves, a veneration for learning is not so widely diffused as it might be. How often do we not hear, after a man enthusiastic in the cause of literature and books has spent a whole life-time in assembling round him these legacies of genius and talent to posterity—how often, we say, at his death, has not the son, in order to realize a few hundred pounds, ruthlessly offered them to the hammer of the auctioneer, and scattered them far and near. At one time, indeed, almost an antipathy existed to books, and those who devoted themselves to profound study, or deep philosophical researches. A vague fear that their knowledge had led them to penetrate into regions something more than human, cast a halo of awe round the fumes of the midnight lamp! This, in its extreme, has of course long since passed away, but how often do we not hear the term ‘pedant’ applied to those who have had the patience to explore paths of learning too intricate and difficult for ordinary minds to traverse.

Women, more especially, excepting those thrown by accident within the sphere of literature, cherish an unconquerable aversion to its professors, and this arises, not from any innate dislike to study itself, but from the isolation essential to its pursuit. Many instances of this dislike are on record belonging, it is true, to former times, but which have been attended with serious mischief to those most concerned. Literary men are more to blame for the evils arising out of their intercourse with illiterate women, than the women themselves. It is by no means essential to an author that his wife should be one also. On the contrary, this is sometimes productive of un-

pleasant results. But it is absolutely necessary, ^{bers of} a literary man desires to be happy, he must select a wife ^{se} whose tastes and refinement of mind render her capable of sympathizing in his pursuits, and urging him forward in his career. Many a man, when the flush of beauty and youth has passed, sighs for the companion of which he created the ideal.

As an illustration of our remarks we may present our readers with an anecdote narrated to us many years ago, but the facts of which are deeply riveted in our memory from the sort of melancholy association connected with it. Some time ago—in the last century in fact, when literary men were more scarce, and study was more essential to the formation of one—there lived a man utterly devoted to one grand idea; and this was the production of an enormous dictionary of our own language. What were its actual merits the world will never know, though, as it occupied his whole early life, the best years of manhood, and had grown up beneath his touch like a vast mountain, imperceptibly swelling with the lapse of time, he loved it as something absolutely belonging to himself—a part of his very soul. Whether the student unmarried at five-and-forty became at length weary of his solitary life, or whether he wanted some one to listen to the reading of his ponderous dictionary, we know not; certain it is, however, that he took it into his head to marry a young, pretty, and thrifty woman, whose wits may have been a little scarce. Everything went on smoothly in the *ménage* for some time. At last the young wife began to think that the husband spent much too great a portion of his time in a room yclept the library. There the long hoardings of years were assembled, curious books with parchment covers, and dingy volumes and MSS. in ancient writing and dirty covering. There was an atmosphere of mist exhaling from the chamber continually, much to the annoyance of the thrifty housewife, whom nothing so much delighted as order, cleanliness, and regularity. Nothing could, she was positively convinced, go on well while her husband was penned up for so many hours in that ‘unwholesome den,’ where the dust and dirt of ages seemed to have accumulated upon those dingy books and papers. Had the student spent less of his time in this *sanctum sanctorum*, it is probable the wife would have viewed it with much more respect and admiration. One day the husband left home for a week’s visit into the country, and the library was entirely at her mercy. No sooner was his back turned than the wife called all her handmaids together, and commenced a vigorous assault upon the shelves and tables. Precious documents and papers, long hoarded, but musty with age, were recklessly consigned to be burned. At length, nestling in a cobwebby corner, she came

upon a mass of papers well covered with close crabbed writing. Its leaves were yellow and dark by time; innumerable corrections made the page unsightly. 'I'm sure,' she exclaimed, 'this can be no use now, there isn't room to add another word, so take it away;' and the ponderous mass quickly joined the condemned heap upon the floor. Some days of indefatigable labour soon put the room to rights, and the lady impatiently waited her husband's return that she might show him the triumph she had achieved. When he came, scarcely were the first greetings over, when, with nods and smiles, and wise looks, she led the way to the library, and, throwing open the door of the modernized apartment, exclaimed, 'See what I have done while you have been away!' The silent gaze of sorrow, and the pale countenance of her awe-stricken husband, somewhat startled her, as, with a look of doubt, and trembling fear, he raised his eyes to the corner where he had left the completed volume of his dictionary! 'My love,' he said, with white lips and trembling tone, 'did you see in this corner some paper?' 'Oh, some yellow-looking rubbish—yes, and gave it to Betsy to burn! and think it's all gone by this time. It wasn't any use, was it?'

What the disconsolate author thought is not related: only that he said nothing, uttered no reproach; but to the day of his death, which happened a few years afterwards, he never took pen in hand again, and never spoke or looked like the same man. His wife, of course, when she discovered the destruction she had committed, was deeply grieved—but what availed her grief!

In the pleasant volumes of Mr. Gillies, there is much that might, with infinite amusement, be extracted; but we hesitate, from the length to which some of the anecdotes extend, to introduce them here. Our author, during his varied and unfortunate career, has fallen in with many adventures, and mixed in the society of men whose names are as familiar to us as 'household words.' Perhaps he does not tell us much about each; but then he presents us with lively gossip about all—gives us letters of some, little traits of others—all valuable to such as love to cherish the familiar sayings and doings of those whose talents have brought them publicly forward. Of Wordsworth there are many epistles, which, we believe, have not been before published; and Scott glides past us like a shadow. But, perhaps, in all Mr. Gillies's recollections there is not a pleasanter picture than that of the home of Dugald Stewart, who was so fitted by nature to adorn the society of the most learned. He visited but little, however, contenting himself with accepting a few only of the invitations showered upon him. His chief delight was to assemble his family and one or two guests in his drawing-room, and there, by the light of a blazing fire only, pass the

evening in quiet chat; his wife and other members of his family joining in whenever an opportunity presented itself. To his children he was most devotedly attached; and when he lost a beloved son, in 1811, he seemed to lose all relish for his public career, and wished immediately to retire into private life. At the intervention of numerous friends, however, he consented to appear again in the lecture-room, but very shortly really retired, and devoted himself to the quiet and steady pursuit of literature.

Of Byron, and his smaller satellites, we have little notice. Of Sir Walter Scott we have a few letters. The volumes are full of allusions to these and similar distinguished men; but as it is not practicable to assemble within the limits of an article all the brief remarks and observations of our author, we must request the reader to accompany Mr. Gillies in his career, and pass a pleasant hour or so in conning over the 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran.'

Mr. Gillies is himself an author, has passed much of his time amongst literary men, and shows that he justly appreciates them by one most judicious observation, that the best writers are often the mildest critics. Most assuredly they are. Those conscious of mediocrity are fearful of a rival; and the moment a new aspirant makes his appearance, seek to cry him down. They are willing to give much credit to those already acknowledged by the world, because they dare not cry them down, and feel assured that any aspersions they cast on them will be received as betraying their own petty jealousy. If the greatest genius were suddenly to appear before them, they would long refuse to acknowledge him.

It is curious to observe the wisdom and penetration of those who have at all mingled in literary society. They read an author, study his peculiarities and style, and imagine they perfectly understand his whole system of thought, and could detect one mistake instantly. But to show that even authors themselves are not always infallible judges, we will relate an anecdote which has never yet been made public; though having received it from an undoubted source, we venture to vouch for its veracity. Shelley, whose poems many years ago were so much read and admired, necessarily excited much discussion in literary circles. A party of literary men were one evening engaged in canvassing his merits, when one of them declared that he knew the turns of Shelley's mind so well, that amongst a thousand anonymous pieces he would detect his, no matter where published. Mr. James Augustus St. John, who was present, not liking the blustering tone of the speaker, remarked, that he thought he was mistaken; and that it would, amongst so many, be difficult

to trace the style of Shelley. Every one present, however, sided with his opponent, and agreed that it was perfectly impossible that any one could imitate his style. A few days after, a poem entitled 'To the Queen of my Heart' appeared in the 'London Weekly Review,' with Shelley's signature, but written by Mr. St. John himself. The same coterie met and discussed the poem brought to their notice, and prided themselves much upon their discrimination; said, they at once recognised the 'style of Shelley, could not be mistaken, his soul breathed through it—it was himself.' And so 'The Queen of my Heart' was settled to be Shelley's! and to this day it is numbered with his poems,* and very few are in the secret that it is not actually his. The imitation was perfect, and completely deceived every one, much to the discomfiture of all concerned.

We have been a little betrayed from the volumes under consideration by the above anecdote. Let us, however, in conclusion, assure Mr. Gillies, that, whatever his misfortunes may have been, and however severe his sufferings, he has contrived, out of his experience, to produce a most entertaining book, full of amusing anecdotes, witty observations, and clever notices of men and things. His three volumes are well worthy of perusal; and no one can rise from them without a heartfelt conviction that the author deserved a better reward than he appears to have met with.

ART. VI.—*The Metamorphoses of Apuleius: A Romance of the Second Century. Translated from the Latin.* By Sir George Head. Post 8vo. Pp. 411. London: Longman and Co.

It is greatly to be wished that, by some legislative or other act, words of serious import to mankind could be fixed in some acknowledged meaning. We speak of religion, of happiness, or of good fortune; when what we mean by religion, may be what our hearers mean by impiety; and our best fortune their lowest conception of misery; nevertheless, they will necessarily, unless they happen to know us closely, associate their own ideas with our expressions, and thus, without meaning it, we are propagating lies. 'If a man were called,' writes Gibbon, 'to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he

* See Shelley's Works, edited by Mrs. Shelley, vol. iv. p. 166. It deceived even his wife.

would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus; the vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power under the guidance of virtue and wisdom.' Out of every thousand readers of Gibbon, how many have paused over this passage, to consider what, in his philosophy, is the meaning of happiness; or what elements go most essentially to the making of human prosperity? It passes for ascertained historic truth; men of all opinions receive it and respect it, each in his own sense, and only when they compare notes begin to see that they have come away each with a different conclusion. It has been said 'Happy are the people whose annals are a blank,' who have gone on with the roll of the age silent and unnoticeable. Man, like the rest of God's creatures, 'eating, drinking, sleeping, labouring, marrying and giving in marriage, generation after generation, gliding from cradle to grave, leaving no record of great deeds, great thoughts, struggles, defeats, or victories; without all these—and blessed in being without them—blessed in a common life, common duties, common trials, and common enjoyments. This is one form of happy life—most happy, to those whose hearts it satisfies, or whose philosophy it illustrates. Again, there is a happiness in the abundance of life's good things—in a strong social order where, secured by law from violence, without danger to fear, or hardship to endure, men have leisure to devote themselves heart and soul to multiplying wealth, and what wealth can bring—to cultivate pleasure as an art—in all ways to make the world, while they remain in it, smooth, and, as they say, comfortable; while, again, there are men to whom the common is the common; to whom the earth is only valuable for those rare occasions which it offers for heroism and nobleness; who do not care for ease, and hate luxury as a poison; whose life is militant, whose story is a struggle; for whom the whole worth of the human race lies in a few great names or great ages, as the aloe blossoms once only in a hundred years, and for the rest is but a dense, unlovely shrub.

Nor does philosophy much help us in our difficulties. Aristotle may define happiness as the energy of the most excellent functions of the spirit. But what are those most excellent functions? What occasions best call them out? In what atmosphere will they put on their most beautiful forms? It is said, and truly, that our trials lie necessarily most in common routine—routine is the staple of our existence, and it is easier to behave well in one great trial than in a hundred little ones; it is easier to bear one great pain than a hundred annoyances, as the rock which the earthquake cannot tear is worn by the

water-drops. But, again, if he that is faithful in little is faithful in much, it is true also that men may be faithful in the little and yet fail in the much ; and it remains a question which, on the whole, is best for us, a still, silent, peaceful life, or, a restless and agitated one. Nature will not answer it for us ; she is ready, as she always is, to take all sides and give every man an answer or an illustration according to his own heart. Stagnant water is another name for pollution, and the running stream a synonym of purity ; but the stagnant water teems with living things, and the torrent is untenanted by any growth, or disturbed by any motion, except its own. The diamond is beautiful, but clay is fertile—the mountains are magnificent, the meadow valleys sweet and fragrant. The climate of the south makes men indolent, but contented ; the unkindly and uneasy north stirs them into unrest and energy ; and so on through all her endless pages ; she has varied food for all her children, and what is really most beautiful and most admirable, she leaves a secret open only to the noble heart. To the noble, she speaks nobly ; to the weak, weakly ; to the common, commonly ; and in all ‘ the changes and chances of this mortal life,’ in dark ages and in enlightened, in peace or struggle, in famine or in plenty, in routine or in revolution, there is never a time but what, from some aspect or other, the human fruit which it is producing may seem good or the best. Yet, letting all this pass, and pass for what it is worth, after all, the general instincts of men, as far as they have yet spoken themselves, have given a pre-eminence to one form of character over another, even when both are good in their kind ; and, after making all allowance for our disposition to over-estimate the *rare* only because of its rarity, we mean something when we speak of men as great, as sublime, or as heroic. The very strong man, even when his strength lies, as in Cæsar, in the might of his own will and intellect, we admire as something larger and grander than ourselves, and far more when it lies in the love of God, of right, of justice, or of truth. There is a grandeur of worldliness which raises Cæsar’s actions above the highest conceivable successes in the banking-house or in the Stock Exchange ; and there is a grandeur of godliness which makes the ordinary goodness of ordinary good men comparatively very insignificant by the side of the martyr or confessor.

Now whatever may have been the amount of average comfort in the second century, of such fruit as this, there has never been any age, not any one age in all the long known story of the world, more hopelessly barren than those eighty years which Gibbon says was, undoubtedly, the most prosperous which the world has known. His theory of human nature was not therefore, a lofty one. Generally sceptical as he was about human

virtue, its scarce and partial manifestations were not sufficient to outweigh the large amount of general enjoyment, even if they entered at all into his conception of general prosperity; and with him there was nothing better for us than an exactly kept social order, where the average man without any high exercise of virtue could provide himself with abundance of externals. It is the more clear that this was his meaning from the one exception which he specifies to this general happiness; the only persons of whom any more was demanded, whose courage was exposed to trial, and who had more to bear than to enjoy, being the persecuted members of the Christian Church.

For the rest, an atheism disguising itself under the name of conformity with ancient usage, with a steady belief in this world, and in such good things as it had to offer, being the spiritual characteristics of the time, the temporary issue of so prudent a faith was, as might have been expected, profound peace (the condition which on the whole to enlightened atheism will always appear the most desirable); to liberty, to patriotism, to self-respect, an indifference, if not hostility, such vast feelings being so often occasions of turbulence, and interfering with the general comfort; and a toleration of every religion, except Christianity. Christianity being excepted because it was itself intolerant—because, of all the religions, it was the only one really antagonistic to all this baseness, and with a spirit to face it and to execrate it.

In this condition of things arose the first European novel; the form of fiction properly belonging to periods of this kind, offering, as it does, the kind of intellectual enjoyment, which minds cultivated to such a degree of strength, and in such a belief, are capable of receiving. A novel, witty after its sort, filthy exceedingly, full of light good-natured satire, at times with touches of genuine humour, with its episodes of tragedy and comedy, and, if we may believe the Catholic Fathers, and the present translator, not without a transcendental philosophy, with which the pseudo-earnestness of such times supplies the absence of anything better. There is a half scorn of the life which it depicts, just so much as to show that the writer did see how base it was; but on the whole, his disposition was to be good-humoured about it; to take the world as it came, and men as he found them; not to get on stilts and take to idealizing, but to make the best of things, and extract a laugh out of them, if nothing else.

‘The period and circumstances,’ writes the translator, ‘under which Apuleius composed his *Metamorphoses*, are not known with precision, neither has it been ascertained when he himself flourished, farther than that he is supposed to have been about

contemporary with Lucian, in the beginning of the second century. It is at all events generally admitted, that he was born of good family, at Madauna, a town in Numidia; received the first rudiments of education at Carthage, thence proceeded to Athens to complete his studies, and afterwards set out on his travels through Italy, Greece, and Asia.

There is, however, one romantic event recorded to have happened to him, that possibly may have influenced his mind with reference to the composition of the *Metamorphoses*—while on his way to Alexandria, he happened to fall sick at Tripoli, where his protracted visit in the house of a young man, his host, led to a matrimonial alliance with the young man's mother, a lady of large independent fortune, named Pudentilla, who had at that time been fourteen years a widow. Soon after the marriage was solemnized, the family of the lady, who, as well as she herself, appear to have been captivated at first with Apuleius's wit and learning, and to have anxiously promoted the alliance, joined all together in a conspiracy to dissolve the connexion, in order to prevent the alienation of Pudentilla's property. Accordingly, they resolved to accuse Apuleius of the crime of witchcraft, on the ground that he had won the lady's heart by means of spells and incantations, on which ridiculous charge, sustained on proofs the most absurd and frivolous, he was arraigned with all the due formalities of law, and the cause was actually tried at Sabrata, then a Roman colony, before Claudius Maximus, the Proconsul. On that occasion, Apuleius pronounced in his defence the celebrated *Apology*, one of the principal of his works now extant, and defeated his antagonists triumphantly.

It is supposed, that in his irritation at the foolery, from which he had suffered so much inconvenience, Apuleius wrote the '*Golden Ass*' to revenge himself upon it. From the few facts which we know of his history, he certainly in places identifies himself with his hero. He would scarcely thank us to press the parallel through, however, or to suppose that he had any piece of private experience corresponding to its principal event. But it is time that we should give some account of the story itself.

A young gentleman, of philosophic family, sets out from Corinth on an expedition, which is to combine the useful and the amusing, into Thessaly. On his way he overtakes a pair of travellers, one of whom has been drawing heavily on the credulity of the other, and Lucius, whose appetite for the marvellous is strong, begs that he may be allowed to share the story, which at any rate will help the weariness of the long hill, which they were ascending. Learning that it concerned the doings of a witch, 'who could drag down the firmament, take the world upon her shoulders and walk away with it, freeze

fountains, crumble the rocks, raise the dead, dethrone the gods, extinguish the stars, and illuminate the depths of Tartarus,' he philosophically rebukes the incredulous sceptic who dared to question the likelihood of the existence of such a creature, by declaring that we were not to disbelieve a thing because it was wonderful; that many wonderful things happened in this world which we could not explain, &c.; and that 'he had himself seen a sword-swallower at Athens take a hunting spear down his throat, and a little imp climb to the top of the haft, and twist and twine upon it as if he had never a bone in his body.' He begs the story-teller, therefore, to proceed. The latter, a commercial traveller in the cheese trade, by name Aristomenes, thus encouraged, goes on to say how he had lately been at Hypata, the city to which our hero was bound, where he had met with an acquaintance, one Socrates, in a state of great misery. On inquiring how he had sunk into so sad a condition, he learnt that his friend had fallen in with robbers, who had stripped him of all that he had, and had turned him out naked; while in this forlorn plight, a certain witch had, by bad luck, cast her eye upon him; the previous doings of which lady had been enough to make adventurous young persons hesitate in accepting her attentions.

"Listen!" Socrates had said to him, "and hear the arts which she hath perpetrated in broad daylight, before many witnesses. In the first place, by pronouncing a single word, she changed one of her lovers, of whom she was jealous, into a wild beaver, and exposed him to the hunters, as a punishment for his slight of her. Then again, she had a grudge against a neighbouring innkeeper, for nothing more, forsooth, than that he was one of her own profession. Him she transformed into a frog. Poor fellow! he is now grown old; and hoarsely croaking, as it were, in the way of business to his old customers, sometimes sits buried in the dregs of his own wine, and at other times, swims on the surface. Then there was a lawyer of the Forum who conducted a cause against her, and she changed him into a ram. So the lawyer still pleads his causes with his head, and gives rebutters and surrebutters as he used to do. Finally, there was the wife of one of her lovers, a chatterbox, who spoke scandal of her; and happening to be then about to increase her family, she condemned her to remain ever after in the same condition. Accordingly, 'tis now eight years, people say, she has been continually growing larger and larger, as if going to be brought to bed of an elephant."

Socrates, however, in spite of all, and feeling it probably as dangerous to reject as to accept the lady's smiles, had surrendered to his destiny; but, poor wretch, not having been able to keep his own counsel, he was to be another instance of his witch mistress's cruelty and ingratitude. The same night, after supper,

where Aristomenes had been entertaining him, the door was crashed open, the bed was upset by the shock, and the cheese-dealer, looking out half-smothered from under the clothes, saw the old woman enter with a companion, and there and then cut the throat (of course only after a witch-like symbolic manner) of her too talkative lover. The next morning they had recovered themselves, and supposed it was no more than a dream; but the symbol proved as effective as the reality, for in the course of the day, in crossing a river, poor Socrates fell down and died.

With his mind well filled with such ghastly stories, Lucius arrives shortly at this fearful city, nothing daunted, and full of eagerness to make personal acquaintance with such marvellous matters. He presents his letters of introduction, and is invited to stay at the house of an old usurer, by name Milo, whose wife, Pamphila, as it afterwards proved, was nothing less than the most ill-favoured, yet most exigent, and at the same time most potent witch in Thessaly. The ugliness of the mistress was in some degree compensated for, however, by the prettiness of her maid, whom Lucius rapidly attaches to himself; and through Fotis, so the damsel was called, who was in the secret of her mistress, the unfortunate youth anticipates a full admission into the most attractive mysteries, without risk or discomfort to himself. Alas for the miscalculations of too curious mortals! But for the mischance which was to fall upon him—the saddest and most ignominious in which the destinies could involve any human being—he had first humanly to qualify himself. A few days after his arrival was to be celebrated, at Hypata, the festival of the god of laughter, toward which all strangers, actively or passively, according to their gifts, were expected to contribute something. Lucius, whose talents did not lie in the line of making fun, was forced to be the object of it; and to the incident which followed, the most humorous in the book, Cervantes seems to have been indebted for Don Quixote's adventure with the wine skins. Sir George Head says it is meant for a satire on the Pudentilla business; but it may very fairly rest upon its own merits.

On the eve of the feast, Lucius, returning home late, not over sober, from a supper party, perceived, on his arrival at his host's door, what he supposed to be three desperate robbers, in the act of breaking it open. In a paroxysm of drunken valour he draws his dagger, rushes among them, and dealing blows right and left, in a few moments lays them all three at his feet. Not a little surprised at his easy victory, and, moreover, dreadfully frightened at it, he lets himself in with his pass-key, hurries to his room, and locking the door, buries himself and his troubles under the bedclothes. After a miserable night, he is roused in the morning by the police coming to take him before the prefect,

to answer for the murder of three honest and peaceful citizens. The court is crowded by the entire population of Hypata—the bodies laid out covered with a black cloth—the mourning relations demanding justice. The evidence of the police is conclusive, the case is clear, the conviction inevitable; and Lucius, despite his protestations, is sentenced to instant execution. Before being taken to the cross, however, the first part of his sentence is that he must, with his own hand, uncover the bodies of his victims in the face of the multitude. Unwillingly he approaches the bier, drags off the pall, and, to his own utter perplexity, amidst shrieks and peals of laughter, he discloses not three murdered men, but three badly wounded goatskins, bearing witness in several large gaping orifices against the dagger of their assassin.

So amidst laughter and apologies, protestation that he is the hero of the day, and promises of a statue to commemorate his achievements, the court breaks up, and Lucius slinks home by the back streets to escape the mocking finger of the populace. No sooner has he arrived there, than the unfortunate Fotis flies to him, whip in hand, and presenting her person to his chastisement, prays him to inflict the punishment she had deserved by having been the unwilling cause of his disgrace. Now comes the point of the story, which is explained without a whipping, amidst tears and kisses. The creatures which had been stabbed, whatever they were, had been palpably engaged in breaking open the door, that was certain, and yet the next day they were no more than three dried goatskins, and he, poor fellow, had made sport for the god of laughter. But what might not happen in the witch land of Thessaly? The good-for-nothing Pamphila had set her heart for the time being on a certain youthful Bœotian. She had pressed heaven and earth into her service to bring about a return of her affection; and nothing had been wanting to complete the incantation which was to summon him but the universal ingredient in such composition—a lock of the victim's hair. For this precious prize the impatient Pamphila, who had watched her lover to the barber's, had despatched her domestic, who was to sweep it up from among the clippings on the floor. But the barber, who had got an inkling of her errand, detected her before she could make her escape with it; spite of struggle and entreaty, he tore it out of her hands and drove her out of his shop. What was to be done? a mistress who could put the stars out was not to be trifled with. She had thought of running away, she told Lucius; but the remembrance of him had prevented her from doing that, and she was dismally wending her way home, when passing through a back street, she perceived a man dressing some goat-skin wine

bags. The goat's hair was the counterpart of that of the Bœotian youth: it was the very thing—an interference of the gods to save her; she snatched a handful of it, and hurried home to her mistress. Unthinking Fotis! no sooner was the terrible spell set working, than the burning locks took effect on their proper owners. The inflated skins, coerced by the mystic forces, received human breath, and power, and motion; obedient to the summons, they were struggling their way to the presence of the charmer, who was expecting a very different visitor, when Lucius, full of wine, had arrived upon the scene.

After such an adventure, one would think Lucius must have had enough of witchcraft, and thenceforth might have gone about his business like an ordinary man. But no—he must complete his destiny! In the strongest sense of the *metaphor*, he had been made an ass of; and, having earned a complete transformation, the justice of the gods awards him his deserts.

He will only forgive the penitent damsel on condition of a further initiation into the mysteries; and an occasion is not long in offering itself. A few nights after the festival, Fotis comes running unto him to say that now was his time to witness the grandest of secrets. Pamphila, disappointed of seeing her lover at her own house, was about to convey herself to his; and Lucius, through a chink in the floor of an upper-room, to which Fotis conducts him, beholds her anoint herself with a certain ointment, mutter some magical words, and, in a few moments, in the shape of an owl, fly out of the window. Nothing will satisfy him but that he, too, must try the same experiment. Much against her will, he compels poor Fotis to procure him the ointment; and, stripping off his clothes, he covers himself with it from head to foot. In an agony of hope he awaits his transformation; and it comes; but, alas! alas! far other from what he looked for. Instead of the fair brown feathers, a grey down shoots out over his face and body; his ears prolong themselves infinitely upwards, and a wonderful appendage he feels dangling behind him. Fotis had brought *the wrong box*; in a few seconds the metamorphosis is complete—he is standing on his four legs a finished ass.

As to whether there was any adventure of his own which Apuleius was intending to satirize; whether the marriage business, after all, turned out ill, and Pudentilla dealt hardly with him; history is happily silent. There is something suspicious in the celibate vow which is connected with his ultimate restoration, and the passionate eagerness with which it is assumed provokes our curiosity; but there is nothing to build upon, and it is wanton to take away the character of a marriage which he was himself at so much pains to clear.

For the adventures of the hero under his transformation, which form the substance of the rest of the book, at any rate there is no scandal in them. They are no more than a succession of pictures of the world of the time, drawn very skilfully from an ass's point of view, who, after all, is not altogether the ass which he seems. His first impulse, on discovering his misfortune, is to destroy the unlucky author of it. From this he is restrained by a prudent recollection, that if he kills her she will not be able to help him back to his manhood. She then tells him, that his restoration depends on a very simple condition; he had only to eat a new-blown rose, and all will be well again. A single night threatened to be the longest which he would have to wait; a series of misadventures prolong his penance for a year. A few hours after his metamorphosis, the house of Milo is attacked by robbers. The plunder is divided between the backs of our friend and his horse, who are driven off with it to the mountains; and, thenceforward, upwards and downwards, from pillar to post, through evil report and good report, the poor creature is kicked to and fro through a hard world, under masters of all kinds—robbers, country gentlemen, peasants, tradesmen, soldiers, howling dervishes, and all other 'representative' classes of the day—meeting ever, under all his changes, with one fate, which never changes, incessant cudgelling.

Very humorously, too, the understanding of the creature is tempered like that of the fools of the mediæval courts—the keen wit in motley dress, to his new shape of brain; but his wisdom is rather for every one else than for himself; and if ever ass earned his beatings, he does. But the hero's adventures form no more than the central fibre of the book. As in the 'Arabian Nights,' story winds within story, strung at intervals like jewels on the chain; we have tales of robbers, of witches, of necromancers, of domestic crimes; then there are fairy tales, the well-known beautiful one of Cupid and Psyche, of which we shall have more to say presently; and, directly and indirectly, the entire private life of that old world is laid out before us; the way men lived, what they talked about, what amused them, what employed them; what they hoped, feared, or believed. The season passes before the fatal rose can be brought within reach of Lucius. Then comes the winter with none, and hopes of none. He submits to the inevitable, and drudges patiently on; for a time forgetting, as it seems, that he was anything more than he appeared. And so from hand to hand, till at last, while waiting outside the amphitheatre at Corinth, where he was himself to exhibit as soon as the lions had done eating a questionable woman (it was the practice with the authorities, when any benevolent person would go to the expense of a popular entertainment,

to make over the refuse of the prisons to him to help out the fun), and not feeling easy that his own sleek skin might not prove over-tempting to them, it struck him that, while the attention of every one was drawn off, he might as well run away. He gallops off along the road till he reaches Cenchræ; and then, enchanted, he flings himself down on the sands to sleep. Like Ulysses laid sleeping on the shores of Ithaca, he wakes to find that he has reached unconsciously the period of his labours. The goddess Isis has floated in upon his dreams, with a beneficent promise, that on his awakening he will see her procession on the shore. One of her priests will bear a chaplet of fresh roses; he was to advance boldly, and take one; and that he might find no difficulty, she was present at the same moment, she tells him, in the dreams of the priest, to prepare him. On eating the blessed rose, he was to be Lucius once more, and was ever after to consider himself devoted to her service. All which follows happily according to the divine promise; and the book ends with an account of the inauguration of Lucius—in other words, of Apuleius himself—into the service successively of Isis and Osiris, and, last of all, of Serapis; the triple initiation into the triple mystery accompanied, as we said, with the somewhat remarkable vow of celibacy. The favours of these great persons, however, are not reserved for another life; and we are not to confound celibacy with ascetism. No more is intended than a free batchelor's life; and that there may be no lack of means for the full enjoyment of it, Osiris undertakes to provide his servant with ample work and ample pay in his profession of pleader in the Forum.

Such in outline is the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, a novel once wonderfully popular. The Fathers saw in it the hand of Antichrist; Augustine doubted whether it were not a real history of diabolic machinations. At the revival of letters, it took a front place in public interest, and it is the lineal progenitor of many novels, and those the best of their kind, Oriental as well as European. Raffael painted from it; Cervantes borrowed from it, so did afterwards Le Sage, very largely. Perhaps, our Shakespere found in it his conception of Bottom; there is a passionate apostrophe to the ass on the lips of a young lady; which is too like Titania's to be accidental; and Sir Philip Sydney speaks admiringly of it in his 'Defence of Poesy.' There is hardly a better measure of the buoyancy of a book, than the quantity of notes which it is capable of floating; and into one of the early printed editions, a foolish editor was able to cram several hundred pages, *de omni scibili*. Of late years, the interest has ebbed again. In the abundance of novels of native growth, there has been, before the present translator took it in hand, no English version of Apuleius; and a better taste has

directed classical students to more really excellent writers. Now that it has appeared, however, in a form accessible to professed novel readers, the most indolent of them may destroy an hour or two over it with as much pleasure, and at least as much profit, as over the last novel of George Sand, or Sir Lytton Bulwer. And, with readers of another class, it is possible that it may regain its old place on different grounds from those on which its previous reputation rested ; not on its merits as a novel, but on the historic importance of the age of which it is the picture : an importance which is every day growing perceptibly larger. We are learning better to study history as a whole, to trace its organic laws in the recurrence of remarkable phenomena, and to observe in the moral aspect of the various eras, the future which the event proved to be involved in them. From this point of view, the second century, or that immediately preceding the final decay of the Roman Empire, becomes every day of graver import to us. The executive powers, which appeared so strong, were sick of a mortal disease, old modes of thought were passing away, and in their decay the soil was forming, in which the modern life was planted to grow. Out of the midst of it, 'in it, but not of it,' the awful religion of Christ was rising. This was the world which it went out to subdue ; the world against which the saints of the purest age, the men who drew up our creeds, and ordered our Scriptures, were contending ; the world which they denounced and execrated, and which in its turn martyred them ; and in the dearth of history and of poetry, this book of Apuleius—if we except Plutarch's 'Symposia'—is, perhaps, the only description from the Pagan side of what it was. The Fathers revile its vices ; but the lights fall all one way, and in the intensity of their indignation common shapes throw monstrous shadows. In Apuleius we see the same scenes, but with the shadows partially illuminated ; and between them the real thing lies with some distinctness before us.

There it is, a great age, rich and prosperous externally beyond any which the world as yet had known. The peaceful earth slumbered ; 'the war-drum throbbed no longer ;' to the enthusiastic eyes of Elihu Burritt it would have seemed the inauguration of the millennium. An age of commerce and manufacture—men going to and fro on their business and their pleasure ; abundant in comforts for the body, in fancy religions for the soul ; a huge rotting world, without faith in God or man, across whose debased and debasing spirit not any one noble thought, or hope, or aspiration, ever passed—no politic factions troubled the night slumbers—no patriots were agitated with dreams of independence. The empire was bound together by force, or by what was left of the organic cords which were twisted in the old noble times ; but

the last strands were wearing through, and were soon to part for ever.

With how thin a varnish even of the sort of well-being which he valued, Mr. Gibbon was deceived, the few extracts which we are about to give will serve to show. Here, for instance, is one of the 'absolute power under the direction of absolute wisdom,' an official picture of the results in detail of centralization; the youthful guardian of public justice being, probably, some younger son of a noble family who had to be 'provided for.' The scene is obviously from life. On his arrival at Hypata, Lucius, distrusting the extent of Milo's hospitality, and wishing to secure himself a supper, goes into the market to buy fish, when the chaffering and the results of the chaffering between a gentleman and a fishmonger are such as might have been expected. As he is going off with his purchase, he meets an old friend who is in office as inspector of provisions. The basket is examined, and the price inquired into. The inspector, on learning it, hurries back his friend to the scene of his bargain, when, by way of administering justice, the following ensues:—

"Now tell me," said he, "who sold you this good-for-nothing fish?"

'I pointed to a little old man, sitting in one corner of the Forum; upon which Pytheas (so the inspector was called), immediately began to harangue the old man severely.

"What now," said he, in a very imperial tone of voice to the fishmonger, "hast thou no mercy left in thee, neither for our friends nor for strangers, to ask such an exorbitant price for thy pitiful fish? Truly, now if you persist to raise the price of articles in the market after this fashion, our city, now the flower of the province of Thessaly, will be deserted like a rock on a wilderness, from the dearness of provisions. But I'll make you smart for it; nay, I will teach you how rogues are dealt with, while I am a magistrate."

So saying, Pytheas, without more ado, emptied the basket in the middle of the road, and bade one of his attendants trample the fish under his feet till they were all crushed in pieces; which act having been performed to my friend's satisfaction, he, contented with the moral discipline inflicted on the fishmonger, recommended me to leave the Forum; "for," said he, "Lucius, I have sufficiently disgraced the little old fellow, and I am satisfied."

'I, on the contrary, was astonished, and almost in a state of stupefaction at thus being, owing to the sage advice of my schoolfellow, deprived at once of my money and my supper.'

So much for the wisdom of the provincial administrators. But the system could only be carried on through a military despotism, and the lords of the empire were unable to secure the poorer and weaker part of the population from the rapacity

of their own executive. What a story is that of the poor gardener! He is driving his ass along the road, when a bullying soldier of the legion meets him and takes a fancy to it. To take a fancy to a thing, and to take the thing itself, were identical with the soldiers of the later empire. A scuffle follows, in which the aggressor gets the worst of it; but the gardener had to pay in his person for defending his property. The soldier, with the help of his companions, and backed by the authority of the magistrate (of easy belief when a legionary was the complainant), not only took forcible possession of the desired animal, but flung his owner into prison for assault on his sacred self.

Here, again, is a picture of the condition of the 'operatives' in a wholesale baking establishment, given by Lucius, when introduced there in his condition of an ass:—

'The curiosity of my nature overpowered every other sensation, and I actually refrained from eating in order to look around me. I viewed with an eagerness amounting to painful delight, the discipline of our abominable workshop; what a miserable stunted set of human beings did I see before me—creatures, ye gracious gods! whose lacerated backs and shoulders shaded, rather than covered, with ragged clothes, were marked black and blue with wheals; their heads half shaved, their foreheads, branded with letters; their faces of ghastly paleness; their eyes, from the vaporous heat of dark smoky chambers, sore and rheumy; their eyelids glued together; and their ankles encompassed with heavy iron rings; the flesh of the greater portion was visible through the rents and fissures of their tattered garments; while the entire bodies of the remainder, naked, with the exception of a slender covering about the waist, were sprinkled over with a dirty mixture of flower and ashes, like the dust of an amphitheatre.'

So it ever is and ever will be; the strongest centralized despotism will fail to make a world of selfish men move wisely and justly. No system of order can be so contrived but that the cunning knave can use it for his own advantage, and the weaker will still go to the wall, whether the weakness be in position, in intellect, or in body. The only difference between disturbed times and times of such peace as this, is in the forms which selfishness assume; in the first, strength of arm prospers; in the second, strength of wit or cunning; and in some respects the first is the better of the two, as the lion and the leopard are nobler brutes than the jackal and the hyæna. Nay, in this second century, whatever nobleness there was left in the *unchristian* world, had absolutely forsaken the decent part of the community and had gone over to the 'devil's regiments,' the banditti, with which the mountains were peopled; and the truest existing representative of the old Spartan virtue, is to be found in the

robber Trasyleo, in his bearskin, dying without a groan, that he may not betray his comrades.

The profound peace of the provinces was no result of a contented submission to a strong and healthy government; but an easy acquiescence in evil; they had ceased to be conscious of it, because they had ceased to care for good, and evil therefore had ceased to be painful to them. Not to dwell upon the witchcraft, there is another infallible symptom of the corruption of the age in the frequency of poisoning. Between mesmerism and poison, there was scarcely a family in the empire but could have provided materials for a modern French novel, with commonly also the same exciting central figure to give it zest and point; a fair lady, unhappy under the tyranny of a law which deprives her of the right to dispose of her own proper person; a husband, whose crime is an objection to his wife's theory on the subject; a lover, ready to supply the husband's place when he is disposed of; and again, himself to follow the husband when the lady's free will requires a novel stimulant.

Crime, under the early Cæsars, was the privilege of the imperial or patrician families; and the provinces had degenerated from what they were in the age from Augustine to Vespasian. Whatever Rome was (and it was a very hell on earth), the provinces, as we may see in the case of the tumult at Ephesus, when St. Paul was there, were well and effectively administered; the ablest men were chosen to govern them, and appeals received in general, even from a Tiberius, a ready and careful hearing. Apollonius, of Tyana, is said to have got a præfect hanged by him for trying *protection*, and raising the price of corn. And for this period the provinces were the strength of the empire. The men of genius, such as they were, were almost without exception provincial; the provinces recruited the legions, and after Nero's death, as a rule, the successful commander of the troops succeeded to the command of the world. But the poison at the heart spread into an ever-enlarging circle; the margin of health which lay round the confines, sheltering it from the barbarian, grew thinner and thinner, till at last, wearing to a shell, it cracked and broke; and the form of the old world passed away.

And now a few words on the story of Cupid and Psyche, of which so much unnecessary stuff has been talked from the time of the Fathers downward, which has been considered alternately an exquisite piece of classic art, a semi-pagan adaptation of Christianity, a sublime allegory, and nobody knows how many things besides; everything, indeed, except what it is, a pretty innocent fairy tale. What high interest it possesses is chiefly historic, as showing the change which had passed over the old mythology; how utterly it had lost its stateliness, and become

degenerate. There is absolutely nothing classic about it, except the names. The old gods and goddesses appear upon the scene, but they are shorn of their glory; and if they were no more to the other minds of the times than they were to Apuleius, it is easy to see that they were near their end. In Cupid and Psyche they are something between the genii of the East, and the fairies of modern Europe. It is certainly very curious to see that both these forms of the supernatural had begun to show themselves at so early an age; but the attempt to combine them with classicism is unsuccessful, and almost offensive. The old flesh and blood reality clings in association to the old names of Venus and of Jupiter, and it is impossible to invest them either with the vague and shadowy grandeur of the genii, or with the young, fresh, romantic beauty of the elves and fairies; consequently not all the power of Apuleius can raise the story into high art. It is very pretty, and that is all. A few ages after it was written, East and West parted. In language, in literature, in government, in religion, each went its own far diverging way, and the elements which appear here united separated finally. The larger or narrative portion of the 'Golden Ass,' became determinately European; but Cupid and Psyche remained in the East (where, perhaps, in germ, Apuleius had found it), and there it grew up in its own congenial element into the story with which we are all familiar in the 'Arabian Nights,' of 'the two sisters who were jealous of their younger sister;' with its black stones on the mountain side, its golden water, its singing tree, and its talking bird. The Arabian version, in our opinion, is more beautiful than that of Apuleius, because it has shaken off the classic inharmonious framework, and the spirit has passed into a body, which suits it better.

But we must again protest strongly against such a pretty story being mistaken for an allegory. Sir George Head seems to think it means the 'soul's pilgrimage,' and that it was borrowed from Christianity. But he has been led astray by the name of Psyche, by the names of the attendants of Venus, and by the allegoric shape of the plot; the poor lady being conducted through Tartarus to an after blessedness. For this shape or shell, if Christianity had been the only speculative system then existing which could have provided him with it, he might have borrowed it from Christianity; but the age was full of such 'soul's pilgrimages.' Allegory, in such a barren time, was the highest living form of art; and every Gnostic and every Platonic system had its own version, more or less beautiful, of the same thing. Doubtless Apuleius had been bored with hundreds of them, when at school at Athens; and being the sort of person to whom such ways of looking at life would be utterly distaste-

ful, he took the form which he found, and laid out his art to put a little human beauty into it. If he had intended anything mystical in the theologic sense, he would not have been at such pains to impoverish the dignity of his divinities; and it is likely that in putting the story into the mouth of an old hag in a robber's cave, he was intending a wanton satire on the philosophers in their didactic Cothurnus.

We have a parallel to Cupid and Psyche, of a really mystic kind, in the myth of the Valentinian Sophia, which indeed looks very much like another adaptation of the same substantial legend. Sophia, like Psyche, inspired with Eros, conceives an immortal spirit; but a similar curiosity, similarly fatal, ruins her offspring and ruins herself; and an exile from her home and her love, she wanders mournfully round the gate of the Pleroma.

But as we said, such a sort of working is out of character with Apuleius. Apuleius was a good-humoured, worldly-minded wit; full fed, rosy, and self-indulgent, with as slight a notion of the Infinite as might be; a kind, healthy laughter at the follies of his brother mortals; and as to spirituality with a sort of semi-perception of the beautiful, which in happier times might have grown to something, but which, as it was, served only for the ornament or the amusement of his idle hours.

Still less is it necessary to agree with the translator that he hated Christianity, and satirized it in the person of the old baker's wife. The Fathers of the fourth and fifth century may have thought so, but critical ability was not their most distinguishing characteristic, and their criticism does not go for much. The single evidence against him is, that the woman is accused of slighting the Olympian gods, and of worshipping *one* God, whom she pretended was the only one. But why may she not have been a Jew? a vagabond Jew, of which there were hundreds of thousands scattered up and down the world? far more likely this than a Christian. The latter commonly being considered Atheists, or Tritheists, or man-worshippers, anything but pure Theists.

Or why not a member of any one of those thousand sects of every conceivable profession which swarmed in every city and village? The educated gentlemen of the second century cared too little for Christianity to hate it, or to be nice in their scrutiny of it. *Hadrian*, on the whole a careful inquirer, in a statistical account of the various existing religions, classes Jews, Christians, and Egyptians, under a common head, as worshippers of *Serapis*; and Apuleius, if he had cared to cast a thought upon it, would have regarded it with the same indulgent pity with which an educated Englishman regards the obscure sects of fanatics in the far west of America.

But we will not quarrel with the translator on a question of detail; we will leave him rather with hearty thanks for his work, which, from the skill and humour with which it is executed, has evidently been a labour of love. On the whole, we doubt, considering the unfitness of Latin at its best for humorous writing, and how vile Apuleius's Latin is, whether this English version is not truer to the writer's idea than his own. He deserves particular praise, too, for the good sense which he has shown in dealing with the questionable passages. Clumsy translators omit, but show that they are omitting. Sir George Head covers up the vacancy—we read on and miss nothing. Whatever is really bad he has cleansed utterly out, and the book is all the better for it in every sense. In most of these passages there was no genuine humour, and their merit was their filth. For those readers whose taste lies that way, the Latin version remains as it was. In the English, only a very prurient imagination indeed will find anything to offend.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The Pope in the Nineteenth Century.* By Joseph Mazzini. London: C. Gilpin. 1851.
2. *Orations.* By Father Gavazzi. London: D. Bogue. 1851.
3. *Dealings with the Inquisition; or, Papal Rome, her Priests, and her Jesuits, with important Disclosures.* By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D.D., late Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, &c. &c. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1851.
4. *The Authority of God; or, the true Barrier against Romish and Infidel Aggression.* Four Discourses, by the Rev. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Author's Complete Edition. London: Part-ridge and Oakey. 1851.
5. *The History of Church Laws in England, from A.D. 602 to A.D. 1850.* By Edward Muscutt. London: C. Gilpin. 1851.
6. *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest. An Answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Transubstantiation.* By James Sheridan Knowles. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1851.
7. *Popish Infallibility. Letters to Viscount Fielding, on his Secession from the Church of England.* By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1850.

8. *Rome, its Temper and its Teachings. Six Lectures.* By George Henry Davis. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1851.
9. *Romanism and Congregationalism contrasted; or, the relative Aspect of their Polity, Teachings, and Tendencies.* By R. G. Milne, M.A. London: J. Snow. 1851.
10. *The Inquisition: its History, Influences, and Effects.* Fourth Thousand. *The Genius of Popery opposed to the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty.* Dublin: P. Dixon; Hardy and Sons.
11. *The Idolatry of the Church of Rome Proved from Cardinal Wiseman's Third Lecture on the Catholic Hierarchy.* By George Barrow Kidd. London: Snow. 1851.
12. *The Bishop's Wife: a Tale of the Papacy. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer; with Historical Notice of the Life and Times of Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.), to which it relates.* By Mrs. J. R. Stodart. London: John Chapman. 1851.
13. *The Female Jesuit; or, the Spy in the Family.* London: Partridge and Oakey. 1851.
14. *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.* By John Ruskin, M.A., Author of the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' &c. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1851.

WHATEVER may be the character or the workings of British legislation with regard to the Papacy, it is well understood in Europe generally that a great *theological* conflict has commenced between Roman Catholics and Protestants. The political excitement of last winter was only one manifestation of the strong Protestant feeling of our countrymen. The elements of that excitement remain; and we doubt not that the deeply-rooted antipathies of Englishmen to Popery in all its aspects, whether theological, ecclesiastical, or political, will be found to have been strengthened, beyond all calculation, by the discussions which some affect to deride as ludicrous, or to dread as fraught with peril. The literature of the question is rife and vigorous. Works of almost every description—historical, imaginative, argumentative, legal, poetical, hortatory—are teeming from the press and widely circulated. We have not been able to keep pace with such publications consistently with the Eclectic character of our Review; therefore we now address ourselves to such an examination as will enable us to do justice at once to the several writers, and to the large and vital principles with which we regard ourselves as identified.

The name of Mazzini has long been familiar to English readers

as the real strength of that Roman revolution which stood out so prominently amid the crowding marvels of 1848, and which, for the present, has been put down by the arms of Republican France. The pamphlet mentioned at the head of the above list is a reprint from his recent volume on 'Royalty and Republicanism in Italy,' containing the 'thoughts' which he addressed to the priests of Italy at sundry intervals since the year 1832. The party of which Mazzini is the chief ornament, has been stigmatized with the brand of infidelity and atheism, as well as accused of anarchy and political crimes. This is not a new device: it is as old as tyranny, as hoary as superstition—the normal description of the love of freedom from the lips of those who hate it. To repel so odious a charge, yet with the higher aim of expounding his religious convictions in his own words, the great Roman patriot again sends forth his printed 'Thoughts.' An examination of the dates will show that the late popular struggle in Italy has been, to a large extent, *a great religious question*. Its leaders did not wait for foreign sympathy to give utterance to the 'thought which is now subterraneously fomenting in the Italian masses.' They have, all along, proclaimed their Christian faith while contending for their national independence. We are glad that, in these pages, this truly magnificent writer should speak on this subject for himself.

'When young Italy raised her banner, now nearly twenty years ago, two elements predominated in Italy—superstition and materialism. Superstition was the habit of a part of the population, to which all light, all education was forbidden; which was led astray by a traditional religious sentiment, conceived in the narrowest spirit, and which, deprived of every motive of action, of all consciousness of the true life of citizens, clung with a kind of despair to a heaven little understood. Materialism was the natural reaction of those who had been able to emancipate themselves from the abject spectacle which religion offered, from the brutal yoke that it was wished to impose upon their intelligence. It was said to them, "*Believe all that we affirm*;" they replied by *denying* all. Luther compared the human mind to a drunken peasant upon horseback, leaning over on one side, and who falls on the other when you seek to set him upright. Many people have passed through a similar experience. Young Italy rejected at once, and equally, materialism and superstition. It declared, that in order to acquire the strength necessary to become a nation, Italy must emancipate herself at the same time from the old Catholic belief, and from the materialism of the eighteenth century. The first gave a pretended divine sanction to immobility; the second, dried up the sources of faith, and must necessarily end in destroying the idea of duty, and in leaving nothing for the object of human worship, but right and enjoyment. We wished to march with the world, as is the will of God, the life eternal. We did not wish to combat in order to conquer

the satisfaction of certain appetites, *panem et circenses*, but for something more elevated, the dignity, the sacred liberty of the human soul, its development in love, a mission upon earth for our own and for our brethren's good.

'It is not for me to give here an exposition of the complete doctrines of young Italy; but I hold it important to prove that our language to-day is the same as that of twenty years ago. We have never deviated from it. Now, as then, my predominating idea, and the vital thought of all our labours is this, a fatal separation has been established between religious and political belief, between heaven and earth; this is why we wander groping from one crisis to another, from convulsive movement to convulsive movement, without succeeding, without finding peace. It is necessary to unite earth to heaven, politics to the eternal principles which should direct them; nothing great or durable can be done without that God, religion; the PEOPLE, Liberty in Love; these two words, which, as individuals, we inscribed on our banner in 1831, and which afterwards—significant phenomenon—became the formula of all the decrees of Venice and of Rome, sum up all for which we have combated, all for which we will combat unto victory. The people of Italy instinctively comprehended this idea. Young Italy became rapidly powerful. A gradual transformation was effected in a portion of its enlightened youth, which became, I will not say the most devoted, but the most constant in devotion, to their country. Two or three years of struggle and suffering suffice to exhaust the strength when the inspiring sentiment is only one of reaction, of indignation against oppression; a whole life is not too much for the realization of a thought which seeks to reunite earth to heaven.'

We recommend this singularly earnest pamphlet to all who would form an accurate estimate of the views of the Papacy which prevail among the most enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic of the Italians. It is refreshing to witness the honest energy of a believing man tearing to tatters the flimsy pretensions of the 'Moderates' in that unhappy country. The blush of shame tingles on our cheek as we read his lamentation over the reception given to Italian refugees in England. Such of our countrymen as are alive to the perils now menacing our English liberties and our Protestant institutions, yet hear unmoved the shout of the great European battle of which Rome is the centre, would do well to ponder deeply the following sagacious and pregnant sentences :—

'There exists great agitation at the present moment in Protestant England, on account of the attempted encroachments of Catholicism. Think you that these attempts would have taken place if the people's banner were still floating at Rome? Think you that the Pope would have sent his Catholic hierarchy from Gaeta? Papacy excluded from Rome is, it is well known, Papacy excluded from Italy. Papacy excluded from Italy, is Papacy excluded from Europe. Place the Pope

at Lyons or Seville—he will no longer be Pope; he will only be a dethroned king.

‘Protestantism has not understood this; there is so little remaining of the deep conviction, so little of the enthusiasm, which produced the Reformation, that before the great question in dispute at Rome, it assumed a sceptical position; it contented itself by asking whether such or such a man governing in that city belonged to one political school or another, whether he was a partizan of a system of terror or of justice; it entered into a polemic with respect to individuals; the *work*, the providential work, which was being accomplished there by instruments destined, whatever might be their character, to disappear the day after, completely escaped its notice. And when Austrians, Neapolitans, and Frenchmen, marched against Rome, it could not summon up sufficient courage to say, *Stop, a question of religious faith is there at issue, and we will not allow it to be decided by brute force.* And yet we gave it sufficient time to pronounce this prohibition.

‘Protestantism has thus given to the world, I repeat it, a striking demonstration of want of power, of decay. It will expiate it bitterly, if it does not hasten to repair the mistake it has committed. Faith begets faith. You cannot expect that men should believe in yours, when they see that it does not furnish you with the consciousness of a right, or the feeling of a duty to fulfil. You have looked on with indifference whilst the *liberty of the human soul* was being crushed beyond your gates; you will be thought little worthy of defending it within. Faith is also wanting to the Pope; but he has something which replaces it in the eyes of the world: he has the audacity, the obstinacy, and the unscrupulous logic of his false principles. He attacks; you fortify yourselves for defence: he advances ever with the continuous motion of the serpent; you move in fits and starts under the impulse of fear: he says, *servitude for all*; you say, *liberty for us alone*. You will not have it, or rather, you already have it not. You are slaves by all the slavery of your brethren. Hence it is that your contracted inspiration no longer fecundates the soul of men. There is no religion without faith in the solidarity of the human race.’

It would have been strange if the hard struggle for *religious* freedom in Italy had been exempted from the conditions which—by some apparent law of human progress—have ever embarrassed, for a longer or a shorter time, the emancipation of our race from falsehood by truth, and from wrong by right. There has been no such exemption. Men of narrow, weak, or timid mind, are too apt to look at such accompaniments. Souls of nobler temper set them down to their true account. While sore at heart for the temporary dishonour with which such incidents can cloud the most sacred undertakings, they still can fix their regards on the *grand principles* which not even the basest associations can tempt them to desert. Thus it is with this brave and high-minded Italian.

‘A mighty question is now being agitated in Europe, between the

principles which have divided the world since its creation; and these two principles are, liberty and authority. The human mind desires to progress according to its own light; not by favour of concession, but by virtue of the law of its own life. Authority says to it, *Rest where thou art. I alone strike the hour of the march; when I am silent, everything should rest, for all progress which is accomplished without me, and beyond me, is impious.* The human mind interrogates itself; it feels its own right and power; it finds that the germ of progress is in itself; that strength and right come to it from God, and not from an intermediate power coming between itself and God, as if charged to lead it. Hence springs revolt and resistance, and hence the anomalous situation of Europe. The conscience of the human race is struggling with tradition, which desires to enchain it; the future and the past dispute for the collective life of humanity, and for that of the individual. Every man who in these struggles—ever stifled, yet ever re-appearing—in this series of manifestations and violent repressions, which have constituted European history for two-thirds of a century, sees only the action of some turbulent factions, or the result of some accidental or material causes, as a deficit, a famine, a secret conspiracy, or cabinet intrigue—understands nothing of the facts of history, nothing of the laws of which, by these facts, history becomes the expression. And he who, in the great question of the suffrage, of proletarian emancipation, and of nationality, sees nothing but the subjects of political discussion, having no connexion with the religious idea, with the providential development of humanity, understands neither man nor God, and degrades to the proportions of a pigmy intelligence a battle of giants, of which the stake is a step in advance in the universal education of mankind, or a step backwards towards the world which we had believed to have ended with the middle ages.

‘Between the two great armies which sustain the combat, marauders, free-corps, have undoubtedly introduced themselves, and falsified its character; between the two doctrines represented in the two camps, a multitude of exaggerations, of dangerous utopias, of false and immoral philosophies, have come to throw trouble and alarm in men’s minds.

‘It matters little. The real question remains as I have stated it. All these irregular, Cossack-like movements will disappear, as the sharpshooters of an army when the hour arrives for the masses to begin to move. It matters little, also, for what I now desire to say, whether the struggle ought to be, as some imagine, the absolute abolition of the principle of authority, and the pure and simple enthronement of liberty; or whether, as I believe, the future holds in reserve a great *collective* religious manifestation, in which the two terms, liberty and authority, tradition and individual conscience, will both be recognised as essential elements to the normal development of life; and, harmonizing together in one whole, will be at once the safeguard of belief and progress. What is certain is, that transformation implies death, and that the new authority can never be founded until after the complete overthrow of that which now exists.’

We presume, from many passages in the pamphlet, from the preface of which alone we have extracted the foregoing para-

graphs, that the writer means by '*authority*,' that only which is human. Being Protestants ourselves, and holding the principles of the Reformation as glorious manifestations of the truth of God, we should be glad to see the Italians like what we wish ourselves to be; yet we cannot refuse our sympathy with the *feeling* of an Italian patriot, when he closes his noble preface in these words:—

'We have sometimes been asked if, when once emancipated, we should proclaim ourselves Protestants. It is not for individuals to reply. The country, free to interrogate itself, will follow the inspirations which God will send it. Religion is not a matter of contract; and those who address such a question to us can have but little faith in that which they profess to believe to be the truth. For myself, I would not bargain, even for the liberty of my country, by profaning my soul with falsehood. But this, with my hand upon my heart, I can answer to them: Catholicism is dead. Religion is eternal. It will be the soul—the thought of the new world. Every man bears an altar in his own heart, upon which, whenever he invokes it in purity, enthusiasm, and love, the truth of God descends. Conscience is sacred; it is free. But truth is one; and faith may anticipate the time when, from the free conscience of enlightened men, beneath the truth of God, shall be given forth a religious harmony, more mighty, more potent in love and life, than any to which humanity has yet lent ear. But in order that the death of Catholicism may be revealed to men, the air must circulate freely, and reach, in order to destroy, the corpse which stands as yet erect. In order that man may invoke with purity, enthusiasm, and love, the truth of God, he must be emancipated from a state which teaches him immorality, egotism, hatred, and mistrust. And in order that truth may triumph over error, it must be free to proclaim itself in the full light of day. This consummation we can offer in exchange for the support which we demand.'

According to our English and Protestant conceptions, we should interpret this Italian dream of a grand religious future in a manner somewhat different from Mr. Mazzini and his compatriots. At any rate, we feel called upon to say that we can conceive of no condition of humanity so favourable to the full vital development of Christianity as that of perfect national independence and political and social freedom. Man's submission to authority—even to the authority of divine revelation—has no dignity and no value in our eyes, excepting as it is enlightened and free, rendered heartily in the presence of a sufficient reason, and not constrained in any degree whatever by earthly force. We can trust the gospel in the hands of its Divine Author. Believing that he intends it for universal man, and that they preach it most truly and effectively who, like the apostles, commend themselves 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God by the manifestation of the truth,' all we ask for it in Italy, or in

England, or in any land, is, that it may be 'free to proclaim itself in the full light of day.' And it is for this reason, pre-eminently, that, instead of staying, just now, to catechize these confessors of Italian freedom on particular points of faith, we would give unfettered currency to their passionate breathings for the emancipation of their down-trodden and priest-ridden people.

Our readers will find in this pamphlet noble principles expressed in the noblest words, flowing in a hot stream of scalding eloquence; and we earnestly advise them to read it till its living truths and thundering appeals shall move their souls, as they have moved our own, to the very depths.

The 'Orations' of Father Gavazzi have now, for many months, been creating a new sensation in this great metropolis of human freedom. It is a happy—if not proud—feeling for Englishmen, that our country is the *Thermopylæ* of the great battle of mankind. Here is an Italian priest, whom Pio Nono encouraged as the popular missionary of Italian patriotism, by appointing him chaplain-general of the forces, consisting of volunteers and national guards; who kindled the national spirit by his fervid oratory in the Pantheon and the Coliseum at Rome, at Vicenza, Venice, and at Florence; whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany expelled from his dominions, but whom the Bolognese restored in triumph; who distinguished himself by his humanity not less than by his courage and eloquence during the siege of Rome by the French; who, when Rome surrendered, after terrific displays of bravery, received from the French general an honourable testimonial and safe conduct; and who has found a quiet resting-place for his fiery spirit in the heart of busy London. A few of his brother exiles, determined to hear in England the manly voice which had cheered them on in their ill-fated struggles at home, hired a room for the purpose, where he has continued, since the beginning of this year, to electrify crowded and intelligent audiences by strains of eloquence surpassing anything that we have ever witnessed. He is a large, burly man, with a voice of wonderful power and compass, wielding a perfect mastery of his melodious language in every department of narrative, argumentative, sarcastic, vehement, and scornful rhetoric. Clothed in the black serge habit of a Barnabite monk, with the tricolour cross on his breast, he assumes, in a seemingly natural manner, which we judge to be the fruit of most elaborate culture, a variety of tone and of gesture which unites all the perfections of delivery attained at the bar, or in the senate, on the popular platform, in the pulpit, or on the stage. We should suppose that such a mighty agitator would be regarded by the best friends of Roman freedom as likely to injure the cause so

dear to them by the scorching force of his terrible denunciations, and as needing all the wisdom of cooler men to prevent his kindling a conflagration which would destroy more of the precious than of the vile; and we have reason for believing that such are the views entertained of him by Mazzini, while amply testifying to the singleness of his aim and the real value of his labours. We confess, that in listening to his unparalleled harangues, our hearts have burned with many remembrances of classic Rome, and have well-nigh bled to think that such a man—the type of a large portion of the younger Italian clergy—is banished from his beautiful country to seek a scanty living by teaching Englishmen to understand and speak the most musical of modern tongues!

It is scarcely possible to render even a tolerable account of his 'Orations.' The English reports of them, which appeared in successive numbers of the 'Daily News,' are here reprinted in a small pamphlet. They are necessarily imperfect. Yet they bring out the strong points. At any rate, they put the English reader in possession of the substance, and occasionally of the graphical and felicitous phrases with which they abound, and which produce so thrilling an effect upon his audience. There is scarcely a corruption or abomination of the Papacy which he does not hold up to the blasting hatred of mankind. We have space for only one extract.

• Do I seek to convert Englishmen to the Papal religion, such as it now stinks in the nostrils of mankind? Heaven keep me from any wish of the sort! Men of England, keep your Christianity—hug it to your bosoms—fling it not away for the embrace of the degraded harlot that flaunts her faded finery in the twilight of the human understanding, but in the rays of the sun of intellect is but a loathsome aggregate of abominable imposture. When the religion of Italy resumes a purified aspect—when the handmaid of God is again seen as in the days when she won your hearts—in the days of the great Gregory and the monk Austin—then hail her as of old, but not till then. Better far your Anglican creed, and its simple Liturgy, and its unsophisticated morality, and its plain downright enmity to soul-destroying delusions; better cling to your homely creed, than adopt, in its present deformity, the jumble of incoherencies throned on the Seven Hills. Maniacs are found in connexion with that system, such as it now exhibits its repugnant features to the world, who talk of the conversion of England. God help the silly creatures! Gregory the Great converted Britain; but how, and when? That great pontiff, adored by his flock, himself a mirror of every graceful attribute that adorns humanity and elevates the hero into the saint—a guide and pioneer of all that promotes human progress and civilized life—sent to your shores an humble, virtuous monk, with a few poor attendants, meek, learned, and austere

—craving not the luxuries and pomps of a pampered priesthood, but laborious teachers of the poor, and unassuming expounders of the New Testament. Who *sends*, and who *are sent* now on the errand of conversion? Who *sends*? I will tell you. An empty-headed and hollow-hearted egotist, whose vanity is only equal to his imbecility, and who has earned the scorn and detestation of the three millions of Italian men over whom, by a curse of Providence, and the aid of French twenty-four pounders, he exercises his abhorred tyranny—a pastor, forsooth, of the Roman flock, who has fulfilled to the letter the scriptural sketch of the mercenary shepherd to whom the sheep do not by right belong. The mercenary, or “the hireling, when he sees the wolf approach flees away” in the best disguise he can, even that of a footman, “because he is a hireling;” but the good shepherd, instead of causing thousands of his flock to be massacred on his account, and for his selfish purposes, lays down his own life (not to say a crown that he has no right to), rather than expose to peril a single lamb of the fold. Such is the character who *sends* to convert England—to convert free-born men to his allegiance—allegiance to a ruler brought over the gory ramparts of bombarded Rome, to sit in sullen and detested supremacy amid the ruins of the press, of the electoral franchise, freedom of speech, free tribunals, and free thought. Such is the European Juggernaut before which your England is called on to bow, and let the wheels of his bloody car roll over your souls! Such being the sender, *whom has he sent*? At the head of his missionaries comes a man with sufficient learning to expound his Bellarmine and his Breviary, and sufficient ability to explain how the laws of your land may be violated with impunity; whose meekness is manifested by a haughty edict from the “Flaminian gate,” and who, instead of the humbly shod yet beautiful feet of those who, in all humility, bring the gospel of peace, flaunts before the eyes of the barbaric tribes who are supposed to be the aborigines of this island, a pair of red silk stockings—a man who dreams more of “enthronizations” than the poor of Christ—whose thoughts are about a well-stocked wine-cellar and weekly *conversazioni*—a man *dominans in cleris*—an overbearing tendency already marked in Scripture as the characteristic of false Churchmen; more studious of the paltry homage which he can exact from the feeble and notoriously degenerate aristocracy of his flock, than of the state in which the back slums of Westminster are, and will long remain, under such care-taking; with his pockets full of Austrian and Neapolitan certificates, and a warrant, no doubt, from his master to superintend and report the proceedings of the Italian exiles in London. Under his guidance, England is to be converted, by a number of Oxford deserters, enrolled and drilled at Rome for this particular forlorn hope, and full of the reckless desperado bravery of men who have abjured their nationality, and can only thrive in the lowering of their country. But I trust both the sender and the sent will fail in their crusade against the English Church. I belong not to it; but I wish it triumphant at present; in its endurance, and that of other dissenting creeds, I see the only hope and chance of a thorough reform of the Christianity of Italy. When that blessed consummation takes

place, as by God's blessing it soon will, then welcome, my English friends, to a junction with us ; until then, keep aloof, in God's name ; you only do us harm by your premature adhesion. The English character is so unsuspicious and confiding, that ye would become the dupes of our crafty Churchmen, and they would make use of you, as they do now, to rivet our chains and perpetuate their impostures. None so ready to adopt the most ridiculous and irrational practices and theories of pseudo-Catholicity as your English neophyte in his soft-hearted fervour. Hence the mischief of English sympathy, and the inconceivable nuisance of their joining us at the present juncture. Keep aloof from the Church of Pio Nono, men of England, who listened to the voice and welcomed the envoys of the great Gregory ! That voice may be heard again, and missionaries worthy of Italian faith and civilization may again present themselves on the coast of Kent to claim brotherhood and Christian union in the name of regenerated Catholicity. But, until that hour of deliverance, keep aloof ; while, with uplifted hands I call on you, in the name of our common Redeemer, to join your strength with ours in the effort to deprecate, denounce, and demolish the accumulated abuses of the Popedom.'

We are concerned to present these Italian views of the Papacy at the present time, as showing how far they agree, and, also, how far they do *not* agree with our own, in order that our readers, perceiving at once both the agreement and the difference, may be prepared for the new duties which the coming times are likely to bring upon us, both as Englishmen and as Protestants. We confess to a feeling of deep seriousness, yet as far as possible removed from fear, in the prospect before us. It is our desire that this feeling may pervade the minds of our countrymen. We pray God to fit us all for an enlightened, calm, and believing conflict, not only with the aggressions of a usurping power, but with the fascinating illusions of an unscriptural theology. While we would not suffer our theological beliefs to shut up our sympathies from the earnest struggles of Italian Catholics for the reforms which they believe to be due to the civilization of the age, neither would we suffer our social sensibilities to blind us to the errors, as we deem them, of the purified Romanism for which they are contending.

To the men of Italy we are ready to afford whatever aid they can derive from the expression of English sympathy with their demand for religious freedom. We know something about that warfare. Our own liberties have not fallen upon us, wet with the dews of royal favour, or from the cornucopia of sacerdotal benediction : we owe their continuance, as well as their conquest, to the stout hearts and lusty arms of men, to whom these liberties are dearer than wealth or life. But we have positive religious principles which we hold to be '*the truth*,' and these principles are opposed to the very constitution of the Roman

Church, whether under Gregory the Great or Pius the Ninth ; to the crosier of the bishop, as well as to the tiara of the pontiff ; to the hierarchy as well as to the court ; to the doctrines, no less than the corruptions, of this assumed Catholicism.

We go all the length of Father Gavazzi in his denunciations of the abuses which call forth his withering invective ; but we look for something more calmly scriptural, more vitally evangelical in the labours by which Catholicity is to be regenerated in Italy, and entitled to the fellowship of British Christians.

The third Italian in our series differs widely from both the other two. Dr. Achilli has been brought much before the British public. His imprisonment at Rome—his deliverance by the French authorities at the instance of Lord Normanby, and in compliance with the representations of the Evangelical Alliance—the attack of the *Dublin Review*—the partial refutation of the charges contained in that publication by Mr. Tonna—the subsequent discussions between Dr. Achilli's English friends and the committee of the Malta College—and the promised answer of Dr. Achilli to the accusations of his enemies—all this would require a degree of attention which we cannot here bestow, though we have no motive for hesitating to give our judgment when the entire case is ripe for examination. At present our business is with this book, and we shall deal with it as the testimony of a true and upright witness. Gavazzi speaks of him as a 'persecuted and ill-used man.' We hope he will be able thoroughly to clear himself from the filthy aspersions of the *Dublin Review*. Whether his abettors in England are perfectly correct in their estimate of his proceedings in connexion with the Malta College or not, we have not learned that even those who differ from them in that matter have expressed any doubts of his fidelity in the writing of the book before us.

Though not mixed up with the secular politics, Dr. Achilli availed himself of the political aspirations of his countrymen, in which he warmly sympathized, to press his own convictions of the Papal corruptions in religion, and diligently employed his time in circulating the Scriptures and religious tracts, privately appealing to the consciences of the patriots, and holding meetings in Rome during the excitement of the revolution. For this work, and not for any political movement, he was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. To justify the outrage, imputations against his moral character, amounting to a charge of murder in former years, were alleged. To these calumnious charges, answers were obtained and given by his friends before his dismissal from the Castle of St. Angelo. An account of his imprisonment and deliverance was set forth by Sir Culling E. Eardley in London last year, and a brief sketch of his life was

published in Dublin. On these publications, a writer in the Dublin Review (currently believed to be Dr. Wiseman), drew up a 'Brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Giacinto Achilli,' which was reprinted, with additions and corrections. Of the transactions with the Inquisition in 1849, all the writer of that Review says is, 'The history of his imprisonment, and his escape by connivance of the French authorities, belong not to this place.' The open design of the writer was to blast the moral character of the rescued victim of the Inquisition. It bears, on the face of it, the impress of a systematic and deliberate tissue of falsehoods, and breathes throughout the cold sneering spirit with which the slaves of the Papacy have ever stabbed the reputations of men who have renounced its authority, and exposed its villanies. To a portion of this detestable pamphlet, two replies have been published by Dr. Achilli's friend, Mr. Tonna; and we are now awaiting a full answer from Dr. Achilli himself, which we understand he is preparing for the press.

The volume now before us, 'Dealings with the Inquisition,' is a miscellaneous collection of narratives, conversations, and letters, which will be read with deep interest by all who are concerned to become acquainted with the workings of that accursed institution in the nineteenth century. The personality of the whole, which is not exactly to our own taste, gives it an air of truthfulness which commends the sincerity of the author, even to those who might doubt his prudence, or be offended by his egotism. Perhaps it should be said, in justice to him, that the position in which he has been placed is peculiar, and the *ecclat* which attended his appearance in England after his escape may go far to account for the blemishes of the volume, without imputing more than the ordinary vanity of men who have been forced into *situations* and paraded as confessors for the truth.

It is no small consolation for us to know that, with whatever imperfections mingled, there is a large body of thoughtful and earnest men in Italy, especially in Rome, who sympathize in their hearts with those exiles. The tragedy of freedom, in that classic land, has surely not yet come to an end. The ashes of the conflagration are not cold, but smouldering; and we must express the hope that, under happier auspices and in better days, not far distant, they will be re-kindled to a hotter flame, in which all the abominations of the Papacy, of every kind, will be finally consumed.

With these Italian views of the Papacy, let us now, briefly, compare those of other nations, and, most emphatically, our own.

'Dr. Merle d'Aubigné is almost naturalized among us as a writer, and enjoys a wide and well-deserved popularity. He has

received the rights of literary citizenship. While in France, not more than four thousand copies of his 'History of the Reformation' were in circulation; when he published the fourth volume, nearly two hundred thousand copies were sold in the English language. We shall be glad to find that the demand for that work increases; for we know of few books so thoroughly imbued with the evangelical spirit of the Reformation, or so likely, by the graphic force and beauty of the story, to fill the reader's mind with enlightened abhorrence of the superstition which darkens the whole hemisphere of human life. These 'Discourses' on the Testimony of God—The Testimony of Men—The Testimony of History—and the Testimony of Theology, were occasioned by the propounding of some peculiar views of the Inspiration of the Scriptures by M. Sherer, lately one of the professors in the Theological Institute at Geneva, of which Dr. Merle is the president. They are published in this country, with a preface designed to show that 'the authority of the Scriptures' is the one barrier against both the Roman and the German invasions with which England is now threatened—the hierarchism of the former and the infidelity of the latter. They are very able discourses, and cannot be read without much advantage. The Introduction contains some wholesome lessons for 'the English bishops,' and some lessons, equally wholesome (and likely to be better received, we apprehend), for us all. We recommend the volume to our readers as pregnant with serious truths and seasonable suggestions.

Mr. Muscutt's 'History of Church Laws in England,' is a work to which we should have been glad to devote more space than we can now command. It consists of five chapters, and embraces the early history of Christianity in Britain, and the various kinds of Church Law, arranged chronologically, and divided into three classes, as they relate to things civil, things spiritual, and to things partly civil and partly spiritual. The writer has made ample use of Johnson's 'Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws,' Keble's compilation of the Statutes, and the collection published by the Commissioners of Public Records. We do not profess to have compared this volume with the authorities from which it is drawn; nor have we sufficient legal lore to judge whether the construction put on canons, statutes, and usages, is in every instance the right one. Its chief value, as it appears to us, lies in the distinctness with which the several laws are placed before the reader in the exhibition of the gradual, but provokingly slow development of sound principles in a country growing up towards perfect freedom; in the facilities which it offers for the prosecution of more minute inquiry; and—as pertinent to our present subject—in the records of the supremacy of the English monarchy, and the denunciation of the Pope's

usurpations in statutes of this realm from the reign of Edward the First, and by prescription from time immemorial, of which prescription Sir Edward Coke has said, it '*doth prevail against express canon.*' We offer Mr. Muscutt our thanks for this well-timed publication, and heartily concur in the free and noble sentiments with which he has relieved the dryness inseparable from his undertaking. The reader will be edified in seeing what a questionable blessing, to use gentle words, the whole system of ecclesiastical laws has been, and continues to be ; and while he will be slow to admit the encroachments of the ancient enemy at Rome, he will not be less slow in helping forward the good work of destroying all that yet remains of the spirit of that enemy among ourselves.

Nothing has struck us more vividly, and, we may add, more pleasingly, than the diversity of aspects in which the Papacy is regarded, by the writers whose productions are named at the head of this article, and the diversity of talent elicited in dealing with it. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's volume, as might be expected from his former success in other walks of literature and art, is a tremendous cutting up of Cardinal Wiseman's '*Lectures on Transubstantiation.*' He convicts the Council of Trent of complicated falsehood ; tears to rags the sophistries, misinterpretations, incoherencies, fictitious distinctions, casuistries, suppressions, and crafty subterfuges, of the reverend lecturer ; and marches through the whole question with an energy that never rests. We should have liked the book better if it had been divided into chapters ; three hundred and eight pages are rather too much to read off at a breath. We think, further, that the uniform *tension* of the style is a disadvantage. Perhaps less of the triumphant tone which sounds in the title page, and rings through the whole letter, would be more suitable to readers who are open to conviction, or who desire to have the grounds of convictions already held explained to them so as to guard them from the subtleties of Roman teachers. We have, however, no wish to disparage a work of so much intellectual power ; and we are thankful to see so bright and fervid a spirit consecrated to the high service of religious truth.

Mr. Davis's '*Six Lectures on the Temper and Teachings of Rome*' present a wise selection of topics, skilfully arranged, and discussed with much ability and great Christian temper. Among the inquiring men of our working-classes we hope it will have many readers. They will find much food for thought in it. While we say this, let none of our readers imagine that it is low praise. We intend it for the contrary. The author will understand us in that sense.—Mr. Milne's contrast of Romanism with Congregationalism is admirable.—Mr. Collette's *Letters to*

Lord Fielding appeared, partly, in the 'Historic Times.' They take up, very closely, all the points disputed between Romanists and Protestants, with special reference to the supposed claim of infallibility, and deserve to be read by as many as desire to see these topics handled briefly and in a popular strain.

We have some difficulty in characterising Mr. Ruskin's remarkable pamphlet, with its strange title. It will be read, we doubt not, with much attention by not a few; and it deserves it. We admire the boldness and freedom; we agree with a large portion of its statements and explanations; from others we have only to express our dissent; yet we prize it highly as displaying the independent action of a powerful, ingenuous, and cultivated mind in the handling of questions which too many Protestants agree with all Roman Catholics in considering as settled long ago by competent authorities. There is a vitality—a spontaneity in the thoughts, and there is a brilliant freshness in the language, which we cherish as quite a treat in these days of dogmatism and stereotyped profession. He is neither a Romanist nor a Puseyite, nor a Low Churchman, nor a Dissenter; though he will find more sympathy in the latter class than in any of the rest.

Mr. Kidd's tract on 'The Idolatry of the Church of Rome' is a powerful *argumentum ad hominem*, and merits serious perusal for its lofty and indignant scorn of the blasphemous pretensions put forth by that apostate body.

The 'Bishop's Wife' is a thrilling and romantic German tale, which, though violating the proprieties of history, works powerfully on the household feelings against the compulsory celibacy of the Roman clergy.

The 'Female Jesuit' is a marvellous story of a hoax played on the family of a Dissenting minister in London, by a clever French girl. We believe the narrative to be authentic. It is well written, and will fill the reader with strange thoughts; yet we are not sure that the writer will convince him of the soundness of the conclusion which is assumed in the title.

We have now made good, we think, our assertion of the varied aspects of the Papacy, and of the varied kinds of ability, which are exhibited by these numerous publications. We have grouped them together, not for convenience merely, but on a principle; and the principle is this:—we have wished to show at one glance the several modes of treating that question, which is to the Italians a question of national life, and to the English a question of holding fast, or giving up, the spiritual freedom, and the political independence for which our forefathers have been fighting for a thousand years. We stand by Protestantism, at all hazards. To us it is the safeguard of all our liberties, the symbol of all our rights, the seed-plot of all the noble thoughts

and noble deeds, and noble institutions which make it our boast before the world, and our hymn of praise to God, that England is our home. Such a home, perfected by the full development of all the truths of which Protestantism is the defence, we would leave to our children, a fairer inheritance than that bequeathed to us by those whose sepulchres we revere. And to the men of all nations now gathering in peaceful emulation on our shores we would say—study these principles; make them your own; and may the lands you live in be as free, as enlightened, and as glorious as the island to which we have invited you, and where we give you the warmest welcome of our English hearts.

It is apparent, from the number and the character of the books which we have been reviewing, that *the great question* of Europe has taken hold of men's minds with a power and vitality unknown in former days. Without dipping into the troubled waters of prophetic controversy, we may safely affirm our persuasion that the days of the great apostasy are numbered, and are drawing more nearly to their close than its vassals, or even its foes, imagine. The Papacy, which is the culminating point of a system having many ramifications, reminds us of a huge rock, thrown up by repeated convulsions of society, and increased by numberless deposits from the stream of ages. On this rock birds of nearly every wing have built their nests, and have unwittingly deposited in its ancient, or modern, cracks the seeds of noble trees. The seeds, fed by the dews and sunlight of heaven, have been giving signs of life, from time to time, by throwing off successive fragments of the rock. Still that rock lifts its head on high, covered with verdure, and tempting fruits, and singing-birds, mistaken by millions of human wanderers for the defence of all that is good on earth, and the only ascent to heaven. Yet, as we believe, in its secret bosom the vital power of the trees which have been rooted there for ages is growing, and ere long will split the whole mass into a thousand fragments, and will shed the blessings of truth, freedom, civilization, and religion, on soils made fertile by the ruins. The men of northern Europe may have been tempted by the speculations of philosophy, or the practical complicities of politics, to lose sight, in appearance, of the ancient quarrel with Rome. But their philosophies, however abstruse, and, to our blunt English understanding, like airy nothings, are slowly preparing a generation that will defy the Papacy as an insult to their reason, an incubus on their liberty, and, as we hope, a deadly enemy to their spiritual religion. Old England is sound at the core, loving liberty too well to be otherwise than jealous of her most subtle and malignant adversary, renewing her youth like an eagle, and nursing her intelligence and her energy for doing battle against the Papacy after a

fashion for which Europe is not prepared, and with a force which makes the grand delusion shiver in its dotage. We cannot suppose that the noble spirits of France will long succumb to the reproach of crushing a republic by republican armies in support of tyranny and priestcraft; and we will not despair of seeing, hereafter, such a moral demonstration on behalf of universal religious liberty by regenerated France as will cast that dark reproach into oblivion. The jealousies that now haunt every capital in Europe are not without significance. Leghorn is the centre of unquiet movements. The tranquillity of Piedmont is the calm of a volcano in the hot hours that come before the eruption, and the signs are neither few nor feeble that cast before them the shadows of the events at hand; the bishops, the archbishops, the Sardinian government, and the Pope, are playing a deep game; Protestants are not inactive nor unsuccessful in the dissemination of wholesome principles; and the Abbé Maurette is denouncing the Pope not less earnestly in Italy than Mazzini, Gavazzi, and Achilli, are denouncing him in England. Even at Rome there is an amount of hatred towards the Papal government, which the terrific military executions on the Piazza del Popolo may for a time suppress, only to rebound with a spring which will not be resisted. Nor will the gathering of exiles in our own capital, lawful, peaceful, and harmless though it be, end in seeing sights and listening to harangues. Italians have taught us much in letters and in arts. They will learn from their study of our history, of our institutions, and of our men, *that wise love of liberty* which can wait with patience, nerving, in the silence of hope, the courage which neither armies nor priests will venture to arouse. And, while they learn these lessons, they will expand our insular ideas, bring us within the spell of a broad European sympathy, imbue us with a sense of the sacredness of national independence in Italy as well as England, and enlist our manliness and our Protestantism on behalf of brothers panting to be as free as ourselves.

We mean well to the progress of revealed truth, no less than to the social interests of Europe, when we exhort our readers to keep their eyes intently fixed on Rome. The political atmosphere is not without its portents in that quarter. There are, likewise, busy agencies surrounding the Seven Hills, which appeal to our devoutest affections as Protestant believers. The contrast of Rome with London—of the Papal government with our own—of the stern persecution of all religious inquiry *there*, with the cheerful liberality that so courteously respects every shade of belief and every form of worship *here*, will not be lost upon the thoughtful visitors of London at the present season. They will worship in a crystal temple with unwonted freedom. The

fearlessness of either sceptred or mitred tyrants is too sweet a feeling to be forgotten ; and they will pray for its enjoyment beneath the blue sky of Italy as under the clouds that canopied them in England. And we can do very much to help them. We *can* show them that our Protestantism is not a national hatred of foreign priests, but a loving reverence for the one High Priest of Christianity ; a brotherly regard for every man of every land ; a bright and spreading life ; a holy and generous zeal for the true, the free, the catholic in all things, and most of all in the crown and ornament of all things—the religion which centres in the Cross, and invites the human race to heaven. We *can* make it appear that the islanders whom they have been taught to hate as enemies, and to scorn as heretics, include among them men of large intelligence, of cultivated taste, of warm heart and manly speech ; and that we owe whatever they admire or emulate among us to our unfettered reading of the word of God. We *can* co-operate with the enlightened and earnest Protestants in Germany, in Switzerland, in France, and in Italy, who, by the preaching of the simple gospel, and the dissemination of the Scriptures, are doing a great work in a self-denying and laborious spirit, already undermining the Papacy both in its religious and its political aspects. We *can* keep the interests of Divine Truth before our minds, as infinitely transcending all lower aims, and as offering the only sure defence from the antagonist evils of tyranny and turbulence, of superstition and infidelity, of communism and mysticism, of pantheism in all its shapes, and priestcraft in all its wiles. We *can* unite with our most sturdy protests, and our most strenuous controversies, the prayer of faith and of love, joining our supplications with the cry of martyred spirits in heaven, and the yearnings of persecuted saints on earth, for the final downfall of the terrible abomination which has so long been trampling on men's souls with bitter scorn. All these things we *can* do. It remains to be seen whether we *will*. The days of barren speculation, and of egotistic strife for petty masteries, have passed away. The time has come for deep sincerity, calm purpose, unwearied action, union with all true men, and earnest sympathy with the plans of the Divine Conqueror of evil. We must listen to the trumpet-like summons of the heroic apostle : '*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, QUIR YOU LIKE MEN, BE STRONG ; let all your things be done with charity.*' Our reading should feed our thoughts. Our thoughts should embody themselves in deeds. Our deeds should be the deeds of masculine energy, chastened by meekness, guided by wisdom, aiming at grand results, and waiting for those results with the serene and joyous confidence inspired by the signs of the times and by the promises of God.

The dead sleep in their cold and silent mansions; yet 'from their urns' their spirits bid us work the work of the generation which is now passing on to the inheritance of rest. May sacred vows breathe from our hearts! May the 'burden and heat of the day' be borne by us with the diligence of faithful servants! And, when night shall fling her dews around us, and wrap us in her quiet bosom, may we leave to our sons a memory which they will 'not willingly let die,' but cherish as a watch-word for holier doings, and for wiser warfare, in the days that are to shine on them!

Brief Notices.

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The Greek Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, according to the Vatican Edition; together with the real Septuagint of Daniel and the Apocrypha, including the Fourth Book of Maccabees, and an Historical Introduction. 8vo. London: S. Bagster and Sons.

It is not easy to over-estimate the value of the Septuagint to the Biblical critic. It performs an important office in relation to the Old Testament Scriptures, but its connexion with those of the New is still more intimate and obvious. The phraseology of the Septuagint is strikingly analogous to that with which we meet in the Gospels and Epistles. The *usus loquendi* of the two writings is in many respects similar; indeed, the resemblance is so marked—the traces of Hebrew elements are so visible—that it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the two classes of writings have a common origin, and are mutually illustrative of each other. So important is a knowledge of the Septuagint to the New Testament critic, that it would be well if some portion of the time allotted to classical Greek were devoted to a

minute analysis of the peculiarities of its style. Whatever facilitates this is matter for congratulation, and few things could do it more effectually than such publications as the one now before us. A portable and cheap edition of the Septuagint, printed from an accurate text, in a neat and clear type, was a desideratum, and that is now supplied by the Messrs. Bagster. To the many services rendered to Biblical literature they have added the production of a volume which needs only to be known in order to take the place—so far as the bulk of students are concerned—of all former editions.

The Messrs. Bagster have wisely adopted the Roman or Vatican edition, which has in truth become the basis of what may be regarded as the *Textus Receptus* of the Septuagint. This was printed in 1587, under the sanction of Pope Sixtus V., and has long been in general use 'as much amongst Protestants as amongst those who might feel bound by the Pope's decree.' The *real* text of Daniel is printed, which has long been supplanted by that of Theodotion, an Ebionite of the second century, whose version, however, is also given. In the Apocrypha the fourth book of Maccabees has been added to the three found in previous reprints of the Vatican. We need scarcely recommend such an edition to Biblical students. Their own interests, and the growing requirements of their vocation, will suffice to induce them immediately to procure it. We are glad to find that the Messrs. Bagster contemplate the publication of a selection of the various readings of the Septuagint. Such a work is much wanted, and will be of inestimable value.

The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry; or, the Possible Future of Europe and the World. In Three Parts. London: William Jones. 1851.

THIS very attractive volume will be recognised by large numbers of readers as embodying three discourses on the great Exhibition, lately delivered at the Weigh-house Chapel, by the Rev. Thomas Binney. The points which have been seized as central thoughts, are the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange, the opening of the Crystal Palace, and the inscription on the 'Royal Exchange,' selected by Prince Albert, and adopted by his Royal Highness as the motto for the 'Palace of Industry'—'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF.' The design of the work is expressed by the writer when he says that 'he intends, in the first part, to point out and illustrate the great primary religious truths which are involved in the announcement of the inscription itself. As it, however, is the first verse of a psalm, he purposes, in the second part, to look at it in connexion with the whole of the psalm, and at the psalm in connexion with the whole of Revelation, and thus to bring out and associate with the inscription additional ideas of both truth and duty. Then, supposing the whole sense of these truths and duties to be earnestly adopted and practically exemplified by all nations—by England herself, and by those to whom they will be virtually presented on their meeting together in the British metropolis—it is proposed, in the last part, to describe what, on such a supposition, would be the coming future of Europe and of the world.'

In the first part, which is 'Expository,' there is an historical introduction, followed by lucid and vigorous illustrations of 'The Divine Existence and Personality,' 'Creation,' and 'Providence.' In the second part, which is 'Inferential,' the writer treats of 'Worship,' 'Character,' and 'Christ.' The third part, after recapitulating the argument, discusses 'The religious anticipation of the Future, illustrated and justified by the hopes of social and political philanthropy; Universal Theism; universality of Christian Worship; the Scriptures will purify and restore the Church; Universal Virtue; Nationalities; Practical Suggestions.' In a Postscript, 'the Exhibition opened' is described so as 'to note a few things which were interesting or suggestive to the author's own mind, and especially such as were felt to be in harmony with the spirit and object of the present volume.' We notice this volume for the purpose of expressing our admiration of the plan and of its execution. The rich variety of singularly apt citations from Scripture, arranged with uncommon skill, like 'apples of gold in net-work of silver,' gives to these pages an inexpressible charm, which is nobly sustained by the large intelligence, the enlightened loyalty, the catholic devoutness, and the overflowings of a large and joyous heart, in healthy keeping with the magnificent occasion which has called them forth.

The Palace of Glass and the Gathering of the People. A Book for the Exhibition. London: W. Jones.

THIS is a very engaging book. We believe we are right in ascribing it to the pen of the Rev. J. Stoughton, of Kensington. With great ingenuity he compares the real 'Palace of Glass' with the vision of 'Chaucer's Dream' of a structure 'all of glass' on an island, under the sovereignty of a beautiful lady, who becomes wedded to a royal knight, and celebrates a festival 'in tents on a large plain,' amidst a wood between a river and a well, 'continuing for three months.' After the 'Poet's Dream' come 'Contrasts between the Past and Present—Voices of Hope and Warning—Associations Secular and Sacred—Beneficial Results, Probable and Possible—Lessons, Pertinent and Practical.' While the writer's 'hopes decidedly predominate over his fears,' and he paints in glowing colours the happy auguries of the 'unprecedented spectacle' of 'the opening, he is not insensible to the moral danger inseparable from so vast and promiscuous a concourse from all nations.' If the young and inexperienced, when they visit the metropolis under common circumstances, need to be on their guard against the designs of the profligate and unprincipled, with more than double force does that necessity press upon them at the present season. A much more than usual share of caution, wisdom, self-control, and virtuous presence of mind will be requisite in order to preserve the visitor from falling a prey to such as 'lie in wait to deceive.' And let every youth, whose piety has been formed amidst quiet sequestered scenes, and has till now been sheltered by parental care, and quickened and trained by domestic example and instruction, seek, as he comes within the reach of these new and

unknown temptations, the special protection of Divine Providence, and the holy safeguard of the Spirit of God. Carefully should he strive to fortify himself against peril, by fixed and frequent meditation on the precepts and principles of the gospel; and, above all, it becomes him earnestly and often to present to God that memorable prayer, 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' We hope this volume will have a wide circulation among the innumerable visitors to the 'Great Exhibition.'

Caleb Field. A Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' &c. London: Colburn and Co.

THE mere novel-reader will turn from this volume with distaste. It is not according to his mind; it meets none of his cravings; and is free from the blemishes which he values and loves. And yet it is a beautiful book, which the grave may read for instruction, and the light-hearted, though not for merriment, yet for deep tragic interest. The scene is laid in the days of Charles II., when a licentious and infidel court readily lent itself to the persecution of the more virtuous and devout men of the community. The tale itself is simple, and borrows much of its power from the graphic and truthful character of its style. Caleb Field, a Puritan preacher of the best class, at once charitable and earnest; intensely devout, yet free from asperity; loving all, yet refusing to yield conscience to human dictation; free from the manifold prejudices of his brethren, but one with them in their higher and best qualities, was at this time driven from his flock by the persecution with which the restored Stuarts rewarded the services of their Presbyterian allies. His daughter Edith, whose 'face had an earnest, devout simplicity about it, the product of such times,' was concealed at a shepherd's cottage in Cumberland. Thither her father sought her to announce his mission to London, 'the doomed City,' then suffering from the plague. The daughter insisted on accompanying him, and a fearful struggle ensued, in which parental tenderness, mingled with self-consecration, was met and ultimately overborne by the unselfishness of a daughter's love, and the seraphic ardor of her piety. It is a beautiful picture, painted by a skilful artist. Of their approach to London, the variety and extent of their labors, their marvellous preservation, and their ultimate fortune, we will not speak. Those who want to trace these matters may recur to the volume itself. The state of London is graphically described, so much so indeed that we see the groups of the living which gathered in the streets; and almost hear the bell which summoned them to bring forth their dead. The simplicity and force of Defoe are visible in many passages; while an intimate knowledge of Puritan character, and deep sympathy with Puritan views, are discernible in the notices of Vincent, Franklin, and others. Defoe was not born till 1661, and his introduction is, therefore, an anachronism which should not have been committed, without it had been intended to make more use of him. His brief appearance in the narrative, and the few words he utters, are not a sufficient justifica-

tion of the chronological error committed. We purposely abstain from reference to other points of the tale. They may best be learnt from the pages of the author. We have rarely met with a work in which so much skill is combined with so much excellence, and we cordially recommend it to the early acquaintance of our readers.

A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, Missionary to the Telooqoo People, South India. By the Rev. George Townshend Fox, B.A. With a Preface by the Rev. H. V. Elliott, M.A. Second Edition. London: Seeleys. 1850.

WE fully concur with Mr. Elliott when he says that 'the "Memoir of a Missionary" has a secret errand to the conscience of every one of us, and a public message to the Church at large.' When he says that '*we* are poor in good histories of Missions,' we presume that he confines his acknowledgment to the National Church Establishment, for we should not like to suppose that the literature of other British Missions to the heathen are unknown to him; if they are, we refer him to the 'histories' and biographies of all the leading Missionary Societies of Great Britain, and of the United States of America. We pen these sentences with a strong desire to promote that enlargement of missionary intelligence, and that expansion of missionary sympathy, which we believe to be greatly needed in all the religious circles of England. The work of spreading the gospel through the world is too vast, and the spirit in which the work must be prosecuted is too catholic, to admit of narrow-minded oversight, and sectarian apathy, in relation to those 'fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God' who are connected with other societies than those which we severally prefer.

The memoir now before us derives, for us, a special interest from the fact that the accomplished and amiable missionary whom it portrays so beautifully was a pupil of Dr. Arnold, at Rugby. He enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Arnold's instruction and example, during the most vigorous period of his valuable life; that instruction was not thrown away, nor that example without its influence. During his residence at Rugby school, and especially towards the latter part of it, when he had the privilege of coming into closer contact with Dr. Arnold, he contracted the greatest affection and reverence for his character; whilst the simple Christian instruction, which he so faithfully delivered in the school chapel, produced a strong and abiding impression upon his heart; so that it may be truly said, that the classical knowledge and intellectual development which he acquired at school were the least of the blessings he there received; for, though other influences were co-operating during that period, yet, *the controlling power of Dr. Arnold's mind in forming his Christian character*, was of the highest value, and to the end of his days was ever remembered by him with affection and gratitude.

The volume is written with elegant simplicity, and is adorned with views of Rugby School, Wadham College, Oxford, the Grave of Mr. Fox, several Indian scenes, and a *fac-simile* of Mr. Fox's last sermon. It is a worthy companion of the 'Life of Henry Martyn.'

Practical Sermons to Young Men. By J. A. James. London : Hamilton, Adams and Co.

MR. JAMES'S *Practical Sermons to the Young* are preached in his chapel at Birmingham, and published each month as early as possible after their delivery, beginning with September, 1851, and extending prospectively, it seems, to August in the present year. The themes are quite in character with the preacher's well-known practical mind:—The young man preparing for life; the young man entering on life; the young man undecided in his religious character; the young man possessing a defective amiability; the young man perplexed by religious controversy; the young man recommended to contemplate the character of Joseph; the young man advised to study the Book of Proverbs; the young man failing or succeeding at the outset of life; the young man emigrating to a foreign land; the young man disappointing or realizing the hopes of parents; the young man impressed with the importance of the age; the young man dying early, or living to review life in old age. On the 'Perplexity of Religious Controversy,' Mr. James gives the 'young man' some sound and sober views of the real elements of the perplexity; and, after exposing the false methods of escape, he exhorts him to study the Scriptures, carrying no *preconceived notions to them*; cherishing a humble and teachable disposition; considering the design of the Scriptures; giving up and abstaining from all sinful indulgences; cultivating right dispositions, and praying for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Having studied the Scriptures, he exhorts him, then, *to be sure to be right on* great and fundamental points—such as repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and evangelical holiness; to gather from the Scriptures broad comprehensive views; to seek a practical, rather than a polemical religion; something to be *done* rather than *talked* about; not to allow his convictions to be shaken by difficulties or cavils; and to hold what he believes as truth in the spirit of charity.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Fourth Series. Original Memoranda, &c. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warton, B.D. Pp. 748. London : Longman and Co.

THIS volume, which constitutes the fourth of the series, completes the 'Common-Place Book' of one of the most voluminous readers known to English literature. Its contents are arranged under ten divisions, and by their extent, variety, and in many cases great appositeness and worth, can scarcely fail to awaken the surprise of thoughtful men. Few have read so much or on such a variety of topics as Dr. Southey, and still fewer have labored so assiduously to cull from his reading the more beautiful and salient points which it furnished. He himself has well described his mental habits in this matter, in a letter to a friend printed in the fifth volume of his 'Life and Correspondence.' 'Like those persons,' he says, 'who frequent sales, and fill their houses with useless purchases, because they may want them some time or other; so am I

for ever making collections, and storing up materials, which may not come into use till the Greek Calends. And this I have been doing for five-and-twenty years !' It is well that he did so. The rich fruits of his labor are conspicuous in his works ; and now that the materials on which he worked are before us, we are no longer astonished at his mental affluence, or at the promptitude with which he met the requirements of any case which arose. We need hardly say that the 'Common-Place Book' is not adapted for continuous reading. He who takes it up with such an idea will be disappointed. But, on the other hand, it will prove a most agreeable and instructive companion in those brief intervals of leisure which occur in the lives even of the busiest men. We have looked into it—for we do not profess to have read it through—with very much pleasure, and commend it to the companionship and cordial greeting of literary men in particular.

Yeast: a Problem. Reprinted, with Corrections and Additions, from 'Fraser's Magazine.' 12mo. Pp. 379. London: John W. Parker.

THE contents of this volume are as novel as its title, and to some readers will be as unattractive. To others, however—and we confess ourselves of the number—they will prove otherwise. We are far from agreeing with many of the opinions expressed, or from deeming the solutions tendered of some deep mysteries satisfactory ; yet there is a freshness, a masculine vigor and beauty, a freedom from mere forms, a withering scorn of pretence and hollowness, a large-hearted and genial sympathy with man, whether high or low, cultured or ignorant, rustic or artizan, most instructive to witness, and which we are always glad to meet with. As the papers composing the volume are reprinted from a contemporary, we shall content ourselves with little more than a simple announcement of their appearance in a separate form. The title of the volume is not inappropriate, and, as employed by the author, accurately describes its general scope. 'These papers,' he tells us, 'have been, from beginning to end, as in name so in nature, yeast—an honest sample of the questions which, good or bad, are fermenting in the minds of the young of this day, and are rapidly leavening the minds of the rising generation.' The authorship of the volume cannot be mistaken by any intelligent reader of 'Alton Locke.' What that work accomplished in the case of the artizan-class of our towns, the present work effects on behalf of farm laborers, and our rural population generally. Similar qualities distinguish both works, though we should certainly cede the palm to 'Alton Locke.'

Daily Bible Illustrations ; being Original Readings for a year on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. Vols. III. and IV. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Edinburgh : Oliphant and Sons.

THESE volumes form the conclusion of the first series of a work which it has always afforded us pleasure to introduce to our readers. It was intended by Dr. Kitto to conclude his 'Illustrations' of the

Old Testament with the third volume, but the abundance of his materials, and the importance of many of the facts concerned, have induced him, and we rejoice in his decision, to devote another volume to this portion of sacred history. Few works display, in such happy proportion, extensive reading, a discriminating judgment, and an earnest solicitude to advance a sound biblical scholarship. The results of multifarious research are communicated in a style suitable to all classes of readers, and eminently conducive to the correction of popular errors, and to the maintenance and diffusion of correct views on matters of scripture history, and of individual character. Dr. Kitto has wisely bestowed much labor on the history and character of David. 'This was felt,' he remarks, 'to be required at a time when the old and thrice-refuted aspersions and injurious insinuations of Bayle and Chubb have been so reproduced, as to appear like emanations from the critical spirit of our own day; whereas, indeed, they belong to a past age.' He has thus rendered valuable service to the young by putting into their hands an antidote to the misrepresentations which are abroad. We thank him for his labor, and warmly recommend it to the favor and confidence of our readers. We are glad to report that he contemplates a second series, to consist like the first of four quarterly volumes; the subjects of which will be, Job and the Poetical Books, Isaiah and the Prophets, the Life and Death of our Lord, and the Apostles and the Early Church. Such a work will form an invaluable addition to our family religious literature, and will be cordially welcomed by a large class.

The Pilgrim's Progress: with Forty Illustrations by David Scott, R.S.A. A Life of Bunyan by the Rev. J. W. Wilson; and Explanatory Notes abridged from the Rev. Thomas Scott. Royal 8vo. Parts I.—VIII. London and Edinburgh: A. Fullarton and Co.

ANOTHER edition of one of England's great classics, the extensive and enduring popularity of which may well be regarded with pride and satisfaction. This edition is to be completed in fourteen parts, at one shilling each, and from the specimens before us, promises to become the book of all those admirers of Bunyan who can by any means command the comparatively small sum at which it is issued. The typography of the edition is very beautiful; and the *Illustrations*, of which each part contains three, are singularly adapted to convey through the eye the ideal of some of the great dreamer's most striking scenes. The artist, David Scott, was specially qualified to illustrate the allegory of Bunyan. The most austere of modern painters fittingly associated himself with the preacher of Bedford. The qualities of the artist were in keeping with his subject, and his *Illustrations* consequently evince 'strong distinct conception, great simplicity, and a deep yet familiar sublimity.'

Of the 'Life' we cannot speak highly, which we much regret. There are many things in it not to our taste, and some which we do not think correct. We should object, for instance, to such a description of Bunyan as the following:—'He was a jackanapes, a never-do-

well, a scape-grace, a scamp—in one word, a blackguard.’ Again, Bunyan is said to have been ‘wildly irreligious, awfully ungodly, and grossly depraved, yet *neither criminal nor obstreperously vicious.*’ Once more, referring to the moral influence exerted by his wife, Mr. Wilson tells us:—‘He became less a dog, but more a fox—less a lion, but more a serpent—less a fiend, but more an imp—less a contemner of religion, but more a killer of his own soul.’ There are several other points on which the writer is fairly open to censure, and any biography completed after this fashion, will certainly add nothing to the value of an edition which, on all other grounds, deserves generous support.

The singular Introduction of the English Bible into Britain, and its Consequences; illustrative of the paramount Duty and imperative Obligation of British Christians to other Nations in the present eventful Period. The Second Edition. 8vo. Pp. 64. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Anderson’s ‘Annals of the English Bible’ will need no recommendation of the pamphlet before us. He preaches an admirable sermon from a noble text, and every Christian reader must largely sympathize with the sentiments he inculcates, and the obligations he seeks to enforce. His title-page will sufficiently explain what these are; and the historical information embraced gives a charm to the treatise which prevents weariness. We cordially thank Mr. Anderson for the light he has thrown on the lives of Tyndale and Rogers, and recommend our readers to familiarize themselves with the labors of his pen.

Missionary Addresses, delivered before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with Additional Papers on Female Education, and the Danish or earliest Protestant Missions in India. By Alexander Duff, D.D.

Home Organization for Foreign Missions. By Alexander Duff, D.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

BOTH of these productions—the former a reprint, the latter a pamphlet now first published, are valuable contributions to missionary literature—the one as a series of admirable disquisitions on the conditions and equipments for missionary labour in India, brimful of fervid earnestness, combined with great practical wisdom, a combination which is the infallible mark of the highest order of men—and the other as an urgent enforcement of some sound truths that are sadly forgotten, as to the right Christian way of raising money. Taken together they give us a large contribution towards a complete view of the whole subject, in its two departments of foreign and home effort. There could be no better means devised for the strengthening and purifying of our English missionary proceedings than the wide diffusion of these valuable essays, and few better signs of their healthiness than the adoption of the views enforced in the latter.

Fragments of College and Pastoral Life: A Memoir of the late Rev. John Clark, of Glasgow; with Selections from his Essays, Lectures, and Sermons. By the Rev. John Cairns, A.M. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1851.

MR. CAIRNS writes like an earnest thinker, a devoted friend, and a sincere Christian. His description of a college friendship—'a friendship such as only students can feel,' will recall many a cherished memory to those who have realized its truth. We could have wished that the space occupied by selections from Mr. Clark's sermons and lectures had been filled up by his biographer. We should like to have known more of 'those problems respecting the nature of truth and certainty' which occupied Mr. Clark's mind so fully during his college life. At a time when such problems are continually forcing themselves upon every thoughtful and earnest mind—when men are beginning to feel that they *must* be solved—and solved, not for the favoured few, but for the million; it would have been helpful to see more clearly what influence they had upon the mind of a young and ardent thinker like Mr. Clark, and what solution he gave to them. Our disappointment is the more severe, from the fact that his biographer, in what he *has* done, has given admirable proof of what he *might* have done. Mr. Clark was born at Edinburgh in 1817, and after passing through the High School, entered the University in 1836. Sir William Hamilton had just been appointed to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. His lectures revealed a new and beautiful world to the ardent mind of Mr. Clark. The account of his philosophical thinkings is extremely interesting, and valuable as giving another proof of the beautiful harmony that may always exist between profound thought and sincere practical piety. After passing through the usual course, he was ordained as minister of the Original Secession Church, Campbell-street, Glasgow, in 1843. Unhappy differences arising in his congregation, he resigned his charge, and eventually left the body, and was admitted as a minister of the Free Church in 1848. According to a law of that body, a year must elapse ere he would be eligible to take a charge, and before the expiration of that period he was seized with cholera, and cut off in the morning of a promising life in January, 1849.

One fact in his life strikes us as very remarkable. The metaphysical tendencies which were so strongly developed in his collegiate career seem to have been entirely laid aside when he entered on his ministerial life. The motive which prompted this sacrifice is deserving of all praise, but we cannot think it was based on a sound principle. A deeper view of the true nature of a speculative life might, perhaps, have shown him that such a life would be seen to the best advantage in union with a practical life, not in opposition to it. The separation of the provinces of thinking and acting—of speculation and practice, is surely neither necessary nor expedient. It is so rarely that we see the combination of broad and manly philosophy with devout piety, that we cannot consent to the putting asunder of what God hath joined together in the case of the few who are thus highly gifted.

The Rival Educational Projects. Reprinted from the 'Eclectic Review,' 8vo. London: Ward and Co.

State-Education Self-Defeating; a Chapter from Social Statics. By Herbert Spencer. Reprinted by permission of the Author. London: John Chapman.

The Educator; or Home, the School, and the Teacher. A Quarterly Journal of Education, No. I., 12mo. London: J. Snow.

As the first is a reprint from our own pages, we will say nothing more than that it is well adapted, in the judgment of many intelligent men, to serve the cause of popular education, by exposing some of the fallacies now prevalent amongst its friends. It is much to be regretted that the energies which ought to be concentrated on the enlightenment of the people, are often frittered away on impracticable schemes, or devoted to plans whose present benefit is dearly purchased by ulterior mischiefs. Mr. Spencer's pamphlet is admirably suited to make an impression on practical men. It deals with the political bearings of the subject, and is triumphantly conclusive in its logic. We wish the advocates of State education, whether English or Scotch, would give it an attentive perusal. 'The Educator' is a quarterly publication, 'projected by a few friends anxious to promote the cause of education in its varied interests and relations. It is designed for parents, Sunday-school teachers, and the teachers of primary schools, all of whom are employed in different departments of one work, pursuing the same end by similar means. Its aim is to bring into prominent view the principles of youthful training furnished by the word of God.' We need scarcely say, that it is hostile to Government interference with education, and favourable to a large infusion of the religious element into the arrangements. Its low price (3d), and popular form, adapt it for general circulation, which we shall be glad to find it has obtained.

The British Officer; his Position, Duties, Emoluments, and Privileges; being a Digest and Compilation of the Rules, Regulations, Warrants, and Memoranda, relating to the Duties, Promotion, Pay, and Allowances of the Officers in her Majesty's Service, and in that of the Honourable East India Company. With Notices of the Military Colleges, Hospitals, and Establishments in Great Britain, and a variety of information regarding the Regular Regiments and Local Corps in both Services, and the Yeomanry, Militia, and other Volunteer Corps. By J. H. Stocqueler. 8vo. Pp. 325. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE are not much in the way of noticing works of this class. They do not frequently come before us, nor are we rich in the kind of lore needful to an authoritative judgment on them. Though not members of the Peace Society, we have sufficient repugnance to what is termed the military profession, to be strongly disinclined to the drudgery which is required to master the regulations and details of the service. To such, however, as have need of information on these points, we cannot conceive of a better guide than the volume before us. We

have copied its title-page in full, which is accurately descriptive of its contents, and our military friends, if we have such, will find it a copious and very useful companion. The design of the work is to place within the reach of officers of the British and Indian armies, and of the British public generally, all the rules, regulations, and usages of a personal nature which concern the commissioned ranks of the service. Condensation and concentration have been the ruling principles of the compiler, who has been careful to discard all such purely professional and technical knowledge as may be gleaned from the works particularly treating of such matters.

The Ladies of the Covenant. Memoirs of distinguished Scottish Female Characters, embracing the Period of the Covenant and the Persecution.
By the Rev. James Anderson. London: Blackie & Son.

WE noticed, with due honor, Mr. Anderson's former volume, on 'The Bass Rock,' and have much pleasure in introducing to the favor of our readers the one now before us. The materials for such a work are abundant, and of the most interesting character, while the temper in which he has employed them, and the end to which they are rendered subservient, greatly enhance the value of his volume. Scotland is rich in the memorials of female piety; and a worthy service has been rendered by our author in the preparation of this record. While attractive to all, the volume will be specially interesting to woman. It contains a mass of deeply touching narrative, in which the higher qualities of her character are brought out distinctly under the ennobling influence of religion. Our mothers, wives, and sisters, will find Mr. Anderson's volume a most interesting and instructive companion.

The Traveller's Library:—Warren Hastings, No. I. Lord Clive, No. II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay: Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's 'Critical and Historical Essays.' London in 1850, 1851.
No. III. From the Geographical Dictionary of J. B. M'Culloch. London: Longman and Co.

'THE Traveller's Library' is to be sold at one shilling each volume, is intended to comprise books of entertaining and valuable information, in a form adapted for reading whilst travelling, and at the same time, of a character that will render them worthy of preservation. The resources of the Messrs. Longman eminently fit them to carry out such a design successfully, and we doubt not, from the sample already given, and from the works announced, that the series will form a very attractive and useful one. We are glad to find that several of the essays in Mr. Macaulay's volumes are to be reprinted, and that selections will be given from those of Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. The volume from Mr. M'Culloch's Dictionary is full of very interesting and useful information, eminently adapted to the purposes of such a series. We need scarcely say, that 'The Traveller's Library' is got up in neat style, as the names of its publishers are a sufficient guarantee for this.

Objections to the Doctrine of Israel's Future Restoration to Palestine, National Pre-eminence, &c. With an Appendix on the Ten Tribes and the Future Destinies of the World and the Church. By Edward Swaine. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford.

THE former edition of this work was published anonymously, and has been out of print for some years. We are glad that the author has been induced to re-issue it, and to put his name on the title-page. He deserves the honor of being known, while his modesty shrinks from claiming it. We have rarely had an opportunity of examining a work, the qualities of which are more pleasing and creditable. It is a calm, intelligent, searching, and scriptural, examination of a subject, on which there has been much foolish talking and writing. The temper is as candid as the style is lucid, and the treatise, though brief, carries with it the impression of having proceeded from a mind which has thought out the question for itself, and which, being practically conversant with its difficulties, is tolerant and candid in its construction of the views of others. We thank Mr. Swaine for his contribution to an important and much mystified subject, and strongly recommend his little volume to our readers.

The Principal Obstacle to Christian Harmony Removed. By Περσβυρος. J. Nisbet. 1851.

A SMALL treatise on the Popish dogma of the 'Apostolical Succession,' in which, by a light, but well-managed dialogue, first, the Puseyite parody is exposed, and then the original destroyed. It is admirably adapted for popular reading, and might be circulated with great advantage where Puseyism or Romanism prevail.

A Trip to Mexico; or, Recollections of a Ten Months' Ramble. In 1849-50. By a Barrister. 12mo. Pp. 256. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

'WHEN I commenced this journey,' says the author, 'and even during its progress, I had not the slightest intention of appearing in print, and, consequently, I took no notes at all.' The persuasion of friends, however, subsequently induced him to undertake the responsibilities of authorship, and there is a freshness and simplicity in his narrative which attract attention and warrant confidence. Our traveller does not profess, like some modern tourists, to tell us all—past, present, and future—which can be told of the places he visited. His object is much less ambitious, and to us, at least, his labors are far more interesting. 'My intention,' he says, 'is to give a plain, brief, and straightforward account of what I myself saw, did, and heard, in the various places that I visited.' His volume is a pleasing narrative, depicting many features of a country of which little is yet known. Without parade, or any of the artifices of book-making, it communicates information which may be vainly searched for in works of much higher pretension.

Across the Atlantic. By the Author of 'Sketches of Cantabs.'
London: George Earle.

A LIGHT and amusing volume, which we have read through with interest, much of which commends itself to our confidence, but some portions of which we deem one-sided and prejudiced, the results of unworthy aversion and defective morality. The sketches of American character, though given in outline only, are truthful and graphic, and make us wish that the author had done more in this way. There is also a genial and kind-hearted temper about him, which effectually prevents his taking pleasure in the pain inflicted, though it cannot obscure his vision, or render him insensible to the grotesque and ludicrous points of American society and manners. He writes with freedom, records his judgments without reserve, and while raising a laugh at the expense of our transatlantic relatives, exalts our estimate of their capabilities and destiny. We are sorry to observe, that all his allusions to the religious bearings of the case are indicative of what we deem serious errors. The sneer of indifference, if not of contemptuous aversion, is too often visible. The chapter on slavery is as unworthy of the Englishman, as its morality is defective and low. It is one of the poorest pleas for a miserable system which we have ever read. Laughing at what is grave, trifling with the dearest interests of humanity, it awakens a mingled feeling of pity and indignation, not often aroused, we are happy to say, by the productions of our countrymen.

A Text-Book of Popery. Comprising a brief History of the Council of Trent, and a complete View of Roman Catholic Theology. By J. M. Cramp, D.D. Third Edition. 8vo. Pp. 568. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WE need say little respecting this work. The fact of its having reached a third edition speaks greatly in its favor, and would enable, as it might induce, the author to smile at our criticism, if it were condemnatory. Such, however, is very far from being the case. We have welcomed the former editions as sterling contributions to our Protestant literature, and have now very much pleasure in introducing to our readers this enlarged and improved reprint of a work which in its earlier and less finished form we deemed most creditable to the author, and admirably suited to advance the interests of truth. The historical statements of the work have been carefully re-examined, and sundry corrections made. The first chapter, on 'the Rise and Progress of Ecclesiastical Corruptions,' was formerly printed in the Appendix; while the second, entitled 'the Papal System Developed,' is entirely new. Several chapters have been divided, and, in some instances, large additions have been made. 'On the whole,' says Dr. Cramp, 'it is hoped that the "Text-Book of Popery" will continue to be regarded as a valuable aid to Protestants in their conflicts with the enemies of scriptural truth and goodness. It reveals Romanism as it is. It is no fancy portraiture, but is drawn from the life, and shows the hideous thing in its own natural deformity.'

Review of the Month.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL is at length in a fair way of passing to the Upper House. Our readers need not be informed of the length or wearisome character of the debate to which it has given rise. With very much that has been said by some supporters of the measure we have no sympathy, while the personalities, discursive rhetoric, and mere factious votes, of Mr. Reynolds and his associates, have certainly failed to command our admiration or respect. Between the two extreme sections, however, there have been, in our judgment, both sound sense and sound principle. We know that this opinion is unfashionable amongst many of our friends, but with all deference to their judgment, and a most cordial persuasion of their integrity in the matter, we are yet of opinion—and every day confirms our judgment—that the recent measure of the Papacy did call for, and necessitate, some step on our part, and that so far from such step involving a violation of religious liberty, it was required in order to its maintenance and promotion. Such is our honest conviction, and we believe that the time will come, when others who now deem us faulty will concur in our view. The first clause of the bill was passed May 30th, on a division of 244 for, and 62 against it; and on the 20th of June the second clause was adopted by 150 to 35, after which the third was agreed to without a division. On the following Monday, the 23rd, a series of amendments to the preamble of the bill was proposed by Mr. Walpole, on which some near divisions took place, one of them leaving the Government a majority of nine only. Ultimately, however, the preamble was passed by a majority of 161, the numbers being 200 for and 39 against it. The report was ordered to be taken into consideration on the 27th, and the Premier expressed a confident persuasion that they would be able to despatch this branch of the business in the course of a single sitting. In all probability, therefore, the bill will have passed through its several stages in the Lower House before this record meets the eye of our readers.

THE CEYLON INQUIRY has terminated much as we expected. Its antecedents—to use a phrase somewhat in fashion just now—had greatly jeopardized its judicial character. Indeed, it had evidently dwindled down into little more than a party question, and the country, therefore, was fast losing interest in it. A series of resolutions condemnatory of the policy of Lord Torrington was moved by Mr. Baillie, on the 27th of May, and was supported or opposed by several of the leading men of the two great parties.

No new facts were elicited in the course of the debate. Lord Torrington's administration was impugned by Mr. Hume, Sir. F. Thesiger, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli; and was defended by Mr. Serjeant Murphy, Mr. Roebuck, Sir J. W. Hogg, Mr. Hawes, the Attorney-General, and the Premier. The debate occupied two nights, and on a division the resolutions were rejected by 282 to 208. This majority

was no doubt increased by other considerations than those which are proper to a judicial inquiry. The manner in which the motion had been interposed at a critical period of party warfare, and the consequence which it was well known must follow an adverse decision, would naturally incline many members to refrain from voting, or to give to the Government the benefit of their aid. We cannot, therefore, regard the rejection of Mr. Baillie's resolutions as a judicial acquittal of Lord Torrington. The ministerial majority has no character of this kind, and his lordship remains, what he was previously believed to be, an incompetent and tyrannical ruler, reckless of human misery, and swift to shed human blood. 'It is,' says the 'Colombo Observer,' of April 15th, 'because we love the English name, and boast of our birth as Britons, that we have so loudly, so perseveringly, and so successfully protested against those deeds of cruelty and blood, which, in our opinion, were calculated to bring disgrace and odium on the British name. *For the proclamation of martial law, there may be a show of defence; for its long continuance, none.*' The delinquent governor has been recalled, and *that* is a great triumph, while the Colonial minister, 'who was guilty of appointing an unfit favourite to be governor of a valuable island,' has been compelled to revoke the power he gave, and now stands before his countrymen convicted—notwithstanding this majority—of a most unworthy and unstatesmanlike appointment. These facts will have their influence on the further distribution of official patronage.

THE RAILWAY AUDIT BILL has been lost in committee by a majority of 62 to 56. The president of the Board of Trade, while affirming that the bill was not as perfect as was desirable, admitted that it would be a great improvement on the existing state of things. Nevertheless, the power of railway directors was exerted to defeat the measure. It contained some clauses to which *they* might fairly object, and an amendment was admitted by Mr. Locke, which provoked the hostility of the legal profession. The union of these two classes was fatal to the measure. They resolved to damage, and, if possible, to destroy it. This purpose was unhappily effected, and the question is consequently left open for government interference, which, at some convenient moment, may possibly be again attempted. Mr. Peto was perfectly right in saying 'that those railway directors who opposed the bill would deserve at the hands of the Government the most stringent measure that could be devised.'

THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL EDUCATION has been again submitted to the House. On the 4th, Lord Melgund moved the second reading of a bill for the remodelling and extension of the School establishment of Scotland, and was supported by Mr. Hume, the Lord Advocate, and the Premier. The bill is, in fact, a Free Church scheme, and is adapted to deprive the Established Church of the control at present exercised over the parochial schools of Scotland. So far we do not, of course, object to it, but it has other aspects, under which it is highly exceptionable. It is an attempt to commit the State anew to a work with which it ought not to interfere, and which it cannot undertake without hazarding much more evil, in the long run, than it accom-

plishes good. It seeks to introduce the thin edge of the wedge, and carries with it, so far as principle is concerned, all that is involved in the more elaborate machinery of some of our education-mongers. Further than this, the bill is sectarian, and that, too, under a profession of catholicity. It is a Free Church project designed to promote Free Church interests by means of a compulsory rate. The Presbyterian is to be the governing body, and the Shorter Westminster Catechism to be the manual adopted in each school. The teachers, it is true, are to be relieved from the test at present enforced, and may, therefore, be selected from a larger class, but the formulary to be taught necessarily excludes large bodies which might otherwise furnish well-trained teachers. 'Tests,' as our contemporary the 'Patriot' justly remarks, 'binding teachers to be of the Established Church, are, indeed, to be abolished; but they must still be of the Established Catechism.' Nor do we attach value to the permission given to parents or guardians to require the exemption of their children from religious instruction. Practically this provision is of little value, as the consequences which would follow from it are of a nature to prevent its being regarded in any other light than as a dead letter. In the course of the debate the same gross blunders were committed as we had occasion to remark on in former instances. Lord Melgund drew an alarming picture of the ignorance of one half of the children of Scotland. His statistics, according to the Lord Advocate, 'were frightful,' and that legal functionary improved on them by calculating the consequences of such ignorance on the next generation. It is really too bad that honorable members, men of high name and station, should undertake to settle questions of such intricacy and moment in gross ignorance—for we will not suspect them of what is infinitely worse—of the facts which pertain to them, and on which alone the necessity for legislative interference is based. Lord Melgund estimated the number of children to be educated at 600,000, of which he says the Free Church and the Kirk educate 200,000, and other Churches 100,000. 'Of the remaining 300,000' his lordship adds, 'he was unable to give any account whatever.' Taking these figures for granted, Mr. Baines triumphantly remarks that, 'instead of leaving half of the population uneducated, they would imply an average duration of five years' education for every child in Scotland! So inaccurate are the facts, and so absurd the conclusions drawn from them by those who take upon them to inform Parliament—by official men—by the projectors of the new school establishment! Would that our members of Parliament had themselves a better schooling!' On a division the bill was lost by a majority of 13, the numbers being 124 for the second reading, and 137 against it.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL SOCIETY was held on the 4th, and its proceedings bore out the strong feelings of interest with which it had been anticipated. It is well known to our readers that a dispute has long existed between the society and the Privy Council respecting what are termed the Management Clauses in the trust deed of schools receiving Government grants. This is but one amongst many of the difficulties created by the tampering spirit of our legislature; and it will go on to increase, as well it may.

so long as that spirit is persisted in. The High Church party want to insure the paramount influence of the clergy in the management of the society's schools, while the moderate, or Low Church party, require a proportionate infusion of a lay element. It is but the old question of priestism revived in a form suited to the nineteenth century, and we are not sorry that ministers should thus be taught the folly of their measures. Surely they have difficulties enough to contend with, and need not go out of their way to increase them. However, if they will not learn otherwise, we shall be glad at their being taught wisdom by perceiving the impracticable nature of the task they have undertaken. For three years past strong resolutions have been adopted at the annual meeting of the society, condemnatory of the policy of the Privy Council. That policy, however, has been persisted in, and so far our sympathies go with the Government. If we are to have public grants of money in aid of educational schemes, let us by all means guard against putting such grants under the exclusive control of a clerical body. Recent circumstances have awakened a strong feeling within the Church itself. The more enlightened portion of its members are desirous of rescuing the National Society from what they deem a false position, while many others—the bishops especially—are supremely concerned to put an end to the discord and contention now so rife within its pale. The Annual Meeting of the society was therefore very numerously attended. The two archbishops and thirteen bishops, with a few peers, and some members of the Lower House, were present. The Primate presided, and in his opening speech deprecated discussion, and expressed a hope that, in the event of such discussion being persisted in, 'no such spirit would be prevalent as would be inconsistent with a meeting of Christian brethren.' The Rev. G. A. Denison, in conformity with the notice given, then moved, 'That this meeting deeply regrets that her Majesty's Government continue to disallow the equitable claim of members of the Church of England, as set forth in the resolution of the annual meeting of this society, June 6th, 1849—That founders of Church schools, who see fit "to place the management of their schools in the clergyman of the parish and the bishop of the diocese," should not, on that account, be excluded from State assistance towards the building of their schools.' To these words he added the following—not to set himself right with his friends, but with a large portion of the public:—'That this meeting desires to express its sense of the very great importance of securing the most friendly relations and the most harmonious co-operation with the civil power, and of being enabled to accept assistance of every kind from the Parliamentary grant for education, provided always that such co-operation and such assistance involve no interference, direct or indirect, actual or virtual, with the doctrine or the discipline of the Church.' It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Denison's resolution was expressive of the views of the Puseyite section of the Church. They cheered its announcement, and were most hearty throughout his speech in the expression of their approval. The resolution was seconded by A. J. B. Hope, Esq., M. P., and the following amendment was moved by Sir John Pakington:—'That the cause of sound

religious instruction and the interests of the Church demand, at the present juncture, the friendly co-operation of the National Society and the Committee of Council; and this meeting, satisfied that such co-operation must be for the advantage of the National Society, as well as of the Church at large, desires to deprecate any renewal of the agitation which has characterised the recent meetings of the society, and to express its earnest hope that the two bodies may act cordially together.' The general subject was thus fairly launched, and much strong feeling evidently prevailed. When the chairman rose to put the question, the Bishop of London interposed with a brief speech after his own fashion, entreating the meeting 'to reject both the amendment and the resolution.' The truth or error of the opinions expressed was of little moment. What the bishop cared for was the avoidance of the appearance of discord. About that he was concerned, and in order to compass it, he would have both parties suppress their views, and unite in apparent harmony, when each was sensible that no real unity existed. If such be the harmony of the Church, may we long be strangers to it. It may deaden conscience, may benumb the vital powers, nay, in some cases—and this is the best that can be said for it—it may prevent the utterance of uncharitableness and wrath; but it bears no marks, and answers none of the higher ends, of Christian fellowship.

Sir John Pakington withdrew his amendment in conformity with the suggestion of the bishop, and the resolution of Mr. Denison was rejected by a large majority. This decision is undoubtedly a triumph to the moderate party in the Church, and as such we rejoice in it. We have long thought that the Oxford or Pusey party had passed its zenith, and the vote of this meeting furnishes another confirmation of our view. Temporary circumstances may give currency to its dogmas for a day, but their inherent absurdity cannot fail, in the long run, to induce their contemptuous rejection.

THE METROPOLIS WATER BILL was read a second time on the 5th, by a majority of sixteen, the numbers being 95 for, and 79 against it. Sir George Grey and Sir William Clay were the only defenders of the measure, and they utterly failed to show that it would accomplish any one of the objects which public convenience, health, or economy, require. It was not without difficulty that 95 members were found to record their votes in its favor. As the 'Daily News' remarks, 'The names of all the heads of departments who have seats in the House, of the law officers of the Crown, both for England and Scotland, and of most of the "dead votes" of the party, will be found in the majority. The Household troops took the field in force on the occasion.' We look in vain to the speeches of the Home Secretary and of Sir William Clay for any explanation of the bill. The former apparently could not, and the latter would not give it. Had Sir William forgotten his character as senator, and spoken only as proprietor of some of the water companies concerned, he might readily have thrown light on the matter, but had he done so, the fate of the bill would have been sealed. Every one admits that the present supply of water in London is deficient in quantity, exceedingly impure, and far too expensive. These are the three things which need correction, and how does the

Government propose to effect it? The nine existing companies are to be amalgamated, their property to be taken at a valuation, and their stock to be consolidated. The *one* company thus created is to be invested with the exclusive right of supplying water to the metropolis, a Secretary of State being empowered to dictate the source of supply, and to limit the rates charged when the net profits of the company shall clearly exceed 5 per cent. on their stock. How these provisions are to compass the objects sought we cannot divine. If nine companies, though competing, to a certain extent, at least, have failed, what can be expected from *one* only, to which, moreover, an absolute and perpetual monopoly is guaranteed? As to the supervision of a Secretary of State, the thing is perfectly farcical. No practical man will deem it worth a thought. The members of Government have already more to do than they can accomplish, and no effectual oversight of water companies will therefore be maintained by them. The 'Times' puts the case correctly, when it says, 'Relieved at once from responsibility and hazard they may do just what they did before, with this single qualification, that a Secretary of State may curtail their profits if he can discover them, and may enforce his orders if the "necessities of patronage" will permit his meddling with a body which has "seventy representatives in Parliament."' The last clause of this passage reveals, as we believe, the secret history of the measure. Seventy members are said to be interested in the existing water companies, and Government has succumbed to them. But if these companies are sufficiently powerful now to induce a ministry to damage its reputation by proposing so monstrous a bill, what can be the worth of that future supervision on which alone our prospects of improved quality and diminished cost are based? If the Home Secretary now submits to be dragged through the mud at the bidding of these seventy gentlemen, how will his successors manage to keep them in order in all coming times? The thing is too palpably fallacious to be relied on for a moment. As to the financial bearing of the question, it is difficult to avoid the employment of strong terms. 'It is an assertion,' says the 'Times,' and we cannot do better than quote its words, 'verified by calculation, and not inconsistent with probability, that the water service might be placed on a footing unexceptionable in regard to quality and quantity of supply, at a cost which, even after a fair purchase of vested interests, would effect a reduction of one-sixth in the present rates, and would, in thirty years' time, leave the service entirely free. In another form it has been credibly estimated that an outlay of 2,000,000*l.* judiciously applied, that is to say, a current expenditure of 100,000*l.* would furnish us with all that we desire. In the face of these unimpeached calculations, Sir George Grey is for delivering us tied and bound into the hands of a company who, over and above what they may please to term their expenses, are empowered to charge us 5 per cent. in perpetuity on a fictitious capital of 4,800,000*l.*, and to borrow 2,000,000*l.* besides to draw interest from our pockets in like manner.' Such a measure cannot surely pass, and it will be well for Sir George Grey instantly to look about him, for some creditable mode of retreating from his position.

THE CHANCERY REFORM MEASURE OF THE GOVERNMENT has

undergone considerable alteration. As in other cases, so in this, the Premier has been content to throw his first measure overboard, and to bring forward another, identical in little more than name with its predecessor. How is this? It may be well for the country that a rough draft should first be announced, and then, when the matter has been discussed, and all conceivable objections urged, that it should be reproduced in a more consistent and wiser shape, and in this form be submitted for approval. This plan is now characteristic of the Whig Government, and few men, in consequence, think of their first propositions as things which are intended to stand. They are regarded rather as paper kites—mere tentative projects to elicit opinions, not to constitute legislative acts. Were we disposed to indulge our fancy rather than our judgment—to write as poets rather than critics, we should imagine that our rulers were nobly willing to sacrifice their reputation to their country's good—that they were ready to be deemed short-sighted, ignorant of obvious facts, immature in opinion, most precipitate in judgment, if they might but thereby have fashioned out to their unskilful hands such measures as are adapted to the necessities of the day.

On the 13th Lord John obtained leave to bring in 'a bill to improve the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery,' which is unquestionably a great improvement on the former measure of his lordship. It was correctly described by Mr. Bethell as an 'instalment of a reform long demanded,' and we hope that greater vigor and earnestness will be shown in forwarding its progress than are discernible in the case of some other ministerial measures. The Master of the Rolls and one of the Vice-Chancellors, whom it was formerly proposed should sit with the Chancellor as assistants, and in case of his absence with power to act as his representatives, are to remain in their present courts. In the place of this arrangement two new judges, called Judges of Appeal, are to be created, by which it is expected to keep down the arrears of the Chancery Court. The Lord Chancellor is still to officiate as Speaker of the House of Lords, and to preside in the Court of Appeal. We regret that the judicial and political functions of the Chancellorship are not to be separated, but the measure of the Premier is, undoubtedly, an advance in the right direction. The ecclesiastical patronage which it was proposed to transfer to the Premier is to remain with the Chancellor. The cost of the proposed alteration will be 7,000*l.* a-year. The two new judges are to have 6,000*l.* a-year each, but, on the other hand, the Lord Chancellor's salary is to be reduced from 14,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*, and that of the Master of the Rolls from 7,000*l.* to 6,000*l.*

THE MURMUR OF PROTECTION is still heard throughout the land, and a field day has been held at Tamworth, as if in derision of the great statesman, once the idol, but now the accursed of the Tory party. We say nothing about the taste of such an exhibition. The calmer, sounder, more intelligent men of the party took no share in it, and the tenantry and neighbours of the deceased statesman marked their sense of the indignity offered to his memory in a manner not to be mistaken. We greatly regret the violence displayed, but cannot say

we wonder at it. Such exhibitions are ever to be deplored, and wise men will cautiously avoid giving occasion for them. The correspondence which has since taken place between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Young is not creditable to either party, but least of all so to the latter. The insult offered to a deceased father is an excuse for strong language in the one case to which there is nothing analogous in the other. But leaving the personalities of the question we come to facts, and the first thing which strikes us is the want of harmony between the Parliamentary champions of the party and those who lead out of doors. The former practically eschew protection, talk of the burdens on agriculture, and in vague, rhetorical speech, rather than in specific words, call for relief to those who are engaged in its pursuits. The latter proclaim unceasing hostility to Free-trade, assure their dupes that they 'must remove it altogether from them, or their destruction will be as swift as it is sure,' and refer, in terms of the bitterest enmity, to those who advocate the interests of the many rather than of the few. Again, the fallacy of protection is shown in the fact that agricultural distress exists to a greater extent in France than with ourselves, though a prohibitory duty of about 27s. 9d. a quarter is levied in that country on foreign grain, and the farmers have had the benefit of the new and large market opened to them in our own country. But further still, the cry of agricultural distress is no new one, nor have we been in past times unacquainted with the thing itself. In 1821, 1822, 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1842, the farmers were much worse off than they are now, and yet there was no Free-trade then. The gloomiest pictures now sketched by Mr. Disraeli in Parliament, or by Mr. Young out of it, are bright and hopeful compared with the language of the farmer's friends in those days. The truth of the matter is, that Protection has been tried in all conceivable forms, but without success, and we therefore smile when invited to return to it as a panacea for existing evils. Did we rely on such a remedy we should be greater dupes than those who consent to be misled by Messrs. Young and Co.

THE SUNDAY TRADING PREVENTION BILL was thrown out on the 18th, on the motion for going into committee. The numbers were, in favor of the bill 42, and against it 77. We are not surprised at this decision, nor do we regret it. We have no sympathy with the opposition evinced by Mr. Roebuck, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Sir B. Hall. There is no mistaking the temper of their speeches, and we rejoice to believe that it is repudiated by the great body of our countrymen. At the same time, we are bound to say that the supporters of the bill do not appear to be duly aware of the difficulties inherent in the case. Mr. Fox demonstrated the inconsistencies in which one section of them was involved, and Mr. Roebuck proved, beyond question, the anomalous provisions of the measure, and the arbitrary powers with which it would invest some functionaries. To all legislative enforcements of a seventh-day rest as a religious institute, or on religious grounds, we should, of course, take strong objection, as we believe the very nature of religion repudiates such enforcement, and that no spiritual purpose can be answered by it. The immense benefit, both religious and social, of such a rest does not admit of question. All history and all

experience are clear on this point, and he is no friend, therefore, to his species, or to laboring men especially, who disparages it, or seeks to promote its secular occupation. So far all is clear, and our ground firm; but when it is proposed to go beyond this, and enforce a seventh-day rest by statute, we incur the danger either of desecrating religion, or of passing unequal and oppressive laws. The anomalies of Mr. Williams's bill, we believe, to be inherent in the subject; and agree with the Home Secretary, in thinking it to be one which must be left to the good feelings of the people themselves. 'Persons,' said Sir George Grey, 'might in their several spheres discourage Sunday trading by all proper and legitimate means, and in this way obtain as much good as any legislative enactment on the subject could produce. Honorable members, he trusted, bearing in mind the discussion which had taken place, would take all means of discouraging Sunday labor, and give to the people in their employment that to which they were really entitled—a day of rest.'

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT, which was supposed to be placed beyond danger by the arrangement of 1845, was greatly imperilled on the 16th. Amongst the miscellaneous estimates was an item of 1,230*l.* 10*s.* for the repairs of the college at Maynooth. This vote must not be confounded with the 30,000*l.* granted in 1845 for the erection of new buildings, nor with the 26,000*l.* annually charged on the Consolidated Fund for the maintenance of the college. It relates, as Sir William Somerville stated, to the repairs of the old building, and has been annually included in the estimates since 1845. Mr. Spooner moved the discontinuance of this grant, and was supported by several members, some of whom alleged that they had been accustomed to vote for it, but that they could do so no longer. The Cabinet Ministers were discreetly silent. They probably felt that it required more skill than they possessed to reconcile such a vote with the speeches they have recently been delivering. We were glad to find Mr. Anstey affirming that he intended, in future, to vote against 'all sectarian and exceptional grants of public money,' and that he 'should begin most fitly by clearing his conscience in the matter, and voting against the proposed grant, for which he could see no solid ground, in favour of his own Church.' On a division, the vote was carried by a majority of two only—the numbers being, for the grant, 121; and against it, 119. Messrs. Cobden, Brotherton, Hume, and Walmsley, voted for the grant, and we are glad to see in the minority the names of Messrs. Ewart, Hindley, Kershaw, Peto, and Colonel Thompson. Such men had no sympathy with the views propounded by the Spooners, the Inglises, the Newdegates, and the Sibthorps; but on the broad ground of opposition to all grants of public money to religious bodies, they were honorably found voting with them on this occasion.

MR. COBDEN'S MOTION ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, which was submitted on the 17th, has placed beyond question the great progress recently made by the peace principle. The hon. member for the West Riding concluded a speech of great temper, large views, and conclusive reasoning, by moving an 'Address to her Majesty, praying that she will direct the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter

into communication with the Government of France, and endeavour to prevent in future that rivalry of warlike preparation in time of peace, which has hitherto been the policy of the two Governments, and to promote, if possible, a mutual reduction of armaments.' He was followed, after a short interval, by Lord Palmerston, in a speech of considerable tact, in which he avowed his adoption of the fundamental principle of the motion, and his earnest solicitude to give it practical effect. No man knows the temper of the Commons House better than his lordship, or can more skilfully avail himself of its prepossessions or its prejudices. His language, in the present case, was repeatedly cheered, and Mr. Cobden did perfectly right in acceding to his lordship's request not to go to a division. We are not credulous enough to anticipate from the Government all we could wish, yet it is wise to give them every fair opportunity. Should they fail, we shall be more certain to carry with us the sympathies of the country, than if no such trial had been allowed. A Peace Congress is to be held in London on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of this month, when, we trust, such an expression of public feeling will occur as will still further aid the progress of this good cause. The former meetings at Paris and Frankfort have done much, and we shall be greatly disappointed if the one about to be held in our own capital, be not marked—if that be possible—by a yet deeper earnestness, and more enlightened zeal. The following is the fundamental principle which every delegate is expected to maintain:—'That an appeal to arms for the purpose of effecting the settlement of differences between nations, is a custom condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and the interest of peoples; and that it is, therefore, the duty of the civilized world to adopt measures calculated to bring about the entire abolition of war.'

THE GREAT EXHIBITION continues to be the one special topic of discourse amongst all classes. Go where we may, converse with whomsoever we please, whatever the matter which calls men together, or the topic about which they debate, sooner or later, incidentally or with design, the *Great Exhibition* is sure to come up. Have you seen it? What was the impression received when you first entered the Crystal Palace? Is it not a perfect marvel? Have you examined it from section to section; looked at it in the light of a world's representative; seen in it as a mirror, what man is, and what man can do, amidst circumstances endlessly diversified, and in regions separated from each other by vast oceans and trackless wilds? And then, again, what does it foreshadow; what are the characteristics it discloses, the good or the evil of which it contains the germ? Such are the few—a scanty sample—of the questions which are agitated on every hand. We refer to them only in proof of the universal interest which has been awakened, and have no hesitation in avowing our faith in the beneficial tendency of this great enterprise. It marks an era which will stand out in all coming times, as a thousandfold more memorable and better entitled to admiration than our Blenheims, Trafalgars, or Waterloos. The incompleteness of some parts of the Exhibition has been rapidly disappearing. All nations have conspired to perfect it. The whole civilized globe has done its utmost to embody the conception of its

royal projector, while our sovereign lady the Queen, with a consideration which does her infinite honor, and a confidence which has endeared her to a loyal people, has been seen walking amongst her subjects, the intelligent and deeply-interested observer of the magnificent scene around her. Such a sovereign and such a people—the one so confiding, the other so respectful and so loving—have never met before, and we augur from the intercourse a large and good result. Such events inspire a hope that blessings are in reserve for our nation to which the past affords no parallel.

The receipts of the Exhibition have exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. Up to the 25th inclusive, they were, we believe :—

	£	s.	d.
Received at the door	109,947	6	6
Season Tickets	66,409	7	0
Subscriptions	66,380	12	6
Catalogue-contractors	3,200	0	0
Refreshment	5,500	0	0

Total £251,387 6 0

On the other hand, the liabilities of the Commissioners, including purchase of the building, amount to about \$90,000; so that no reliance is to be placed on the statements circulated by many of our daily and weekly journalists, to the effect that all expenses, contingent or otherwise, were already provided for.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

On the Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India, and elsewhere; with an account of the experiments made by the H. E. I. Company up to the present time. Appendix Papers, relating to the Great Industrial Exhibition. By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., F.R.S.

Memorial of the Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A. Chiefly consisting of Anecdotes illustrative of his Character and Labours. By James Sherman, Minister of Surrey Chapel.

Medical Combinations against Life Insurance Companies.

Protestant Dissent Vindicated, in reply to certain Animadversions of the Rev. the Vicar of Newcastle, in his recently published 'Thoughts on Church Subjects.' By J. G. Rogers, B.A.

The Coming Conflict. A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, occasioned by his recent Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese. By a Lay Member of the Church of England.

Papery and Puseyism Illustrated. A Series of Essays, with Addresses and Appeals to the Sunday School Teachers of England. By John Campbell, D.D.

An Exclusive Ministry, Apostolical Succession, and Baptismal Regeneration considered, in Three Letters to a Vicar. By a Parishioner.

Unitarianism: its History, Doctrines, and Tendencies. By Rev. M. G. Easton, A.M.

Christ Glorified, in the Life, Experience, and Character of Joseph B. Shrewsbury, late a Medical Student and Wesleyan Local Preacher, of Bradford, Yorkshire. Written by his Father.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. Edited by William Hazlitt, Esq. 2 vols.

The Pictorial Family Bible. With copious Original Notes. By J. Kitto, D.D. Parts V. and VI.

The Pilgrim's Progress. With Forty Illustrations. By David Scott. Parts II.—VIII.

Sermons and Sacramental Addresses. By the late Rev. James Hay, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. Wm. Mackelvie, D.D.

The Spirituality of the Christian Church. A Sermon preached at the Opening of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, at Edinburgh, May 12, 1851. By the Moderator, the Rev. Henry Angus, Aberdeen.

An Essay on Church Reform.

Memoir of William Allen, F.R.S. By James Sherman.

The Doctrines and Practices of Popery Examined. In a Course of Lectures by Ministers, in Glasgow.

Lectures on the Conversion of the Jews. 1. On the Conversion of the Jews; by Rev. J. Henderson, D.D. 2. On the Present Condition of the Jews; by Rev. J. Bennett, D.D. 3. On the Obligation of Christians to Labour for the Conversion of the Jews; by Rev. F. Burder, D.D.

A Lecture on the Glory which will redound to God from the Conversion of the Jews. By Rev. John Harris, D.D.

The Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, and the general Epistle of James, practically and historically explained. By Dr. Augustus Neander. To which is added, a Discourse on the Coming of the Lord, and its Signs. By the same Author. Translated from the German, by Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A.

Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. By Herman Olshausen, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

Gutta Percha: its discovery, history, and manifold uses.

A Little Book of Songs and Ballads. Gathered from ancient music-books, MSS. and printed. By E. F. Rembauelt, LL.D.

The Christian's Charter. An Exposition of Romans, chap. viii., ver. 32. By *Tipton*.

Reason and Faith. An Essay. By the Author of the Christian's Charter. Notes, Explanatory and Practical, of the Acts of the Apostles. Designed for Sabbath-school teachers and bible classes. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Carefully revised by Rev. Samuel Green.

Life and Epistles of St. Paul. Part XIII. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., and Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A.

Manual of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Mind. By Rev. James Carlisle, D.D.

Romanism. Eight Lectures for the Times. Delivered at the English Presbyterian Church, River Terrace, Islington, by Rev. John Weir.

The Italian Volunteers and Lombard Rifle Brigade. Being an Authentic Narrative of the Organization, Adventures, and final Dissolving of these Corps in 1848—9. By Emilio Dandolo.

THE
Eclectic Review.

AUGUST, 1851.

ART. I.—*Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century: in Six Lectures; delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association.* By Δ (Dr. M. Moir.) Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

THE name, or rather mark of Δ, is a magic mark throughout the entire kingdom of British literature. The gentleman who chooses thus to subscribe himself, is favourably known as a poet, as a writer on medical literature, as the author of a very successful Scotch novel ycleped 'Mansie Wauch,' as one of the principal contributors and conductors of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and as a most amiable and accomplished private person. Nor are we sure, if, all things considered, any man, whether in England or Scotland, could have been singled out, who was likely to manage the difficult and complicated subject of these lectures in a *safer*, a more candid, and less exceptionable style, than Dr. Moir—especially before an audience, so constituted that one half came probably with the notion (however ludicrous this presumption may seem to all others), that any one of themselves might have treated the subject better than he!

But, apart altogether from the composition of his audience—peculiar and unique, we believe, in the world—Delta has nobly effected his purpose. That was to express honestly and in simple language, without shrinking, and without show, his *own* views and feelings as to our last half-century's poetical literature. And it is fortunate for us, and all his readers, that these are the views of no narrow sectarian, or soured bigot, or self-

conceited and solemn twaddler—but of an enlightened, wide-minded, and warm hearted man, whose very errors and mistakes are worthy of respectful treatment, and all of whose opinions are uttered from the sincerity of an honest heart, and in the eloquent and dignified language of a poet.

We do not coincide with the notion of a gifted friend writing in our May number, who speaks of painting and poetry as more divine than nature. Surely this is to confound the *direct* and *indirect* emanations from God. The landscape is more immediately from God than the picture. The one may be called the child, while the other is only the grand-child of the Infinite Mind. It will never do to compare a canvass-ocean to the tremendous element itself, or a patch of chalk representing the sun to the resplendent luminary. A painter's or poet's powers are traceable to his own mind, which is finite; but the meanest flower that blows is the result of forces coming out of the Infinite and the Eternal, and is dipped in the colours of heaven. In one word, man is not God, art is not nature, and genius is not inspiration.

But, while this must be maintained, far from us be any desire to derogate from the position, or to shade the glories, of genuine poetry. Had we a thousand pens, each should run on, like that of 'a ready writer,' in its praise. Assuredly, among the many sweets which God has infused into the cup of being, among the many solaces of this life, the many relics of the primeval past, the many foretastes of the glorious future, there are few more delicious than the influences of poetry. It transports us from the dust and discord of the present troubled sphere into its own fair world. It 'lays us,' as Hazlitt beautifully says, 'in the lap of a lovelier nature by stiller streams, and fairer meadows;' it invigorates the intellect by the elevated truth which is its substance; it enriches the imagination by the beauty of its pictures; it enlarges the mental view by the width and grandeur of its references; it inflames the affections by the touch ethereal of its fiery rod; it purifies the morals by the powers of pity and terror; and, when concentrated and hallowed, it becomes the most beautiful handmaid in the train of faith, and may be seen with graceful attitude sprinkling the waters of Castalia on the roses in the garden of God. The pleasures which poetry gives are as pure as they are exquisite. Like the manna of old, they seem to descend from a loftier climate—not of the earth earthy, but of celestial birth, they point back to heaven as their future and final home. They bear every reflection, and they awaken no reaction. A night with the Muses never produces a morning with the Fiends. The world into which poetry introduces is always the same. The 'Sun of

Homer shines upon us still.' The meadows of genius are for ever fresh and green. The skies of imagination continually smile. The actual world changes—the ideal is always one and the same—Achilles is always strong—Helen is always fair—Mount Ida continually cleaves the clouds—Scamander rushes ever by—the Eve of Milton still stands ankle-deep in the flowers of her garden—and the horn of Fitzjames winds in the gorge of the Trosachs for evermore. And when we remember that above the storms and surges of this tempestuous world, there rises in the pages of the poet a fairy realm, which he who reads may reach, and straightway forget his sorrow, and remember his poverty no more, we see the debt of gratitude we owe to Poetry, and, looking at the perennial peace and loveliness which surround her wherever she goes, we feel entitled to apply to her the beautiful lines originally addressed to the bird of spring—

' Sweet bird, thy bower is ever fair,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.'

But what is poetry? Many definitions have been attempted, and, perhaps, none is quite successful. It is, says Aristotle, 'imitation.' It is, says Johnson, 'the art of pleasing.' It is, says Elliott, 'impassioned truth.' Were we asked the question, we should reply (not as a definition, but a description), it is love, pure, refined, insatiable affection, for the beautiful forms of this material universe, for the beautiful affections of the human soul, for the beautiful passages of the history of the past, for the beautiful prospects which expand before us in the future—such love burning to passion, attired in imagery and speaking in music, is the essence and the soul of poetry. It is this which makes personification the life of poetry. The poet looks upon nature, not with the philosopher, as composed of certain abstractions, certain 'cold material laws;' but he breathes upon them, and they quicken into personal life, and become objects as it were of personal attachment. The winds with him are not cold currents of air, they are messengers, they are couriers—the messengers of destiny, the couriers of God; the rainbow is not a mere prismatic effect of light; but to the poet, in the language of the Son of Sirach, 'it encompasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.' The lightning is not simply an electric discharge, it is a barbed arrow of vengeance, it is winged with death; the thunder is not so much an elemental uproar, as it is the voice of God; the stars are not so much distant worlds, as they are eyes looking down on men with intelligence, sympathy, and love; the ocean is not

a dead mass of waters, it is a 'glorious mirror to the Almighty's form;' the sky is not to the poet a 'foul and pestilent congregation of vapours,' it is a magnificent canopy 'fretted with golden fire,' nay, to his anointed eye every blade of grass lives, every flower has its sentiment, every tree its moral, and—

'Visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Hang in each leaf, and cling to every bough.'

This perpetual personification springs from that principle of love which teaches the poet not only to regard all men as his brethren, the whole earth as his home, but to throw his own excess of soul into dumb, deaf, and dead things, and to find even in them subjects of his sympathy and candidates for his regard. It was in this spirit that Sterne said, that were he in a desert he would love some cypress. It was in this spirit that poor Burns did not disdain to address the mouse running from his ploughshare as his 'fellow-mortal,' and bespeak even the ill-fated daisy, which the same ploughshare destroyed—say rather transplanted into the garden of never-dying song:—

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
And I maun crush below the stoure
Thy feeble stem;
To spare thee noo is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The blythesome lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
Wi' speckled breast,
While upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling East.'

Nor, so long as love and the personifying principle springing from it exist, are we afraid for the decline or fall of poetry. Dr. Moir, we humbly conceive, has a morbid and needless horror at the progress of science; he speaks with a sort of timid hope of 'poetry ultimately recovering from the staggering blows which science has inflicted in the shape of steam-conveyance, of electro-magnetism, of geological exposition, of political economy, of statistics,—in fact, by a series of disenchantments, original genius, in due time, must from new elements frame new combinations, and these may be at least what the kaleidoscope is to the rainbow, or an explosion of hydrogen in the gasometer to a flash of lightning on the hills. But this alters not my position—that all facts are prose until coloured by imagination or passion. From physic we have swept away alchemy, incantation, and cure

by the royal touch; from divinity, exorcism and *purgatory* [were any Catholics present?] and excommunication; and from law, the trial by wager of battle, the ordeal by touch, and the mysterious confessions of witchcraft. In the foamy seas we can never more expect to see Proteus leading out his flocks; nor, in the dimpling stream another Narcissus admiring his own fair face; nor Diana again descending on Latmos to Endymion. We cannot hope another Una "making a sunshine in the shady place;" nor another Macbeth meeting with other witches on the blasted heath; nor another Faust wandering amid the mysterious sights and sounds of another May-day night. Robin Hoods and Rob Roys are incompatible with sheriffs and the county police; rocks are stratified by geologists exactly as satins are measured by mercers; and Echo, no longer a vagrant classical nymph, is compelled quietly to succumb to the laws of acoustics.'

He says again, 'Exactness of knowledge is a barrier to the laying on of that colouring by which alone facts can be invested with the illusive lines of poetry.' And again, he defines 'poetry the imaginative and limitless, and science the definite and true,' and says, 'Poetry has ever found "the haunt and the main region of her song" either in the grace and beauty which cannot be analyzed, or in the sublime of the indefinite. Newton with his dissection of the rainbow, Anson with his circumnavigation of the earth, and Franklin with his lightning-kite, were all disenchanters. Angels no longer alight on the iris; Milton's "sea-covered sea—sea without shore"—is a geographical untruth; and in the thunder men no more hear the voice of the Deity.'

Thus far Delta,—and very beautiful and ingenious these illustrations are. But first, many of the things he mentions, although banished from the province of belief, are not thereby banished from that of poetry, or of that quasi-belief which good poetry produces. Milton, nor Milton's age, believed in the Heathen Mythology; and yet how beautifully has he made it subserve poetical purposes. Scott had no faith in ghosts or witchcraft, or the second sight, and yet he has turned them to noble imaginative account; and when he speaks of the second sight as being now 'abandoned to the purposes of poetry,' he truly describes a common process, the fact of which is fatal to Delta's theory,—a process through which sublime and beautiful illusions of all kinds, cast out of man's understanding, take refuge in his imagination, and become a rich stock of materials for the poet. Godwin, too, did not believe in alchemy, and yet he has founded a magnificent prose poem upon an alchemist's imaginary story.

Nay, secondly, the further we advance beyond the point of

believing such illusions, their poetic value and power are often enhanced. An English boy, we venture to say, reads the 'Arabian Nights' with more generous gusto, with more intense delight, than did ever a boy in Bagdad. What comparison between all the ancient minstrels put together and the minstrel lays or minstrel prose of Scott, who wrote in the nineteenth century? What grey primeval father ever felt, or could ever have expressed, the beauty of the feeling for the rainbow as Campbell has done? And did not John Keats—a dying cockney youth—breathe a new poetic spirit into the pagan Mythos, and throne its gods in statelier and more starry mansions than Homer or Æschylus themselves? Not only is a 'thing of beauty a joy for ever,' but its beauty swells and deepens with time. All those illusions to which Delta so eloquently refers,—in medicine, law, and physics,—although thrust forth from the inner shrine of truth, linger on, in their highest ideal shapes, in the beautiful porch of poetry. There stands still the alchemist, his face pale with watching—his eyes bloodshot with prayer—the smoke of his great sacrifice to nature still crossing his countenance, and giving a mystic wildness to his aspect;—there the witch still mutters her spell, and thickens her infernal broth;—there the ghost disturbed, tells, as he walks with troubled steps, the secrets of his prison-house, his own shadowy hair on end in its immortal horror;—there the marinere, returned from a far countree, speaks of antres vast and deserts idle,—of spectre ships sailing upon windless oceans,—of spirits sitting amid the shrouds at midnight,—of double suns and bloody rainbows;—there Scheherezade continues her ever-wondrous and ever-widening tale;—there still twangs the bow of Robin Hood and wave the feathers of Rob Roy;—there, as the earthquake at times shakes the ground, it seems the spasm of an imprisoned giant; as a sunbeam of peculiar beauty slants in, Uriel is seen descending upon it; and as the thunder utters its tremendous monotony, there are still voices ready to exclaim, 'God hath spoken once, yea, twice have I heard this, Power belongeth unto God.' Still to fancy and to feeling—to imagination's ear of fairy fineness, and to passion's burning heart, 'all things are possible.'

Thirdly, Delta, we think, unduly restricts the domain of poetry, when he strikes out from its map the provinces of the definite and the true. We grant that often poetry loves to wear a robe of moonlight, and a scarf of mist, as she walks in her beauty. But there is also a severe, purged, and lofty poetry which delights in the naked light of truth—the clear shining of a morning without clouds. Such was the poetry of Homer, of Chaucer, of Crabbe, and many others. Such is the principal part of what is called didactic poetry. Such poetry, too, is

found in abundance in Scripture, and has obtained from critics the name of Gnostic, or Sententious song. Now it is certain that the advance of definite knowledge must tend to the perfectionment of this species of poetry, since it loves to deal with direct facts, definite propositions, and the higher of the works of art. Let our admirable friend just think what a field for poetry is opened up by the Great Exhibition—where all is so 'definite and true,' and yet so overwhelmingly magnificent—where the vision from the mount of the temptation of 'all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them in a moment of time,' is renewed—where, as if to the rubbing of another Aladdin's lamp, or to some magical tune, all the works of the cunning of man's wondrous right hand have crowded together—the contents of which might form the earth's vast and bloodless offering to its descending Sovereign, more glorious than a Lebanon on fire, or the cattle upon a thousand hills for a burnt sacrifice, and the top of which might be a throne for the 'Prince of the Kings of the Earth' more worthy of his sublime session than a pyramid, or even than one of the smokeless and snowy altars of the mountains of nature. Would Delta exclude *this* from among the proper subjects of poetry, because it stands bare and clear—with its enormous size and bold edges sharply defined before—and has not yet, like Noah's Ark, or Solomon's Temple, gathered around it the purple mists of antiquity—although, let us trust, that, like the Ark, it prophesies security amid the floods and tempests of this distracted time, and that, like the Temple, it may be a signal for the uniting, inspiring, pacifying, and consecrating glory of the Lord to come down, and fill that weary earth of which it is the miniature, and to redeem that imperfect but aspiring humanity of which it is the splendid microcosm.

Fourthly, Delta omits to notice that while some of those indefinitudes and sublimities in which poetry has often hitherto delighted to revel, may yield before advancing science and civilization, others, of perhaps a grander cast, shall take their room. He is aware that in ancient demonology, next, or even superior, as an hour for starting a spirit to the noon of night, was the *noon of day*. We are at present in a transition state. The sun of science has risen, but has not reached his meridian. Consequently, the poetry of science, or of philosophy, has not fully arrived. But arrive it shall, in due time, and in our notion must be of a far higher cast than the poetry of superstition—beautiful as that was, is, and must continue to be. Lucretius was in the rear of Epicurus—Milton after Luther, and Scott after Chivalry. We must wait for the advent of those poets who shall set to song the great discoveries and philosophies of our day. Nay, even at present, we can detect the germs of

poetry in our advancing knowledge. 'The heavens,' says Hazlitt, 'have gone farther off.' Strange, indeed, if the telescope has pushed them away! Surely, if the 'cusps' of the 'houses' of astrology have left us, the constellations and firmaments of God's house have come nearer. 'There shall never be another Jacob's Dream.' Never—for we have now a 'more sure word of prophecy'—and is there not Lord Rosse's telescope piercing almost to the throne itself? 'They will never return.' True—the heavens of Ptolemy, or of infancy, never will; but are there not '*new* heavens' flashing down over our heads ineffably more sublime? We, for our parts, venture to prophecy that the 'witching time' of *noon* is near. 'Poetry,' says one, 'shall lead in a new age, even as there is a star in the constellation Harp which shall yet, astronomers tell us, be the polar star for a thousand years.' We are fast nearing that star! All the sciences are already employed, and shall yet be more solemnly enlisted into the service of poetic song. Botany shall go forth into the fields and the woods, collect her fairest flowers, and bind with them a chaplet for the brow of poetry. Conchology from the waters, and from the ocean shores, shall gather her loveliest shells, and hark! when uplifted to the ear of poetry, 'pleased they remember their august abodes, and murmur as the ocean murmurs there.' As Anatomy continues to lay bare the human frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, Poetry shall breathe upon the 'dry bones,' and they shall live. Chemistry shall lead Poetry to the side of her furnace, and show her transformations scarcely less marvellous and magical than her own. Geology, with bold yet trembling hand, lifting up the veil from the history of past worlds—from cycles of ruin and of renovation, shall allow the eye of Poetry to look down in wonder, and to look up in fire. And Astronomy shall conduct Poetry to her observatory, and mingle her own joy with *hers*, as they behold the spectacle of that storm of suns, for ever blowing in the midnight sky. In the prospect of the progress of this last science, indeed, we see opening up the loftiest of conceivable fields for the poet. Who has hitherto adequately sung the wonders of the Newtonian—how much less of the Herschelian, heavens? And who is waiting, with his lyre in his hands, to praise the steep-rising splendours of the Rosseian skies? We have the 'Night Thoughts'—a noble but neglected strain, a whole century too behind the present stage of the science; but who shall write us a poem on 'Night' worthy, in some measure, of the solemn, yet spirit-stirring, theme? Sooner or later it must be done. The Milton of midnight must yet arrive.

Coleridge somewhere profoundly remarks, that all knowledge begins with wonder, passes through an interspace of admiration

mixed with research, and ends in wonder again. Now what is true of knowledge is true of poetry. She, too, begins with wonder; and from this feeling have sprung her first rude and stuttering strains. Admiration, culture, the artistic *use* of the wonders of the past succeed, and to this stage we have now come. But we shall yet rise, and that speedily, to a higher and almost ideal height, when the stationary unutterable wonder of the first poetic age shall be superadded to the admiration and art of the second, and when the new and perfect poetry shall include both. The infant, abashed at some great spectacle, covers his face with his little hands; the man stands erect, with curious kindling eye, before it; the true philosopher imitates the attitude of the angels, who, nobler infants, 'veil their faces with their wings.' So poetry at first prattles bashfully, it then admires learnedly, and at last it bends, yet burns, in seraphic homage.

Visions go, but truths succeed or remain. The rainbow ceases to be the bridge of angels, but not to be the prism of God. The thunder is no longer the voice of capricious and new-kindled wrath, but is it not still the echo of conscience; and does it not speak to all the higher principles in the human soul? The stars are no longer the geographical limits or guides of man's history; but are they not now milestones in the city not made with hands—the city of God? The universe has lost those imaginary shapes or forms by which men of old sought to define and bound it; but it has, instead, stretched away toward the infinite, and become that 'sea without shore' of which Milton dreamed. The genii imagined to preside over the elements have vanished; but instead of them, the elements themselves have gained a mystic importance, and sit meanwhile in state upon their secret thrones, till some new one power rises to displace and include them all. The car of Neptune scours the deep no more; but there is, instead, the great steam-vessel walking the calm waters in triumphant beauty, or else wrestling, like a demon of kindred power, with the angry billows. Apollo and the muses are gone; but in their room there stands the illimitable, undefinable thing called genius—the electricity of the intellect—the divinest element in the mind of man. Newton 'dissected the rainbow,' but left it the rainbow still. Anson 'circumnavigated the earth,' but it still wheels round the sun, blots out at times the moon, and carries a Hell of caverned mysterious fire in its breast. Franklin brought down the lightnings on his kite; but although they said to him, 'Here we are,' they did not tell him, '*What* are we.' In short, beauty, power—all the poetical influences and elements retire continually before us like the horizon, and the end and the place of them are equally and for ever unknown.

Delta is, as all who are acquainted with him know, a man of genuine, though unobtrusive, piety. Every line of his poetry proves him a Christian. And it is on this account that we venture to ask him, in fine, how will this theory of his consort with the doctrine of man's immortal progress; how account for the ever-welling poetry of the 'New Song;' and how explain the attitude of those beings who, knowing God best, admire him the most, praise him most vehemently, and pour out before him the richest incense of wonder and worship? *Here* is poetry surviving amid the very blaze of celestial vision; and surely we need not expect that any stage of mental advancement *on earth* can ever see its permanent decline or decay.

If we have dwelt rather long upon this point, it is partly because we count it a question of considerable moment; because we think Delta's notion in reference to it is pushed forward somewhat prominently, and more than once, and because it is one of the few theories in the book which, while it has a general character, is susceptible of special objections. We have indeed still one or two of his minor statements to combat. But we pass, first, with sincere gratification, to speak of the main merits of his book.

The most prominent, perhaps, of these, is Catholicity. He is a generous, as well as a just, judge. He has looked over the poetry of the last fifty years with an eye of wise love. Finding two schools in our literature, which, after a partial and hollow truce, are gradually diverging, if not on the point of breaking out, into open hostility, he has, in some measure, acted as a mediator between them. Not concealing his peculiar favour for the one, he is yet candid and eloquent in his appreciation of the demi-gods of the other. Adoring Scott, he is just to Shelley. He sees the fire mingled with mysticism, 'like tongues of flame amid the smoke of a conflagration;' but he greatly prefers the swept hearth and the purged clear columnar flames of the ancient Homeric manner. Inclining to what he thinks the more excellent way, he does not denounce as a dunce or an impostor every one who has chosen, or who encourages others in choosing, another and a more perilous style. The energy and beauty of his praise show, moreover, its sincerity. False or ignorant panegyric may easily be detected. It is clumsy, careless, and fulsome; it often determinedly praises writers for what they have not, or it singles out their faults for beauties, or by overdoing, overleaps itself and falls on the other side. It now gives black eyes to the Saxon, and now fair hair to the Italian—commends Milton for his equality, Dryden for his imagination, Pope for his nature, and Byron for his truth. Very different with honest praise. It shows, first, by the stroke of a moment, the man it

means, and after drawing a strong and hard outline of his general character, it makes the finer and warmer shades flush over it gently and swiftly, as the vivid green of spring passes over the fields. And such always, or generally, is the distinct, yet imaginative, the clear and eloquent praise of Delta.

He goes to criticise, too, in the spirit of a poet. Prosaic criticism of poetry is a nuisance which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear. It should be put down by act of Parliament. A drunkard cursing the moon—a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach—or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever, but heartless and unimaginative, critic often makes of works of genius. Nay, there is a class less despicable, but more pernicious, who make their moods and states, play the critic—now the moods of their mind, and now the states of their stomach, which, nevertheless, issued in cold oracular print, are received by the public as veritable verdicts. There is a set, again, whose criticisms are formed upon the disgustingly dishonest principle of picking out all the faults, and ignoring all the beauties, of a composition; and who do not give the faults even the poor advantage of showing them in their context. And there are those who judge of books by their publisher, or by the nation of their author, or by his profession, or by his reputed creed. It were certainly contemptible to allude to the existence of such reptiles at all, were it not that they are permitted to crawl in some popular periodicals that they shelter under, and abuse the shade of the 'Anonymous'—and that they have prevailed to retard the wider circulation of the writings, without being able to check the spread of the fame, of some of the most gifted of our living men. To take one out of many cases, we simply ask the question—have some of our leading London journals ever taken the slightest notice of any one of the works of perhaps the most eloquent and powerful genius at present alive in Britain—we mean Professor Wilson? And if this has been little loss to him, has it been less a disgrace to them? Delta is altogether a man of another spirit. He is at once a poet and a gentleman; and how fortunate were many of our critics, could he transfer even the lesser half of this fine whole to them. His genial enthusiasm never, or seldom, blinds his discriminating eyesight. He loves because he sees. And throughout all this volume he has praised very few indeed who have not, in some field or another of poetry, eminently distinguished themselves.

We mention again his wide knowledge of the poetry of the period, which his lectures include. This bursts out, as it were, at every pore of the book. There is no appearance of cram-

ming for his task, although here and there he does allude to writers who have either, *per se*, or *per alios*, been thrust into the field of his view. We notice, however, that he has made one or two important omissions. Admitting all Robert Montgomery's weaknesses and faults, has he not written much genuine poetry? Yet we do not find his name in the volume. His silence as to a far nobler spirit, Sidney Yendys, was, we understand, an oversight. The slip containing a criticism of 'the Roman,' accidentally *slipt* out as the printing was going on. It was the same with a notice of Taylor's 'Eve of the Conquest.' Other blanks there are, but, on the whole, when we consider the width of the field he has traversed, the marvel is that they are so few.

We have a more serious objection to state. It is with regard to the scale he has (in effect, though indirectly) constructed of our poets. Scott he sets 'alone and above all;' then he places Wordsworth, Byron, Wilson, and Coleridge, on one level—Campbell, Southey, James Montgomery, Moore, and Crabbe, seem to stand in the next file; then come Pollok, Aird, Croly, and Milman; then Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson; and, in fine, the *οἱ πολλοί*, the minor, or rising poets. Delta will pardon us if we have mistaken his meaning, but this has been the impression left on us by the perusal of his lectures. Now, admitting that Scott, in breadth, variety, health, dramatic and descriptive powers, was the finest writer of his age, yet surely he is not to be compared *as a poet* with many others of the time; nor as a profound thinker and consummate artist, with such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge. As a *VATES*, what proportion between him and Shelley, Keats, and Byron? In terseness and true vigour, he yields to Crabbe; and in lyrical eloquence and fire, to Campbell. Wilson, as a man of general genius, and Shaksperian all-sidedness, is inferior to few men of any age; but as a *poet*, as an *artist*, as a *writer*, has done nothing entitling him to rank with Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Campbell and Crabbe are commensurate names, but they rank as poets much more highly above Southey and Montgomery than Delta seems willing to admit. And, greatly as we admire Croly, Aird, and Pollok, we are forced to set Keats and Shelley above them in point of richness and power of genius, as well as of artistic capacity.

Were we to venture to form an estimate of the poets of the last half century in the rear of Delta's, we should be compelled to construct *two* scales, one of them according to their original genius, and another according to the artistic merit of their works. And the first scale should consist of—I. In original genius. 1. Coleridge and Wordsworth nearly equal; 2. Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Byron, Shelley, Keats, equal; 3. Campbell,

Crabbe, equal; 4. Southey, Croly, Hogg, Aird, Tennyson, nearly equal; 5. James Montgomery, Delta, Pollok, Milman, Moore, Talfourd, nearly equal; 6. Our female authors and the lower form of the mystic school; 7. The *οἱ πολλοί*, including, however, in our day, many real poets.

II. In the artistic merit of their works—1. Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Campbell, and Crabbe; 2. Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson; 3. Southey, Montgomery, Wilson, Croly, Pollok, and Aird; 4. Milman, Hogg, Delta, Moore, and our female authors; 5. The rest.

Such is a very rough but sincere list, formed on a plan similar to one in Byron's letters, who, however, curiously enough, classes Rogers in his topmost line. We have not included in it one or two of our most rising names, simply for the reason, that we have as yet only the first-fruits of their genius, and could only speak of them in the style of prediction. Two such, whom we have in our eye, are yet destined, we believe, to rank with the highest in the catalogue.

Delta, in his capacity of poet, is intensely national. And so, as a critic, his heart beats most warmly, and his language flows out with most enthusiasm and fluency toward the poets of Scotland. He has mingled with some of the noblest of English spirits too; may, for aught we know, have climbed Helvellyn with Wordsworth; has, at any rate, 'seated at Coleridge's bedside at Hampstead, heard him recite the Monody to Chatterton in tones 'delicate, yet deep, and long drawn out;' but he has evidently been on terms of more fond and familiar intercourse with the bards of his own country. He has sat occasionally at the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' has frequently walked with Aird through the sweet gardens of Duddingstone, listened to Wilson sounding on his way as they scaled Arthur's Seat together, or to Hogg repeating 'Kilmany,' mingled souls with poor William Motherwell, and crossed pipes with Dr. Macnish, the Modern Pythagorean—has read the 'Course of Time' in MS., and now and then seen Abbotsford in its glory, while the white peak of the wizard's head was still shining amid its young plantations. Hence a little natural exaggeration in speaking of the men and the subjects he knows best—an exaggeration honourable to his heart, not dishonourable to his head, and which does not detract much from the value of his estimates; nay, it has enabled him, in reference to Scottish genius, to write with a fine combination of generous ardour, and of perfect mastery. Cordially do we unite with him in condemning the gross affectations, the deliberate darkness, the foul smoke, and, above all, the assumption, exclusiveness, and conceit, which *distinguish* (or shall we say *extinguish*?) the writings of our minor mystics; and we have

already granted that he is just in his estimate of the genius of many of the higher members of the school, and sincere in his desire to produce a reconciliation between them and their more lucid and classical brethren. Still we could have wished that he had entered more systematically and profoundly into the points of difference between the two schools, and the important æsthetical questions which are staked upon their resolution. He might, for instance, have traced the origin of mystical poetry to the fact that there are, in poetry as well as in philosophy, things hard to be understood, words unutterable, yet pressing against the poet's brain for utterance; have shown that the expression given to such things should be as clear and simple as possible; that the *known* should never be passed off for the *unknown*, under a disguise of words (even as a full might be mistaken for a crescent moon, behind a cloud sufficiently thick), that a mere ambitious desire to utter the unknown should never be confounded with a real knowledge of any of its mysterious provinces; that, as no system of mystical philosophy is, as yet, complete, so it has never yet been the inspiration of a truly great and solid poem, although it has produced many beautiful fragments—that fragments are in the meantime the appropriate tongue of the mystical, as certainly as that there is no encyclopædia written in Sanscrit, and no continent composed of aerolites—that even great genius, such as Shelley's in the *Prometheus*, has failed in building up a long and lofty poem upon a mystical plan—that alone of British men in this age, Coleridge so thoroughly comprehended the transcendental system, as to have been able to write its epic, which he has *not* done—that much of the oracular poetry of the day is oracular nonsense, the spawn of undigested learning, or the stuff of opium dreams—that the day for great mystical poems must yet come, but that meanwhile we are tempted to quote Dr. Johnson's language (whose *spontaneous* and *sincere* sayings, by the way, are seldom if ever mistaken), in reference to William Law, and to apply it to our Brownings, Herauds, Patmores, &c. 'Law fell latterly into the reveries of Jacob Behmen, whom he alleged to have been in the same state with St. Paul, and to have seen *unutterable things*; but, were it even so, Jacob would have resembled St. Paul still more, by *not attempting to utter them*.'

Chaos, no doubt, in its successive stages, was a poem, but it was not till it became creation that it was said of it, 'It is very good.' So often the crude confusions, the half-delivered demoniac thoughts, the gasping utterances of a true poet of this mystical form, have a grandeur and an interest in them, but they rather tantalize than satisfy; and when they pretend to completeness and poetic harmony, they are felt to insult as well as tantalize.

So far as Delta has erred on this subject, it is in that he has decried mystic poetry *per se*, and has not restricted himself to the particular and plentiful examples around him of bad and weak poetry 'hiding itself, because it was afraid,' among trees or clouds,—intricacies of verse or perplexities of diction. But, even as from science advancing towards its ideal, there may be expected to arise a severe and powerful song, as man becomes more conversant with the mysteries of his own spiritual being—more at home in those depths within him, which angels cannot see; and, after he has formed a more consistent and complete theory of himself, his position in the universe, his relation to the lower animals and to the creation, his relations in society and to God,—after, in one word, what is now called mysticism has become a clear and mighty tree, rising from darkness and clothing itself with day as with a garment, then may it not become musical with a sweet, a full, and a far-resounding poetry, to which Δ himself, notwithstanding all the characteristic *triangular* sharpness of his intellectual perceptions, would listen well-pleased? It is this hope alone which sustains us, as we see the new gaining so rapidly upon the old, in the domain not only of thought but of poetry. The pseudo-transcendental must give place to the true.

It may indeed be said, 'but will not thus much of what is indefinite—and, therefore, the fairy-food of our poetic bees—disappear?' We answer as we have replied before in reference to science, Yes, but only to be replaced by a more ethereal fare. The indefinite will be succeeded by other and other shapes of that *infinitude* which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. And, however perfect our future systems may be, there will always appear along their outlines a little mist, to testify that other fields and still grander generalizations lie within and beyond it.

Our space is now nearly exhausted, otherwise we had something more to say about these lectures and their author. The faults we have had occasion to mention, and others we might name, have sprung from no defect of capacity or taste, but partly from the accident of his local habitation, partly from the generous kindness of his heart—a noble fault, and principally from the false position he and all are compelled to assume, who enter on that grand arena of mutual deception and graceful imposture called the lecture-room. Having felt long ago, by experience and by observation, what grave *lies* lectures generally are, what poor creatures even men of genius and high talents often become ere they can succeed in lecturing, and how we yet want a name that can adequately discriminate or vividly describe the personage who feels himself at home on a lecture-platform,

we were abundantly prepared by the words 'six lectures' to expect a certain quantity of clap-trap, and are delighted to find that in the book there is so little. We rejoice to see, by the way, from a recent glance at that repertory of wit and wisdom—Boswell's Johnson—that old Samuel entertained the same opinion with us of the inutility of lectures, and their inferiority to books as a means of popular education; and that, too, many years ere they had become the standing article of disgust and necessary nuisance which they seem now to be.

But, instead of dwelling on Delta's faults, or quoting any of the eloquent and beautiful passages in which his lectures abound, we close by calling on our readers to purchase and peruse for themselves. His book is not only worthy of his reputation, but is really one of the heartiest, sincerest, and most delightful works of criticism we have read for many a long year.

We almost tremble now to begin a criticism on any advanced and long-known author. While we were writing our paper on Joanna Baillie, the news arrived of her death. While expecting the proof of the above article on 'Delta,' the melancholy tidings of his sudden decease reached us. Shall we say, in the language of Lalla Rookh,—

'I never reared a fair gazelle,
To glad me with her soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was *sure to die*?'

About two months ago, the lamented dead opened up a communication with us, which promised to ripen into a long and friendly correspondence. *Dis aliter visum et.* Delta the Delightful is no more. On a visit in search of health, he reached Dumfries, a town dear to him on many accounts, and principally because there sojourned a kindred spirit—Thomas Aird—one of his oldest and fastest friends. On the evening of Thursday, the 3rd of July, as the amiable and gifted twain were walking along the banks of the Nith, Delta was suddenly seized with a renewal of his complaint—peritonitis—a peculiar kind of inflammation, and it was with great difficulty that his friend could help him home to his hotel. There, fortunately, were his wife and one of his children. He was put immediately to bed, and every remedy that could promise relief was adopted. On Friday he rallied somewhat. Dr. Christison was summoned from Edinburgh, and came, accompanied by the rest of Delta's family. On Saturday he grew worse, and early on Sunday morning he expired, sur-

rounded by his dear family, and by two of his old friends, one of the Messrs. Blackwood and Mr. Aird. On Thursday, the 11th, he was buried in Musselburgh, where he had long officiated as a physician, universally respected and beloved. He was only fifty-three. For nearly thirty-three years he had been a popular contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' His principal literary works are 'A Legend of Genevieve, with other Poems,' which includes the best of his poetical contributions to the magazines and annuals, 'Mansie Wauch,' and the 'Sketches of Poetical Literature' above criticised. He published, also, several medical works of value, as well as edited the works of Mrs. Hemans, and wrote the Life of John Galt, &c. The 'Eclectic' contains, in its past volumes, notices of the most of these, of the friendly tone and spirit of which the lamented author was, we know, gratefully sensible.

We have spoken briefly, but sincerely, in the article, of Delta's intellectual merits; it remains only to add, that, although we never met him in private, we can testify with perfect certainty that a better man or a lovelier specimen of the literary character did not exist; he had many of its merits and none of its defects; he used literature as a 'staff, not a crutch,'—it was the elegant evening pastime of one vigorously occupied through the day in the work of soothing human anguish, and going about doing good. Hence he preserved to the last his child-like love of letters; hence he died without a single enemy; hence his personal friends—and they were the *élite* of Scotland—admired and loved him with emulous enthusiasm. Peace to his fine and holy dust! reposing now near that of the dear boy whose premature fate he has sung in his 'Casa Wappy,'—one of the truest and tenderest little poems in the language, to parallel which, indeed, we must go back to Cowper and his verses on his Mother's Picture.

We close by quoting a sentence from a letter of his, dated 28th April, 1851:—'I have for years had beside me three poems which would of themselves make a volume—"The Exile of Norogorod" (1,400 lines), "Chatelar, a Drama in three Acts," and the "Lunatic of Love" (800 lines). To these I could add five other tales, averaging 500 lines each; probably, however, the volume must remain for a *post mortem* legacy, if worthy of such a name.' We trust his executors will not lose sight of these precious remains of the true-hearted and gifted spirit who has been so prematurely removed.

ART. II.—*Works of Edward Hodges Baily, Esq., R.A. Catalogue of the Royal Academy. 1815—1851.*

ONE of our greatest defects, as an educated and civilized people, is our imperfect appreciation of sculpture—incomparably the noblest of the mimetic arts. An explanation of the fact may be sought in our climate, in our organization, or in our habits of business; but that it is a fact, no one can deny. When seeking a solution of the problem, we appear to discover it in our national ignorance, which with reference to art is so great that we seem absolutely incapable of elevating our minds to the level of its highest forms. In this department, therefore, education has still everything to do. When we judge, it is by tradition or at hap-hazard, so that the greatest artists among us often remain comparatively unknown to their contemporaries; it is only when death has stamped its seal on their labours, and removed them beyond the sphere of envy, jealousy, or admiration, that we awake to a sense of their merits, and are stung by regret that we did not comprehend their value while they were with us.

In the minds of some, however, there appears to exist a doubt as to whether the fine arts, and sculpture in particular, ought to be regarded in any other light than as instruments of pleasure. That they do afford gratification to the mind, more or less according to its elevation and capacity, is unquestionable; but while accomplishing this purpose, they likewise refine and chasten it, and wean it from sordid thoughts to inspire it with the love of beauty, which is the handmaid to truth and virtue.

Most persons will confess that poetry, when true to its mission, arouses in mankind a yearning after ideal perfection, which, though not to be attained in this world, is felt to be our ultimate destiny. Between the poet and the sculptor there is this difference only, that the one reveals his conceptions by means of arbitrary characters, while the other clothes his with material forms. Poetry is thought imprisoned, as it were, in hieroglyphics; sculpture is poetry, taken at one remove from its original source, and invested with the attributes of physical nature. The artist who works in marble translates the fleeting creations of his fancy into permanent shapes, and bequeaths them to posterity, so that ages to come may know what images inhabited his mind, and what veneration he entertained for the truths of nature. All real love of art implies humanity and benevolence. We do not work in order to give pain to our

species, but to excite in them kindly or generous emotions—to inspire them with a love of what is good and beautiful, and more or less directly to reveal to them by this means the original source of all beauty and of all good. This, it will be acknowledged, is a great and worthy object, and it is the object of all genuine art.

If we desire, therefore, to be true to ourselves, we should be careful not to throw away the lessons that may be imparted through sculpture; for the greatest artist, as we have shown, is a teacher of mankind—a sort of mute philosopher, who, speaking with his fingers, silently suggests truths of the highest importance. He holds communion with us through a medium peculiar to himself. He has a logic and an eloquence of his own. He does not assail us with propositions or syllogisms, but, approaching our understanding through the domain of our emotions, he corrects and elevates us as we gaze at his productions. He envelopes truth with delight, and pours it warm into our souls, where it is fused and blended with our thoughts.

If it were not so, how could we explain the grateful admiration we bestow on the sculptors of antiquity? They are to us among the best representatives of an order of things long past away—of beauty which has been translated into other worlds, of energy which has ceased to operate here below, of love and the thirst of fame, an overwhelming impulse of benevolence, and greatness, and genius, and glory, all faded from the earth, leaving behind them only such footmarks and tokens as the sculptor's chisel has been able to invest with permanence. Could we, without his aid, comprehend the philosophy and patriotism of Greece in all their fulness? Is there a man of liberal education and sentiments who would not cheerfully make great personal sacrifices rather than permit the Vandalism of power, or the destructiveness of individuals, to obliterate from the face of the earth those magnificent relics bequeathed to us by Greece, which we all regard as one of the great heirlooms of humanity?

We have been led into these remarks, by an attentive examination of the works of Mr. Edward Hodges Baily, who occupies, in the estimation of Europe, one of the most eminent places among living artists. It is difficult to say whether we most admire the variety of his productions, the taste and knowledge they exhibit, or that refined and chastening beauty which presides over them all. What the Greek sculptors accomplished for the beautiful and great of their own day and generation, Mr. Baily is doing for his contemporaries. He toils unseen, but his chisel is perpetually at work, creating forms which posterity, when properly instructed, will regard as inestimable. The

mantle of Flaxman has fallen on his shoulders—the classic purity, the originality, the simplicity, the grace and delicacy which presided over the illustrations of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, which, like the productions of the pupil, have never yet been properly estimated or understood.

It would be incorrect to maintain, that Mr. Baily has not enjoyed a large share of fame, or that the world has been at all unwilling to recognise his merits. The contrary is implied in what we have already said. The object we have at present in view, therefore, is to complain less of the scantiness of public patronage, than of the direction in which that patronage has moved. Equal to any work, however minute or colossal, Mr. Baily's chief excellence lies in the production of beauty, the highest object proposed to itself by art. Consequently, if as a nation we possessed true taste, we should hasten, while the artist yet remains among us, to obtain some statue by his hand, some memorial of a genius which, when, sooner or later, it passes away, will be felt to have been unrivalled for the grace and delicacy of its conceptions.

Mr. Baily was born at Bristol, March 10, 1788. His father, who was a ship-carver, had the reputation of being the first man of his line in the country, and displayed so much taste and ability in the production of figure-heads, that Flaxman, on having one of his works pointed out to him on a ship in the Thames, declared that few sculptors could have surpassed it. It was probably this circumstance that awakened a love of art in the son, though it was not from the beginning intended that he should follow his father's profession. At the age of fourteen he left school, and was placed in a merchant's office, in the expectation that he would devote himself entirely to commerce, for which alone his education seemed to have fitted him. But in civilized communities, wherever superior abilities are found, something which we denominate accident supplies the spark that kindles, and renders them prolific. Mr. Baily remained in the counting-house two years, but instead of devoting himself exclusively to the mysteries of Cocker and double-entry, he employed his leisure in studying the rudiments of art. Becoming acquainted with a Mr. Weeks, who for a small sum took portraits in wax, the ideas first acquired in his father's workshop were developed in his mind. He conceived the desire to imitate his friend, and with extraordinary rapidity acquired a skill and facility in modelling. Quitting the pursuit of commerce at the age of sixteen, he employed himself for a while in taking portraits in wax, which at the time were thought to suggest great promise. Of these we have never seen a specimen, but we trust that some lover of art, who may hereafter visit Bristol, will be at the pains to trace

them out. Sooner or later they will become more valuable than their present owners in all likelihood imagine.

The taste for modelling in clay was awakened accidentally by a visit to Bristol Cathedral, where the young artist saw with admiration Bacon's monument to the memory of Mrs. Draper, Sterne's Eliza. This lady, born on the Malabar coast, once enjoyed, through her friendship for the author of '*Tristram Shandy*,' an European reputation, but is now scarcely remembered, save by those few who study the biography of Sterne. Though we have visited Bristol Cathedral, and probably in passing beheld her monument, it made no impression on our memory, and, therefore, we are unable to pronounce any opinion on its merits, which must doubtless be considerable to have produced so powerful an effect on Mr. Baily's imagination.

Nearly about the same time, Mr. Leigh, a surgeon, becoming acquainted with the artist, lent him Flaxman's designs in illustration of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and gave him a commission for two groups modelled after Flaxman's conceptions: '*Ulysses taking leave of Penelope on departing for the war*,' and '*his return from Troy, with the incident of his dog, Argus*.' Mr. Leigh, who took a warm interest in his young friend, now wrote to Flaxman, for whom he seems to have felt great admiration, to inquire whether he did not want a young man to assist him in modelling. Meanwhile, with the characteristic providence of too many men of genius, Mr. Baily, at the age of eighteen, and without means or assured prospect, married the lady who, we believe, after the lapse of forty-five years, still graces his fireside. He immediately felt the necessity of taking another bold step, and, leaving his young wife in Bristol, came to London, where some members of his family had previously settled. Within a few days after his arrival in town, he called on Flaxman, who, forming at once a high estimate of his capacity, took him into his studio, where he may properly be said to have commenced his artistic education.

Having been joined by Mrs. Baily, he applied himself to study with great earnestness and assiduity, and earned the affectionate friendship of Flaxman, who thenceforward watched with something like paternal solicitude over the development of his genius, which may fairly be said to have borrowed something of its poetical character from the inspiration of that extraordinary man. Baily's progress was now extremely rapid. He gained the silver medal at the Society of Arts and Sciences, and the silver and gold medals, with a purse of fifty guineas, at the Royal Academy, the subjects in the second case being *Hercules rescuing Alcestis from Orcus*. Fuseli, remarkable for the

fastidiousness of his taste, and the severity of his judgment, pronounced the design of this group to be the best he had ever seen exhibited, under similar circumstances, before the Royal Academy.

At the age of twenty-five, Mr. Baily produced his 'Eve at the Fountain,' a statue of unrivalled grace and beauty. He had now, by one single bound, placed himself on a level with the great sculptors of antiquity, among whose remains there is nothing more poetical, nothing that addresses itself with more force and sympathy to the general mind of Europe. The goddesses of classical mythology, however lovely or majestic, we all know to be creations of the brain, things whose world is the poet's mind, to which material forms were never given, save by the artist in marble, ivory, or gold. But the first mother of mankind, as she issued with ineffable purity from the hands of God, must always be an object of the deepest interest to the thoughtful and reflecting among her children. What she was we have all the means, more or less perfect, of judging, since she must have resembled some of those among her daughters whom we have most loved. Every man beholds the original type of humanity in the object of his own affections. His ideas are coloured and modified by his sympathies. The image which reigns over his mind gives direction and shape to his ideas, and when, by whatever means—words, colours, or marble—he translates his conception of beauty from the ideal into the real world, there is inevitably an identity, more or less complete, between the idol of his passions and the external, palpable work of his hands.

We know not how far Mr. Baily is versed in the metaphysics of his art, but the most familiar acquaintance with philosophy could not have suggested to him an object of more universal interest than 'Eve at the Fountain.' Milton, the poetical historiographer of the Creation, who by the force of genius made himself present at the throeless birth of our first mother, conducts her as soon as she becomes conscious of life to the margin of placid waters, where, in an ecstasy of love, she hangs enamoured over her own image.

Leaving Flaxman at the end of seven years, Mr. Baily became chief modeller to the house of Rundell and Bridges. He now took a house in Percy-street, with a large studio, and applied himself without intermission to the production of new works of art. Next after the Eve, followed 'Hercules casting Licas into the Sea,' a subject which Antonio Canova had previously treated with much success. Mr. Baily's group, however, suggests the idea of greater force and energy: the hero, bringing forward his victim with one swing, is on the point of hurling him over the precipice. To this succeeded 'Apollo discharging his Arrows,'

and 'Maternal Love;' possessed, the former by Lord Egremont, the latter by Mr. Nield, M.P.

On this group Mr. Thomas Kibble Hervey, whose lyrics display great beauty, has written a poem, published among the illustrations of modern sculpture, from which we select a few lines.

'A mother's love :—that gushing spring,
That sends a sweet and silver stream,
Beneath whose low dim murmuring
The soul lies down to dream,
Of vanished good, from present ill,
When all its other harps are still,
Along life's dull and narrow vale
To haunt us like an ancient tale,
And on our path where'er we roam,
Go singing of its home.'

On the erection of the triumphal arch in front of Buckingham Palace,* Mr. Baily, in conjunction with other sculptors, was employed in ornamenting it, as well as a portion of the palace itself. Of the figures on the arch he executed one-half, as well as the groups on the south and principal pediments of the palace, representing the triumph of Britannia, together with all the statues on the summit of the edifice, including the Tower of the Winds. He likewise sculptured the bassi-rilievi which surround the throne-room.

Mr. Baily's other works at this period were statues to the memory of Lord Egremont—Mr. Telford, the engineer—Sir Richard Bourke, governor of New South Wales—Sir Astley Cooper—Dean Dawson, of St. Patrick's—Doctor Butler—Earl Grey, (fourteen feet high) at Newcastle—Duke of Sussex, (colossal) at Freemasons'-Hall—Lord Holland, in Westminster Abbey—design for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, which, though Sir Robert Peel, one of the committee, pronounced it worthy of any name or country, was for want of funds never executed. In its stead was erected a Corinthian column with a statue out of sight on the summit.

When Mr. Baily was elected a member of the Royal Academy, Flaxman,—who was present, voted for him, and experiencing as much pleasure as if he had been his son,—slipped quietly out the moment the election was over to have the satisfaction of announcing the fact to him. Thinking no one interested in forestalling him, Flaxman walked towards Percy-street, enjoying as he went along the happiness he was about to impart to his favourite

* Now removed to Cumberland-gate. The figures on the park-side are by Mr. Baily; those towards the street by Sir Richard Westmacott.

pupil. But some other friend had observed him leave the Academy, and conjecturing on what errand he was bound, rushed out after him, took a cab, and, driving with all speed, got first to Percy-street. When Flaxman, therefore, entered Mr. Baily's parlour, and saw the academician seated there, he probably felt a little disappointed, but expressed his congratulations in the warmest manner; and, no doubt, experienced more gratification than any other person, excepting the newly-elected academician himself.

No circumstance, perhaps, in the life of Mr. Baily reflects more credit on him than the friendship of Flaxman, whose memory he holds in the highest honour, and whose name he can never pronounce without emotion. If we were an educated and enlightened people in matters of taste, the name of this great man would be as

‘Familiar to our mouths as household words.’

His imagination, at once classical and creative, constantly transported him back to the earliest ages of antiquity, familiarized him with the personages, beliefs, and events of the mythology, and enabled him to reproduce with consummate beauty and truth the ideas which haunted the mind of old Greece. The very pupils of Pheidias were scarcely more thoroughly imbued with his spirit than Flaxman; but the opportunity was never afforded him of giving permanence to his inventions in marble. In outline only have they come forth to the world; but there they are—visions of loveliness, which, as we gaze on them, irresistibly suggest the idea that their author must have been born in Attica.

When we consider the spirit that presided over his works, we can easily comprehend the partiality felt by Flaxman for Mr. Baily. Their minds were congenial: their genius of the same inventive, exquisite class. Beauty stood ever beside them, ready, if we may so express ourselves, to be incarnated in marble. It fell, however, more frequently to the lot of the pupil to execute the designs he had conceived, though it is impossible to reflect without deep regret on the many beautiful forms his fancy has given birth to, which will never be clothed in any material substance. They have merely been projected before our mind through the medium of words, floating, evanescent, impalpable as thought itself when not seized and arranged, according to the laws of art, in some composition destined for immortality.

Mr. Baily lived twenty-three years in Percy-street; after which, he removed to 17, Newman-street, once the residence and studio of Bacon, whose monument of Mrs. Draper had ex-

exercised in youth so powerful an influence over his fancy. At the same time, he took a villa on Haverstock-hill, which, out of fondness for the street where he had passed so many happy years, he named Percy Villa; and, in obedience to the same feeling, the house he now occupies in Holloway is called Percy Lodge. His studio in Newman-street is capacious and convenient, and many of his best works have been produced there. Among these are, 'Eve Listening;' the 'Girl preparing for the Bath;' the 'Sleeping Nymph;' the 'Group of the Graces;' and the 'Fatigued Huntsman returned from the Chase,' originally intended to have been called Narcissus.

Of these there is none which, perhaps, strikes the fancy more forcibly, or retains a stronger hold on the mind, than the 'Sleeping Nymph.' It is the figure and countenance of one of the artist's daughters idealized. Returning fatigued from a long walk, she had thrown herself on a couch in the drawing-room, and fallen asleep; when her father, who happened to be sitting near at hand, was struck by the grace of the attitude. Quietly fetching his modelling materials, he soon produced an admirable sketch, which he afterwards executed the size of life, and sculptured in marble. Many persons remarkable for the accuracy of their judgment prefer this to all his other works, regarding it as equally removed from the dreamy creations of fancy, and the every-day reality of portraiture. It is certainly a work of surpassing truth and beauty. The air of perfect repose which pervades the entire form—the expression of boundless innocence, of tranquillity, of seraphic happiness, which beams from the face—the disposition of the drapery, the hair, the arms—everything, in short, suggests the idea of consummate art. Would not the perpetual presence of figures like this in our houses tend to inspire us with a love of the beautiful, and of the charities of domestic life? No production of the Grecian chisel is more classical; no portrait of the day is more natural and life-like. The ideal here blends with the real so as to produce the most admirable result.

We borrow from Mr. Hervey's poem on this statue a passage, which shows with what felicity the poet can express in words the ideas of the sculptor:—

————— ' When sleep at length
Had tamed thy spirit's joyous strength,
And lulled within thy bounding breast
Its conscious happiness to rest—
How beautiful! as softly laid,
At noon, within some forest-shade,
And by some mortal watcher seen,
In stealth, beyond the leafy skreen,

Who carried—never to forget—
 The deathless vision on his heart ;
 And gave, in hues that linger yet,
 That momentary trance to art ;
 And sung that sleeping form of thine
 In words the thought had made divine.
 How beautiful, as *here* revealed
 Unto a sculptor's dream !
 As, haply, thou hast lain of old,
 High o'er some prophet-stream,
 Whose mystic tones stole up the steep,
 And hushed thy laughing heart to sleep.'

If Mr. Baily's studio were in Paris or Rome, it would be the daily resort of the numerous lovers of art in those capitals. He would scarcely be able to execute the commissions that would pour in upon him. Copies of his principal works would be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and diffused over all Europe ; particularly the 'Eve,' the 'Sleeping Nymph,' and the 'Graces ;' and it would form a part of the education of the day to enjoy and appreciate them. We, however, are greatly wanting, as a people, in artistic education ; and, therefore, neither sculptors, nor painters, nor poets, are properly understood by us. For certain great names we feel a sort of idolatry, which, gradually growing and diffusing itself, is transformed into a popular sentiment. But our ideas do not become, on this account, more elevated or correct. We think it incumbent on us, when certain men are named, to give utterance to a few conventional expressions of praise ; but are not at all careful to adjust our phrases to the necessities of the case, to extol with discrimination, or even to accommodate our language to the ideas and convictions within us.

Occasionally, when monuments are to be erected to eminent men, we fancy we adopt the principles of fair play by inviting artists to enter into competition for the honour of being thus employed by the public. At first sight the plan appears reasonable enough. But, practically, how does it work ? Why the sketches or models sent in are submitted to judges, for the most part, incompetent, who, therefore, however much inclined to do justice, are unable to fulfil their own intentions. Having never received an artistic education, or investigated the metaphysics of the subject, or familiarized themselves with the remains of antiquity, or with what in these latter days has been accomplished by our countrymen, they are compelled to substitute an ignorant preference for a recognition of rules and principles, and their decisions, consequently, are exactly such as might be expected. It is well known to all who have any practice in art, that

many sculptors are capable of making diminutive figures—in the technical language of the day denominated statuettes—who do not by any means possess the power to produce a colossal statue after the same model. On this a majority of those who are called upon to judge do not reflect. All sculptors appear to them to be invested with the same capabilities; and, therefore, without the slightest hesitation, they award the prize to that individual who has laid before them the prettiest work in miniature.

This we mention by way of illustrating our inexperience as a people in whatever relates to the art of sculpture. Again, when the selection of an artist is to be made by persons in office, a similar error is commonly committed. Everything is trusted to chance, or to what may be termed the instincts of society. One artist has pleasing manners, another excels in the power of conversation, while a third, perhaps, has rendered himself master of what may be denominated the learning of his art. But when the statue comes to be executed, the world discovers in it nothing but its intrinsic merit. There is no room for a display of manners or conversation, or learning, except, perhaps, as regards the costume, and this only when the man to be represented existed in past times. When it is to the figure of a contemporary that we desire to give permanence, we obviously have to do with nothing but the genius and artistic resources of the sculptor.

Yet no one can have lived much in the world without perceiving that, in the arts, as in literature, and other things, the 'race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.' Considerations wholly foreign to the subject determine the amount of encouragement which a sculptor receives. One bows himself into reputation; another is indebted for success to his rhetoric; a third, to his family connexions; a fourth, to the assiduity with which he has plunged into the antiquities of art, and the fluency with which he expatiates upon them. We have not yet learned to base our preference in matters of art, on artistic merit alone; have not taught ourselves to feel that in order to do full justice to genius, we must consider its pretensions in themselves, and suffer our minds to be swayed by nothing but by reasons arising spontaneously out of the nature of things.

The true artist trusts, however, to the impressions made by his works, keeps himself aloof from all intrigue, canvasses no strangers, and will scarcely solicit his friends. He wishes that the public patronage he receives should be spontaneous. Though he may thus miss being employed on numerous occasions, he will enjoy the unfeigned admiration of all true judges. Among

many, however, the opinion prevails that it would be doing injustice to a poetical artist's permanent reputation to employ him in portrait sculpture, seeing he is calculated to excel in the highest works of art, in the embodiment of grand ideas, and the creations of the imagination. But the question, it appears to us, is not whether an artist's ideal figures are, or are not, superior to his portraits, but whether his portraits are not equal to those of any other sculptor.

It would, therefore, indicate true judgment on the part of the public to extend the greatest amount of encouragement to that department of sculpture in which Mr. Baily is admitted to excel. It is confessed that he has few living rivals in the poetry of his art, in the embodiment of female beauty, elevated, refined, and chastened, so as to rank beyond dispute with the productions of classical antiquity. In his theory of position and attitudes there is a peculiarity which savours, perhaps, more of Italy than of Greece: we mean his fondness for the representation of extreme repose in a great majority of his groups and statues. Among the Greeks, indeed, this tendency was, at times, observable; though as a rule there was more elasticity in their figures, more exhibition of restless energy, more tendency, in short, to some form of action. Mr. Baily addresses himself, however, to one of the most powerful feelings of our nature—fondness for the *dolce far niente*—in many of his works. The moment selected is a moment of serene enjoyment, placid contemplation, delicious listening, happy sleep, preparation for unexciting pleasure, or the tranquil gratification produced by sisterly intercourse. No turbulent passions, no disquieting thoughts—no recollection of past pain, or anticipation of future suffering, disturb the harmony of the countenance. If we adopt as an example the group of the Graces, our readers, perhaps, will be better able to go along with us. This divine sisterhood is represented, as it should be, in a group partly sitting and partly reclining, so as to show each of the figures in the most delicate and graceful attitude. They are linked together, as in ancient sculpture, without the least taint of voluptuousness, or any trace of those uneasy passions which should never be found in the blessed charities of life. Instead, there is a harmony, a soothing quietude, an external manifestation of internal joy, a felicitous simplicity, a rapt unconsciousness of the world's gaze, which no person of sensibility can contemplate without extreme delight. Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, who made art the handmaid of philosophy, and philosophy the inspirer of art, employed himself, probably in his youth, in producing a group of the Graces, which, in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, was still preserved in the Acropolis, apparently uninjured. What became

of that creation which the world would now give much to possess, is more than history can reveal. In modern times these daughters of Aphrodite and Zeus, have employed the chisels and pencils of many artists, and most of them, including Mr. Baily himself, have made use of a certain amount of drapery for concealing portions of the form. This, however, was, by the great sculptors of antiquity, deemed a heresy in the theory of art. The Graces, like truth, should have no clothing but their own purity, which knows neither disguise nor concealment. They are simply the embodiment of the mind's best affections, of good will towards the human race, of the desire to kindle unadulterated joy, of the wish to inspire happiness; feelings which they thought should be allowed to present themselves without a veil before the mind, and if so, then their external representatives should appear invested with the same simplicity before the eye. But Mr. Baily has managed his drapery with that wonderful taste and delicacy for which he is distinguished. Whoever has studied the remains of Grecian art must be well aware that it is the expression of the countenance that clothes the statue or renders us conscious of its being unclothed. If the face be chaste it indicates that the mind is so occupied with worthy thoughts, that the heart is unpolluted, that the boundless innocence within renders impossible all reference to the rest of the world. The Hellenic goddesses, when they appear unclad, seldom or never suggest the idea that they are in the company of other beings; or if they do, it is of such beings as they can appear before without shame. They have the modesty of children. They are, in fact, so many embodiments of pure thought. This is the case even with the Venus de Medici: her hands only move in obedience to an internal instinct, and we are convinced she would have recovered her natural position if time for reflection had been allowed.

These ideas are in strict conformity with Mr. Baily's theory of art, but concessions must always be made to the taste of the age and country in which an artist lives. He is now, we believe, meditating the production of a statue which will, in all likelihood, prove the crown of his works. This is a classical female figure, the proper representation of which will require the greatest possible resources of art. It lies, however, entirely within the range of his style of sculpture, rich, poetical, full of vitality and expression; of his success, therefore, no one can doubt; and they who have the direction of our public repositories of art should hasten to secure it as an imperishable memorial. It ought not to be suffered to pass into private hands, and be secluded from the public gaze. The Eve is already in Bristol, where it adorns the great hall of the Institution. The work of

his mature genius should be secured to form its companion, which will render Bristol the possessor of two works of art, that must one day draw crowds to it. The young and lovely mother of mankind will then be placed by one of the most fascinating of her daughters, who has left behind her a world-wide fame, less, perhaps, owing to her beauty than to those intellectual accomplishments which rendered her the wonder and envy of her age.

For many years past the practice of reproducing casts of the Eve has been gaining ground, but instead of making them of the size of life, they have often been reduced and disfigured, so that it is altogether impossible to form from them a correct idea of the original: if casts of the same dimensions with the statue were produced and multiplied so greatly that they might find a place in every house spacious enough to contain one, it would go far towards creating in the nation a taste for art. Other works of the same sculptor should be equally multiplied—the ‘Sleeping Nymph,’ ‘Maternal Love,’ the ‘Girl preparing for the Bath,’ the ‘Graces,’ and a ‘Fatigued Huntsman,’ worthy to be the companion of these female forms. What we have said will, we trust, induce many of our readers to examine these noble works for themselves, that they may know what the arts of our country have produced of most excellent beauty, chaste, graceful, refined, belonging to the classical type, without being an imitation of classical models.

ART. III.—*Recollections of Sydney.* By B. C. Peck. London: Mortimer. 1850.

AMONG the misfortunes entailed on this country by her oligarchical government, the alienation of the American colonies was one of the principal. By a system of action perfectly in accordance with their general plan, the aristocratic heirs of power, towards the close of the eighteenth century, drove our western dependencies into rebellion. The revolt was successful. An unhappy and unnatural war ended in the humiliation of the parent State. America was parted from the dominion of Great Britain, and the nation had to thank its hereditary governors for the burden of a disgraceful war, resulting in shame and loss.

Yet even in connexion with this lamentable event there was one fortunate circumstance. For nearly two hundred years

Australia had been neglected by Europe. When America was lost, England remembered the great southern land, and resolved to settle on its shores a convict colony. The same cause, therefore, promoted two of the most remarkable events in the history of modern civilization. The English colonies on the western continent declaring themselves independent, combined and laid the foundation of that splendid and prosperous republic which now offers an example to the rest of Christendom. On the other hand, Great Britain, deprived of these possessions, extended her enterprize to the farthest south, and there planted a colony, destined to be among the most flourishing in the world. Since 1606, when the early Portuguese navigators are supposed to have discovered in the southern ocean the shores of an unknown land, various expeditions had explored those remote seas. The mariners of England and Holland surveyed what they believed to be the coasts of a new continent, encircling the Antarctic Pole. Famous names are connected with that vast region—Torres, Van Diemen, Cook, and Bligh. Still, though their numerous voyages enabled the geographer to lay down the position of Australia, nearly two centuries elapsed before any attempt was made to reclaim the vast island from the domain of savage nature. At length, about the year 1780, accounts of its fertile beauty reached England, and were disseminated far and wide. The parent state was just then agitated by the inquiry—whither could she now transport her criminal children. Australia was chosen as the distant and solitary prison for the outcasts of civilization. The region—even at this time struggling into form—was condemned to receive a taint on the bloom of its infant beauty, which has clung to it as a repulsive stigma. A squadron was equipped. In January, 1778, after a voyage of eight months and a week, about nine hundred persons debarked at Port Jackson. A thick forest grew down to the water's edge. The first encampment was raised under the shade of trees. Soldiers, sailors, and convicts—the last forming three-fourths of the whole company—were employed to prepare for the new city. Tents were soon exchanged for huts, huts for houses, and among them rose a church where the truths of Christianity were proclaimed on the remote shore of that immense and mysterious region. Timber was felled, patches of ground were cleared, gardens were planted, and little jetties built to facilitate landing and embarkation. The noble harbour—capable of sheltering all the fleets of Europe—bore for the first time on its bosom European ships. All seemed to favour a settlement. But a community so composed was not likely to spend the early years of its existence in harmony and peace. Industry was unpalatable to men who expected from a virgin

soil spontaneous products sufficient for their support. The colony, therefore, laboured through a series of unhappy vicissitudes. Scarcity produced recklessness, recklessness entailed disease, crime, conflicts with the natives, and mutual quarrels. The gallows was early at work. A boy was hanged for burglary four months after the day of landing. Several men, hating life in this lonely spot, resolved to return overland by way of China to their homes in Europe. The ignorance of these unfortunate wretches was shared by the educated classes in Europe, for it was not until twenty years later that the insular character of New Holland was ascertained. It is needless to say that the adventurers who thus plunged into the depths of the unknown region in search of a road to China, never returned to the society of civilized men.

When, therefore, we consider that the colony of New South Wales was planted only sixty-two years ago, and that its early existence was a struggle with every kind of hostile influence, it is with wonder we survey the results now before us. On the eastern, western, northern, and southern coasts, are four settlements, colonized by our countrymen. The whole of the enormous territory is ours. An island two thousand four hundred miles long, eighteen hundred wide, with an area of nineteen hundred and twenty millions of acres, has been added to our empire. At the several chosen points cities have been erected, which are flourishing in different stages of progress. A large and thriving population creates a new and yearly-increasing demand for our manufactures. An outlet is opened for the myriads which our institutions render superfluous in this land. Thus our industry is stimulated—our poverty relieved. Yet Australia is still a new, an undeveloped, even a mysterious region. We recently introduced our readers to the narrative of Captain Sturt, which indicates the immense space left blank on the maps of New Holland. A vast, impenetrable desert appears to occupy the interior. In some parts recently explored, large fertile tracts have been discovered; but at the remotest point yet attained by the traveller, his eye has wandered over a level waste, where the plains appeared to melt away on the undefined horizon, and mingle with the sky.

It is more, however, to the social progress than to the physical phenomena of Australia that we now direct our remarks. Certainly the natural characteristics of the island are very singular. The curious diver system, the geological formations, the distribution of mountains, the character of the vegetable and animal creations—so different from those of the old world—suggest some interesting speculations. In a land where the black swan sails along the rivers—where beautiful blue crabs crawl over the

beach—where green clouds hang above the tops of the hills—where nuts grow with the kernels outside—where leaves hang with the edges downwards—where the duck-billed platypus, a monster among quadrupeds, is found—and where fine rivers, after flowing long distances with appearances of great promise, are lost in impassable marshes. In such a region, we say, we must lay aside our old systems, which there fall into complete confusion. The infidel geologist, who in the researches of a false science pretends to discover disproof of the Christian religion, is confounded in this new field. His calculations are all upset; and the sage who reckoned on overthrowing the truths of revelation is baffled in a part of the creation to which none of his laws will apply. The truth is that quackery, under the name of science, has endeavoured to fit nature to its theories. It is gratifying to witness the discomfiture of such blasphemous pedantry, by a discovery which confutes it even according to its own self-fabricated code.

Another singular fact is, that while the soil of Australia is so prolific in the growth of fruits, grains, and flowers transported from the old world, it affords so few indigenous products serviceable as the food of man. Its native vegetation is of an inferior kind. Its animal kingdom is humble and limited; its aboriginal population belongs to the lowest class of humanity. Nevertheless, we do not adopt the philosophy of the ethnologist, who has declared them altogether incapable of civilization. The contrary has been partly proved. Even in their savage state, the nobler as well as the more sensual passions prevail. The warrior thirsts for glory, the woman yearns for love, and the mother delights in her child. When we find a race unstamped by these marks of our common nature, we shall consider it irredeemably barbarous, but not before. Civilization inflates some of its professors, who look down on the heathen, and deny him a hope of sharing the blessing with them just as many of those who exercise political rights look down on the pariahs of society—as though their turn would never come. In the districts near Sydney, numerous natives are employed with advantage by the farmers. They are improvident, and not addicted to labour, but, once compelled by want, they work with diligence and skill.

The settled territories of Australia are four. The oldest and most important is New South Wales, divided into twenty-one counties, having a sea-coast of sixteen hundred miles. The next in age, but not in value, is Western Australia, or the Swan River settlement, founded in 1834. The third is South Australia, established in 1834, and occupying an area—not yet fully explored—of about 310,000 square miles. The last is that of Port

Essington, on the northern coast, founded about twelve years ago for the purpose of attracting trade from the Indian Archipelago. At these places, the results of an intercourse with the civilization of Europe are displaying themselves in vivid contrast with the savage nature that surrounds them. The soil, nearly fruitless sixty years ago, now produces almost every grain and vegetable useful to man. Wheat, maize, barley, oats, rice, rye, and millet; flax, tobacco, cotton, indigo, chicory, trefoil, and a species of tea; apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, almonds, apricots, peaches, nectarines, oranges, grapes, figs, melons, lemons, loquots, olives, citrons, pomegranates, bananas, guavas, and gooseberries; potatoes and peas, with crops in winter as well as summer; cabbages, turnips, carrots, onions, radishes, cucumbers, and all kinds of vegetables, besides timber in infinite variety, constitute abundant resources of supply for the settlers. The mineral riches of the country, which have already been developed, though incompletely, are coal, iron, copper, gold, with slate, and exhaustless quarries of stone. Other minerals are known to exist, but are yet unwrought, while without doubt the earth still conceals in her bosom materials of wealth as valuable as these. On the coasts of Western Australia, important whale fisheries are carried on. The Americans, whose enterprise penetrates every sea, have employed from two to three hundred ships there in a single year. Salt and salt fish form profitable articles of exportation to India and China, while the fur and oil of seals are highly prized.

In a region where the original food of the natives consists of whale-blubber, kangaroo, seals, opossums, emu, and turtle-flesh, with dogs, frogs, mussels, and grubs, added to a few roots, gums, and grass-seeds, immense flocks and herds have been introduced by the European colonists. Oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, flourish on the splendid pastures of New South Wales, South Australia, and the Swan River. In 1791, the cultivated land in New South Wales consisted of about four hundred and fifty acres. The live stock was composed of six horses, eighteen cattle, fifty-seven of the sheep, and thirty-seven of the pig species. The progress of the colony is exhibited by a contrast between these figures and the statistics of the present day. About 250,000 acres are well cultivated, producing three million bushels of wheat, maize, oats, barley, rye, and millet, besides more than sixty thousand tons of potatoes, tobacco, and grasses for hay. Above a hundred thousand horses, a million and a half of horned cattle, nearly seven million sheep, and about sixty thousand pigs, supply hides, horns, tallow, provisions, and wool in enormous quantities. Of this last-named valuable commodity millions of pounds are yearly shipped from the port

of Sydney, for the various marts of the world. The population of that city—nine hundred at its birth—now exceeds sixty thousand, and of the colony, has risen to two hundred and thirty thousand.

In the twenty-one counties into which New South Wales has been divided, there are eighty post towns—some of them, indeed, only villages in size, but all promising to increase in wealth and importance. One of the most striking illustrations of our progress in Australia is exhibited by these germs of eighty cities, planted in a soil shaded entirely by forests, not half-a-century since. Sydney, of course, stands at the head of this magnificent rank. She is a model for, not a copy of, an English seaport town. Her plan is convenient and regular; her streets are spacious and straight, the approaches from her unequalled harbour are easy, and the situation is excellent, with respect at once to the health of the inhabitants, and the facilities for industry and trade.

Sailing between the granite gates of Port Jackson, the voyager's eye rests on the city of Sydney. The wide extent of the harbour is diversified by shipping from England, America, India, China, and New Zealand; the shores, indented by safe and spacious bays, are on their open expanses dotted by villas, built of white stone, surrounded by pretty gardens, with smooth-shaven lawns, and shaded by groves of trees. The town itself, handsome and clean, stands prominently forward. Forts, church spires, warehouses, public offices, and other important edifices, are scattered among the crowds of substantial structures forming the dwellings of the prosperous citizens. There are cathedrals, churches, chapels, theatres, banks, assurance offices, post offices, newspaper offices, steam-packet offices, markets, hotels, ginpallaces, and other evidences of our incongruous system of civilization. Daily and weekly journals issue from handsome editorial temples, and the war of pens is vigorous, and often bitter. Fine shops, glittering with every attractive commodity, claim the attention of the gaily-clothed throngs passing to and fro in the streets. Crowded omnibuses and cabs bear passengers from place to place, in excellent imitation of the London plan.* The conductors cry the familiar name of Paddington, as they do in our own metropolis; and of a cabman you inquire the fare to Hyde Park, to the Museum, to Haddington-street, to the Theatre Royal, to the 'Atlas' office, as well as to the Paramatta Road or

* The public is indebted for much useful information to the little volume we have placed at the head of this article. It is a neat compilation, full of facts, and describes well the metropolis of New South Wales: we recommend it to emigrants and their friends.

the Woolloomooloo Hills. This introduction of old names to new places is a singular feature in the habits of our emigrants; the discoverer of a river, a province, a harbour, or a hill—the builder of a street, a church, or a square—bestows on it some name which he respects, or loves, or which vanity inspires him with the wish to perpetuate. We have the Plains of Promise, Welcome Hill, Doubtful Bay, Danger Bank, Swan River, and Providence Harbour, so called from circumstances connected with their discovery; we have Spenser Gulf, Port Jackson, Cape Horn, Van Diemen's Land, and Moreton Bay, named after the discoverers or their friends; we have New South Wales, Richmond, Liverpool, and Windsor, in pleasant remembrance of the mother-country; while other places retain their native appellations, as Milla-murra, Bylong, Cullen Bullen, Tupa, and Yengo.

From this little digression we return to our discursive view of the progress achieved by our four Australian* colonies.

The actual state of New South Wales is curious. Since the introduction of a more liberal spirit, with respect to the emancipated convicts, public peace and morality have been largely benefited. The places of religious worship are well attended; crimes are not very numerous, and the general tone of the population is moral. Thirteen years ago, with the summary convictions included, one person in twenty-two was a criminal;† at present the proportion is far higher in favour of morality. As long as the colony was poor it was corrupt: cheap food and abundant labour, light burdens and wide channels of trade, are among the great purifiers of a community. Nor is this taking honour from religion or education. The hungry man, immersed in ignorance, has neither the principle which prompts men to honesty, nor the ability to learn it. We here find an answer to the sophistry which contends that the poor must not be trusted with influence or riches until they are sufficiently educated to deserve it; until they are comfortable they will have no heart for learning, and until they have power they will never have the means of independent subsistence.

In South Australia, which adjoins the colony of New South Wales, we have a tract of land comprehending 324,000 square miles, or 207,000,000 acres—partly wild and barren, partly reduced to cultivation. Off the coast is situated Kangaroo

* The epithet Australian, or Australasian, applies properly to the whole of that great southern group; but as our limits restrict us to the principal island, we use the word in its commoner sense.

† At that time, the proportion of criminals in the American Republic was 1 in 3,500 persons; in England, it was 1 in 740.

Island, where a settlement was established in 1836. Many large and substantial buildings were erected, and the emigrants resolved to maintain their position. However, some of them visited the mainland, saw the large plains of Adelaide, dotted with trees, covered with pastures, and presenting a most illusory prospect. The discovery was at once turned to account. The foundations of a city were laid. Streets, squares, terraces, and promenades were planned, and a land-mania seized the colonists. The value of the ground rose from 3*l.* to 2,000*l.* an acre. Every man desired to build. Most became masters, and labourers were few. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and other mechanics were hired at any prices, and whoever could drive a nail or put one brick upon another was immediately engaged at 20*s.* or 30*s.* a day. The fever increased in intensity. Poor people became rich as if by magic; drinking and gambling, commencing with the masters, descended to their servants, and everything assumed a strange, unnatural colour. One publican earned in three years 10,000*l.* The town was planned as for a population of 40,000. Others—named Islington, Kensington, Brighton, &c.—sprang up around it, at least on paper, for in reality you might inquire for Albert Town and be directed to a tall, attenuated post, rising amid a patch of brushwood. In other situations, however, the work of clearing and building went briskly on. Meanwhile, scarcity impended, prices became enormous, and the excited emigrants were threatened with grievous disasters. But the steady colonists of New South Wales, resolving to profit by the folly of their younger brethren, sent off supplies to them. To the astonishment of the people at Adelaide, caravans with flocks and herds descended upon their plains, after a journey of many hundred miles, through an unknown country. Cattle were sold at princely rates, meat fetched 2*s.* a pound, bread 2*s.* 6*d.* a loaf, flour a hundred, and potatoes thirty guineas a ton.

This continued until 1840, when the reaction reached a disastrous height. Money there was scarcely any. Paper, which had previously passed current like gold, was worthless; the public expenditure was increased to 180,000*l.*, and all things relapsed into inactivity. Governor Grey undertook the renovation of the settlement. In two years the expenses of the colony were reduced to less than 30,000*l.* The building mania died away; the poor were employed—as they had and have in all parts of the world a right to be employed—on the public works; and the others were induced to commence the cultivation of the soil. A change rapidly came over the aspect of the country. The naked earth was clothed with plenty. Magnificent crops of wheat were raised, gardens, orchards, and plantations

multiplied, the pastures were crowded, and cheapness and content succeeded the unhappy state of affairs we have described. Cattle, formerly 40*l.* a head, were to be bought for 3*l.*, and sheep for 8*s.* In 1843, the supply of corn was so great, that nearly 10,000*l.* worth was exported.

Another period of excitement was at hand. In 1844, a loaded dray, descending a hill, 'was obliged to have a large tree dragging behind it to prevent its rushing upon the team of bullocks.' The wheel came in contact with a rock, splintered its surface, and revealed a bright silvery substance. The idea of a mine was instantly suggested. Specimens were shown to persons acquainted with the nature of metals, and were pronounced to be lead ore. Scenes followed like those which ensued in the valley of the Sacramento after the discovery of the gold at Sutter's Mill. All classes were stricken with the fever. Copper was found in large quantities, and every other occupation was almost abandoned. Not a man could be seen who bore not about him some specimen of ore. The corn cultivation was neglected. Only small crops were raised that year. Even for these there could be found no regular harvest. The town feared the visit of famine. Gentlemen and ladies, soldiers and policemen, then sallied forth with every conceivable instrument, from a proper sickle to a common pair of scissors, and the wheat was partially gathered in. Several hundred acres of splendid grain, however, rotted on the earth. This misfortune was productive of one good result—it set men's invention to work. A machine was devised which, being propelled by horses or oxen, reaped the corn, beat the grain from the husk, winnowed it, and, finally, turned it into bags, ready for the market.

Such manias, however, seldom endure long. The mining fever in South Australia, though productive of many evil results, was temporary. A healthy tone was again infused among the colonists, and the city of Adelaide, increasing in extent and wealth, was surrounded on all sides by well-cultivated provinces, intersected by five roads, and dotted with comfortable farm-houses, villas, and hamlets, the residences of a flourishing population. In this colony, not more than sixteen years old, there are about 80,000 acres of land under cultivation, while more than a million have been surveyed and prepared for sale. Thousands of horses and horned cattle occupy the pastures, with goats and pigs in large numbers. The population of the city is from 10,000 to 14,000; that of the whole colony was, two years ago, 38,666, being an increase of 286 per cent. since 1839. This is the most remarkable example of rapid growth exhibited by any of our trans-marine possessions. The next most remarkable is that of Western Australia, which, in 1839, was peopled only by

2,154 persons. In ten years the population increased to 4,460. The fact is attributable to the trade with the Indian seas, carried on by the merchants of the Swan River. The settlement was founded in 1830 by a few individuals of large fortune. They undertook to colonize the province at their own expense, in consideration of large grants of land. The agreement was to become null and void unless, in the course of a given period, the experiment promised to succeed.

At first their prospects were exceedingly dull. Great difficulties stood in the way; severe privations were suffered; but so much discouragement did not dishearten the adventurers. Western Australia now promises to become among the most prosperous of the settlements we have founded on that gigantic island. 'Along the sea-coast,' says a writer, whose facts are far more valuable than his opinions, 'the country is hilly and barren; nor is it much better in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal settlements, Perth and Freemantle; but beyond these there is plenty of good grass country, and near the inland town of Guilford, the arable land in the valley of the Swan River is surpassingly rich and productive, so that it has been known to bear eleven successive crops of wheat in as many years without any manure, and the last year's crop averaging twenty-five bushels to the acre. In some parts this good land approaches more nearly to the coast; but still a large proportion of the soil is poor and sandy, although even of this a great deal is capable of cultivation, and is thought to be especially fitted to the growth of the vine.* The climate is exceedingly healthy and delightful; indeed, it is even superior to other parts of Australia,† and rain is more abundant here than elsewhere. Plenty of fish is likewise to be found in the neighbouring bays and inlets, which are numerous, and whales are so plentiful, only a few hours' sail from the shore, that oil is a principal article of export.‡

In 1838, a settlement was established at Port Essington, on the northern coast, with the design of forming an emporium for the trade of the neighbouring islands. As early as 1824, an attempt was made to colonize Melville Island, in the neighbourhood. Three years after, the settlement moved to Raffles Bay, on the Main, and ultimately was abandoned, on pretence that

* This has proved the case. Some splendid vines have been grown there. A cutting, planted at Perth, bore more than 14 cwt. of grapes in the second year.

† Here our author is wrong. We have the important authority of Captain Stokes to show that the province is not so healthy as those of South Australia and New South Wales.

‡ Pridden's 'Australia.'

the place was unhealthy, that the natives were hostile, and that the Malays abstained from visiting it. As the situation was ill-chosen, it is perhaps fortunate it was given up, but the reasons alleged are without foundation: indeed, at the very time it was abandoned, a large number of Chinese residents in Java, doubtless weary of Dutch tyranny, were about to cross over and locate themselves under the protection of the English flag. However, the advantages of a settlement on the northern coast were so apparent, that Port Essington was colonized, and already promises to enjoy brilliant prosperity.

The population gathered at the four points we have indicated amounts to about 350,000, being an increase of about 100 per cent. within ten years. The value of such colonies is made apparent—even to those who only regard colonies in a mercantile point of view—by the following table, which exhibits the proportions of British manufactures consumed by those countries and dependencies with which we enjoy trading relations:—

	£	s.	d.
In Prussia, every person consumes to the value of	0	0	6
In Russia " "	0	0	8
In France " "	0	1	6
The United States " "	0	5	6
In Canada " "	1	15	0
West Indies " "	2	17	6
Cape of Good Hope " "	3	2	0
Australia " " from 7 <i>l.</i> to 10	0	0	0

We now send yearly to New South Wales as many yards of printed cotton as to the whole of Austria; to Van Dimen's Land, as many as to Belgium; to South Australia, more than to Denmark. The trade is continually increasing; and as the population grows, an impetus is communicated to our manufacturing industry which cannot fail to exert the most beneficial influence on our condition as a nation. Already, the exports of the region amount to three millions, and the imports to more than two-and-a-half.

A pleasant picture of life in the colony is afforded by a writer whose seven years' residence in South Australia entitles him to credit.* He is speaking of the highway between the port and the city of Adelaide:—

'The bustling road generally excites surprise among new comers; they seem to think that, after having left England so far behind them, they will, in the Antipodes, find nothing resembling the old country. Here, however, at first landing, everything puts them in mind of home;

* Wilkinson.

the houses and streets, the shipping, boats and vehicles, the men, women, and children, all recall similar objects in Old England. Familiar-looking inns and shops, and genuine English barmaids or shopmen, take one quite by surprise. The glass of beer drawn out of the London-made engine, the cheese, butter, and baker's-bread, the meat and vegetables, and, in fact, the *tout ensemble* is English and comfortable. Some few differences there certainly are; for instance, observe that jaunty-looking young fellow on his half-bred horse, a man that never had a couple of sovereigns in his possession before he emigrated, and from whom starvation alone took away his dread of a foreign land; now he keeps his horse and rides to his work, and if any of his old companions arrive, he can ask them to a comfortable meal in his own house. Look, again, at that dashing young man who has just welcomed a friend, and is offering him a seat in his tandem-gig to town: that is the younger son of a poor surgeon in England, whose only chance there was either to enter an office as clerk at 50*l.* a-year, or to emigrate. He came out with less than 500*l.*, with the knowledge that he had no more to expect: he first hired himself to a stock owner, at weekly wages, placed his money in the bank at interest, and saving all he could, he gradually amassed a little wealth; so that when his gaming and drunken master was obliged to sell his station and cattle, his old servant had the means of purchasing the whole with ready money, having, in three years' servitude, saved 200*l.* He is now rich and happy, and looks forward to a run home to England, for a year or so, to get a wife.'

Another illustration is even more striking and agreeable. It is of a woman, still in the bloom of youth, in whose beautiful face and rounded form none would have recognised the faded dress-maker, bent nearly to the grave, when fortune gave her the chance to emigrate. The pale, thin, sickly children, sent out as paupers by the parish, are plump and rosy boys, the delight of their parents, who flourish on their farm or by their trade. 'Such instances,' says the author, 'are not uncommon, and show us that we are not of merry England.' This is bitter satire, but it is impossible to deny that it applies to this country, blessed as it is by millionaire-bishops and an unimprovable constitution! Trees are to be judged of by their fruit.

We shall extract one passage from a writer long resident in the rural district in Australia. It describes a dwelling such as we have ourselves seen an exact model of. The comfortable reader will probably think such a home some inducement to quit the gaities of town-life. But to the poor what a contrast between this little pastoral cottage and the dull and cheerless workhouse ward, the cold bare attic, or even the damp unsheltered archway!—

'The common weather-boarded cottage of an early settler now attracts our attention. A wide verandah is over the front entrance,

and two small rooms, the exact width of this, jut out at either side of it; in front of the house extends a range of English rose-trees, in full flower, while the bank, thirty or forty yards in front of these, is clothed with foliage to the water's edge. There may be seen the fragrant mimosa, the abundant acacia, the swamp oak, which would have been styled a fir, had not the first exiles to Australia found twined round its boughs the misletoe, with its many home associations, the elegant cedar, the close-growing mangrove, and strange parasitical plants, pushing through huge fungi, and clasping, like the round crunching folds of the boa, the trees from which they derive their nourishment.'

But no one who contemplates emigration to Australia must forget that, unless he possesses considerable capital, personal industry is alone to be depended on. The man with 5,000*l.* may settle in a town, place his money out at interest, and live well upon the proceeds. He may go to balls, routs, picnic parties, and enjoy other frivolous amusements; but such an indolent idler is little credit or benefit to any community. If you have 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* to start with, you may buy land and cultivate it, or pasture sheep and cattle; but if you have no money, you must eat bread by the sweat of your brow. Brick-makers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinet-makers, coopers, working engineers, gardeners, common labourers, miners, masons, painters, plasterers, reapers and shearers, shoe-makers and boot-makers, sawyers, splitters, carters, shinglers, shepherds, hut-keepers, saddle and harness manufacturers, tailors, tinmen, bullock-drivers, upholsterers, wheelwrights—such are the classes of labour more or less in demand. Schoolmasters, artists, musicians, merchants and bankers' clerks, and other soft-handed gentlemen and ladies, are not wanted. Sydney is crowded with them. A recent letter informed us that in Adelaide many were walking shoeless in the streets. With the exception of schoolmasters and clerks, we think all this very well. When Sydney runs mad after the luxurious arts it will begin to stagnate—that is to say, unless it has raised itself to that lofty position of opulence and power which will allow it, without danger, to cultivate them.

Like California, Australia wants wives. 'Tell the wretched and starving,' says a wealthy and respectable farmer in New South Wales—once a convict, now a happy husband and parent—'that here poverty may be turned to competence, crime to repentance and happiness. And pray tell the great gentlemen who rule us, that we much need both preachers and teachers in this wide bush of Australia, but that it is virtuous wives who rule us most, and, in a lovely land, make the difference between happiness and misery.'

'The great gentlemen who rule us,' and our colonies too,

know well what Australia needs, as well as what the mother country requires. When the Premier explained his plan of a constitution for Australia, he evinced his complete knowledge of the country and its necessities. But the reader knows too well that to understand a grievance and to remedy it, even with those who have the power, are quite different things. The Australian colonies have prospered; but they owe their success to themselves. Little has the English Government done for them. It has given to the most important of them a criminal population, whose stains ages only can efface. And now, when, with a tardy repentance, it proposes to bestow on them a constitution, and the right of self-government, the peers are allowed to step in, take the kernel from the nut, and present the empty shell to the colonists. Australia is now weak; but she is increasing daily in strength and stature. It may not always be so safe to toy with the best interests of myriads of men. Some legislators appear to view Australia in the light of a subjugated country. They forget the relations which exist between it and the mother country. It is a part, not a subject, of the empire. It claims rights, not privileges. It deserves the dignity of self-government, and when it enjoys the blessing, will continue to form one of the most valuable and important portions of the empire.

In spite, however, of the capricious apathy of the home Government, the colonies of New Holland have, as we have seen, progressed to a high degree of prosperity. Sixty years ago, forests, grassy plains, and pathless savannahs, extended from rim to rim of the immense island, which, from its size, some geographers have included among the continents of the globe.* Only wild and savage barbarians peopled this remote land. Their home was the wood, their food the worm of the earth and the wild roots which their women dug in the fields. Now large cities stand on several spots along the coasts; the forests have fallen under the axe; fields and pastures are crowded with life; and the silence of the region has been disturbed by sounds which doubtless will never die away. Roads have been cut through the hills and plains, stage-coaches rattle between town and town, and every year the dominion of civilization is enlarging its circle. The coasts, ranged a hundred years ago by a few adventurous barks, are now patrolled by steamers, and the ports, where little canoes alone paddled, are crowded with stately and richly-freighted ships. The prospects of Australia are indeed happy. Steam, it is evident, must soon connect our

* A term which cannot properly be applied, for Australia is one, and continent means a continuity of countries.

shores with theirs. When that great achievement is accomplished, half the bitterness of separation will be gone. Monthly mails will render us familiar with the name. Already the line has been contracted for as far as the Cape by those who will doubtless perform well what they have confidently undertaken.

With respect to the routes which have been proposed, it is difficult to determine decisively in favour of either. Experience alone can prove which possesses the greatest advantages. At any rate, we should object to increase the monopoly of the Overland India Company, and can see no good reason why the line in course of preparation to the Cape should not be extended to Australia. Sixty-five days will then carry the traveller from Southampton to Sydney.

ART. IV.—*Protestant Lectures on the Errors and Abuses of Romanism.*
London: A. M. Pigott.

ROME, the prohibiter of thought, makes men think; Rome, the prisoner of the Bible, helps the circulation of the book; Rome, the hoary foe of liberty, aids the freedom of nations. The process is indirect. The result is not designed. Rome, therefore, has no virtue, and deserves no thanks in the case. If good come out of evil, the latter is not thereby sanctified. The rebound may smite the hand that gave the original impulse. The destructive engine may burst in the midst of its constructors. The enemy may fall into the pit which he digged for others. Even Rome is not omniscient, her claim to infallibility notwithstanding. The last six months have demonstrated her shortsightedness. The famous Letter of the chief pastor, albeit full of prospective blessings to the heretic nation, has aroused the slumbering spirit of Protestantism throughout every district of England. Deeming that spirit fabulous, the Sovereign Pontiff generously offered to occupy the deserted place. His offer has excited the dormant, and aroused the lethargic. Men have been driven to the Bible, not to discover a new reading, but to revive and strengthen the old. Error has thus become the involuntary advocate of truth. 'The separation between truth and error,' says the historian of the Reformation, 'must now be accomplished, and it is to error that the task is assigned. Had a compromise been entered into, it must have been at the

expense of truth ; for to mutilate truth in the slightest degree, is to pave the way for her complete annihilation. Like the insect, which is said to die on the loss of one of its antennæ, she must be complete in all her parts, in order to display the energy which enables her to gain great and advantageous victories, and to propagate herself through coming ages. To mingle any portion of error with truth, is to throw a grain of poison into a large dish of food. The grain suffices to change its whole nature, and death ensues slowly, it may be ; but yet surely. Those who defend the doctrine of Christ against the attacks of its adversaries, keep as jealous an eye on its farthest outposts as on the citadel itself, for the moment the enemy gains any footing at all, he is on the highway to conquest.' This truth is beginning to dawn on many minds in England, hitherto closed against it. 'Peace, peace,' was the doctrine, though the enemy was rapidly undermining those strongholds which the 'wisdom of our ancestors' had erected against papal encroachments. Secure in richly endowed and powerful universities, whose orthodoxy, as the well-spring of light to the nation, was guaranteed by the legal exclusion of Nonconformists, the clergy slept on. Enjoying the milk and honey of the land, they 'did duty,' and deemed all safe. No dream disturbed their repose. Laughing to scorn the puny efforts of 'the Church's enemies,' the polite designation of all beyond her pale, who sought to introduce a healing principle into the corrupt mass ; and ever turning to the Government and the Crown as their strongholds in the day of battle ; they could afford to look upon the broad inheritance of ecclesiasticism with wonderful complaisance and repose. What was there to injure the prosperity, or to weaken the power of the great system ? On the introduction of any measure into Parliament, having a monetary bearing on the Establishment, the cry, 'The Church is in danger !' was heard as a matter of course ; but the interests of the hierarchy and those of the Government being in most instances nearly identical, the matter was soon arranged and the cry was dropped. Upon the whole, then, everything seemed to promise well for the perpetuity of 'the purest Church in Christendom.' All this time, however, there was a gangreen at her heart. A deadly enemy grew up in the citadel. One by one the vital parts of the Protestant system were paralyzed by his touch. A doctrinal pestilence broke out in the centre of Oxford. The worst features of the Papacy crept to the surface. Sacramental efficacy, apostolical succession, priestly absolution, auricular confession, prayers for the dead, penance, and all the kindred brood of abominations, were openly taught. 'Conversions' followed as a matter of course, and the more honest of the fanatics emigrated to Rome. Overjoyed by the intelligence

of this unexpected accession to his ranks, and learning from these credible worthies that England, ashamed of the very term Protestant, was anxiously waiting for reconciliation to the Apostolic See, the Pontiff hastened to pour out the fulness of his paternal heart on the penitent country. What followed all the world knows. The Letter Apostolical, the cardinal, and the bishops; commotion, excitement, legislation; speculation, prophecy, polemics; followed with electrical speed. Continental makers of idols seized the opportunity to do a little business in their particular line, and ship-loads of crucifixes, beads, and Madonnas, landed upon the shores of England. Literature received an amazing impulse. The press had no rest night nor day; the Prime Minister became a model letter-writer; even the bench of bishops tried to be eloquent; and from south to north, from east to west, nothing was heard but cries of 'No Popery!' whilst many a group of village rustics were edified and enlightened by blazing effigies of the Pope!

There were some men in England, however, men of deep thought, patriotic feelings, and Christian principle, who said, All this will not do. This excitement, pleasing enough in one sense, cannot last; and in proportion to its intensity will be the completeness of the collapse—a collapse of which the disciples of Pusey and the children of Pio will take advantage, make common cause, mature their plans, and overrun the land, if a more sober course be not adopted, and if weapons of superior temper be not brought into the field. So far as this aggression is a civil offence, let legislation meet it; but the religious error, both that which is of home-growth and that which has been imported, must be met by the only successful repellent—*Divine truth*. Acting upon this suggestion, public meetings have been convened, and lectures and sermons delivered, exposing the doctrinal and practical errors of the Papacy. The people—respecting whom it is no libel to say that three-fourths of them were ignorant of the true character of Popery—have thus been informed what that system is against which we are again called to protest—a protest, we must add, in grief and sorrow, not unmingled with indignation, which would be unnecessary but for the inefficacy of that great national establishment which costs so much, and the perfidy of that great university which proudly shuts its doors in the face of the evangelical Dissenter. The former, boasting itself the bulwark of Protestantism, stands before the world convicted of disgraceful failure; the latter, enormously endowed to keep the fountain pure, has systematically poisoned it from the red cup of Anti-christ. We are, then, to all appearance, thrown back more than a century in our ecclesiastical career as a people, and have to

begin *de novo* the great work of Church regeneration. It is well that the clergy, as in the book before us—to which we shall pay our respects presently—are calling the attention of their congregations to the errors of Papal Rome; but let us here ask, with all seriousness, whether the work of Church regeneration, to which the rise of Tractarianism and the advent of Popery loudly summon us, ought not to have been anticipated, and by anticipation rendered unnecessary? Would not the separation of the Church from the State, had that measure been carried into effect twenty years ago, when there was so much said about it, have greatly increased the vigilance and fidelity of the episcopal clergy; have thrown them upon the study of the Bible and the affections of their flocks; have led to the interchange of friendly feelings between them and other classes of religionists; have filled up one of the great rents of ecclesiastical society in this country, through which, and because of which, Popery hopes to effect an entire entrance; and have left the Government at liberty to deal with those secular affairs which come within its sphere, instead of meddling with doctrinal questions, of which it knows nothing, and turning religion into ridicule by converting the House of Commons into a college of theological wranglers? Or if this question be thought too comprehensive, let us ask one frequently proposed by the more cautious class of reformers, who deem it wise to seek a piecemeal removal of the deformities under review—Had the universities been thrown open thirty or forty years ago to all classes of the community, would not the inconceivable ignorance of Christianity, and the consequent doctrinal errors which characterise them, have been, to a great degree, if not entirely, prevented? University reform has become one of the questions of the day;—that it is most urgently needed, none but those who feed upon corruption will deny. We are not now arguing the question whether young men contemplating the learned professions among Nonconformists would be benefited by a residence at Oxford or Cambridge, but whether the legal right to do so, had it been granted at the period mentioned, would not have greatly tended to keep in check the heresies now rampant there? One thing is certain: the invidious conduct of a nation, which alienates one class of its subjects from another by factitious religious distinctions, investing one party with special immunities, and attaching to another badges of disqualification for conscience-sake, is sure, sooner or later, to reap the bitter fruits of its unwise partiality. So it has been in this case. The patronage lavished on one class of the community, not more loyal, not more enlightened than the rest, has tended to involve both the Government and the nation amidst ecclesiastical strifes and Papal

'mummeries,' from which it was thought that very patronage would for ever preserve both.

Now, it is not yet too late to put these questions and make these remarks. Another warning of a most startling kind has been given to the country. Will it 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the meaning of the voice? or will it persevere in its ruinous career, by continuing to buttress the Establishment, to wink at the apostasy of Oxford, to pay a yearly largess to Maynooth, and to fill the pockets of Roman ecclesiastics in all our colonies? It is sheer waste of time and parchment to talk grandiloquently in the Houses of Parliament about Papal aggression, and to affect legislation thereon, if these things are to continue as in years past. The inconsistency of such procedure is manifest; the thing is self-destructive; salutary results from it are impossible. While Romanism is being strengthened by state pay in Ireland and the extremities of the empire, it can afford to smile at a bill levelled against its metropolitan representative. How the minister can, with the same hand, draw up a bill against ecclesiastical *titles*, and pay money to ecclesiastical *officials*—titles claimed by, and officials belonging to, a party whose religious views he denounces—is more than our philosophy can divine. Doubtless he has a principle of reconciliation to which we, in the obscurer walks of life, are strangers; but, on the other hand, we say fearlessly, with all our abhorrence of Popery, the moment it is proposed in Parliament to withdraw all grants from Romish institutions and ecclesiastics, it must also be proposed to leave the Episcopal Church to the voluntary support of its adherents. Consistency requires this; equal justice to all parties requires it; and, especially if Protestantism be a far higher type of truth than Popery, the honour of that truth demands it. We have had more than enough of the sophism that Protestantism ought to be established because it is the true religion. Admitting the predicate, our proposition is this: Protestantism ought *not* to be established, *because* it is the true religion. Our space will not permit us to enlarge on this proposition; but if it be tenable, it strikes at the root of all state endowments of religion whatever; for obviously, if that which is true ought not, for that very reason, to receive state support of the kind under notice, no rational man would plead for government patronage to error for the express purpose of giving it perpetuity. Our reading of the Divine Book has taught us that the Christian religion is destined to a glorious universality, and to co-exist with the duration of the human race, notwithstanding the *hostility* of nations and governments; our reading of history has shown us that the worst thing that ever befel it was when it bartered at once its liberty and purity for

the embrace of kings; and all the world knows that it exists at this day in England and other countries, among various bodies of Dissenters, in as much scriptural integrity, to say the least, as it does in that community which basks in the sunshine of royal favour. Nay, it is demonstrable that Christianity has existed in the earth for eighteen centuries, and always, in its purest forms, independently of the State. We think upon the whole, then, that *now* is the time seriously to raise the question of liberating the Church from State bondage, and purifying her from the influence of the corruption which is its invariable co-relative. Additional reasons for this opinion flow upon us, but we must dismiss them all to make room for those which are suggested by the Lectures before us.

Protestant protests, to be of much moral weight, must come from those who are dissociated from every system constitutionally liable to fall into Romish errors. The more complete the conscientious secession from such system, the greater the power contained in the protest; but if, on the other hand, the protesting party has an obvious personal or pecuniary interest to maintain, as well as the cause of truth, though he may be utterly unconscious of any influence exercised upon his mind by the former, and so far as he knows himself solicitous only for the purity of truth, the advocate of the system protested against will not give him credit for a single eye to the glory of God. If it be said, 'This cannot be helped, the purity of the protestor's motives being known to himself, his testimony ought not to be weakened by the suspicions of his opponent;' we reply, It can be helped; and the upright Protestant should give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully; he should not permit his good to be evil spoken of; he should cut off occasion from those who desire occasion; he should not only place his love for scriptural truth in the fore-ground, but should readily submit to worldly sacrifices—that it may be made manifest that love for truth is his only, his exclusive motive; and he should take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, if need be, so that it may be clear to every spectator that the sublime principles for which he contends fill his soul to the exclusion of everything else. The most galling thing, in our estimation, that ever came from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, is that passage wherein he declares that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are welcome to the rich revenues of the venerable abbey: he will not disturb them in their luxurious possession; he will not touch their gold; no sordid considerations animate his mind; his object is higher and holier; he seeks the enlightenment and conversion of the wretched masses of neglected human beings that crowd the purlieus of Westminster Cathedral, and bear

testimony to the utter uselessness of the ecclesiastics who fatten there. We have nothing to do with the sincerity of the writer of this passage; but if those whom it concerns did not feel the severe reproof it administers, we can only attribute their insensibility to the influence of the rich revenues in question. What a thrilling response would it have been to the sarcastic Romanist, had those clergymen stepped out before the world, and rejoined, 'No! it shall never be said—there shall not even remain the smallest ground for suspicion—that gold or worldly status has anything to do with the depth of our convictions as Protestants, and the sincerity and earnestness of our protest against the ruinous doctrines of Rome. In proof that reverence for the sole authority of Jesus Christ, and love to the souls of men, control us in this great question, we hereby surrender all the revenues hitherto connected with our office into the hands of the Government of the country, and throw ourselves with unshaken confidence upon the providence of Almighty God.' We ask, if such a step, on the part of the Westminster clergy alone, would not have been a far more telling protest than ten thousand Protestant lectures and sermons by clergymen who, while denouncing Papal errors, choose to remain the advocates and to eat the bread of a system which is convicted before Europe of a constitutional tendency to produce the very errors in question? We contend, in a word, that the battle between Romanism and the Church of England is an unfair one. The parties are not on equal terms. The truth which is in the latter loses half its power, in consequence of its secular bondage. The error which is in the former loses half its paralyzing tendency upon the actions of its advocates, because of their freedom. This is a solemn truth. Would that it may be considered!

The Lectures before us, eight in number, by seven clergymen of the Church of England, are, generally speaking, sound in doctrine; but from the considerations already adduced, they will be shorn of their power in quarters where otherwise they might have rendered good service. This we most sincerely regret, partly from our respect for the men whose names they bear, but chiefly from our earnest desire that the vigour of Protestantism may not be weakened by infelicitous associations. The first and last lectures on 'The Rule of Faith,' and 'Supremacy,' are by the Rev. Charlton Lane, M.A., incumbent of St. Mark's, Kennington, in which Dr. Wiseman's Lectures are examined with respectable ability. 'Christ's One Oblation,' by the Rev. William Curling, M.A., chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, is a plain discourse, which a humble Christian may profitably read in his closet, and feel his heart bettered by the exercise; but as an exposure of the impious absurdities against which it is pro-

fessedly directed, it is not worth much, having little point and power. The same praise and the same drawback belong to 'Justification,' by the Rev. Denis Kelly, M.A., incumbent of Trinity Church, Gough-square, Fleet-street. We should have rejoiced to see this magnificent doctrine wielded with power. In the hands of Luther, it accomplished the first, and, if we mistake not, it is destined to play no inferior part in the second, Reformation; but 'alas!' the frequent 'oh!' 'ah!' and 'alas!' of the reverend preacher are not likely to make much impression on the intellectual gainsayer. 'The Church' is a clear, able, and logical discourse, by the Rev. George Fisk, LL.B., prebendary of Lichfield, and incumbent of Christ Chapel, St. John's-wood. He defines the Church so well that we lose sight of the Establishment, and recognise only the great spiritual brotherhood of believers. The following advice is worth adoption by all his brethren :—

'Let us test all our principles, and review all our practice, by the authority and in the light of holy Scripture alone. Evil days are come, and coming, in which God's people will be sifted and tried; and they will need the largest bestowals of divine grace and power, to stand in the storm-blast that will sweep over the Church and over the world. *Let us not be looking too trustfully to the force of royal prerogatives, or the policy of governments, or the will of parliaments, or the force of popular cries, against a spiritual and temporal aggressor in the land, whose purposes are neither denied nor concealed; but let us look higher.*'—P. 123.

'Popish Abuses' engage the attention of the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., perpetual curate of All Saints, Gordon-square; a large theme, certainly! but he dwells chiefly on Indulgences and Purgatory, and says some good and true things. The next lecture is on the 'Sacraments,' by the Rev. J. W. Watson, M.A., incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Walworth; here we find that

'The Church of England and the Church of Rome, however widely they may differ in other respects, are agreed on these three points with regard to a true sacrament :—

'A true sacrament must have been instituted by Christ himself.

'A true sacrament must have an outward sign.

'A true sacrament must convey inward grace.'

Apprehensive that we had fallen upon baptismal regeneration, we hastened to the exposition of the third 'point,' and found the weighty question disposed of thus :—

'In this divinely-appointed ordinance, we behold an outward and visible sign, even water; and we heartily pray that the inward grace may be imparted, even remission of sins, and the washing of regeneration.'—P. 161.

But what think our readers of this?—

‘When did Christ institute confirmation? Confirmation, itself, we hold to be a wise institution of the Church, and an almost indispensable sequel of infant baptism. . . . Before the Church of Rome curses us for not allowing confirmation to rank as a sacrament, let that Church tell us, who have the Bible in our hands, and who are not wholly unacquainted with its contents, when Christ instituted confirmation, and what he appointed to be its outward sign?’—Pp. 165, 166.

Now we submit that any Protestant clergyman who, to save both his reputation for scriptural knowledge and the Church of which he is a minister, is obliged to talk in this way, is no match for a Romish controvertist. Were we Romanists, we should ask no more than this passage with which to vindicate all the institutions of our Church, and to reduce our Protestant opponent to very small dimensions. Mr. Watson, as a scripture-reader, acknowledges heartily that confirmation is not a scriptural ordinance, and that the Lord Jesus Christ never appointed it to be observed by his people. Good. True. What then? ‘Why do you who profess to take the Bible only,’ we suppose the Roman Catholic asking, ‘as your rule of faith, and religious ordinances, observe it, if Christ did not ordain its observance?’ Our lecturer replies, ‘We hold it to be a wise institution of the Church.’ ‘*Of the Church?*’ shouts the Romanist: ‘then, if *your* Church may add to the Scriptures, and institute ordinances—no matter what you call them—on the same principle, surely, the Church of Rome is equally at liberty to institute seven sacraments; or, for that matter, seventy, if to her it seem good.’ Now, it is quite clear that the reply of the Romanist is unanswerable. If Protestant clergymen are compelled to defend their Church in this way, it is but too obvious that the Protestant argument must suffer irreparable damage in their hands. We deny that any church has power to add a word to the sacred Scriptures, or to take a word therefrom; and on that denial, we are compelled to denounce the constitution and not a few of the institutions of the Church of England with as great earnestness as we do those of apostate Rome itself. *Our* protest, in one word, is against *every* religious doctrine and practice which cannot be supported by the clear authority of the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

ART. V.—*A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers.* By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

No province in the region of travel has been so well explored as Palestine. It is as familiar to us, almost, as our native land. From Josephus, down to the present time, we have had no lack of narrative and description. It has formed a theme on which tourists and philosophers have expended their erudition and eloquence; and poets, their inspiration. Varthema saw the 'guilty cities,' 'with goodly chapiters adorned,' beneath the sulphureous waters of the Dead Sea. Irenæus records the mysterious conservation of the 'Pillar of Salt.' In later times, the sacred soil of Palestine has been trodden by the learned and indefatigable Burchardt; by the elegant narrators, Irby and Mangles; by Chateaubriand and Lamartine; by the facetious Stephens; by Lord Lindsay; by the erudite biblical expositor Robinson; and by the still more recent American explorers of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The aggregation of these writers, with that of many others of equal value, or of less worthy notoriety, supplies the facts and descriptions of that ancient land of the Israelite: facts which interest us, however trivial; descriptions which often enchant us by their melody and power. Or, if we would see that land pass in living forms before us, we can turn to the masterly sketches of Mr. Bartlett; or we may wander through the streets of Jerusalem, round the mosque of Omar, through the valley of Jehoshaphat, and over the Mount of Olives, with Brunetti's finished model of the Holy City. We know, almost to a mile, the length and breadth of the land of Palestine. The road from Beyrout to Tiberias, thence to Jerusalem, and on to Joppa, we could trace with the same precision as a road we have travelled over a hundred times. The tree where Rachel was buried, we know as well as the old elm-tree growing in the lane where we spent our boyhood. The lake of Tiberias is as familiar as the pond where we baited our first fish-hook; or made our first essay to swim. The hills where we have rambled in the month of June, are not more clearly traced on our memory than are the Tabor of tradition, Ebal, or Carmel; or the lofty pass of Llanberis, or the still more majestic Snowdon, than the terraces of Mount Hor, or the stupendous peaks and frowning ravines of Sinai. The monks in the convent of St. Catherine are familiar friends. We seem to have chatted with them many a pleasant evening. We account ourselves rich in the antiquarian lore of Masada and Wady Mokatteb. And since the careful researches of Lynch and Dale, we think the know-

ledge of that land complete, by tracing the Jordan through all its windings and down its rapids, from its source at the north of the town of Hâsbeya, until its course, tortuous and swift, is terminated at the entrance to the Dead Sea; while that mysterious lake, the lake Asphaltites, now lies before us, mapped out with painful precision; confirming our belief in the narrative of holy Scripture concerning the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and, at the same time, leaving nothing to be desired relative to the topography of that country, except that the valley of El-Ghor had been explored by the same diligent and able men, as far as the Gulf of Akaba—the Eleanitic arm of the Red Sea.

We do not complain of all this. We only complain when we are compelled to wade through a mass of needless detail, and intolerable narrative, to gather facts wherewith to enrich our general store. Palestine is the land towards which the devout will ever turn with no common interest. There are associations clustering round it, too tender to be ruthlessly severed; and there are lessons to be learnt from its history, such as no other nation can supply; while, above all, the development of the Christian religion in its rise and earliest progress, is inwrought, in conjunction with the order of faith and worship to which it succeeded, and of which it was the antitype, with the entire records of the ‘chosen people.’ The interest attaching to that land is not the monopoly of the Jew; but it is the property of all people and for all times. There is no need to defend this enthusiasm: its defence is in the statement of the fact. Nor shall we be subjected to remonstrance if we give the rein to imagination, and rapidly review the scenes and circumstances that raise Judea above all other nations, in the estimation of the thoughtful and the devout.

Palestine is the land of which the records are brought down from the antiquity of three thousand years; nor do they rise in the region of tradition and of myths. They are established with all the certainty of historic narration, and with all the precision of men who write of what they have both seen and heard, and have often conspired to perform. This is the land which the Lord showed to Moses, after he had brought the children of Israel through the perils of the wilderness; ‘all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manassch, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar;’ but which he was not permitted to enter. Here it was the ‘chosen people’ overthrew ‘the cities of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites,

and the Jebusites,' and parcelled out, under Divine sanction, to themselves and to their children, 'the land flowing with milk and honey,' with the spoils of the ancient idolatrous possessors of the soil. Here those wondrous achievements were performed, of which Joshua, and Deborah, and Gideon, and Samson, and David, are the heroes. Here the prophets lived—the men with whom the Spirit of Jehovah dwelt, filling them with mighty thoughts touching futurity, before profane history had done more than to struggle for existence in the semi-authentic era of tradition and fabulous story. These prophets were men of gigantic minds. They were formed to govern. If anything was needed to add authority to the messages they delivered to the people, it was their commanding genius, and oftentimes their princely rank. They lived apart. They were men whose style of thought came from the verdant fields, the vineyards, and the sunny skies of their favoured land; or from the towering rocks, with the whirlwind and the storm. Isaiah, as he unrolls, in lofty song, the coming history of his people and the world, we rank far above Homer, Dante, and Milton; for he spoke by the special inspiration of God. Were there no other reason save that Palestine was the birthplace and the fatherland of such a race as this, we should turn towards it with all the devotion of pilgrims to the shrines of genius, in comparison with which the classic ground of Greece has inferior charms; the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with all their remains, are but a heap of stones and dust; and the Pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt as worthy only of a passing glance, and but a momentary thought.

But when we remember that Palestine was the place where God established his own worship; set up his own order of precepts and ritual observances; erected the theatre whereon to work out the problems of providential guidance and man's spiritual redemption; and instituted a probationary discipline for the world ere he brought in the final and perfect form of universal religion; we are impressed with a wondering awe, and feel a deep devotion as we first set foot on the shore of that sacred land.

Yet what can we say more, as we call to mind once again that it was on this spot the Saviour trod, and taught, and suffered, and died? We fall down and worship in the presence of Him who sent that Son to be, before a guilty world, 'the glory of the Father and the express image of his person.' And as we follow his footsteps through that land, we feel as though we were walking with incarnate Deity. In Bethlehem we bow with the Magi before the Redeemer, 'wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' In Nazareth we learn to honour our parents, and, like him, to be in subjection to them. In Jordan

we own the Messiah, the sent one, and we accept his call 'to repentance.' In Capernaum, at the lake of Tiberias, at Nain, in Decapolis, throughout Perea, at Bethany, and at Jerusalem, we listen with reverence to his discourses, or wonder at the power of his word. To us is then fulfilled the prediction of the prophet, 'Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.' On the Mount of Transfiguration we catch a glimpse of the invisible. In Gethsemane we heave a stifled groan. At the cross and at the sepulchre we wonder where the scene will end. On the road to Emmaus our hearts burn within us as he talks to us by the way, and opens to us the scriptures; while on the Mount of Olives, a little on this side Bethany, we see him ascend to heaven, and know then that he is gone to his Father and to our Father, to his God and to our God. Then does he become to us the illustrious personage who by his Spirit, his apostles, and his grace, will 'restore the kingdom to Israel.'

The triumph of the material over the spiritual in man was the dominant and guiding principle in the Crusades. The ritualism and priestcraft of the Romish priesthood had substituted reverence for the outward and visible, for the inward and eternal. Christianity has legislated for man in his complex nature; but she has given the external to be the servant of the spiritual. The priesthood of Rome reversed the order, and destroyed the harmony of Christ's work. Hence her devotees were worshippers at the shrines of saints rather than at the footstool of Jehovah. To kiss the relics of the pseudo-saint was more meritorious than the curbing of the lusts, and a Paternoster or an Ave Maria more devout than the secret surrender of the mind to the power and presence of the Divine Spirit. Then when the holy sepulchre fell into the hands of the infidels, the cry arose through Europe 'To the rescue.' Peter the Hermit rung the tocsin in willing ears. They worshipped the material, 'not seeing Him who is invisible.' But while we thus scrutinize and condemn the principle on which they acted as antagonistic to the entire arrangement of the gospel, we cannot but admire the devotion with which all ranks of the people flocked to the standard of the Cross. Warriors donned the helmet, and threw the scarf of the red-cross knight over their shoulders. Pilgrims gathered in thousands to enter with the victorious armies into the recaptured city; and from all Christendom one universal cry arose, 'Away to the Holy Land.' Nor are we sure that had our lot been cast in that adventurous, but darkened age, when priestcraft was in its zenith, and chivalry in its meridian splen-

dour, we should not ourselves have become crusaders, and have planted the standard of Godfrey of Bouillon on the walls of Jerusalem, or have perished, as many a brave warrior perished, on the burning plains or in the deep gorges of the East.

That rude and barbarous age is past, and an age has succeeded in which a clearer perception obtains of what religion demands at the hands of her disciples. The spirit of chivalry has retired before the spirit of travel and intercommunication. We still honour the soil of Palestine, but it is not superstitiously. The interest we feel in all that pertains to that land is the reflected, and not the intrinsic worth—the interest of association, not that of meritorious efficacy, attaching to scenes and spots where such mighty works have been performed, and such divine truths revealed.

These remarks have been elicited by the title of the work now before us, though they have not been the fruit of sympathetic action between our own mind and the work itself. We have read many books of travel, but we have never, so far as we remember, been so much disappointed as in the case of Mr. Margoliouth's *Pilgrimage*. Apropos of the pilgrimage. It is not a pilgrimage to the land of his fathers, even granting that he is himself of Jewish extraction, that is, if his 'fathers' lived in Palestine, for we have here two octavo volumes, of 867 pages; but of the whole work, allowing from the day he landed at Beyrout to the end of his task, we find only 216 pages devoted to 'the land of his fathers.' It might have been called a pilgrimage anywhere else, unless he takes shelter under the word 'pilgrimage,' and claims, by virtue of it, to take notes of all things in heaven and on earth that may chance to catch his fugitive thoughts by the way. If this be so, he might as well have closed his book at Beyrout. The terms of his pilgrimage would then have been satisfied; or he might have visited the four quarters of the globe, instead of but three, before he had condescended to bring that pilgrimage to a close. But if a pilgrimage to any place or country implies that such place or country is the chief object of the journey, then we are at a loss to conceive how Mr. Margoliouth can be excused for compiling a work, the contents of which bear no manner of relation to the title-page.

But we have more serious charges to bring against him. The style in which this work is written reflects little credit upon the author as a scholar versed in the English, whatever he may be in the Hebrew tongue. His use of terms is often ungrammatical, as when he uses an adjective in place of an adverb. His relatives and antecedents are frequently too involved to be

referred each to either. He delights in puns of the most puerile description. In writing to Dr. Eyssenhardt, he plays upon his own and the Doctor's names:—'I have no predilection for exposing myself to the 'severe rubs' of *hard iron* (the literal meaning of Eyssenhardt). Poor pearl (the meaning of Margoliouth) will stand a bad chance when brought into collision with such metal as you are made of, and surnamed after.' Our advice to Mr. Margoliouth would have been, to keep out of his way. He says of one named Felix that he died 'infelice;' and, after describing a fulsome reception accorded to him, he adds, 'You may think all this fuss pleased my vanity, but I assure you I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. I felt, using a vulgar expression, that I was made a great *flat* by the weight of *flattery* imposed upon me.' If he knew it to be a vulgarity, we are surprised that he should have allowed it to escape his pen. From playing the punster he descends to slang. In a description of the way in which the Prince of Orange raised funds by which to prosecute the war against James II., he speaks of the Prince as lacking 'the *needful*.' A friend whom he meets he describes as 'a John Bull to the backbone;' while such vulgarisms as 'a couple of laughable incidents,' 'a nice long letter,' 'fancy,' 'just fancy,' 'only fancy,' 'I flatter myself,' interlard a style sufficiently barbarous without them.

But we must not forget that he deprecates criticism upon his English, because it is not his native tongue. Yet we find that he is the author of five other books already, by no means inconsiderable; or if he found such difficulty in casting his thoughts in an English mould, why did he not write in his native tongue, and leave the editing of his work in English to more able hands? But in whatever language he had written, though the venial sins we have above mentioned might have been avoided, the inherent faults of his work would have been beyond a cure.

We have a word to say on the foundation of the work. As a book of travels we might have had the information in a continuous narrative; or, if it pleased the author better, in a series of letters to a friend. The series of letters we have, but the parties to whom they are addressed are scattered over Europe. This pilgrimage is sent hither and thither, dispersed in detached pieces, some to Germany, some to Poland, some to Gibraltar, some to England, some to Wales, and some across the Irish Channel. The consequence of this arrangement has been the utmost confusion to the continuous reader; the constant explanations of previous letters to such of his correspondents who have not seen them, involving often the repetition of facts, and forming altogether the most heterogeneous assemblage of inter-

jectional hints, distorted descriptions, and patchwork editing, as can seldom be equalled, and never can be surpassed. Thus he writes :—‘ I am going to send to Lady Powiscourt a translation of a laconic letter I sent to my mother.’ Again, to make the contents of a letter intelligible to the Bishop of Down and Connor, he refers him to a preceding letter sent to the Bishop of Cork, which, he says, he had requested should be read to his lordship when the Bishop of Cork had done with it.

Even this is less excusable when we inquire into the character and rank of those to whom he has addressed his letters. We have here, in running down the names in the table of contents, the Archbishops of Dublin, Canterbury, and York ; the Bishops of Norwich, Cork, Down and Connor, and Gibraltar ; Chancellor Raikes ; Lord and Lady Powiscourt, and Lord and Lady Lindsay ; Sir Thomas Baring ; Lord Palmerston ; the Duchess of Manchester ; and Drs. Neander and Eysenhardt. Looking seriously on such a fact as this, we accuse Mr. Margoliouth of compliment to titled men and women, of the most fulsome and disgusting description. They are addressed with the most familiar nonchalance, as though he would say, ‘ see how intimate we are.’ He fawns on them as a spaniel fawns on the lap of its mistress, and challenges contempt by the sycophancy of his adulation. But this we cannot away with. This is not the age of servility, and of mean cringing to the titled holders of places ; or if it be, there are some of the guardians of public virtue who will take leave to frown upon it, and to denounce it as unworthy of the man, the Christian, and much more of the divine. Our indignation is equalled only by the surprise we feel at being informed that a clergyman, with acquaintances so powerful, both in the temporal and the spiritual world, is only a curate in one of the parishes of the North-west of England.

We are now prepared to hear that the man who stoops to court the great and titled as Mr. Margoliouth has done, can claim, when occasion serves, equal tribute to himself. We often find him engaged in earnest controversy with champions of the Jewish faith ; but the narrative of the strife appropriately terminates in the confusion of his enemies and his own corresponding triumph. In vol. ii. p. 169, he says : ‘ I wish I could give you portraits of the Doctor’s (a Jew) visage, before and after my reply : Dr. D. was fairly done. His packed audience could do nothing for him ; on the contrary, they aggravated his mortification, by saying, “ Doctor, why don’t you answer ? ” &c. . . . Exactly the same scene happened here yesterday on board. A venerable-looking Hebrew pilgrim, well versed in the Old Testament Scriptures, volunteered to stop my mouth henceforth and for ever about the inspiration of the New Testament.

In short, he acted Dr. D. upon me, and shared his fate. I shall never forget the rueful countenances my Hebrew antagonists presented.' Such vaunts ill-become the defender of the Christian faith. Had he given us the conversations, in an intelligible form, he might have left his readers to draw the conclusion against his opponents. Similar specimens of vanity occur continually throughout the work.

Take another instance. He was in the Bibliothèque Royale, attentively copying from some Hebrew folio. A party appeared, the senior of which addressed him : ' Pardon me, sir, I was not aware that you are a Hebrew : I took you, from your dress, for an English clergyman.' He replies—and then : ' I overheard a whisper emanating from the lips of the old lady, " Ask him to honour us with his *charming* company home." ' The whisper was caught up by the bystanders, and all the ruby lips of the fair portion of our circle echoed the request, and their sparkling eyes seemed (eyes send back an echo !) to re-echo the same.' He accepted the invitation, ' while there was a mysterious delight in each visage, and an eager impatience for my affirmative reply.' As they are passing away, ' I made an effort to be polite ; offered the young lady my arm, which I flatter myself she accepted *con amore*.' He narrates the substance of their conversation on the way home, during ' a walk of an hour and a half.' That he could write the following without an intuitive perception of its utter ridiculousness, exceeds belief : ' I was extremely chagrined when we arrived at the terminus of our walk. I said, " What a short distance you live from the library." ' I really thought so. To which Miss M. replied, with the most genuine *laissez aller insouciance*, " The pleasure seems to have been mutual. I never recollect a time when a walk appeared more brief to me than to-day. We are five miles from the Bibliothèque Royale. Your instructive conversation annihilated the distance most effectually." ' I returned the compliment—nay, it was no compliment, but sober truth—and said, " It was your melodious voice, and transcendently instructive, and peculiarly interesting narrative that beguiled this distance. I earnestly regret that the space is not multiplied tenfold, so that I might have been privileged to hang a little longer on lips that drop words ' sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb.' " ' I know not what more I might have said, most probably much more than I would have relished to remember or think of.' We think he has said enough ; if, indeed, he ever uttered such exclamations in the car of any lady, without severe rebuke. Need Mr. Margoliouth be told that he has compared the words of the lady to the divine truths of which the Psalmist says, ' they are sweeter

also than the honey or the honeycomb? As to hanging longer on her lips, we had rather not for ourselves be encumbered with such a piece of pendant folly.

This passage is not the only one wherein he has played at will with the style and phraseology of Scripture. Were he other than a clergyman, we would not suffer such freedom to pass without rebuke. In his letter to the Bishop of Down and Connor, we find this expression—‘that my epistle be read in the palace of Down and Connor.’ Had Mr. Margoliouth forgotten that Paul has employed this phraseology, touching one of his epistles? Again, he adopts the formula of the compiler of the Book of Kings: ‘The rest of the things which I saw and heard that day, are they not written in the book in which I chronicle all the events that pass before me?’ Nor are we disposed to be less severe when we find him speaking of one of the most unhappy of Scripture characters, one of which we have ever thought with mournful sadness, and with a prayer that we may never imitate her folly and guilt, in such a flippant strain as the following:—‘Mrs. Lot, we have reason to believe, stands at the extreme south, and I was standing at the extreme north of the Dead Sea, and I therefore could not see her this time.’ This statement we cannot let pass for another reason. We do not believe in the existence of this monument of the Divine vengeance. That a pillar of salt is to be found at the South-eastern point of the Dead Sea, we know to be true; but that it is the pillar of salt into which the guilty woman was transformed, we have no belief; nor can any one look at the configuration of the mountain of rock-salt behind the pillar, as given in Lynch’s work, without seeing at once the agency by which the column in question was formed. That it has not been destroyed, is due to the thick capping of limestone with which it is surmounted. Besides, the pillar stands too far from the scene of destruction; it is a sufficient answer to the attempt to identify this column with Lot’s wife, to say that this pillar is in itself forty feet high, and stands on a pedestal forty or sixty feet above the level of the sea.

We shall now give a specimen or two of his style of criticism. In commenting on the word ‘Bekka,’ he says:—‘Now for a word of criticism about the etymology of the name Bekka, or Baca, as some choose to spell it. Pray bear with me. I am about to disagree with all writing travellers. I cannot help it when I think they are wrong. Attribute it to my infirmity.’ If infirmity be the reason of the criticism, there is an end of it. We care not to listen to the lucubrations of a diseased mind. If this criticism be the result of conviction, why not say so, and leave his readers to judge whether he be ‘infirm’ or not.

But we have been most amused at the unique and altogether original manner in which he disposes of Antichrist, and arranges the scene of his final triumphs, previously to his overthrow. We never remember, in the midst of all the absurdities that have been written on this subject, to have seen this quotation surpassed. Referring to the rumour that 'the Pope intends to remove his seat to Jerusalem,' he says: 'with reference to the latter, I have a word to say. Whether Pio Nono is the Pontiff who will establish himself in this city, or one of his yet unborn successors, I care not; but if a Pope is to be *the* 'Antichrist,' I believe that Pope will settle here, and enact all the horrors foretold by the great apostle. I do not believe that St. Peter's, at Rome, is meant (referring to 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4), by "the Temple of God." I believe that the man of sin, when revealed, will make Jerusalem his theatre, and Mount Moriah his stage. This son of perdition will most likely be a Pope, but an apostate one, who will "deny the Father and the Son," but may get, by some means, possession of the mosque of Omar, which is still called the Temple of God both by Jews and Mohammedans; and that temple stood there in the days of the apostle.' By what means this conquest is to be effected, he does not inform his readers. Nor does he inform us with what scenic accompaniments the stage on Moriah is to be fitted up, nor who will constitute the spectators in the somewhat limited theatre of Jerusalem; while we are utterly at a loss to reconcile our dates with his, for we thought the mosque of Omar was of somewhat later date than the days of the apostle. However, we will give him the full benefit of his own figurative defence: 'I hope your grace will kindly excuse these crudities. My multifarious correspondence does not allow me sufficient time for *pruning* and *polishing* my sentences.' But the British public have a right to demand that an author who inflicts on them two volumes of such size as the present, *should* take time to remove such crudities; nor be doomed to discover, after purchasing the work, that they have fallen into the hands of a writer who is too busy to ascertain even the correctness of his facts.

But we suspect Mr. Margoliouth simply of 'book-making;' for what do we find? We find thirty-seven pages occupied with the trial of one Paolo Longar. And the trial is told with all the minutiae of an Old Bailey report. Again, we have seventeen pages taken up with a memorial from the Church of Scotland to Lord Palmerston touching the conversion of the Jews. We pass on, and we find twenty-four pages occupied with the 230 questions that Ibn Salaam put to Mohammed, when half-a-dozen would have sufficed to have established the data, and to have satisfied the reader. Then we have the narrative of the wreck

of the *Avenger* on the coast of Africa, about which, in detached places, no less than thirteen pages are occupied. And, lastly—not to mention more—there are five pages filled by a memorial from the Jews at Safet praying her Majesty to appoint them a consul. A more flagrant case of sheer book-making than this work exhibits we have seldom known.

All that may be supposed to make a book of travels interesting is wanting here. Even much of the information he has furnished relating to his Jewish brethren had better not have been told, than have been given to us encumbered with such a pedantic display of Hebrew—even to the giving of the text of Scripture, and disfigured with such puerilities as, ‘I blushed;’ which same information is repeated several times: and again, ‘To get rid of the multitudinous questions as to where I would sit, I sat down at once on a velvet chair which stood close to me.’ Even the Wady el Mokatteb researches, which he was qualified to prosecute from his knowledge of the Oriental languages, he dismisses by upsetting in one letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, all the theories of preceding writers, and that before he has travelled beyond Paris; and in a second, to the Lord Bishop of Norwich, he confirms his own theory—‘his matured opinion of the Sinaite inscriptions;’ but tells us he has had no time accurately to examine them; nor does he supply even the scanty data on which these ‘matured opinions’ have been formed.

The hospitality accorded to him at Paris by the Duke of Manchester he has repaid by telling us, his lordship is chagrined at the review of his work on Prophecy by the ‘Quarterly Review;’ and he publishes a private note of the Bishop of Jerusalem giving the name of his banker; while he casts back the hospitality of France in the curt and impertinent criticism—‘Taking it (France) as a whole, it is a most disgusting country.’

But we have done. The examples we have given are equalled by others that still remain in our note-book. We close the work with surprise and regret—surprise that any man who has written five previous works should give this to the world as his sixth; regret—for we had hoped to derive pleasure and instruction from what has only vexed us with its pedantry, and disgusted us with its trivialities of detail.

ART. VI.—*The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with Notes Illustrative, and a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a General Index.* London: Henry G. Bohn.

HISTORY is entitled to the foremost place in the literature of a people, because it demands solid and extensive knowledge, great perseverance and ingenuity of thought, and a range of genius sufficiently commanding to sweep the whole territory of its possessions, besides numerous minor faculties and accomplishments, which enable an author to write with perspicuity and fascination. In history, if anywhere within the circle of literature, the rarest and most elevated specimens of moral and intellectual manhood meet subjects sufficiently exalted, and difficulties sufficiently intricate, to tax their strength and skill.

Historical compositions, in rude or more refined forms, are beyond doubt the earliest and most generally known productions of the human mind; for, passing by those wild and vague traditions found amongst savage and barbarous people, what are the mythologies of Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia? what the ballad of the rustic and the song of the Scald and minstrel, and what the romance of later times, except history more or less embellished? History is also the final form of all knowledge; it is the sacred temple wherein are enshrined the characters, fates, thoughts, sayings and doings of the famous actors in past times, together with the results springing from them. It ought, therefore, as far as possible, to be an exact account of the *whole life* of mankind in past ages, as well mental as civil and domestic.

Viewed with respect to its capabilities for usefulness, it is not too much to say, there is no form of literature to which a wise nation should show more attachment or veneration, nor any in which they should demand more vigour of execution and completeness than this; for who knows not, that, next to the influence of equals and contemporaries no earthly force has such power on the human mind as that with which history is instinct. Of the sons of men there are none so high and noble as not to revere its lessons, and none so low as not to hear its voice; over the living generation it can breathe, in a moment of perilous exigency, strength and resolution, or feebleness and despair, and as from the distant past it lifts its voice to rebuke or to encourage, so through the future generations of mankind it must continue to cast abroad its light and shade. Such being the vast capabilities of history, one cannot but regret that it is so seldom

found in a popular form, and makes up so small a part of the general reading of these days. One reason for this may doubtless be found in the unusual amount and highly exciting character of the fiction ever pouring from the press, and becoming increasingly, it is to be feared, a substitute for all solid reading. A still more powerful cause, perhaps, although more indirect, lies in the extraordinary estimate which men have formed of the superiority of these to all preceding times. You can scarcely take up a periodical—you cannot enter a public meeting, without being called on to sing a pæan of joy, in some form, over the safe arrival of this enlightened nineteenth century. Not that we possess any unusual amount of reverent thankfulness for our great advantages, or any deep sense of responsibility on account of the vast treasures handed down from the past; but this is sometimes pretended, because it is a convenient form in which incense may be offered at the shrine of our own vanity, and an imposing dignity thrown around those who fancy that they are determining the destinies of mankind.

Our historians have in general diminished the popularity and real value of their works by confining their investigations to the dignified events and actions of past times. They have, consequently, thrown a direct light only upon those who occupied the high places of power, leaving the condition of the main body of the people in almost total darkness. Eager to exercise what they regard as the highest function of their office, they expend the force of their genius in evolving what they deem the grand lessons of history, and thus become too often in fact nothing higher than teachers of party politics, while they transform their works into a collection of criticisms on the subjects of history.

History would put on numerous charms for all classes of readers, of which it is, in its present state, destitute, did those who undertake to furnish it vigorously endeavour to embrace the *whole life of a community* within the circle of their investigations, honestly labouring to represent *this* as it existed with what of completeness, beauty, and verisimilitude is possible, and banishing from their thought every design beyond and beside this. Were a historical enthusiasm thus pure to prevail, might we not expect from the industry, learning, and cultivation of our countrymen monuments of genius surpassing in value and permanent popularity and usefulness any works yet contained in the department of our national history?

In the meantime, it is not to be forgotten that, if one wishes to gain such acquaintance with history as shall yield permanent satisfaction, he must repair to those more original documents that have become to us ultimate external authorities;

It is in the light of this fact that we appreciate the boon conferred upon the students of history by the publication, in a form so cheap and convenient, of Bede's 'History' and the 'Saxon Chronicle,' and of those other works of lasting value which make up Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

Twelve centuries, prolific of change, and pregnant with mighty consequences, have nearly elapsed since the Venerable Bede, as he is usually styled, wrote his history. It comes to us, therefore, from a remote antiquity, laden with many of the treasures, and not a few of the puerilities, of the distant past, and covered with the reverence of all the successive generations through which it has travelled, to speak of the characters, doings, and fortunes of our Saxon forefathers, during nearly the whole of the first three hundred years of their residence in this country. Of the author little is known, and what we do know is chiefly contained in the account of himself with which he closes his 'Ecclesiastical History.' He was born A.D. 673, about 224 years after the Saxons had come into England.

This latter event, so important in its bearing on the destinies of England, took place in A.D. 449, and under circumstances which were anything but flattering, if we credit Bede, to the courage or sagacity of the natives. It would appear that the Britons, once so famous for their military spirit and discipline, had become incapable of self-defence, and that on the withdrawal of the protection of Rome, they were harassed and plundered by the Scots on the west and the Picts on the north. Driven to extremities, and after repeated unsuccessful supplications for aid to their previous protectors, they solicited assistance from the wandering hordes of warriors then inhabiting Germany.

The cure proved more intolerable than the disease; for, though their old enemies remained within their own territories, the Saxons had no sooner obtained a footing in Britain than, reinforced by fresh accessions of their countrymen, they commenced a protracted struggle for supremacy, and by a series of victories, both in war and in diplomacy, interspersed with partial defeats, became masters of the better half of England before the conclusion of the sixth century, and retained that ascendancy until it was wrested from them at the Norman Conquest. Bede's representation of this matter, there is reason to think, is substantially correct. Britain was, at the time referred to, divided into thirty municipalities, at the head of each of which stood a king or president; and to adapt this system to the prosecution of national purposes, one of these presidents was chosen the supreme ruler, and the municipalities formed a grand confederation of states. Had they chosen to continue in firm union, no external foe could have successfully disturbed them; but,

unfortunately, anarchy and disunion prevailed;—the highest office of the state was held by a disregarded usurper, and the whole country was laid open, without anything like defence, to the ravages of those who were eager to take advantage of such a state of things.

The territory gained by the Saxons was originally divided into what has been called the Heptarchy; but these divisions gradually merged into the four independent kingdoms of Kent, Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria, which, with difficulty, maintained a separate existence until A.D. 800, when Egbert, King of Wessex, reduced the whole into one kingdom.

It is matter of dispute, whether the Saxons completely cleared their territories of the original inhabitants, or merely subjected them to their own purposes and ends. All analogous instances, besides some considerations peculiar to this case, point to the latter conclusion; Hume earnestly contends that the Saxons were compelled either to exterminate or to drive out the natives, in order to make their own lives secure: endeavouring to substantiate this view by the assumption that our institutions, laws, and language, are purely Saxon in their origin. The assumption is destitute of truth, and the alleged necessity could easily be proved fabulous by general considerations, were this necessary. Gildas, the historian of the Britons, who flourished during the period when these things were occurring, charges the Britons with neglecting to instruct the Saxons *amongst* whom they lived in the truths of the Christian religion; and Bede, besides repeating this accusation in the very words of Gildas, tells us plainly, that in his time, the greater part of the subjects of the Northumbrian king were Britons.

From the period of the Saxon usurpation down to the era of the Norman conquest, Britain was the theatre of nearly incessant war. Sometimes the contest was with foreign foes; oftener between Saxon and Briton, and still more frequently between Saxon and Saxon; while those twin-monsters, famine and pestilence, were not seldom seen following the ravages which occurred during these strifes. This state of conflict is the more deeply to be regretted, since we find that our forefathers, when peace did prevail, could place around themselves comfort and abundance, with a rapidity of which it is difficult to form a conception.

Nor was the religious and intellectual condition of the people more satisfactory. The Saxon chiefs were entirely unacquainted with Christianity when they came into England, and they seem to have been brought over to the despised religion of the Britons with great difficulty, after repeated efforts on the part of the missionaries sent by the Pope to instruct them. Even when they

had nominally embraced the Christian faith, and imposed its profession on their subjects, little was done, until the times of Alfred the Great, to educate the people, and give them a command of the sources of knowledge.

The Papal missionaries occupied themselves chiefly in converting kings and princes, leaving the mass of the people, to whom preaching was the only means of obtaining knowledge, to find their way as they best could to the knowledge and belief of Christianity. It does not surprise us, therefore, to learn that those amongst the clergy who were in the habit of itinerating as preachers should find whole districts of the people utterly given up to heathenism, although professedly Christian; and that such of the Saxon kings as renounced, or did not embrace Christianity, found themselves involved in no difficulties on account of the attachment of their subjects to the Christian faith. Preaching, although not yet contemptible in the eyes of a lazy priesthood, was in amount vastly beneath what the exigencies of the population demanded; and there is reason to conclude that what the people did enjoy in this way was sadly destitute of the characteristics of those glad-tidings which formed the theme of apostolic teaching. Long before the time of Bede, the bold and striking outlines of the Christian faith, as drawn by the hand of Prophet, Evangelist, and Apostle, were greatly defaced, and the serious and lovely form of practical Christianity was disfigured with numberless excrescences; some contrary to her spirit—others monstrous—others ridiculous—and all offensive: bereft, too, of that might of weakness with which, in earlier times, she went forth conquering and to conquer—weighed down by a host of senseless ceremonies stolen from the Pagan or the Jew, and leaning mainly upon the arm of earthly power. Need we wonder that she reached the hearts and consciences of our forefathers only in few instances, leaving the mass of the people where she found them, clothed with misery and desolated by vice? Miserable phantasms of a depraved imagination had now taken, or were taking, the places and names of the solemn verities of the religion of Jesus Christ; the perishing multitudes were summoned to partake of the virtue of priestly ceremony, and saintly relic, instead of being led to 'the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel;' and for the *Church*, a congregation of faithful men, regenerated by the Spirit of God, were taught to substitute the unscriptural idea of a consecrated priesthood, clothed with the prerogatives of heaven; for conversion, a mere profession of Christianity; for regeneration, a passing through the waters of outward baptism; and to ensure saintly canonization from the clergy, one had only

to defer to priest and bishop, build churches, found monasteries, or, at the most, journey to Rome, and there bend in unmanly and unhallowed submission to the pretended successor of the prince of the apostles.

Although Rome had not as yet gathered up within herself all power and authority; and though the power and authority she had monopolized was exerted kindly and with a mixture of good amongst the Saxons; she did not for an hour lose sight of her claim to the reverence and submission of the churches, on the ground of her alleged connexion with the prince of the apostles: while those materials were rapidly accumulating out of which she constructed that tremendous despotism which she has wielded in later times. Monasteries and monkery rapidly increased in Britain, aided no less by the unsettled state of civil rule and by the influence of rank and learning, than by the ghostly superstitions and gross corruptions of public sentiment which were rapidly overshadowing the human soul.

It was in the year 675—just two years after the birth of Bede—that Biscop, surnamed Benedict, a powerful thane of Northumbria, seized by the spirit of monasticism then raging in all the freshness of its earliest and purest days, renounced the world, according to the deluded belief of the times, by becoming a monk, and received from the Northumbrian king a territory lying along the sea-coast, between the mouths of the Wear and Tyne, on the banks of which rivers he founded, successively, the twin monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, dedicated respectively to the apostles Peter and Paul.

This Benedict added to the rude accomplishments of a Northumbrian noble the higher qualifications of self-command, an enlarged humanity, and a profound addiction to the pursuits of learning. He appears, in the foundation of these institutions, to have had equally at heart the interests of learning and of religion; and he travelled much in foreign countries, going not fewer than four times to Rome, for the purpose of collecting literary treasures and relics with which to enrich them.

Although these monasteries were founded on the absurd and pernicious assumption that a state of celibacy is purer and more celestial than that of marriage, they afforded numerous advantages for the pursuits of learning which were not to be found beyond their precincts. The insecure tenure by which all secular property was held, the constant ravages to which it was subject, and the prevailing necessity felt by its owners of keeping themselves and their dependents at least in a state of military defence, rendered it necessary for men earnestly bent on the diffusion of learning and religion to throw themselves and their possessions under the broad shield of the Church—whose rights

and possessions were in general held sacred by all parties—in order that they might be able to command that leisure, and those instruments and agents which were indispensable for such purposes.

To the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, while under the rule of such a man as Benedict, we may easily suppose that many men of studious and thoughtful habits gladly repaired, for their own advantage, as well as to diffuse those treasures of learning which he had already accumulated. Here, however, we are not left to conjecture, for Bede enables us to see that such was actually the case.

It was within the territory belonging to these monasteries, and most probably in the village of Jarrow, that Bede was born. This district, and the surrounding territories of the Northumbrian king, lying on the northern borders of the ancient Roman Empire, were more fully peopled by Roman colonists than any other part of Britain, and had, doubtless, received more than any of their neighbours of the culture and civilization which that celebrated people diffused around them. Be this as it may, the district above referred to is not only celebrated in the annals of literature as the birthplace of Bede and Adumnan, Saxon historians, and of Shyworth-Hen, one of the earliest of the British poets; it is most probably the 'northern country,' from whence went forth those famous minstrels, with their sweet and stirring song, to kindle the joys and fire the courage of our ancestors in their baronial halls; and it is, undoubtedly, also, one of the earliest and most favourite abodes of the romancers who commanded the attention, and roused the martial enthusiasm and knightly virtues, of later times.

Of the parents of Bede he himself says nothing, and no other historian supplies the deficiency. At the age of seven years he entered the monastery of Wearmouth; and three years afterwards, he was transferred to that of Jarrow, where he remained during the remainder of his life. We have no means of knowing how his education was secured, except as he himself informs us that he received instruction in the study of holy Scriptures and theology from one Trumhere, a monk, who had been educated by Chad, Bishop of Lichfield; and that he was taught the art of chanting, then a novelty in Britain, by John Arch, chanter of St. Peter's at Rome, whom Benedict had brought into Britain, with the Pope's consent; yet from this we may conclude that others would lend their aid to the thoughtful and aspiring monk in the various branches of learning which he afterwards mastered.

But, doubtless, from the thirst for learning diffused through the institution by its enlightened founder, and those kindred spirits which gathered around him, sprang that impulse, which,

acting on a mind of more than ordinary compass and reflectiveness, carried the young and ardent Bede above the ordinary rank of the brotherhood to which he belonged. He appears, from his writings, to have been master of the Latin and Greek languages, and to have had some knowledge of Hebrew, besides possessing a large share of general information on the various subjects of history, astrology, rhetoric, poetry, medicine, and theology. Nor were his religious habits and principles at all inferior to his mental accomplishments, in the estimation of contemporaries; for, so early as his nineteenth year—six years before the ordinary time—we find him admitted, at the instigation of his abbot, to deacon's orders, and performing the duties of that office. Not, however, until his thirty-first year did he become a priest; the period intervening was scrupulously employed in making those large and varied acquirements which fitted him to produce, in after-life, the numerous works which were regarded, in his own time, as of pre-eminent value, and which gained for him a name that was heard far beyond the boundaries of his native land. The circle of Bede's literary intimates was extensive, including some of the highest dignitaries of Church and State, all of whom were profoundly attached to his person, and filled with admiration of his great abilities. To them we are indebted, not only for suggesting the thought of writing a history, but also for a large portion of the materials of which it is made up.

From what has been said, however, we shall form but a very imperfect estimate of the force of Bede's mental capabilities, and of his unbending addiction to study, if we do not take into account the small portion of time which was at his entire disposal. Eight or ten hours, at least, of the best part of the day were regularly demanded for the performance of the duties devolving on him as a member of the monastic fraternity; and if to this we add what was necessary for rest and relaxation, what he spent in teaching others, and what he must have lost by possessing a comparatively weak and sickly frame, only a very small portion of the day could be devoted to study; yet notwithstanding this, Bede has taken a not ignoble place in the temple of literature, from which none can now dislodge him.

In connexion with his death some incidents of exquisite beauty are told in a letter written by one of his pupils, of such a kind as leaves reason to hope that, notwithstanding many sad mistakes into which he fell, and to which we shall presently advert, he left this world for a happier and purer one. His Ecclesiastical History has been often translated into English. Twice, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was rendered into our vernacular tongue, with the intent of helping the haughty

and superstitious Tudor back to Rome. Nor can we say that it has no fitness for such a purpose : because in the most emphatic sense, to use the language of William of Malmesbury, 'Bede wrote books for the Church,' and his history certainly forms no exception. Indeed, one of his chief designs in writing this history was to extend and perpetuate Church authority—to centralize and intensify priestly power—to immortalize those who enriched the Church and made her great—in one word, to make the priesthood, with the Pope of Rome at their head, masters of the world's treasures and supreme umpires amongst mankind. Hence the stern denunciations which we find him uttering against those who spoiled the Church's possessions, or interfered, by Nonconformity, with that outward unity of discipline and ritual which is of such potent efficacy in knitting up every fragment of Church power into a pregnant whole. Hence, also, the outrageous eulogies pronounced over such as favoured her interests and deferred to her authority, and the fond delight with which he lingers over the most trifling details of the life and death of those whom he considered eminent amongst her priesthood ; and hence, too, the care with which he has narrated the innumerable host of incredible miracles said to have been performed by the relics of her enshrined sons, and the not less incredible judgments that broke forth from heaven upon her enemies. Some may wonder how a man of Bede's intelligence and virtue could have erred so egregiously ; yet there can be no doubt that by this work he gave a prodigious impulse to that corrupt spiritual power which a degraded priesthood afterwards wielded with such terrific energy.

If we would understand him, we must remember that the Church was, in his view, the possessor of heaven's most precious treasures ; that at this time she was, in fact, the only apparent home of mercy, charity, and justice, in this world ; that on her ample and increasing domains, and there alone, peace, industry, and abundance, with all the scenes of social joy so grateful to the human spirit, found something like permanence. Then we shall not wonder so much that, captivated with these results, and believing them inherent in the corrupt ecclesiasticism then stretching forth its arms to the bounds of the known world, he overlooked the fact that human depravity, crouching beneath the folds of priestly power, was preparing to wage a more deadly struggle with the dearest interests of man than had ever before occurred in this world. Placed within sight of a slowly retiring heathenism, which was ever ready to start back into possession of its former inheritance, and witnessing the almost daily ravages of the civil rulers of his times, Bede thought he saw in the increasing power of the Church the rising hope of

the world ; and he laboured with much zeal to place her on that lofty eminence which would enable her to hold in check the world's tyrants—to quell those atrocious passions that fling man forward upon man with blood-thirsty intent, and to cast the mild beams of her heavenly light into the darkest and most desolate corners of the world, thereby rendering them fountains of health, and peace, and joy, to the bewildered and miserable children of men.

It will be found, we apprehend, much more difficult to defend him in the *means* which he employs, especially in his giving currency to the lying miracles then bruited abroad by a credulous and corrupt age, with the view of exalting the Church. It is hardly possible that an honest man in any age, with such knowledge of the sacred Scriptures as Bede undoubtedly possessed, could be duped into the belief that Almighty God interposed to work miracles sometimes in forms contemptibly puerile, and always without any important end in view : more particularly when a sordid selfishness is usually seen contending in rude and vulgar rage for the spoils thus obtained. It is no defence to allege that he nowhere professes to have been an eye-witness of the things which he narrates : because he takes great care to impress on his reader the conviction, that what he does bring forward rests on the best authority which testimony can afford ; while he expresses entire faith in their reality, without once hinting at the possibility of his informant being deceived : far less, that for reasons obvious enough, he may have been inclined to tell a very wonderful story. The truth is, therefore, that if we would save Bede's character, we must admit his nearly boundless credulity in such matters ; for not to speak of the total lack of those concurring circumstances which render human testimony of any avail in establishing the reality of miracles, not a few of those so-called miracles, with which he crowds his page, bear the marks of undisguised falsehood, and others are easily enough explained into facts of natural history, not apparently known in his days.

But we have not reached the depth of his offence. Bede labours, with great zeal and dexterity, on behalf of saint-worship, thus robbing the Creator of his just homage, and promoting, amongst his nominal worshippers, the spirit and errors of an effete heathenism.

The Bible teaches that death effects, for a time, a total separation between ourselves and those who have departed hence. It gives no hope that we can influence the state of the dead ; and as little reason to believe that they are within the reach of our call. Now, it is obvious to remark, that no

man can draw the spirits of the redeemed out of their blessed obscurity, and place them in the foreground of that active Providence which encircles us, without diverting human attention from the proper object of dependence; introducing an influence which corrupts and degrades the character; re-instituting one of the most revolting and pernicious elements of heathenism; and making heaven, to the generality of men, but a more familiar pantheon, which shall absorb their homage, and with whose inhabitants they will ever prefer to transact all their spiritual concerns; while that *one presence*, before which, alone, the human soul should bend in penitence, is withdrawn in displeasure, and leaves man a prey to the grossest and most debasing superstition.

Of the kindred error, that saint and saintly relic, priest and priestly ceremony, can become the channels of invisible blessing, we shall only say that, condemned by the word of God as it is, it could yield nothing but evil, and it has yielded that in past times to such a degree as may well make intelligent men shudder at the thought of its ever regaining an ascendancy over mankind.

To this impious system Bede lent the force of his talents and accomplishments; and, by his writings, did much to inveigle and enslave the free and ardent spirit of man to its power. There is, nevertheless, a considerable amount of matter in his history of the utmost value; nor should it be overlooked that to have displayed, by a sincere devotee, the terrible system of error then stretching forth its giant arms to bring the world to its feet, was a service which a wise man can turn to account, though fools are hurried by it to destruction.

His History embraces, professedly, the ecclesiastical history of the Saxons during the first three hundred years of their residence in this country, giving an account of the various efforts made during that period to Christianize the several kingdoms, of the agents employed in this work, and of the kings who reigned successively in the separate territories of Saxon-land: with here and there a glimpse into British and foreign affairs. In proceeding with his history he usually follows the order of time, seizing, as he goes along, and transferring to his page, whatever he finds to his purpose, without much regard to continuity of subject: preserving, generally, a deep seriousness of manner and simplicity of style, and only at rare intervals adorning his communications with the more ambitious robes of an antique oratory.

Of the Saxon Chronicle nothing requires to be said; its name indicates its character; its great value arises from the fact that we have little or nothing besides to aid us in understanding

the history of these times. It forms a fit companion to Bede's Ecclesiastical History; and both are presented in this edition in their most finished and useful form. To the editor and publisher the public are greatly indebted for this and other valuable documents of our early history, and we trust they will be generously sustained in their heavy undertakings.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Edward Baines, late M. P. for the Borough of Leeds.* By his Son, Edward Baines. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

A LATE distinguished contributor to this Review, has described the importance of 'decision of character' in a style, both of thought and diction fully worthy of the high moral dignity of that commanding quality; and it may be truly said, that the life of the late Edward Baines, of Leeds, is one of the best practical realizations of the finely-imagined character of the masterly essayist.

Mr. Edward Baines's memoir of his father—of whom, in the outset, it is no slight praise to say that he was worthy of such a son for a biographer—has appeared in different numbers of the '*Leeds Mercury*.' Public opinion has already pronounced its award of admiring approbation, both with regard to the subject and the author. We feel, however, that our readers will not object to be recalled to the grateful contemplation of a character so well illustrating the practical value of the religious and political principles which have, for half a century, been explained and vindicated in this Review.

Mr. Baines's ancestral family resided in Yorkshire. They belonged, speaking of them generally, to the yeomanry of that county; and several held farms under the Dukes of Devonshire. That they were persons of highly respectable social habits and repute, appears from the fact that several of the sons of the different collateral branches of the family were clergymen of the Church of England. Mr. Richard Baines, the father of Mr. Baines, held an appointment in the excise, and he was removed to Preston. Here he married a lady of respectable parentage and family; and, on his marriage, he resigned his situation, and commenced business as a grocer. We have adverted to these

facts for the purpose of introducing the following instructive passage :

‘ Ancient laws and charters, founded upon narrow views of trade, interposed obstacles in the way of any person commencing business in a corporate town, without having served seven years apprenticeship in the particular trade. An act of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 4, sec. 31, prohibited this practice, under the penalty of forty shillings per month ; and very ancient documents defining the usages of the Corporation of Preston, as well as the forms of oath administered to the burgesses, recognised it as the right and duty of the borough to exclude “ foreigners,” or “ merchant strangers,” from transacting business within its limits except at the fairs. It does not speak well for this restriction, that Preston had certainly for a century, and probably for several centuries, been in a stationary condition : in 1780, the population did not exceed 6,000. The politics of Mr. Richard Baines did not recommend him to the favour of the corporation, which was of the Tory party, whilst he was a Whig ; and it was believed, that in endeavouring to remove him from the town, that worshipful body had as much regard to its influence at borough elections, as to the security of its tradesmen. However this may be, an indictment was preferred against him at the borough sessions, for having carried on business as a grocer in Preston for one month, in the year 1770. He resisted the vexatious interference ; the indictment was removed to the Lancaster assizes, and it entailed upon him expenses amounting to several hundred pounds. He was obliged to leave the town, and he removed to the village of Walton-le-dale, where he carried on his business.’ Pp. 13, 14.

The effect of this memorable fact in the family history has been well noticed by the intelligent biographer, who observes :— ‘ At this place (Walton-le-dale) his second son Edward was born, and the *knowledge of the persecution his father had suffered from a Tory corporation had an influence on the son’s mind in future life*. He was ever opposed to trade monopolies, and the system of self-elected corporations ; and at a public meeting in Leeds, to promote municipal reform, sixty years after, Mr. Baines told the story of his father’s wrongs. Thus good came out of evil, and persecution raised up avengers to aid in its own destruction.’ At ten years of age, Edward was received into the family of his maternal uncle, at Kingsland, near Hawkeshead, among the Lakes. Here, for a while, he attended the free grammar-school, then conducted by Edward Christian, Esq., afterwards the Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge. ‘ The poet Wordsworth was his schoolmate, but he was several years his senior. Of Edward’s progress there, as he left very early, nothing is known, though family tradition hands down an oracle uttered by his master (who is said to have been fond of him), namely, *that he would either be a great man or be hanged*.’

At eight years of age he returned home, and entered in the second class of the free grammar-school at Preston. He left this at about sixteen years of age, and though, respecting the instruction there given, it is stated by the biographer that it was inferior, young Baines somehow or other must have managed to get a substantially useful education: for, to adopt the felicitous and significant phrase of our author, after he had left school, he soon began to evince an 'intellectual bent.' This, after all, far more than any extensive rote acquirements of the mere memory, is the great thing to be desired and produced at the delicate turning point of a youth's history. He chose for himself, in preference to following the occupation of his father in the cotton manufacture, the business of a printer. His father 'prudently concurring,' as it is justly said, in the inclination of his son, apprenticed him, when upwards of sixteen, to Mr. W. Walker, a printer at Preston. Out of this circumstance—this 'intellectual bent' when starting in life—originated many of those incidents and passages of his future history, intellectual, social, and commercial, the description of which makes this biography at once so fascinating and instructive. We wonder not that they who knew him in the earlier days of his useful career should have regarded him as a sort of English Benjamin Franklin.

When he was about nineteen, his master, Mr. Walker, who was a liberal in politics, and an Independent Dissenter, established a newspaper called the 'Preston Review.' This, for a time, not only gave more regular occupation in the printing department of the business, but must have imported into the concern somewhat of the character of an intellectual profession. From the mental texture of the aspiring apprentice, there is no doubt that he assisted in the more literary engagements, such as at that time they were, connected with the publication. The bias and the ability thus obtained were, perhaps, 'the making of him,' as the expression goes. When, after a short time, the paper was abandoned, he felt that the occupations of the printing-office no longer afforded scope enough for his abilities, and his desire for improvement and advance.

'At the beginning of the year 1795, therefore, writes our author, Mr. Baines explained his wishes to Mr. Walker, and asked for his indentures. The latter consented, and the young printer, having the approbation of his parents, left his native town, and went out to seek his fortunes. Such a course is extremely common in Germany, but much less so in England. There was at that time no public conveyance on the direct route from Preston to Leeds, and the journey by coach through Manchester would have occupied two days. The frugal apprentice, stout of heart and limb, performed the journey on foot, with his bundle under his arm. A friend accompanied him to

Clitheroe, but he crossed the hills into Yorkshire with no companion but his staff,* and all his worldly wealth in his pocket. Wayworn he entered the town of Leeds, and, finding the shop of Messrs. Binns and Brown, he inquired if they had room for an apprentice to finish his time. The stranger was carelessly referred to the foreman; and as he entered the *Mercury* office, *he intentionally resolved, that if he should obtain admittance there, he would never leave it. In a few years the office and newspaper became his own, and so continued till his death.*

The italics are our own, as we wish to fix attention on the more significant events of his course, as exemplifying his individuality and decision of character. Thus settled at Leeds, by the introduction, principally, of his friend Mr. Thomas Wright, a bookseller, whose acquaintance he had formed at Preston, he joined himself in companionship and social intercourse with several other young men of intellectual and moral habits, of his own age, tastes, and liberal opinions. They met for mutual improvement in a small society, called 'the Reasoning Society.' It was occupied by readings and discussions each alternate week. Though its members are described as having been reformers, they abstained from political controversy; and so free from aught that was socially objectionable were their proceedings and spirit, that, on their having heard that some jealousy had been expressed on this point, Mr. Baines was one of a deputation of four, who went up boldly to the Mayor, showed him their rules, and invited him to give them an audience and inspection. This sensible man, Mr. Sheepshanks (afterwards Mr. Whittel York), kindly complied with the request of the young men, and expressed his satisfaction with all that he witnessed. We wish that there had been evinced among the magistracy of that day more of this wise, conciliatory, and *loyal* course of dealing with the people. We say 'loyal,' because we believe that in nothing is true loyalty better shown, by magistrates and others in authority, than in their acting—until proof shown to the contrary—upon the presumption that the people are not at enmity with their rulers: for it has always been found that, if treated by the latter with generosity, confidence, and justice, the people will spontaneously rally round and support the laws and free institutions of the country which they love. Mr. Baines, we are told, was a frequent speaker at the meetings of this little debating society; and there can be no doubt, that in addition to his having thus acquired a competent facility in public speaking,

* In after years, he often referred to the touching acknowledgment of the patriarch, and with like gratitude and humility, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.'

his practice here must have greatly aided his general mental improvement, since youths cannot discuss without reading and thought. Little, indeed, did the good-natured magistrate who condescended to learn for himself the more than *innocent* character of the Leeds 'Reasoning Society,' think that one of those ingenuous youths who had frankly appealed to his candour and sense of justice, was, by means of that very society, preparing and fitting himself for honourable public life, and to represent, most worthily, in the senate of the land, the borough of which he had just become an adventuring, uninvited inhabitant! 'The apprenticeship of the young printer terminated in 1797, about the month of September, and on the day following he went into business on his own account, in partnership with Mr. John Fenwick, a relative of Mr. Brown, one of the publishers of the "Leeds Mercury."' In the early part of 1798, this partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Baines commenced business by himself, as a printer. We have seen that his ancestral family were not only what is called Churchmen, as distinct from Dissenters, but that several of them were worthy and respected clergymen of the Establishment. His connexion with the Dissenters is very graphically narrated by the biographer, and the passage we now cite is, we think, practically descriptive of the causes which, at the time referred to, led not a few thinking and liberally-disposed men into the ranks of Nonconformity. Dissent and Dissenters, we are aware, became, for years, somewhat unfashionable; but we believe that the sincere though moderate political liberalism of the more pious among the Dissenters tended more than any other of the moral ingredients of society, to preserve the once much imperilled liberties of our country. It is to the immortal honour of Dissenters, as enlightened patriots, that, as our author well remarks, 'when disappointed by the crimes and horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, *they did not abandon their attachment to liberty itself.*'

'From the time of his coming to Leeds, Mr. Baines connected himself with the Dissenters. It is probable that his personal and political friendships were the first cause of this change in his religious associations. The Dissenters were then the chief supporters of liberal politics. Themselves labouring under political disabilities, they were naturally Reformers. They were charmed with the broad principles of civil and religious liberty laid down in France in the early stages of the revolution, and they continued to hope, perhaps too long, that that mighty experiment would have a favourable issue. When disappointed by the crimes and horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, they did not abandon their attachment to liberty itself. But such was the indignation excited in the English people by those events, that there was a

tendency to confound the love of reform with the love of revolution, and to suppose that all who professed the former secretly cherished the latter. There certainly were revolutionists and infidels in England, such as Thomas Paine, but their number was small, and the panic excited here by the events in France, was not justified by the principles of Fox, Grey, and their followers. Yet the alarm raged widely, and it was aggravated by the rebellion that had broken out in Ireland. Belonging to the party of Reformers, and heartily embracing the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, Mr. Baines found his only congenial associations among the Dissenters. He had seen outrageous violence committed by the populace in the name of Church and King, and on the part of the magistracy and clergy, a scarcely disguised sympathy with the wrong-doers. In Leeds he found the Dissenting ministers temperate but steady reformers. The Rev. Edward Parsons among the Independents, the Rev. William Wood among the Unitarians, and the Rev. Thomas Langdon among the Baptists, all became his personal friends. It must be admitted that at this time he had no strong religious feelings that would have biassed him either towards the Church or against it; and in this state of his mind questions of liberty turned the balance against the Church, and he became an Independent Dissenter.—Pp. 29, 30.

Notwithstanding some objections on the part of his future father-in-law, Mr. Baines married, in July 1798, a most excellent lady, Miss Charlotte Talbot, the daughter of Mr. Matthew Talbot, of Leeds. The latter was a man of excellent character, and of a most original genius. Though he was at one time in business as a currier, he seems to have made deep and extensive literary acquisitions. While performing the duties of secretary to the Leeds Infirmary, he employed his hours of leisure in works of prodigious industry and learning; having ‘himself formed more than one translation of the entire Scriptures from the original tongues.’ This good man had a nervous fear about young Baines’s connexion with the ‘Reasoning Society,’ and, on that ground, objected to the marriage. But as he had once previously given his assent to it, and had no other objection to allege than this imaginary danger, the young people entered into the alliance of their own accord. Almost immediately after, however, they received the approval of Mr. Talbot. The biographer mentions this fact, ‘as an illustration of those days of terror.’ To the influence and constantly improving effect of the good sense, talent, and eminent piety, of this excellent woman, Mr. Baines was, no doubt, under the blessing of God, indebted for much of the excellence of his own private and domestic character; and for that family happiness which enabled him for so many years to pursue, undistractedly, his onward career of industry, usefulness, and success.

The description of the mode in which Mr. Baines gradually made his way, as a man of business, is highly entertaining and instructive, especially to the young. But we must satisfy ourselves by saying, in general, that after some years of industrious and successful business as a printer, he at length, with the aid of some generous friends, whose names are gracefully and gratefully recorded by the biographer, became the sole proprietor of 'The Leeds Mercury.' An interesting narrative is given of the former insignificance, gradual improvement, and ultimately triumphant success of that important provincial journal, when under the proprietorship and management of Mr. Baines. This we consider to be the great fact in his life, which stands out for public notice and admiration. *Litera scripta manet.* There is the huge file of that able, patriotic, and useful publication. It is almost impossible, we think, to overrate the immense moral and political importance of a thoroughly good provincial journal. We hesitate not to say, that, in many instances, the conductors of such publications have it in their power to serve their country more usefully, even, than some of our prominent politicians and statesmen. When, for instance, misunderstandings arise among large masses of workmen, in such parts of the country as Yorkshire and Lancashire, with regard to their employers, or to the rulers of the country, how important is it that the local press which they read should be under the conduct of good, loyal, liberal, enlightened men! An injudicious article might keep alive a flame of discontent; while a few words of thorough good sense, dictated by a truly generous and liberal spirit, may keep a county in peace, far more effectively than the *posse comitatus*, or a regiment of slaughter-breathing yeomanry. We have no doubt that the 'Leeds Mercury' has, at times, much contributed to the social and political quietude of that populous locality, while it has, for a series of years, been diffusing, week after week, the most valuable political information, with regard to the many stirring questions of the day. During the war, it was, speaking generally, an exponent and advocate of Whig principles and policy. The party of the Whigs are under great obligations to this journal. It supported, with vigour and effect, the struggles of Fox and the Whigs for the abolition of the slave-trade. It was mighty, on the patriotic side, at the great Yorkshire contests which have seated, at different times, a Wilberforce, a Brougham, and a Morpeth, at some of the most interesting crises of our recent history. It pleaded ably for Catholic Emancipation. It was a powerful advocate of the abolition of colonial slavery. It was an early supporter of the principles of Free-trade; and during the brief, but glorious struggle, aided,

perhaps, as effectively as any other public organ, the valuable exertions of the Anti-corn-law League. And, above all, it has been the most able and consistent advocate of the extension, and more particularly of the *freedom*, of popular education. Though the present biographer may be entitled to the distinction of being the leader on this great question, his views of the voluntary principle, as applicable to the cause of education, had the sanction and support of his well-informed and enlightened father.

Mr. Edward Baines, jun., towards the close of 1814, was taken into the 'Mercury' office; and afterwards became his father's assistant and partner. This, of course, gave gradually to the father some relief from his too arduous task, as sole editor and manager of the paper; and we are, therefore, now to see him exercising his literary and political talents, with unwearied diligence, in the character of an author. At the close of the war, in 1814, he commenced a work entitled 'The History of the Wars of the French Revolution,' which came out in numbers. It extended to two quarto volumes, and engaged him, we are told, very closely for two years and a half. It succeeded beyond his expectations, and, 'at the close of the reign, it was expanded into a "History of the Reign of George III.," by the addition of two other volumes.' If we were now giving an equally-proportioned and consecutive biographical narrative, we should be anticipating dates, improperly, when we add—as it is convenient here to do—that, subsequently, as he derived increasing aid from the co-editorship of his son, Mr. Baines persevered in his now regular profession of an author and publisher. He next issued 'The History, Directory, and Gazetteer of the County of York,' in two large volumes, of which he himself wrote the historical and topographical departments. 'After having written this work in the years 1822 and 1823, he wrote the same departments of a similar work, for the County of Lancaster, in the years 1824 and 1825. The latter laid the foundation of the largest of all his works, commenced a few years subsequently, namely, "The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster."'

In 1817, Mr. Baines had an opportunity of rendering an essential benefit to the country by his discovery and manful exposure of the vile system of espionage which—though possibly not intended, to the full extent of its ultimate operation, by the ministry themselves—disgraced the Home Department Administration of Lord Sidmouth. Mr. Baines brought out, into full relief, the case of the notorious Oliver, the Government spy, who, at a time of great popular excitement, first tempted and entrapped, and then betrayed, his foolish and unfortunate victims among the discontented of the populace. The sad political

tragedy of the Manchester Massacre, on the 16th August, 1819, was a scene witnessed by our present author ; and in the columns of the 'Mercury,' the disgraceful affair was faithfully narrated, and as patriotically denounced. The lovers of the sacred cause of English freedom should, from time to time, be kept in grateful remembrance of the courage and vigilance of their faithful and unflinching guardians of the periodical political press. We know of no public services more valuable, so far as regards the conservation of our invaluable, blood-consecrated liberties, than have been rendered by the able and independent conductors of the metropolitan and provincial press, who, while setting, in their own style and temper, a praiseworthy example of moderation, have generously interposed for the protection of their less-informed, and therefore misguided, fellow-countrymen.

With that determined, persevering spirit of adventure which had characterised him from a youth, Mr. Baines, in 1821, entered upon his well-known experiment of reclaiming the Chat Moss, a few miles from Liverpool. A similar task had been already, as to a portion of the Moss, undertaken by the late William Roscoe, the elegant biographer of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X. This worthy attempt, however, did not succeed as had been hoped ; but Mr. Baines—who had taken a long lease of about eleven hundred acres—succeeded, by perseverance, and with the aid of his able farmer, Mr. Nelson, in converting, in a great degree, a large portion of barren moss into a comparatively fertile, and—as, no doubt, ultimately, it will turn out to be—profitable estate. It is true, that this will have been done at some sacrifice of fortune, as regarded himself, and for his own time ; but this is what, perhaps, in such cases, must be expected. It is not unlikely, however, that at some future, and now not distant day, many a traveller among the thousands passing, on the railway, to and from our magnificent emporium of commerce at Liverpool, will, while casting a delighted eye over the broad acres of that once watery and unproductive plain, then, perhaps, waving with corn or umbrageous trees, pronounce a well-merited eulogy on the calmly-adventurous spirit of Edward Baines.

As our readers, even from this rapid and imperfect sketch, have now become acquainted with the nature of Mr. Baines's occupations, both as an author and as the proprietor of an eminent political journal, and with the character of his sentiments and writings, we shall at once refer to the most distinguishing public event of his life—his election to Parliament as member for Leeds. The biographer introduces this topic with much graceful modesty ; in which quality, indeed, he has only been imitating the conduct and bearing of his father himself.

Some influential townsmen of Leeds had mentioned him as a suitable man to be one of the first representatives of this important newly-enfranchised parliamentary borough. The biographer acknowledges that, at this time, there would not have been entire unanimity among the Liberals of that place in considering Mr. Baines as primarily entitled to such a distinguished position. This was the opinion and feeling which, indeed, he himself expressed, and he acted upon it with characteristic modesty and determination. But his sterling merits could not be long insufficiently appreciated; for if envy, or any still more unworthy motive, restrained some from yielding to the wish and opinion which others had intimated in favour of his being a candidate at the first election for Leeds, they had no power to prevent his taking that honourable station on the first vacancy which occurred in the representation of the borough. This took place, on the appointment of Mr. Macaulay to a seat in the Legislative Council at Bombay. Mr. Baines had promoted, with 'indefatigable zeal,' at the first election, the return of Mr. Marshall, along with the brilliant young orator whose eloquence had so much adorned and energized the debates in the first Reform Parliament. At one of the first meetings held among the Liberal electors, after the vacancy, on Mr. Baines's name being suggested, it was received with so much interest and enthusiasm, that, within less than a fortnight, he received a requisition to stand, as a candidate, with 1,467 signatures, besides 485 promises of voters not signing. The number of these, together, became, ultimately, 2,250. This, surely, must be held, not only to have justified him in yielding to the behests of his fellow-townsmen, but to have rendered it a plain path of duty, on his part, to accept the responsible trust to which he was thus honourably called. He was opposed by a respectable and formidable Conservative candidate, in the person of Sir John Beckett, who had been, for some years past, connected, by office, with the Tory party, first as Under-Secretary of State, and afterwards as Judge-Advocate. A third candidate was Mr. Bower, who managed to render more difficult the return of a Liberal, by standing out for some eighty votes of the extreme Radical party. Such was the influence of Sir John, connected, as he was, by relationship, with the principal bankers and the most socially considerable family in the town, that, on the first day of polling, he numbered a majority over Mr. Baines of seventy, if not eighty. But, on the second day's polling, the Reform forces rallied nobly, and the poll closed with, under all the circumstances, the triumphant majority of thirty-four for the more popular town-candidate. 'It would be impossible,' says our

author, 'to describe the enthusiastic delight of the Reformers at their hard-won victory, which was the more valued from the danger they had incurred of defeat. Mr. Baines himself, throughout the two anxious days of doubt, maintained a firm and calm deportment, altogether characteristic; and his speech in the Cloth-yard Hall was free from undue exultation. Mr. Francis Hawkesworth Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, stood by his side, having come to witness the struggle; and being called upon to speak, he excited vast applause by giving to Mr. Baines for the first time the parliamentary title.' Mr. Fawkes added, that 'it was the most perfect, the most satisfactory, and the most admirable popular triumph that was ever achieved.' It must be recollected that the Tories, as a party throughout the country, were now endeavouring, on system, to avail themselves of occasional vacancies, in order to rally their discomfited host, and thus to regain their much-loved, and long-enjoyed, power and predominance. Leeds—as having been but then recently enfranchised as a parliamentary borough—seemed, on every principle and feeling of high political chivalry, called upon to defend, most gallantly, this newly-acquired and important fortress of the Reform cause. Defeat would certainly have been disgrace. No wonder, then, that we are told that all Yorkshire, and even the whole country, took the warmest interest in this testing contest, and that when Mr. Baines left the town into which he had first come as an unpatronized, adventurous youth, to take his seat as its representative in Parliament, he was honoured with a public demonstration, and received, as he passed through other towns, similar tokens of joy and gratulation.

He soon showed that the choice of Leeds had fallen on a man worthy of the honourable trust committed to him, as he proved himself fully capable of meeting its requirements and responsibilities. Almost immediately after his election, he had occasions of evincing the sincerity of his profession, that he would not be a mere ministerialist; though he avowed himself to be attached, generally speaking, to the Whigs, as a party. He voted with Mr. Hume, on his motions for reducing the army, and, more particularly, its general staff; and with Mr. Buckingham, in his attempt to get a committee to consider the question of forcible impressment in the navy, with a view to its abolition. We have, in an extract from a letter to a member of his family, of the date of 19th March, 1834, a passage which is highly indicative of his strong, native good sense, and his dignified, almost Spartan simplicity of character:—'I should be sorry to affect anything in my new and highly honourable situation to us all as a member of Parliament; but if I had any affectation in my altered circumstances, it should be an affectation of economy and simplicity of manners

and appearance both in our domestic concerns and all others.' He adds the following sound and philosophic remark, accompanied by as wise a resolve:—'*The contrary conduct has been fatal to the character and independence of many public men*; but, by the blessing of God guiding and directing me, it shall never be fatal to me and mine.' A time is soon coming, we trust, when we shall have, in connexion with the representation of the Commons, much more of this noble, Andrew-Marvell style of thinking and conduct. Whenever, arising from a more healthy state of the social mind, this shall be the case, we need fear little or nothing for the liberties of our country. We dislike, as much as any one, the occasional exhibition of the extreme vulgarity of mere aristocratic assumption, on the part of the high-born and so-called 'noble'; but we may depend upon it, that this has found its greatest stimulus and support in the too common apeing of it by those who, having sprung from the mid ranks of a free and independent people, should have been too nobly proud thus to have demeaned their plain, but, perhaps, not less honest and virtuous, ancestry.

Mr. Baines supported the measure of Mr. G. W. Wood, for admitting Dissenters to the universities, though he did not approve of some of its provisions. The bill passed the House of Commons, but it was thrown out in the Lords. This was in the session of 1834; and now, in 1851, Mr. Heywood, the Whig member for Lancashire, is still struggling with ecclesiastical prejudice, on the same important question! During these 'strange, eventful' seventeen years, the country has paid full dearly for the inveterate bigotry and narrow-mindedness of a majority of the House, in which sit, in lawn, the 'successors of the apostles.' Though, looking at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge as being, as well from historical association as in European repute, *national* institutions, we think that it is unworthy and impolitic to exclude from them such a body as the Dissenters, yet we are by no means certain that the latter would be any great practical gainers by a law to admit them. On *religious* grounds, we should, at present, not be particularly anxious to see the sons of wealthy Dissenters at Oxford or Cambridge. It is now quite clear enough that these universities are *anti-Protestant* in their very structure and tendencies. What a humiliating thought it is, that we should, at this very moment, be legislating, in the dog-days, in order to maintain the sovereignty of our beloved Queen, and the independence of the nation, against the aggressions of an Italian priest, sitting at the Vatican, under the vile protection of French bayonets! What has brought us to this point of degradation, but the remnant, and still cherished monkery of Oxford and Cambridge?

Mr. Baines, as we think, very correctly, joined with most other Dissenters in rejecting the curious Whig plan of *getting rid* of church-rates by the *hocus pocus* of *keeping them on*, in the shape of a perpetual charge on the land-tax. We believe that that excellent man, and honest patriot, Lord Althorp, and the ministry of which he was so great a support, *meant* well by this measure, according to the degree of light that was in them on questions of this nature; but, in imitation of the Dissenters of 1834, we counsel those of the present day to have nothing to do with any measure on the subject of church-rates, which will, in effect, though not, perhaps, in intention, be little better than a sort of thimble-rig dealing with the matter. We would, as to this,

— ‘rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.’

There is plenty of money to be, some how or other, got out of State-property (for church-property, subject to vested interests, *is* State property) to keep up the fabrics of the *national* buildings called parish churches. The Dissenters have, on this question of church-rates, been shamefully trifled with by the Whigs; and the former, at the next General Election, taking care that, in all their proceedings, they are mainly guided by a desire to promote the general interests of our common country, must, nevertheless, also have some respect for *themselves*.

At the general election, at the commencement of the year 1835, consequent on the change of administration, Mr. John Marshall, jun., the colleague of Mr. Baines, retired, on account of ill-health; and Mr. Baines was adopted by the Liberals as their candidate, it being, at that time, the intention, on prudential political grounds, of a majority among them, not to have a second candidate in that interest. He was, however, ultimately, proposed along with Mr. William Brougham. We are told that, in addressing the vast multitude, numbering from thirty to forty thousand, by a large majority of whom he was hailed with enthusiasm, Mr. Baines took a review of the votes which he had given in the previous session; stating that he had redeemed every pledge he had given; that he had supported every motion for saving the public money, every motion for diminishing the severity of the criminal code, all the claims of the Dissenters, the commutation of tithes in England and Ireland, free-trade, the removal of taxes on raw materials, the establishment of inland bonding warehouses, vote by ballot, the publication of the votes of members of the House of Commons (formerly not authentically known), reform of the Church in

England and Ireland ; and every measure for effecting improvements in the borough of Leeds.' •

Sir John Beckett and Mr. Tempest were the Tory candidates. The latter retired in order to facilitate the success of Sir John, who was returned, at the head of the poll, along with Mr. Baines. This election supplied a remarkable instance in proof of the importance of a vigilant attention to the state of the electoral registers, for we are told that, 'but for the loss of 171 votes on the last revision, Mr. Baines would have had the same majority over Sir John Beckett, within a single vote, as at their first contest.' On his return to parliamentary duties on the 19th February, Mr. Baines gave a decided support, on principle, to the Whigs, as a party, considering that it was a great calamity for the country that, after all that had been done and projected by the Reform Administration, they should be replaced by a Ministry of reaction. In a letter, dated the 4th March, 1835, in describing the state of political affairs, he adverts to the question which the Whigs then found it their interest to take up as the testing point of their policy, as contradistinguished from that of their opponents. 'Lord John Russell and all our side of the House hold that it must be competent to Parliament, after providing out of those revenues for the religious instruction of the members of the Established Church in Ireland, to apply the residue of the Church property to the purposes of education, charity, or even to other purposes, if necessary or expedient.' He adds—'I need scarcely say that I agree entirely with Lord John Russell in his views on this subject, and consider the Irish Established Church, as it at present exists, as a national scandal.' Alas! may not the same thing be now said of that enormous garrison-church, still lording it, in the much-abused name of Protestantism, over a country in which so large a majority are Roman Catholics? Fortunately, however, the once pet plan of the Whigs of paying, either out of the public revenues or a surplus of Church property, the Catholic priesthood, is now—thanks to Pio Nono and Cardinal Wiseman—out of the question, a mere abortive thought in the irrecoverable past. But it must still be asked, is the old wrong, then, to continue? 'There's the rub!' Ireland is *still* the difficulty of English statesmen, and so it will be, so long as they suffer themselves to be enslaved by the mistaken idea, unworthy of the age, that States are, or can be, strengthened by the incumbrance of an Established Church.

In the session of 1836, Mr. Baines rendered valuable service in assisting to prevent some sly, but very damaging clauses, which were attempted to be grafted on the Dissenters' Marriages Bill, calculated, as they were, to introduce, in connexion with that

which is essentially a civil institution, a new and embarrassing religious test. There is still, we regret to believe, a certain party in the country who hate Dissent much more than they hate Popery; and all concessions in favour of the non-established sects are, by such persons, yielded, or, rather, submitted to, reluctantly and ungracefully.

Mr. Baines was enabled to carry through the House of Commons a well-principled measure to relieve the consciences of those who considered the declaration in the Municipal Reform Act objectionable, as being too much in the nature of an oath. It was thrown out in the Lords; but the objects of the bill were afterwards attained.

On the 15th March, 1837, he spoke very efficiently in support of Mr. Spring Rice's measure for the abolition of church-rates; and, in the course of his speech he furnished some very instructive statistical details in disproof of the correctness of a statement erroneously made by Sir Robert Inglis, as to the alleged insignificance of the proportion of church-rates paid by the Dissenters. 'Mr. Baines also argued that there was another source out of which the churches might be repaired; namely, the first-fruits and tenths of Church livings, fairly assessed, which would also yield a better provision for the clergy.' He had, even so far back as in 1818, made the subject of the first-fruits and tenths a matter of careful investigation, with a view to improve the incomes of the poorer working clergy; and on the 4th May, 1837, he proposed a motion in the House of Commons for a select committee to inquire into the amount of the fund thus arising, and into the propriety of requiring the full value to be paid in future. Lord John Russell opposed the motion, and it was lost; but Mr. Baines, several times afterwards, renewed the motion, 'for which,' we are told, 'he received warm expressions of gratitude from many of that class'—the poorer clergy. We quite concur in the remark that 'his motives were the most disinterested possible, and as free from sectarian spirit as from personal or party interest.'

At the general election consequent on the death of William IV., Mr. Baines was re-elected, along with Sir William Molesworth, with a majority for Mr. Baines over Sir John Beckett, his old opponent and late colleague, of 269. It was the privilege of Mr. Baines to take his share in the measures of 1838, which led, on the auspicious 1st of August, to the entire emancipation of the slaves in our West Indian colonies. Among the zealous and constant advocates of the total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws were the editors of the 'Leeds Mercury.' When the Anti-corn-law League was formed, Mr. Baines was

a 'frequent attendant' at the meetings of the delegates in London; not that he took any very active part in the operations of the League, but 'they had as much of his help as his other engagements would permit.' It will not be necessary to advert to all the various liberal measures in which he interested himself, but we must just refer to the part which he took in the very warm and efficient resistance which was given to the effort made in June 1840, by Sir Robert Inglis and the Church party, to obtain a grant of money for church extension. An enthusiastic and indignant meeting of Dissenters was held in Freemasons' Tavern, at which the liberal Duke of Sussex presided. Here Mr. Baines spoke with much zeal, spirit, and effect, as he also did in the House of Commons, when, on the 30th June, the impudent proposition was made. Shame upon such Churchmen! The question, however, as to the willingness of Parliament to make any more grants for church extension was then settled, at once and for ever. Sir James Graham is right upon this point, erroneous as he may be on others.

Mr. Baines had, for some time past, intimated that he should retire from Parliament on the next dissolution; and on the approach of that which took place in June, 1842, he addressed his constituents, 'resigning into their hands the trust' that had been confided to him. The large meeting of the Liberal electors to which the address was read passed the resolution, 'That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Edward Baines, Esq., for his able, indefatigable, and devoted service, during the seven years he has been one of the representatives of this borough in Parliament.'

We must refer our readers to the Memoir itself for interesting details respecting the history of this excellent and useful man, from the period of his retirement from public life to his peaceful and happy death, which took place on the 3rd of August, 1848. So greatly was he respected, that a public funeral was accorded to him, and he was carried to an honourable grave, amid the tears of a town whose 'inhabitants,' we can well believe, 'lamented him as a good man, a public benefactor, and vast numbers almost as a father.' The letters of condolence to the members of his family, from numerous personages of distinction, showed, also, the high estimate which had been formed of his character, in a circle still wider than that of Leeds; and in that town a public statue was subscribed for, to be there erected, in lasting honour of his memory.

The kind providence of God had attended him all his days. He had a large, but happy, united family of children, who

survive to add to the posthumous honours of the departed. Some of them are too well known and distinguished to be more particularly referred to; and we abstain, from motives of delicacy, on our own part, to say more on this subject. But it would have been unworthy to omit all allusion to a fact that must have so materially influenced the character, as well as the usefulness, of the deceased.

The moral of the story of Edward Baines's life may be most correctly described, when we say, *that it presents a signal instance of private and public virtue rewarded and successful*. We have known of men who have emerged from the middle and unaristocratic classes into a position of high social distinction, by a sort of felicitous accident, which, perhaps, has elicited some original intellectual quality, by the force of which they were almost obtruded into public notice, if not fame. An extraordinary gift of eloquence, brought out to use and display at some particular political crisis, or in relation to some great public question, has enabled some men, with advantage alike to themselves and their country, to exchange, almost suddenly, the comparatively unnoticed activities of private or social life, for the more distinguishing duties and engagements of the senate. In some instances, the acquisition of great wealth, either by a freak of good fortune, or by unwonted commercial success, has exalted into public station and responsibility men who, by the force of any substantial mental or moral qualities that were inherent in them, never *could* have attained such a position. Some of these, being wise in their generation, have grown with and by their circumstances, and have maintained their posts, without cause of reproach, and, perhaps, even with some usefulness to the country. Of others, however, it must be confessed that they have occupied places which had been far better filled by men more able and worthy, but less fortunate, than themselves. But of Mr. Baines it may be said, that his talents and his character together, and not mere circumstance or mere ability, raised him to the honourable position of a representative of the people. We can trace more satisfactorily, in his case, than in that of many other public men, cause and effect.

We think it our duty, primarily, to call attention to the prudence and moral excellence of his personal and private habits. When plodding in his up-hill way to a successful position as a printer, and afterwards as the proprietor and editor of a widely-circulating newspaper, he was singularly simple and abstemious in his mode of living, economical in his expenditure, punctual in all his pecuniary and other engagements, and diligent and industrious, to admiration. Almost the only relaxation from his

toils and cares, which he even seemed to desire, was the opportunity to repose and enjoy himself *at home*, amidst the almost celestial delights of a loving and united family circle. Those who know most of human nature and the world will the most readily appreciate the value of such tastes and habits in his every-day life. They produced in him that fine balance of the moral and intellectual powers which we describe under the name of *equanimity*. That invested with a sort of dignity every act of his social and public life, however in itself comparatively common and undistinguishing. Living, as he did, in times of unexampled political excitement; engaged in the periodical narration of public events, foreign and domestic, and in commenting on the characters and acts of public men, when a fierce party struggle was, like a tempest-tost ocean, raging around him; yet he seems rarely, if ever, to have departed from the even, though active, 'tenor of his way.' He was misrepresented and maligned; but, like a philosopher and a Christian, he returned arguments and facts for railing and abuse; and if ever he had any enemies, their envenomed shafts were blunted and repelled by the burnished shield of a virtuous and stainless life.

Mr. Baines was, in many respects, fitted for being, in a proper sense, one of the parliamentary leaders of what has been called the 'Dissenting interest.' Though himself a Dissenter upon principle, and, as such, opposed to the unhallowed and impolitic connexion of Church and State, yet he never went out of his way to obtrude his views on this subject; nor, on the other hand, ever shrunk from an avowal and defence of them, on appropriate occasions. Hence he was listened to with respect, and possessed, in the House and elsewhere, as an avowed Dissenter, political as well as religious, a well-merited degree of weight and influence. He had a manly confidence, a firm faith, in the intrinsic moral force and truth of Nonconformist principles; and he was willing that they should be tested by the refining processes of time and deliberation. But so far from being indifferent to the importance of correct theoretical views on the now much-vexed question of a State Church, it was precisely because he was (as the Cantabs say) 'thoroughly up' in the true scriptural theory on this matter, that he could afford, in respect of it, to be pre-eminently a *practical* man. Mere Dissenterism, in itself, is a very insufficient qualification for a representative in Parliament; and if a larger number of Dissenters than has been usual should in future become members of the Legislature, they must earn influence and weight for their own peculiar principles by the degree of ability which they

evinced on the multifarious political matters, foreign as well as domestic, which affect the honour, the independence, and the general welfare, of the country.

Some have thought that it was inconsistent in Mr. Baines, as a Dissenter, to interfere with the question of Queen Anne's bounty. Without affirming that it is the special duty of a Dissenting member of Parliament to take up such subjects, yet we hold, not only that it is excusable, but right, that particular wrong effects of a wrong system should be diminished, and, if possible, removed, even though for a time the great parent wrong of the system itself cannot be destroyed. We do not think that attempts at reform and improvement in ecclesiastical matters will prolong, for a single day, the existence of a State Church. While they may modify and diminish the present evil effects, political and religious, of such a Church, and in place of them produce, perhaps, some positive good, they will also tend to give a more predominating influence and position to the best men connected with the bad system; and when this class of men thoroughly find out—as they most inevitably will do—that all their reforms leave them still in chains, they will first sigh for, and then achieve, their well-merited enfranchisement. We do not believe in the Jesuitical doctrine that justifies the *doing* of evil that good may come. As little do we believe in the somewhat fanatical modern doctrine of *continuing*, or allowing, unopposed, evil that good may come. When, for instance, an impudent priestly *political* aggression is made, by a foreign power, on the independence of the nation, we have no idea of succumbing to that wrong, under (as we think it), the mistaken notion of an ultimately internecine warfare between rival hierarchies. *Principiis obsta.* Let us grapple at once with every new wrong as it comes defiantly before us.

Looking at the circumstances of the time when Mr. Baines was called upon to act, as a practical politician and a politic Dissenter, we think that he conducted himself with wisdom and discretion. He was a Whig, it is true; but he was 'something more.' We cannot but think, however, that if he had continued a few years longer in public life, the 'something more' part of his political character would have come out into somewhat stronger relief.

We must close with a word about the work, as a biography. We think it, then, altogether admirable. It puts the man whose life and character it professes to portray, before us, just as he lived and died; not—as is too often the case—making the subject of the memoir a mere pedestal for the display of the author. We have had several recent instances of biographies by sons that have been models of the true style and manner of this depart-

ment of literature. The Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, are fine instances in point. We cannot express our opinion more highly, or more correctly, we think, than by saying, that the 'Life of Edward Baines, M.P.,' by his son, may fitly take its stand on the same shelf with the useful and fascinating biographies of those great and excellent men.

ART. VIII.—1. *Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystalization, and Chemical Attraction, in their Relations to the Vital Force.* By Karl Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D., translated by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Parts I. and II. 8vo. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

2. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Marberly.

TRUTH leads a strange life in this world. Notwithstanding its greatness, and the certainty of its ultimate triumph, it has often for years, and sometimes for ages, to drag itself through a miserable stage of existence,—by a great portion of mankind unfriended, by others, ill-treated and despised, and to the rest, unknown. To the conduct of its parents much of the complexion of its future destiny is due; but often much more to the officious nurses that tend its early years. No sooner is it born, than they wrap it in the swaddling clothes of superstition and of error; and although in some instances it may be by those means kept from death, yet, more frequently, the varied drapery conceals, and sometimes even chokes the form and force within. As a puppet it is brought upon the stage, and when the day's sombre drama of human life is ended, it, and its dress, become the new farce to while away the drowsy moments of leisure or fatigue, until men grow weary of it, and another takes its place.

Perhaps, no truth illustrates this more fully than that which underlies the painted, and many-folded drapery of animal magnetism. Soon after its birth, and while yet quite young, it fell into the hands of Mesmer, who brought it on the stage gorgeously apparelled. It, and its dress, became the great wonders of the

day, and were the sources of attraction to Paris, from all parts of Europe. Thousands were cured, or believed that they were cured, by its means, of all 'the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to;' it was the interpreter of the future, and the exponent of the past; by some, it was believed to be a new embodiment and outgoing of a directly divine inspiration, as they felt in its aura the cool gales of Paradise; whilst others thought those gales were not quite cool enough for such a source, and imagined Mesmer had laid bare 'the Stygian pit,' and was himself 'that wicked one' unbound. It was a truly serious thing to many; grave and good people shook their heads at it, and could not mention Mesmer or his deeds in doubtful twilight, without an anxious glance around them. Learned doctors shrugged their shoulders; pronounced it an unsafe thing, a thing incredible; and yet, 'for fear of the people,' no one dared to say it was a lie. It was something more than a nine-days' wonder; there was some truth in it; but what it was, and where it lay, they could not tell.

At length some men, less credulous, and more courageous, than the rest, defied its influence; with its novelty, its power to heal had in a great measure died away; and, as new tricks and new disguises were thrown around it, and as quickly, by some daring hand, torn off, still more outrageous patchwork became its dress; it was told to say and do things beyond its power; it made blunders, and was laughed at for them; was thought unfit for a place in respectable society; was despised and hooted from the stage. But it did not die; now and then, in some unexpected place, its voice was heard, and there was reality and life in its tone. Men tried to believe that there was no such thing, and that it was a trick entirely, a speaking automaton, very clever, and very like to life, but a dressed-up machine only, a mere tool in the hands of its contriver. Holloway's pills, or cold water, could either of them cure more diseases than it ever had the power of doing; and its wonders were far outshone by the Wizard of the North, the Invisible Lady, and the Sleeping Boy. As a pure deception it was very good; but the man who speaks of it in any other sense, is either a deceiver, or its dupe. Such is the decision of the world's jury of wise men at the present hour; and sentence of death, though long since passed, is not as yet executed. A few, credulous enough to believe what all the rest deny, are doomed to frequent disappointment. Others, confident that there is some truth concealed by the drapery that was so attractive once, but of which only fragments, scarcely enough to cover it, remain around it now, and not feeling themselves bound by the dicta of the 'wise men,' reserve their judgment, hoping that proof of its real life will be given on some future day; or that its rags

will be torn off from its limbs, itself dissected, its structure shown, and its apparent vitality explained by some other well-established laws.

Without allowing that the Baron von Reichenbach has done all this, we feel no hesitation in affirming that he has made many important steps in the right direction. His researches stand alone, and they are a model many would do well to follow of clear, careful, and dispassionate inquiry.

In the researches before us, we have little or nothing of trances, clairvoyance, and coma ; but we have the result of careful investigation into the causes of those phenomena, and of many others not previously connected with them. We are less employed with the consideration of its effects upon, and witnessed in the human organism, than with the laws which regulate this new force, and its manifestations as objective phenomena. Our sensations are nothing more than recognised changes of our own being, and they inform us of the properties of matter only so far as those properties can modify our organism. There may be, and probably are, more properties of matter unknown to us than known ; and it is so because they do not induce changes in our system which we are capable of recognising. Although thus limited, all our knowledge of the material world is still derived from sensation ; it is the mirror reflecting upon our consciousness the imaged universe, and by it we see, but it is 'as in a glass, darkly.'

Strictly speaking, then, we are not acquainted with any of the phenomena of matter objectively, but only with their subjective pictures. Thus, all the laws of light (its composition, decomposition, sources, and much of its action) have been developed by observing the effects which it produces on our organs of vision ; and the phenomena, for which they are the general expressions, are called objective. In the same sense, the researches of Reichenbach are upon objective facts and agents, witnessed by many individuals as external to themselves, but differing from those of other branches of inquiry in producing changes in the human organism which every individual is not able to perceive ; differing, however, still more from the phenomena of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and the like, which were almost invariably displayed in the persons subjected to their influence.

After lengthy prefaces by both editor and author, we have a short introduction, telling us, that amongst any fifteen or twenty individuals taken at random, we shall find a certain number conscious of a peculiar sensation when a powerful magnet is passed near to, but not in contact with, the surface of their arms and hands.

Part I. of the work comprises seven treatises upon different subjects. The first of these is upon 'Luminous Appearances at the Poles and Sides of Strong Magnets.' From considering the variable amount and intensity of light yielded by differently-constituted flames—the difference of acuteness in the senses of individuals—together with the occasional appearance of the Aurora Borealis—the Baron was induced to ascertain whether persons endowed with more than usual acuteness of sensation could recognise any luminous appearances at the poles of an ordinary magnet, which might serve to explain the Northern lights. His experiments were made upon six morbidly-sensitive young ladies; and the result, in each instance, was, that they *were* 'able to perceive light, and flame-like appearances, on the magnet.'

The observations were varied in their nature, and conducted with admirable caution; although some are less satisfactory than others, yet they are not those upon which the Baron places his greatest reliance. We allude to experiments which would show that the magnetic light is capable of acting upon the plate of the daguerreotype, and of being concentrated in the focus of a lens. The latter rests upon the testimony of Mdlle. Reichel alone; and we take this early opportunity of remarking upon the whole of the first part,—the results of which are gathered almost exclusively from experiments upon the six individuals already alluded to,—that there is a deficiency in the author's statement of the manner in which many of the descriptions were elicited, although there are minute accounts of the methods adopted, so far as external conditions are concerned. It is well known to those who have watched closely the processes of the human mind when in a condition of morbid nervous sensibility, that the statements which individuals make, though perfectly true to their own sensations and belief, may be, and often are, anything but faithful accounts of objective phenomena. Impressions made upon such persons are magnified to an almost incredible degree, and they project the intensity of their sensation into the power of the impressing cause. Sometimes their sensations may be a delicate measure of real changes, which we who are less susceptible do not observe; but quite as frequently they are entirely subjective in their origin, or may even be indices of some variation in precisely the opposite direction. With individuals of this class, the faintest suggestion calls so vivid a picture before the mind that they are unable to persuade themselves it is not real. Reichenbach is not a physician, and he may not be fully aware of the difficulties to be encountered in such cases; yet from the careful manner in which he proceeded, and from the knowledge he must have of the power of 'leading questions,'

we should think that he would use all imaginable caution to guard against fallacies from such a source. Indeed, in many instances, he shows that he has done this, and we only wish that, in the commencement, he had removed all doubt upon the subject. How far the results from statements made by these morbid *sensitives* may be modified or confirmed by the more extended researches detailed in the second part, will appear in the sequel.

We proceed now to the second treatise. At its commencement we are told that the magnet has the power of attracting the hands of sensitive persons so strongly that they grasp its poles, and involuntarily follow its movement in any direction. This adhesion of the hand was accompanied by 'an agreeable sensation, combined with a soft, cooling breeze, or aura, which flowed downwards from the magnet to the hand.' The attractive force of a powerful instrument was found unimpeded by any substance placed between it and the individual acted on. The question soon presented itself to the mind of the Baron, 'whether the attraction exerted by the magnet on the patient was mutual . . . whether magnetic attraction existed in her person.' After many careful experiments, and clever arguments from them, he answers in the negative. He is well aware of the objections which may be urged against this negative result, from the well-known law in physics of the constant existence of reaction with action. He does not endeavour to explain this apparent exception, but suggests some analogous conditions which might render it more intelligible, or, at least, relieve its solitude; he refers to 'all the attractions and repulsions which vegetative life, both in animals and plants, continually effect without our being able to perceive or infer the existence of mutual attraction;' and he instances the force exerted by a root in penetrating a hard soil, overcoming powerful mechanical obstacles, and yet presenting 'no indications of mutual attraction or repulsion which may impel it so forcibly.'

In the next place, many experiments with glasses of water, subjected to the action of a magnet, are detailed; and they show that each of his *sensitives* had the power of detecting immediately, amongst any number of similar glasses, that which had been thus treated. It was then found that 'all sorts of minerals, drugs, and objects of all kinds, when magnetized, acted in the same *general* manner upon the patients, but with various (minor) differences in their mode of action.' Some caused tonic (continued) spasm of the fingers, and of these many solicited the hand to follow them; whilst about an equal number did not produce that effect; others were apparently inert. A long list of the substances experimented with is then given, and they are

classified according to the effect they produced. 'Among the *amorphous* substances, there was not one which acted so that the patient grasped it in her fingers; and, on the other hand, all the bodies which produced that effect were *crystallized*.'

An interesting investigation follows, to ascertain whether the polar force residing in crystals, and possessed by them in common with the magnet, is identical with what is known as magnetism. We give a 'retrospect' of the arguments in the Baron's own words:—'It does not attract iron; causes no tendency in any bodies to assume a direction related to the magnetic polarity of the earth; has no action on the magnetic needle; induces no galvanic current in a wire; and is, therefore, *not magnetism*.'

Perhaps more startling than these results is the last of this second treatise,—that crystals, in the dark, emitted from their poles light visible to sensitive eyes. The appearances are described as 'singularly beautiful;' and the Baron finds strong confirmation of his discovery, in the well-known fact of the development of light during crystallization, frequently observed by chemists, and shown by M. Heinrich Rose to be unconnected with the production of heat or electricity—so far as the negative results given by our most delicate means of detecting changes in the condition of those agents will serve to establish their absence.

The third treatise is entitled—'An Attempt to establish fixed Physical Laws in regard to the variable Phenomena hitherto classed under the general name of Animal Magnetism.' In addition to the six morbid *sensitives*, we have M. C. Schuh and M. Schmidt bearing witness to the facts of this treatise. The first point ascertained is, that terrestrial magnetism exerts a peculiar influence upon healthy and diseased subjects; and that certain positions with regard to the magnetic meridian are perfectly intolerable to the latter, whilst others are accompanied by no unpleasant sensations. This was first observed accidentally, in the person of M. Schuh; and, coupled with the discovery that one of the six *sensitives* of whom we have said so much, always 'instinctively sought out, and insisted upon occupying, a certain position in her bed,' which position was found to be 'exactly in the plane of the magnetic meridian,' the Baron was induced to make a series of observations upon the phenomena; and the general result obtained was, that the most easy position is with the head to the north, and the most painful with the head to the west.

We now approach the subject of animal magnetism. That an unknown something could be transmitted from the magnet, or crystal, to other bodies, and from them to a sensitive person, was

ascertained when Dr. Endlicher and the physician to one of the Baron's *sensitives* made the following experiment. Dr. Endlicher was stroked with the magnet, and then placed in contact with the patient, and he found that as he 'was able with his hand to attract hers, to attach it to his own, and to cause it to follow in every direction . . . the same unknown something must have entered into the person of the physician.' The experiment was repeated in varied forms, and with similar and consistent results. 'When,' says Reichenbach, 'I performed passes with my large rock-crystal, the result was the same. But I could produce the very same effect by using, instead of the magnet or crystal, my hands alone . . . the peculiar force must, therefore, reside in my hands.' The *aura* was felt flowing from the fingers, by the six girls, and also by three strong and healthy men; the force residing in the hands was found to be capable of conduction by different substances; bodies could be charged with it, and retain it for a limited period; there was found to be polar opposition as the cause of different effects produced when the hands were tried separately; and, lastly, luminous appearances were evident to the sensitive, emanating from the finger-points. It is somewhat strange, that these luminous appearances were not witnessed at an earlier stage of the researches. The Baron appears to give the history of his observations in the order in which they were made; and it is difficult to comprehend why the *sensitives* did not observe the 'fiery bundles of light flowing from the finger-points,' when he was arranging the magnets and crystals in the dark. If they were witnessed, why were they not mentioned? One of the *sensitives*, it is said, 'possessed this power from her childhood,' and 'her mother had often been obliged to raise her in her arms, that she might convince herself that there was no fire proceeding from nails and hooks in the walls, as she often spoke of such appearances with wonder.' This, however, does not lessen the difficulty we feel in placing confidence in all the revelations of these girls. This new force in the human hand is shown to be similar to that in the magnet and the crystal; but it is not magnetism.

The fourth treatise gives the detail of a number of experiments, the result of which is, that 'the force flowing from the solar rays on bodies, produces the same luminous phenomena as that proceeding from the magnet, from crystals, &c.,' and that its effects coincide with theirs. These observations are of peculiar interest in the present stage of research into the laws and action of light. The seven colours of the prismatic spectrum, counted by Newton, and their analysis into three, by Sir D. Brewster, are familiar to every one. Sir D. Brewster established

that each of the three primary rays, though predominating at a particular part of the spectrum, was yet not absent in the others; and also, that there might be found at every point a certain quantity of colourless light. The rays of heat are distributed very unequally throughout the luminous spectrum; the greatest amount being found associated with the red, and the least with the violet rays. When, however, the solar beam is decomposed by a prism of rock-salt (a substance allowing, as shown by Melloni, 92 per cent. of the rays of heat to pass through it, whilst mirror glass transmit only 62 per cent.), the rays of heat are found to extend, and to have their point of maximum intensity considerably beyond the visible spectrum, on the side of the red rays. Prisms of other substances will give the greatest amount of heat with the yellow rays; thus showing that heat and light, though associated in the sunbeam, have rays peculiar to themselves, and are distinct from one another. There are, in the solar beam, *chemical* forces, and they are found to be concentrated a little way out of the visible spectrum on the side of the violet rays.

The effect of light upon vegetation has long been known, and its laws studied. All the functions of plants are interfered with if they are removed from its influence; as a general rule colour disappears, and a turgid tissue remains but to decay. We say, *as a general rule*: for weeds have been brought up from depths of the sea, which no visible light could have penetrated; and yet they have been found green. Plants are etiolated in the dark; yet they produce seeds, in the interior of which are found embryos that are green. That portion of the solar beam which influences the vitality of plants may be free from the laws which regulate the rays of light, and we cannot say that it is unable to pierce those hidden depths, from which the rays are known to be excluded. Unlike the chemical and heat rays, it is not concentrated beyond the spectrum on either side, but each division of the spectrum appears to have something in it which acts on vegetation in a manner differing from the others. Now Reichenbach finds, that 'the blue and violet were the chief seats of the grateful coolness' felt by his sensitive patients; but that 'the more common manifestation of crystalline force, on the other hand, viz., the sensation of warmth . . . increased from the yellow in the middle, towards the orange, and became strongest deep in the red.' From the manner in which the experiments were conducted, it was impossible that changes of temperature could reach the observer; but there must have been some specific action on the sensitive nerve, of a force not hitherto isolated, but existing in the solar beam.

The relation of light to vitality is becoming of great interest, and we hope that the future researches of the Baron will give

us more information on the subject. Shall we by the sensations of certain individuals be able to isolate that portion of the solar beam which has direct influence upon life? We appear to be approaching such an end. This new force described by Reichenbach is not light, it is not heat, neither is it chemical agency; but a certain something distinct from, and independent of, those agents, though associated with them in the sun's rays.

The strides taken by our author make the leaps of Lucifer and Festus—when, on 'Ruin' and 'Darkness,' their two black steeds, they 'took at once the Pyrenees'—dwindle into most lethargic crawling; for he tells us in the next section that 'it was only a step from the sun to the moon;' and, having arrived at the latter orb, he details a series of experiments similar to those performed with the solar ray, the result of which is, that the moon's light is not *mere moonshine*, and that 'although it yields us no heat, yet along with its light it possesses a powerful force, which exhibits the same properties as that residing in crystals, &c.'

The fifth treatise is an affirmative answer to the question:— 'Is chemical action another source of the power residing in magnets, crystals, living men, &c.?' This field for research is of almost unlimited extent. We are 'directed to the source from which, in all probability, the human body itself draws its supplies of the so-called magnetic force . . . this source is digestion.' Chemical processes are not confined to digestion, however; but in every atom of our organism they are taking place. Reichenbach here quotes Liebig to support his views. 'M. Liebig,' he remarks, 'has led us to the conception that all our motive power is derived from the process of digestion and nutrition, and all our animal heat from respiration. In other words, both our motive power and heat are derived from chemical action.*' It

* These words need some explanation. Liebig's views upon the intimate chemical changes taking place in the process of respiration have exhibited much variety, still to him is due a large share of the merit of connecting that process with the development of heat. Before, and during the time of the illustrious Hervey, respiration was supposed to cool the blood; he often speaks of it as accomplishing this end. Dr. J. Mayo was the first to controvert the generally-received opinion, and to state that the changes produced in the lungs were accompanied by the development of heat. Dr. Black, Lavoisier, and Laplace, ascribed this development to an oxidating process; and an ingenious (though incorrect) theory was proposed by Crawford to account for the equality of temperature in extreme parts of the body, with this centre of heat, the lungs; as it was supposed that the process of oxidation was confined to them. Lagrange and Hassenfratz set Crawford's theory aside, by showing that chemical changes were taking place in every and extreme portions of the system; and that, consequently, it was unnecessary. Liebig analyzed the changes that were in action; represented them in symbols; and proved, by careful experiment and calculation, that the amount of oxidation was quite sufficient to produce all the heat developed in the system; and that this oxidation was the essential part of the process of respiration.

must not, however, be understood, when it is said, 'all our animal heat is derived from respiration,' that we mean only that process which is conducted by the lungs; but rather, the action of oxygen upon oxygenizable materials throughout the whole system: that oxygen having for its source the air we breathe, and for its principal entrance into our system, the lungs.

In the sixth treatise we are told that 'something dynamic proceeds from matter as such,' giving rise to sensations various in kind and degree. Substances could be classified by the *sensitives*; and 'the investigation had hardly reached a dozen,' 'when,' (says the Baron) 'I could perceive a law developing itself, the bodies arranged themselves according to their electro-chemical order.' M. Schuh and others confirmed the classification; and scarcely a single substance was found to be inert. 'Reserving for another opportunity the etymological justification of the term,' this new force is now called 'Odyle,' and our author concludes his sixth treatise with some sanguine expectations, and an apology for the word he has coined.

'Dualism in the phenomena of Odyle' is the next topic for research. The two hands are said to be polar, and their polarity is the same in both sexes; the right corresponding to the northward pole of the magnet, and the cool pole of the crystal, and *vice versa*. The polarity of amorphous substances is connected with their electro-chemical character. Organized beings are then examined, with some interesting results; and then *odyle in man* is the point for inquiry. Different parts of the body have different amounts of force; and there are variations in the same part at certain hours of the day and night. Following these particulars, we have observations upon the course of odyle in the head during the twenty-four hours, and after them a series of researches upon the comparative intensity of the forehead and hind-head during the waking and sleeping stages of our existence. In the present condition of the physiology of the nervous system, we confess ourselves surprised at encountering the following assertion:—'The phenomenon of sleep is governed by the posterior part of the brain, probably by the cerebellum, while the forehead ceases from its mental labour; and when the forehead again, under the influence of the solar rays, resumes its activity, the hind-head relinquishes its claims on the vital energies.' (Pp. 201.) In direct opposition to all that has hitherto been established with regard to the functions of the different parts of the encephalon, we cannot allow ourselves to believe, that, by means of what our author himself terms 'an obscure feeling alone,' we have arrived at anything so beautifully definite as the division of labour here made out—our vitality, pendulum-like, swinging from our forehead by day, to our hind-head by night: in the one instance giving us mental

activity, and in the other sleep. We do not now specially call in question the acuteness of Mdle. Reichel's sense of touch; or the truthfulness of her statements with regard to its indications. Without doing this, it is possible to believe that the position of the Baron's head in relation to his pillow, his window, or his watch, should cause the differences she felt. Upon no other ground than this observation of Reichenbach can we suppose the cerebellum to be inactive during the day; the views of Gall and Spurzheim upon its function have not, we believe, sufficient evidence in their favour to overbalance the arguments derived from comparative anatomy against them; but those who do believe in their craniological system (of phrenology) could not well interpret by its aid cerebellar inactivity during the waking hours. The experiments of Flourens, confirmed by those of Bouillaud and Hertwig, lead to the conclusion that the function of the cerebellum is that of combining the action of muscles in groups for the accomplishment of a particular end; and this view, which is confirmed by comparative anatomy, and appears more correct than any other, is still more difficult to reconcile with Reichenbach's speculation about its governing sleep. Majendie's experiments indicate a further connexion of this organ with the *motor* functions, the nature of which is still obscure; but which would be much more so were we to believe it active during sleep alone. Some physiologists think that the cerebellum is the special organ of the muscular sense; and,—with this addition to its functions—our difficulties are increased still more in attempting to receive Reichenbach's dogmata.

The cerebrum is probably more active during the day than during sleep, and we may in some measure understand the greater intensity of odyle at that time. As the cerebrum is the highest link in the chain of organs, by which processes of the unseen mind are connected with and developed in matter; and by which the properties of that matter are recognised; we can see that in proportion to the kind and amount of psychico-physical action, will be that kind and amount of change in structure which our author's researches would tend to show that a sensitive person may detect. But the activity of the pure mind is not necessarily connected with, or indexed by, the activity of the brain. Are there no mental processes independent of matter? What becomes of the mind during a dreamless sleep? If inactive, can it be said to exist? Has it, as seeds have, a dormant vitality? If acting, what relation does that action bear to the organs by which mental processes become developed when awake? Is there any relation? Do we live another life in that sleep, which we are unable, at our waking, to recall? Do we sometimes gain a glimpse of it? Are we still carrying on that other life of which 'our birth' to this 'is but a sleep, and a

forgetting?" Shall we ever arrive at some high point from which we can command the two? Will that birth into the pure spiritual world, which we expect, be something more than 'a sleep and a forgetting;' a remembrance, and union of the elements that are severed now? Shall we then gather up the fragments of our divided lives, and piece them into a completer structure? Shall we find that the life which we do not believe to be finite in the future, has been infinite in the past?

These are questions which, we fear, odyllic light will not illumine; but the fact that in a state of somnambulism, whether naturally or artificially produced, there is frequently a continued life, distinct from that of the waking state in being without the circle of its recollection, but linked with it by the use of language, and that much knowledge is thereby acquired, gives indication of something more than mere possibility in such conjectures.

We must leave these somewhat enticing questions, and return to the work before us, the first part of which is now concluded with a *resumé*, in fifty-six paragraphs. It would be as unphilosophical to reject all its statements, as to receive the whole with open-armed credulity. When Humboldt first experienced an earthquake's shock, though he had long expected and imagined it, he was overwhelmed with amazement; and as the earth, with which, from the earliest dawn of mind, all his ideas of stability and rest were associated, began to tremble beneath his feet, he tells us that he felt as if he was beginning life afresh; the world was a changed thing to him—it was new. If we have not a new world opened to us here, we have discovered to us a new door into a wide tract of country before almost untrodden, and there may be some revelations there greater than all the rest. To many of us the gates are shut, and all that we shall ever know of its contents will be derived from those who (more finely strung) are permitted to enter in, behold its wonders, and tell us somewhat of them. We must search our travellers with the utmost scrutiny, increase their numbers, compare their statements, and weigh them well; we must not believe 'cunningly devised fables;' yet we must reject as false that alone which *proves* itself to be so.

We cannot refrain from noticing a remark made by the translator (Dr. Gregory), upon the unreasonableness of certain objections urged against these researches, on this ground of insufficient testimony. 'Such objections,' he observes, 'possess far less cogency than is usually ascribed to them; they are generally brought forward by those who cannot, or will not, investigate for themselves.' This may be true, in many instances; but upon this odyle every man *has* to some extent made the investigation for himself. *We* do not see magnets flaming in the dark; we do not see light flickering over graves;

nor can we feel a cool *aura* from the sun; we are unconscious of the phenomena described; we therefore require the fullest testimony to believe in their existence as objective realities; and it would be the extreme of folly to receive as true any of them without sufficient evidence for their support. With regard to the phenomena of magnetic, or odylic *light*, we have this in abundance; for in the second part a list of persons is given, 'who possess the power, in different degrees, of observing the peculiar phenomena.' Among the names given are many well-known and highly-famed men; *e. g.* Professors Endlicher and Rössner, Drs. Ragsky, Huss, &c. We have, also, in the Introduction, an elaborate argument, to show that odyle is not heat, magnetism, or electricity.

We pass to the eighth treatise. It is on the luminous phenomena of odyle as witnessed over the magnet. Thirty-five of the observers are healthy individuals—men and women of various ages and stations in society; some of the detailed accounts of the flames they saw are highly interesting; the magnitude and intensity of the luminous phenomena being in proportion to the sensitiveness of the observer, they consequently vary in their descriptions. The list of healthy is followed by that of '*sickly sensitives*,' composed of 'eight individuals;' and then we have the third list of 'diseased.' Five are mentioned, and to them, of course, we add the six upon whose testimony the greater number of observations, in the first part, rested. The forms of emanation from the magnet are minutely examined; there is odylic glow and odylic flame; its direction, colour, and relation to external agents, are then subjected to every imaginable scrutiny, into the details of which we cannot enter. The Baron concludes his remarks on them, by explaining the nightly dance of ghosts, witches, and devils, on the Blocksberg, by odylic light:—

'High on the Brocken, there are rocky summits which are strongly magnetic, and cause the needle to deviate; . . . these rocks contain disseminated magnetic iron ore; . . . the necessary consequence is that they send up odylic flames. . . . Who could blame persons, imbued with the superstitious feelings of their age, if they saw, under these circumstances, the devil dancing with his whole train of ghosts, demons, and witches? The revels of the Walpurgisnacht must now, alas! vanish, and give place to the sobrieties of science—science, which, with her touch, dissipates one by one all the beautiful but dim forms evoked by phantasy.'—P. 358.

Odylic threads, scintillations, down, and smoke, are then examined, and the changes they exhibit in different media; their brightness is found to increase as the pressure upon them is diminished. The remaining pages of the volume are occupied with an elaborate investigation of the colours of odylic light;

they are found to have an iris-like arrangement, and to be modified by terrestrial magnetism ; a spherical magnet (that is, a metallic sphere, with a magnet in its axis) is found to give rise to odyllic light, in a form precisely resembling the aurora borealis. The illuminating power of the light is then examined—its concentration ; and lastly, the Northern lights, as phenomena having it for their source. Reichenbach is well fitted to undertake this inquiry, from his long perseverance in meteorological research. His arguments tend to show that the aurora borealis is an odyllic phenomenon, upon so grand a scale, that it is visible to *all* eyes.

The book, as a whole, is one of no ordinary interest, and we look anxiously for the promised account of extended investigation. It appears to us impossible to question the existence of *odyllic light from the magnet*. Although it would be extremely unjust to reject as false the other phenomena detailed in the first part, still we feel confident that the nature of the testimony upon which, at present, they are resting is such that it will not convince many minds of their truth.

Since the appearance of these ‘Researches,’ animal magnetism has, in Edinburgh, risen to extraordinary activity ; a ‘mesmeric mania’ (as Dr. Bennett terms it) has been epidemic. Dr. Gregory has given much time to its investigation, and the results of his personal labours (with many others) are detailed in the work he has recently published. It is of a totally different order from that of Reichenbach ; but it will not fail to interest deeply those who are ‘candid inquirers in animal magnetism.’ The more common, and the ‘higher phenomena,’ are described in a simple and pleasing style ; but our limited space precludes the possibility of saying more about it than heartily to recommend its perusal to all who would doubt, disbelieve, or fear, this newly-re-risen force.

Reichenbach’s ‘Researches’ open a new era in natural history, as well as in the history of the human mind. Science seems daily moving farther into the border-land between the seen and unseen—the eternal and the temporal—the spirit and ‘this muddy vesture of decay.’ Still we do not imagine that we have arrived at an ultimate fact, principle, or law ; we may soon find that we are only at the beginning of a new series. ‘Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth, and around every circle another may be drawn ; there is no end in nature ; but every end is a beginning—there is always another dawn risen upon mid-noon.’

Brief Notices.

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Letter to the Editor of the 'Eclectic Review.' By the Author of the 'Theory of Human Progression.' London and Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

THE readers of our April number will remember that in our review of the 'Theory of Human Progression,' we expressed our conviction that the argument of the author was derived from the 'Philosophie Positive' of M. Comte, and our regret 'that, in a work abounding in so many excellent qualities, the author should have allowed any of his readers to attribute to him profound discoveries made at least twenty years ago.' In thus expressing ourselves, we had no object but that of fair and honest criticism. The author was utterly unknown to us. We made application to the London publisher for his name, and it was refused. Anything like personal *animus*, therefore, as originating our strictures, was out of the question. Moreover, we gave the author credit for great ability, in several parts of our notice. The gravamen of our charge was, that he had followed in the steps of the French philosopher, without a hint—even in the shape of a foot-note—that he had followed in the steps of another. We gave the reason for arriving at this conviction. We adduced parallel passages from the 'Theory' and from the 'Philosophie Positive,' leaving it to our readers to judge respecting the question of similarity.

The letter before us is written in self-vindication by the author of the work in question. We are quite willing that he should have an opportunity of setting himself right with the public; and we now direct the attention of our readers to this rejoinder, in the hope that such as honoured the review with a perusal, will do justice to the author of the 'Theory of Human Progression,' by an equally careful perusal of his answer. We have no purpose to serve but that of truth.

The author affirms that he never read the 'Philosophie Positive,' and is in no sense indebted to it, directly or indirectly, for the scheme of classification he has adopted, or the argument based upon it. He admits that he had read Sir David Brewster's Review of the 'Philosophie Positive,' in the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1838, and also Mr.

Lewes's account of Comte in his 'Biography of Philosophy;' but he asserts that from neither of these notices did he derive any assistance in forming his 'Theory.' Although we think there is enough in these two notices to suggest all the essentials of the argument in the 'Theory of Human Progression,' we will not for a moment dispute the truth of the author's testimony respecting himself. We accept his explanation all the more readily, inasmuch as he attributes the origination of his scheme of classification to the 'Paradoxes de Condillac,' of M. Laromiguière, in which the same *principle* as that developed and applied by M. Comte is to be found. This treatise of M. Laromiguière, he says, 'I have translated, annotated, and continued, with a view to its publication, and for the very purpose of showing that a genuine classification of the sciences may be drawn from it.' We shall await with a pleasurable anxiety the translation referred to, and none will be more satisfied than ourselves if it sustains the averments of the translator respecting its transcendent merits. We repeat what we advanced in the review of April—'If, after all that we have said, it can be shown that the author of the "Theory of Human Progression" has arrived at results identical with those published in 1830 by M. Comte, yet without any knowledge of their prior discovery, not even the author will be more gratified than ourselves.'

We felt inclined, in commencing this notice, to touch upon several points in the letter that somewhat provoke remark. But we refrain. We can excuse the author's irritability as evinced in a few stray sentences here and there; and as for the attempt to show that after all there is an *essential* difference between his scheme of classification and that of M. Comte, we refer our readers once more to the passages adduced in the review from the respective authors. We know that there is a difference between the two schemes, and we pointed it out fully and fairly in our comparison; but we still deny that the difference is *essential*.

We are not sorry that our notice of the 'Theory of Human Progression' should have called forth an explanation from the author, and the promise of another work from his pen, which we trust will render that explanation perfectly satisfactory.

So far respecting the author of the 'Theory of Human Progression.' Before closing, however, we must say a word respecting the brief advertisement prefixed to his 'Letter' by his publishers. Of this advertisement we complain, as adapted to do us injustice in a matter about which we entertain strong views. The 'Letter' was forwarded to us for insertion, and, say Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter 'it was returned on the ground of its being too long.' In these words they have, unintentionally, wronged us by stating only a part of the truth. The 'Letter,' as we replied to the author on the 21st of April, came into our hands too late for insertion in our May number, and embraced other topics than such as were strictly explanatory. After admitting the *right* of an author, when he deems himself misrepresented, to rejoinder in our pages, we said:—'If you will have the kindness to omit such parts of it as do not affect your vindication, you may be assured of our giving it insertion in our June number. We regret that

such a delay should be needful, but the May number is already so far made up as to preclude the possibility of any other arrangement.'

We need say no more. So much was needful to prevent the supposition of our having, in this case, deviated from a rule which has been strictly followed for fourteen years.

Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. *The New Testament. The 'Received Text,' with selected various Readings from Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf; and References to Parallel Passages.* London: Samuel Baxter and Sons.

THIS volume is one of the most valuable of Messrs. Bagster's Biblical publications, forming, with the Septuagint, noticed in our last number, a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures in Greek. The type is large and luxurious, the very perfection of a book for *habitual* use. While Mill's text is used, the various readings are given in the margin, on a clear, intelligible plan, accompanied by select parallel references. The margin of the Gospels, also, presents the harmonized sections of Ammonius, and the Canons of Eusebius, arranged in a manner that greatly facilitates the comparative study of the Four Evangelists. The preface mentions a synopsis of various readings, with a full, critical introduction, giving the history of the text in common use, and a statement of the critical principles on which Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, have respectively carried on their revisions. From the specimen which we have examined, we infer that the Synopsis will be a useful companion to the Greek Testament, whether of this or any other edition. It is very gratifying to recommend this admirable Greek Testament to those—and they are not few—who have felt the want of exactly such a volume for their daily reading.

Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America, developed in a critical Examination of the Book of the Chronicles of the Land of Ecnarf. By Rev. Aristarchus Newlight, Phil. Dr. of the University of Giessen, Corresponding Member of the Theophilanthropic and Paulisocratical Societies of Leipzig, late Professor of all Religions in several distinguished Academies at home and abroad, &c. &c. &c. London: Parker.

THIS pamphlet is an elaborate joke, but a joke with a grave purpose,—the mirth taking its spring in the title-page, flowing on through the Dedication, and expanding into a broad mere, or inundation of merriment, in the body of the work and its notes. For the delectation of our readers, we present them with the Dedication:—

'To the learned and enlightened public of Europe and America, specially to those eminent critics, at home and abroad, whose labours upon Jewish history I have humbly made my model: to Dr. W. M. Leberecht de Wette, Dr. D. F. Strauss, Mr. F. W. Newman, these pages are inscribed by their faithful servant, the Commentator. Scilly, April 1.'

The author's philological fun runs riot in the notes, of which we

furnish only one specimen, with the design of whetting the appetite for a hearty participation of the whole by those learned gentlemen who defer to our critical opinions, and will consequently possess themselves of the work. It is on the name Noel-opan (Napoleon), and proceeds thus:—‘This, I have no doubt, was not his real name, but the *nick-name* under which he was known in Niatirb (Britain). Noel-opan is nothing more nor less than “the godless revolution.” נלן, as Gesenius justly observes, is radically equivalent to *vernainen*, *vernichten*, to deny or annihilate. As a participle, it answers to the Greek negative νη (in νηπιος, νημερης, &c.)—the Latin *ne* or *non*—the English *no*—the German *nein*—the Arabic لا. El (ל), as every one knows, is the name of God: Noel, therefore, is the same as *atheos*, *godless*. נלן *opan*, actually occurs as the name of a *wheel*, in Ezekiel, in Exod. xiv. 25, and many other places. In its contracted form, נלן it denotes a *period* or *revolution* of time. It is impossible to resist these little obvious, but on that account more striking, evidences of the antiquity of the document. The framers of the story of Napoleon were, I fancy, aware of the true etymology of Noel-opan. Hence they represent a great literary bugbear (Lord Byron) as signing his name “Noel Byron,” just as Shelley is said to have written *atheos* after his name, in the album at Chamouni.’

As of fun and philology, so is the author possessed of an abundant store of the logical and the imitative faculty. In fact, the brochure before us is a highly successful parody of that style of slashing philological and historical criticism which distinguishes the foremost Neological divines of Germany. Other writers have preceded our author in this style of argument, none, perhaps, with power exceeding that displayed in the ‘Historic Doubts’ of Archbishop Whately; nevertheless, our ‘Aristarchus’ marches with manful pace at no great distance behind the singularly-gifted prelate.

Midnight Harmonies; or, Thoughts for the Season of Solitude and Sorrow. By Octavius Winslow, M.A. London: Shaw. 1851.

WE are far from thinking only of the intellectual and the strong in our literary labours. Gentle spirits and sorrowing hearts have tender claims on our sympathy, and we are truly thankful that Mr. Winslow has turned his own hours of sleepless mourning to such good account. To the readers of his former works this will not be less welcome than any of them, while it will be to others a pleasing specimen of the loving diligence with which he lives to bless and console his fellow-sufferers. It is a worthy companion to Bonar’s ‘Night of Weeping,’ Dr. Cumming’s ‘Voices of the Night,’ and Dr. Hamilton’s ‘Mount of Olives,’ of which the writer speaks with a respect that does honour to his Christian modesty. Our best recommendation of the volume is given in an epitome of its contents. It is divided into sixteen chapters, of nearly equal length, with the following attractive titles: ‘Songs in the Night; Jesus veiling his Dealings; Solitude sweetened; a Look from Christ;

Honey in the Wilderness; the godly Widow confiding in the Widow's God; Looking unto Jesus; Leaning upon the Beloved; the weaned Child; God, comforting as a Mother; Jesus only; the Incense of Prayer; the Day breaking.' The style is suited to the design—simple, tender, hortatory, interspersed with poetry, and enriched with citations from the Scriptures. The views of Divine truth are decidedly evangelical, and worthy of being placed on the pillow, not of the mourner only, but of many who need to be reminded of the mourners, and who are sometimes at a loss for words wherewith to comfort them.

A Brief History of the Wesleyan Missions on the Western Coast of Africa; including Biographical Sketches of all the Missionaries who have died in that important field of labour, &c. By William Fox. London: Aylott and Jones.

The Western Coast of Africa, &c. By William Fox.

THE former of these two volumes has small pretensions to the briefness claimed on the title-page, as it extends to the respectable dimensions of 624 closely printed octavo pages. If it had been half the size, it would have had double the interest. As it is, it smacks a good deal of the missionary platform, in its diffuseness, and, taking for granted that to the readers, Africa is what it used to be on maps—a vacant space but for the picture of an elephant in the middle. To meet this supposed ignorance, we have a long account of the early progress of discovery, and a still longer one of the slave-trade, both mainly compilations from common authorities, and neither presenting any new facts nor any old ones, with such force as

'Gars auld claihts look amaist as weel's the new.'

The same subject is resumed in the smaller work, standing second in our heading—which is the clearing up of the materials collected for the larger—and gives the author's opinion on the means for the suppression of the slave-trade: they are three—more forts, more missionaries, more men of war—*all three to be paid by Government!* The properly missionary part of the book is much superior to the rest. It tells a story of Christian heroism in plain, unpretending language, and will supply many readers among the religious public with new knowledge of the noble army of martyrs that the Church even now numbers in her ranks. We gather that the Wesleyan missions on the Western African coast commenced forty years ago, and now comprise twelve circuits, sixty preaching places, fifteen missionaries, 6,000 communicants, and 14,000 hearers. These results have cost the lives of fifty-four English agents out of 120! Of these fifty-four, thirty-eight died before having been a year on the field. All honour and reverence to the men who go; but ought not such a fact, set beside the still greater mortality among other missionaries on the same coast, lead to very serious questioning among us who send, *whether European agency is the proper one for Africa?*

The Mass. By William Anderson, LL.D. Glasgow: Robert Jackson. Pp. 172.

ONE of the ablest of the daily journals has remarked it as a strange phenomenon in the constitution of the Roman Catholic Church, that in proportion as there are torpidity and weakness at the centre, there are activity and strength at the extremities. To us it seems supremely ridiculous, that the Pontiff, who trembles at the very sound of Mazzini's name, should meditate the spiritual conquest of Great Britain. We know not how the advisers, or English correspondents of the Pope, may have counselled him; but his late proceedings, in reference to these realms, are altogether in harmony with the idiosyncratic phenomenon in the Romish constitution to which we have referred. Certainly, no proceeding of the Vatican has been so bold as that which has created so great a commotion among us. Whatever it may be, and however it may issue, no proceeding on the part of a foreign potentate has created so general a manifestation against it in England. Ministers and members of Parliament have made 'Papal aggression' a rallying cry; and both in the senate, and on countless platforms, that 'aggression' has created no little angry feeling. The press has teemed with works in reference to it, till we wondered what more could be said on the question. Dr. William Anderson has come forward, with other Protestant defenders of the Faith, to give a vigorous blow at Rome; and though he needs no introduction from us to the English public, we heartily commend his 'Mass' for the perusal of all those who wish to learn, and at a trifling expense, the sad superstitions fostered by the Italian Church. The contents of the volume were delivered as lectures, in Glasgow, before 'The Young Men's Christian Association,' to whom the book is dedicated. It contains—'the Mass,' divided into six lectures: 'its Priest and Altar—its Consecration—its Elevation of the Host for Adoration—its Oblation, as an Expiatory Sacrifice—its Sacramental Communion by the Priest—its Communion by the People.' These are followed by some papers on 'The Man of Sin' and 'The Genius and Power of Popery.' There are also, at the close of the work, some valuable Notes. Dr. William Anderson has a considerable reputation in Scotland, and we trust our readers will hasten to become acquainted with him by a careful perusal of his excellent Lectures on 'The Mass.' The subject has now become hackneyed; but Dr. Anderson has presented it with much freshness, and in a style of considerable vigour. We hope he will again appear before us, either as a defender of the faith, or as a teacher of righteousness: in either duty he cannot but acquit himself well.

Buds and Leaves. By Joseph Anthony, jun. Manchester: Burge and Perrin. 1851. Pp. 108.

'CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?' Can the muse have a home amid the cotton-mills, the factories, the everlasting dirt and drizzle of Manchester? Have the earnest workers there time and skill to manufacture rhymes as well as calicoes? Mr. Anthony, jun., comes forth to prove to the literary public that there is time for rhyming, as

well as for working, in that scene of ceaseless industry. He seems to think an apology for their publication is an appropriate introduction of his verses to the public; and therefore states, in his brief Preface, that, as he is going abroad, some of his friends at home may desire a small memento of the traveller, and, accordingly, he leaves them his 'Buds and Leaves.' It is not a very rhyming age we live in, and critics are not prone to regard with favour the rhyming productions of young men: for ourselves—and with some considerable experience in these matters—we regard a young man who is given to verse-making as a pitiable character; and we had rather see him busily engaged in the healthy activities of life, than wasting his time in inditing amorous or sentimental ditties. We want workers in the present day; we cannot afford to nourish dreamers. Mr. Anthony's 'Buds and Leaves' are a very promiscuous collection; in this volume we have rhymes on 'a Stormy Night,' on an 'Old Watch,' 'To a River,' 'The Demon Ride,' 'Clouds,' 'Fancies,' 'a Skylark,' 'On seeing two Swallows,' 'To a Boy,' 'On an old Railway Engine,' and the 'Garden Spider.' Flora, when suffering from insanity, could hardly cull a stranger medley of flowers. We do not know that Mr. Anthony's purely vernal production will render our readers wiser, or that it will improve the poetical taste of the day; but there are indications of ability in the little volume, and of a mind capable of better things. If Mr. Anthony will permit us to advise, we would recommend him to 'wait a wee,' till his 'Buds and Leaves' have grown into 'Flowers and Fruit;' and then he will be capable, we doubt not, of presenting, not his Manchester friends only, but the public, with an acceptable dish. In conclusion, we may say that the combination of clear type and neat binding render the volume an elegant book.

Emilie, the Peacemaker. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE verdict of a jury of juveniles is that this is a dear, beautiful book, and the said verdict is accompanied with a request to the authoress to give us another as soon as may be. *We* may add, that the story is simply and tenderly told, carries unobtrusively in it, not at the end of it, a right lesson, and is the work of a Christian and a lady. Pure, gentle, and devout it therefore is, of course.

Historical Memorials of Broad-street Chapel, Reading. By William Legg, B.A., Pastor. Reading: Barcham.

THE multiplication of such memorials of the history of individual congregations is a good sign—indicating that Dissenters are not unduly yielding to that carelessness and contempt of the past to which their position and principles might seem to lead them. As materials, too, for more comprehensive history, this class of books has a value beyond the narrow circle to which they more directly appeal. We are glad to see pastors occupying themselves thus, and doing their simple work so unaffectedly and well as Mr. Legg in this little volume.

Life and Immortality brought to Light through the Gospel. A Funeral Discourse on the Decease of the Rev. Algernon Wells. By the Rev. T. Binney. To which is prefixed, the Funeral Address, by the Rev. H. F. Burder, D. D. With an Appendix, containing the Resolutions of various Societies on the Event. London: Jackson and Walford. 1851.

IMMEDIATELY after the decease of Mr. Wells we offered our humble and sincere tribute of admiration towards the dead, and of sympathy with the mourning family and bereaved church. The crowd of books and pamphlets on our table does not admit of our noticing single sermons, and our general rule is merely to announce their appearance in our monthly list of new publications. Though this pamphlet does not come precisely within that rule, we can but signify the regret with which we are compelled to confine ourselves within limits which forbid our doing justice either to the writers or to the occasion. Whether we consider the high position occupied by the late Mr. Wells, the characteristic excellences of the Funeral Address, or the remarkably full and minute discussion of one of the grandest themes of scripture to which the preacher has consecrated the highest efforts of his ripened faculties, we are constrained, by every motive to which we owe allegiance, to give to this publication the strongest and heartiest commendation in our power.

Oliver Cromwell; or, England in the Past viewed in relation to England in the Present. By the Rev. Joseph Denham Smith. Third Edition. London: John Snow. Dublin: John Robertson. 1851.

MR. SMITH has here done a good work, in bringing within the reach of the poorer classes the bright side of the greatest man in English history. Availing himself of the larger works of Vaughan, Carlyle, D'Aubigné, and Macaulay, he has drawn a biographical picture of Cromwell and of his times, which we very cheerfully commend to the favour of our readers.

Popery and Puseyism illustrated; a Series of Essays. With Addresses and Appeals to the Sunday-school Teachers of England. By John Campbell, D.D. London: J. Snow.

DR. CAMPBELL has attacked, in his own forcible style, the doctrines of tradition, confirmation and apostolical succession: and has also dissected the authorized Roman Catholic catechism in use in England. The volume is not intended as a complete work on the whole controversy. That is coming. This is mainly for Sunday-school teachers, and, accordingly, is brief, simple, scriptural, and strong. These are four good adjectives to couple together in describing a book on such a subject, but the volume before us deserves them all, and bears few marks of haste and pressing occupation beyond the rapid power with which its busy author has struck into the heart of his subjects.

The Tenderness of Jesus illustrated. By Rev. J. W. Richardson, of Tottenham-court Chapel. London: Snew.

THIS little work is founded upon the tenderness of Jesus towards the Widow of Nain. It embraces, however, although briefly, all the tenderness that characterised his ministry; and shows this so graphically, gracefully, and plainly, that it cannot fail to be useful amongst young Christians, and those who are confined at home by affliction. Both its size and spirit suit invalids and disconsolate penitents. It brings out "the gentleness" of the the Son of Man, without weakening his authority, or veiling his glory as the Son of God: a matter, we opine, not so much attended to as it ought to be. We, therefore, commend the book, and shall be glad to meet the author again in a wider field.

Review of the Month.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL passed the Commons on the 4th, with a majority of 217. The history of this measure is probably unexampled, and the scenes which marked its later stages are as unique, and reflect as little credit on the Irish members, as any passage of our modern Parliamentary history. Sir F. Thesiger having given notice of certain amendments which he intended to propose, with a view of rendering the measure more stringent, the Irish members, with their English allies, withdrew from the House without voting, and thus gave to the member for Abingdon a certain victory. For this result the seceders are alone to blame. Their course was unstatesmanlike, wanting in dignity, and perfectly ridiculous; and should future inconvenience result from the operation of these amendments, the country will know where the responsibility rests. The Premier did all in his power to prevent their adoption, and had he been sustained as common sense dictated, he might have succeeded. The opponents of the measure, however, most absurdly retired when their presence and votes might have been of service. As to the amendments themselves, the only one to which we seriously object is that which gives the power of prosecution to others than the law-officer of the Crown. Apart from this, their tendency is to render the bill more effective for the accomplishment of its avowed design, and we doubt not that Cardinal Wiseman and his friends are by this time deeply sensible of the blunder which has been committed by their irritable and short-sighted advocates. As it is, Lord John was right in abiding by the bill. He did his utmost to reject the amendments, and having done so, he wisely resolved to send the measure to the Upper House. Its passage there will probably be rapid. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if it obtain the Royal assent before our journal is published. A

debate of two nights occurred on the second reading, which was carried on the 22nd, by a majority of 265 to 38. There were no special points of interest in the debate. Lord Aberdeen opposed the bill, and the Duke of Wellington supported it. On the motion for going into committee on the 25th, Lord Monteagle proposed the exemption of Ireland, but his motion was lost by 82 to 17, after which its several clauses, with the preamble, were agreed to.

We shall be glad when the measure is completed. It has occupied so much of the time of Parliament, as to obstruct greatly the progress of public business; and the season is now so far advanced, that we cannot hope to make up for what has been lost. The best thing Parliament can now do is to disperse, for we greatly dread its power of mischief during the last and hurried stage of its sitting. Of the measure itself we will just say, that we hope it may accomplish its purpose. This, however, will depend on the procedure of the Roman Catholics themselves. If they are wise, they will take warning, and keep within the limits of the law. Should they do otherwise; should they listen to the counsel of imprudent advisers, and brave its penalties, they will find, to their cost, that the language of moderation will be exchanged for that of severity, and the temperate measure of a Whig statesman be made to give place to the more stringent enactment of his Tory opponent. The temper of the nation is against persecution for religion, but it is yet more determinedly hostile to the machinations and spirit of the Papacy. The interests of Rome were never so low in this kingdom as at the present hour.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM has made progress during the past month. Mr. H. Berkeley's annual motion in favor of the ballot was carried on the 8th by a majority of 87 to 50. No member spoke against it, and the Government whipper-in must clearly have been discharged from his duty on the occasion. Feeble as is the control exercised by the Cabinet, a much stronger muster than fifty might doubtless have been made, if the Administration had been concerned to outvote the member for Bristol. Mr. Hume and Mr. T. Duncombe—the latter of whom was absent—did wisely not to press the amendments of which they had given notice, so that the division, as Mr. Hume expressed it, might be 'simply on the ballot.'

A further point was gained on the following evening, when Mr. Tuffnell moved an amendment on the 'Colonial Property Qualification Bill,' the object of which was the abolition of the property qualification of members. Immediately on the amendment being seconded, the Premier virtually announced his adhesion. He objected—and there was ground for his doing so—to the mode in which it was proposed to accomplish the object, 'but,' said his lordship, 'with regard to the matter of the abolition of the property qualification, though I cannot consent to the present motion, when that subject shall be brought forward as a whole or a separate question, I shall give it my support.' It is difficult to estimate the precise significance of this and of the majority of the previous night. Lord John's speech was worthy of his best days. It breathed confidence in the people and a generous sympathy. We are willing, therefore, to hope the best, and trust that

the ballot, and the abolition of a property qualification, are to be two points of the Reform Bill of 1852. Let reformers, however, be vigilant, without being mistrustful. Implicit confidence is prevented by what has recently passed; but our just expectations are now enforced by his lordship's position, and the imminency of a general election. The necessity for further reform is strikingly shown in the retirement of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey from the representation of ~~Arundel~~. Conceal the matter as we may, wrap it up in whatever phraseology, the facts are obviously these:—the Earl was the representative of his father the Duke of Norfolk, and having, in the matter of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, acted contrary to his policy, is now required to resign. The case has occurred opportunely, and will not be forgotten next year.

NATIONAL EDUCATION WAS THE SUBJECT of a brief, but very significant conversation in the Lower House on the 11th. A vote of 150,000*l.* for the purpose of Education in England and Wales—being an increase of 25,000*l.* on that of last year—having been proposed, Lord John Russell made a general statement of the past distribution of the grant, and of the results, as he apprehended them, of the proceedings taken. In 1833, 20,000*l.* was voted for educational purposes, but this amount has been gradually increased, and is now clearly in the way of being further, and to a large extent, augmented. Believing, as we do, that the education of a nation is not within the province of Parliament, and that the benefits resulting from its being so undertaken are apparent and temporary only, and are more than counter-balanced by the permanent mischiefs which result, we cannot but regard the educational vote as vicious in principle and highly pernicious in operation. The member for Oldham naturally expressed a hope that the Government would proceed yet further, when the Premier remarked, '*I look forward to the establishment of a system of national education—and I think what we are doing at present tends in that direction.*' These words should not be forgotten. They do not surprise us. We have always regarded the present plan as merely tentative, but we have not had—if our memory do not fail us—so unambiguous and frank a declaration before. Mr. Ewart was, of course, delighted with the assurance, and Mr. Hume joined in encouraging the Whig Premier to carry out his views. It is strange that the Radicals lend themselves so zealously to Government in this matter. That they do so, is proof of their short-sightedness, and incompetency to the position they aspire to; and, in conjunction with their centralizing policy, must ever prevent their being received as popular leaders. Six thousand seven hundred persons are already receiving Government pay as schoolmasters, pupil-teachers, &c.; and this number is to be indefinitely increased as the theory of our educationists is carried out. The influence of Government will thus be spread throughout the land, the modern system of ruling by patronage instead of brute force will prevail amongst us, and English liberty, which has survived many storms, will be exposed to a more subtle and dangerous foe than the iron despotism of Strafford, or the priestly machinations of Laud. The grossest ignorance on the facts of the

case yet prevails amongst our senators, as may be seen in the assertion of Mr. Fox, that voluntary efforts are now proved to be inadequate to the work to be done. So far from this being the case, we maintain that the voluntary system is not only equal to, but is in the very course of supplying the education required. It is doing this naturally, and healthfully, and without expense, while the opposite system—that for which our Humes, Ewarts, Foxes, and Cobdens plead—threatens to eat out the heart of English liberty, by spreading the net-work of Government influence over the land. For a brief period, a National System may produce larger and more apparent results: but in the long-run, voluntary effort will be a hundred-fold more useful.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GRANT TO POOR PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS IN ENGLAND AND WALES is at length doomed. The renewal of the vote was submitted on the 17th; but prior to its coming on, some members of the House, unfavorable to the Grant, had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to induce him to refrain from proposing it. The Chancellor, as we have reason to believe, requested that the vote might pass this year, and pledged himself, in that case, not to propose it again. The gentlemen in question wisely acceded to this, and the 'Times' of the 18th consequently reports, that on this vote being taken, 'the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that objections had been stated so forcibly to the item for Protestant Dissenting Ministers in England, that it was not intended to propose the vote next year, though he hoped it would be agreed to on the present occasion.'

In this result we unfeignedly rejoice, and we tender our thanks to the Anti-state-church Association, through whose agency principally it has been effected. For many years, resolutions condemnatory of the Grant have been adopted by the leading Dissenting bodies of the kingdom: these have been repeated in every variety of form, all embodying the principle avowed in January, 1834, by the united Committee of the Ministers and Deputies of the Three Denominations in and about London,—'That the practice of receiving public money is inconsistent with the principles of Protestant Dissenters.' Still the vote was continued; resolutions and memorials were set at naught, and the Premier, somewhat tauntingly, assured Dissenters 'that so long as their ministers would receive the money, it should be paid them.' In 1848, the Anti-state-church Association applied to Mr. Charles Lushington, to divide the House against the Grant, and that intelligent and liberal senator responded to the request. The division has since been repeated annually, and the numbers have been, in 1848, for the Grant 60, and against it 28; in 1849, for 52, and against 33; and in 1850, for 147, and against 72.

The history of the Grant has clearly shown that it is relinquished with regret. Could it have been continued with any show of decency, it would still have been inflicted on us; but a general election is drawing on, and Lord John, as a wise man, is preparing his forces. We now owe to the discretion of his lordship what ought to have been ceded years ago to our petitions and memorials. But we rejoice in the issue, come how it may. Our opponents will no longer be able

to taunt us with inconsistency, or to vindicate their own receipt of public money by our example. It is due to our protest against the appropriation of public funds to religious bodies, that our own hands should be clean in the matter, and this they will henceforth manifestly be.

THE OATH OF ABJURATION BILL has been again rejected by the Lords. This is much as we expected. In our June number, after stating the small majority by which the second reading was carried in the Commons, we remarked, 'We fear the fate of the measure in the Upper House.' The majority was only 25; and it was not to be expected that the Lords would defer to such a division. Unfortunately for the ultimate success of the measure, the second reading took place on the 1st of May, when several members were absent through the fatigue encountered at the Crystal Palace. The opponents of the bill cautiously avoided a subsequent division, and it went, therefore, to the Lords with a much smaller majority than that of last year. Under such circumstances, it was not difficult to predict its fate. The second reading of the bill was moved by the Lord Chancellor on the 17th, and was supported, amongst others, by the Earl of Carlisle and the Archbishop of Dublin, in speeches pregnant with meaning, and deserving of most serious attention. Dr. Whately contended for the right of electors to choose whomsoever they pleased to represent them in Parliament, affirming that this right belonged to them 'as British subjects, and still more as Christians, and as followers of Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and who disavowed all connexion with political ascendancy and political power, and with any desire to set up or overthrow temporal government.' Lord Shaftesbury was the most able opponent of the bill, and the straits to which he was reduced clearly illustrate the wretchedness of his cause. We regret to hear so estimable a man giving the sanction of his name to such miserable logic and theology as the following:—'It has been said they (oaths) did not keep out Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and others, and thus their value is denied; but how often have I heard their strength denounced in excluding Roman Catholics, and now Jews! But, surely, in quoting the oaths of Bolingbroke and Gibbon, you take a very imperfect view of the oaths sworn at this table. They are not simply the personal assurance of the individual, but the declaration of the national sentiment. The nation cannot swear and profess, it therefore does so by its representatives. Bolingbroke and Gibbon took the oath and jeopardized their own souls, but they bore a public testimony, and yielded to the principle of the nation.' On a division, the bill was rejected by a majority—including proxies—of 36; the numbers being 108 for, and 144 against it.

On the 18th, Mr. Alderman Salomons appeared at the bar of the Lower House to take the oaths as member for Greenwich; and having requested to be sworn on the Old Testament, 'as binding on his conscience,' he took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and proceeded with that of abjuration until he came to the words, 'on the true faith of a Christian,' which he omitted. He was then ordered to withdraw, and the further consideration of the matter was at length adjourned to Monday, the 21st. On that evening Mr. Salomons took his seat as a

member of the House, and joined in three of the votes, when every effort was made to induce the Government to institute legal proceedings against him. Lord John, however, refused to commit himself on this point. He evidently dreads a court of law, where the issue would be much more doubtful than in St. Stephen's; while the member for Greenwich and his friends challenge his lordship to an investigation of the legal question. On the 22nd the Premier moved—'That David Salomons, Esq., is not entitled to vote in this House, or to sit in this House during any debate, until he shall take the oath of abjuration in the form appointed by law;' on which a long and somewhat acrimonious discussion ensued. Several divisions occurred, and the debate on the resolution was ultimately adjourned to the 26th, and on the following day to Monday the 28th. In the meantime, enthusiastic meetings have been held in London and Greenwich, and a thorough determination evinced to stand by the men of their choice. The question must be settled, it cannot remain in its present state.

THE CLERGY AND THEIR ADHERENTS ARE CALLING FOR THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION. This is the demand of the day, and many seem to imagine that it will be a panacea for all the evils which the Church is suffering. That there are numerous and most important divisions in the Church, cannot be denied. Recent events have placed the fact beyond question. One class of Churchmen anathematizes another. Their differences are radical, and the animosities engendered have rarely been paralleled, and never surpassed. The hierarchy is, in truth, a perfect Babel, and nothing restrains the violence of its members but the controlling agency of the State. Once remove this, and such a scene of strife would be exhibited as would constitute the scandal of Christendom. Many good Churchmen, however, think otherwise. The clergy formerly met in Convocation for the consideration of matters pertaining to the hierarchy. No meeting, however, for the transaction of Church business has now been held for 150 years. This period has sufficed for men to forget the evils of such assemblies; while the notions of Church power, prevalent on many hands, lead some to conclude that the re-assembling of Convocation would be the speediest and most effectual way of settling the questions which are agitated. The clergy have obviously a class interest in this view, and they have endeavoured most industriously to diffuse it. Many are influenced by their representations, and others, on an erroneous application of a sound principle, have lent them support.

Out of this state of things, a highly important debate has arisen in the House of Lords. On the 11th, Lord Redesdale, in a speech of considerable length, endeavoured to show the necessity for Convocation, and to remove the objections which lie against it. His speech was, in our judgment, an elaborate failure. Indeed, as the Marquis of Lansdowne remarked, it was 'in a great degree admitted by the noble lord himself, that it was *only by entirely altering the constitution of that body* (Convocation) *that it could be made to answer, and successfully accomplish the objects* which the noble lord had in view; viz., by public and continued discussion, to provide for the government of the Church and the settlement of questions of doctrine.' It is only, therefore, in *words*

that Convocation is called for. What is wanted is, not the revival of an old institute, but the creation of a new one, which would free the Church from the control of the State, and leave to its clergy the framing of its canons and determination of its doctrines.

The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke clearly and strongly against the proposition, affirming that such meetings would be injurious to the Church itself, and would foment, rather than allay, its contentions. If, said the Primate, 'the assembling of Convocation were to end in the reconciliation of some conflicting rubrics, or in supplying the deficiency of others, or in the change of a few obsolete words or questionable phrases, the result would be little worth the cost of production. It would be justly *Quid dignem tanto sacrat hic promisso hiatu*. Thus far, then, you disappoint; go farther, and you excite. If more were attempted, and the doctrine of the Prayer-Book were touched, even with the slightest hand, a flame would be lighted up from one end of the country to the other. Where we have now a smothered fire, hotter perhaps than is agreeable, but still manageable, we should raise a conflagration which it would require all her Majesty's prerogative to extinguish. Suppose, then, the Liturgy untouched, and nothing more attempted than what we know to be desired by many members of the Church—the issuing a declaration which should contradict a recent decision of the Privy Council, and defining the effect of baptism more clearly than it is defined in our Articles—would peace follow? Can we suppose that this would prove a healing measure?' The Bishops of London and Oxford supported the views of Lord Redesdale—the former asserting, 'that on questions of doctrine, it had always been a part of the discipline of the Church to have the decision of the bishops, or, at least, to give them a veto;' and the latter claiming for his Church 'to be the representative of the apostolical communion which assembled in synod at Jerusalem.' How grave men, in a grave assembly, can utter such *stuff*, we know not. They can have little respect for their auditors, or must be themselves strangely ignorant and infatuated. Were men, on any other subject, to talk such nonsense as they do on matters of religion, they would be replied to by contemptuous laughter.

The debate was, evidently, a mere feeler; it was not intended to lead to any immediate result. Its purport was accomplished in the opinions it elicited; and Lord Redesdale was, therefore, content to move for a copy of a petition. We have not, however, done with the subject, but shall hear more of it in future sessions. It forms part of the new programme on which the clerisy and their adherents will take their stand, and our rulers must be prepared to deal with it. Is Lord John Russell so prepared? We incline to think he is. There has, it is true, been a good deal of coquetting between him and the bishops lately; but when the question is reduced to the narrow ground which is now being assumed by many Churchmen, the Whig statesman surely will not forget the lessons of history, or be wanting in fidelity to his country. If the hierarchy is to manage its own affairs, let it be first dispossessed of the national resources now entrusted to its care. So long as it is content to receive State-pay, it must submit to State-control. Such a proposition as that

of Lord Redesdale is most inopportune just now, as the dignitaries of the Church are not in the best possible odour.

THE PAST MONTH HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE TIME FOR THE BISHOPS. It will be long remembered by members of the Episcopal bench, and ought to cover them with humiliation and shame. We do not imagine that the present bishops are worse than their predecessors, or than most other men would be, if placed in their circumstances, and surrounded by their temptations. What we complain of is, that a system should be elaborated, which renders it almost impossible for a man to retain his virtue in connexion with a mitre; that he should be surrounded with the most seductive temptations; and that, as if his failure were the primary object of the arrangement, the force of these temptations should be aggravated by the legal pleas which they are competent to urge. It is a cruel, as well as a debasing system, which involves all this, and we charge the delinquencies now proved against the system itself, rather than the individual bishops concerned. The worst part of the whole is, that the enormities disclosed have been perpetrated under the cloak of religion. The temporalities of the Church are sacred; for the laity to touch them is sacrilege; they are consecrated to a divine end, and cannot be alienated without impiety. Such are the views broached by our Churchmen, and yet it is now proved, beyond all doubt, that the dignitaries of the Church—the bishops especially—have been recklessly, and without shame, enriching themselves at the cost of the Church. There has been a perfect scramble after wealth; money has been the god of their idolatry; and the scruples which would have deterred others have been put aside and despised by them. The words used by Mr. Horsman, on the 17th, may have been indiscreet, but they were true; the wisdom of uttering them may be doubted, but the description they give is strictly correct; the picture is a revolting one, it is nevertheless life-like. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Horsman and Sir B. Hall for having dragged the matter to light. Few are aware of the labor involved in their inquiries, or of the odium they involve. The mal-practices of a bishop cannot be exposed without rousing the anger of many, and few terms are too opprobrious to be applied to such as have sufficient courage to undertake the task. All honor be to the gentlemen we have named. They are not Dissenters,—let the country mark that; their object is the purification of their Church—but it is an Augæan stable, the cleansing of which exceeds their power. Much time has been occupied in both Houses in defence of the bishops; but as yet, their advocates have not shaken the case against them.

The occurrence of such debates is a sign of the times; it proves the existence of a state of public feeling vastly different from what formerly prevailed. With equal explicitness, but with greatly augmented power, they counsel the bishops, in the language of the late Earl Grey, 'to set their house in order.' The eyes of the nation are upon them; their wrong doing is known to all; the veneration in which they were formerly held is gone; superstitious reverence for Episcopal functions is known only to churchwardens and old ladies; whilst a searching inquiry is demanded into their administration of public property, and

an exposure of their mal-practices is threatened. Men are no longer concerned, through love or through fear, to throw a cloak over their misdeeds. The following statement—and it is all we can find room for—has been printed by a morning paper in the interest of the Church. It compares the incomes of the English bishoprics, as settled in 1837, with the sums actually received in 1850, as reported by the bishops themselves, in a return just laid before Parliament:—

ASSIGNED IN 1837.	£	RECEIVED IN 1850.	£
Canterbury	15,000	Canterbury	15,000
• York	10,000	York, 1849	19,217
		" 1850	9,457
		(Paid to Commissioners, 3,750 <i>l.</i>)	
London	10,000	London	19,895
Durham	8,000	Durham	38,619
		(Paid to Commissioners, 11,200 <i>l.</i>)	
Winchester	7,000	Winchester	28,388
St. Asaph and Bangor.....	5,200	St. Asaph	6,355
		(Paid to Commissioners, 1,300 <i>l.</i>)	
		Bangor	6,163
Bath and Wells	5,000	Bath and Wells.....	6,971
Carlisle	4,500	Carlisle	4,324
Chester	4,500	Chester	2,725
Chichester	4,200	Chichester.....	5,319
		(Paid to Commissioners, 650 <i>l.</i>)	
St. David's.....	4,500	St. David's.....	5,029
Ely.....	5,500	Ely, 1849	9,223
		" 1850	4,223
		(Paid to Commissioners, 3,000 <i>l.</i>)	
Exeter	5,000	Exeter	1,919
Gloucester and Bristol.....	5,000	Gloucester and Bristol.....	4,170
Hereford	4,200	Hereford	4,468
Lichfield.....	4,500	Lichfield	6,034
Lincoln	5,000	Lincoln	4,961
Llandaff	4,200	Llandaff	4,398
		Manchester	4,200
Norwich	4,500	Norwich	7,271
Oxford	5,000	Oxford	6,402
Peterborough.....	4,500	Peterborough.....	4,466
Ripon	4,500	Ripon	4,770
Rochester	5,000	Rochester	4,607
Salisbury	5,500	Salisbury	6,128
Worcester	5,000	Worcester, 1849	12,813
		" 1850	5,430
		(Paid to Commissioners, 1,100 <i>l.</i>)	

THE AFFAIRS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE were brought before the Upper House on the 15th, by the Earl of Derby, who moved, that certain papers relating to that Colony, which had been presented to Parliament, should be referred to a select committee. His lordship, of course, repudiated all personal and party views, but it was impossible to distinguish between these and the end he contemplated. There had, indeed, been so much mismanagement at the Cape—the Colonial Secretary has committed such grave blunders, and the officials in the colony have been so solicitous to imitate his example—that it would

have been impossible to deal truthfully with the subject without seriously implicating Earl Grey. This was felt on all sides of the House, and hence the irritableness and vehemence of the Colonial Minister. As one of the daily papers remarked, he took up the question 'as a purely personal one, and spared no devices, no subterfuges, to obtain a verdict in his favor.' The result of the division was a very narrow escape. In a House of 142, the Secretary for the Colonies obtained a majority of six only, and that, too, after every means had been employed to swell the ranks of his supporters. The numbers on the division were, 68 for, and 74 against, the motion.

'That the vote should have run so close,' says the 'Daily News,' 'is not surprising: on both sides, the voters were struggling between conflicting motives. The supporters of the Earl of Derby were divided between their eagerness to deal a blow to the Whig Minister, and their reluctance to abet the cause of self-government and free representative institutions in the colonies; and it is but charity to suppose that the Whig or Liberal peers were in like manner divided between their disinclination to give a victory to the Protectionist Tories, and their dislike of the despotic doings at the Cape.'

THE PEACE CONGRESS HELD ITS FIFTH SESSION at Exeter Hall on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; and we convey a very inadequate conception of its character and magnitude when we say, that it exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine friends. The former meetings of the advocates of peace have worn down hostility and rebuked laughter. The thing is no longer to be tabooed. It has passed through its earliest and most dangerous stage, has outlived contempt, ridicule, and hatred, and now stands before the nations with the dignity, and more than the explicitness, of an oracle. Men who once laughed at it are now looking serious, and the 'Times' will soon pronounce it to be 'a great fact.' The large hall was filled by an attentive and deeply-interested audience, and men from all parts of Europe and America were present to bear witness to the wide diffusion and rapid growth of the 'good cause.' The Archbishop of Dublin had been invited to take the chair, and deliberated on the matter for two days before he declined the honor. A worthy substitute was found in Sir David Brewster, than whom the nation could not have furnished a man of greater weight or of more enduring lustre. The progress of the Peace cause is unexampled. It has risen to its present altitude with marvellous rapidity, and will soon take rank amongst the *practical* questions on which the judgment of mankind is fixed. We were glad to find that the attention of the Congress was early directed to the position and responsibility of the pulpit in reference to the Peace question. This was wise; and the speeches delivered by Mr. James, of Birmingham, and Mr. Brock, of London, were at once worthy of the theme, and eminently suited to promote the object sought. Referring to the supporters of the movement, our contemporary, the 'Nonconformist,' says:—'Elsewhere we print a list of twenty-four M.P.'s who have given their adhesion to the Peace cause—comprising not a few tried and able men. Literature and science in this country present a Brewster, a Carlyle, a Jerrold, a Babbage, and a Mackay, besides not a few conductors of the periodical press—abroad, a Hum-

boldt, a Liebig, a Cormenin, a Girardin, a Victor Hugo, a Bodenstedt, and a Sumner. Religion gives its sanction in the direct presence of two hundred ministers of the gospel, of all denominations, including such absentees as the Archbishop of Paris, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Abbé Duguerry, and Pastor Cocquerel. Statesmen are represented by the members of our Legislature, who attended the sittings of the Congress, by a Lamartine and a St. Hilaire, and many foreign senators. Magistrates, municipal authorities, bankers, merchants, commercial associations, professors of colleges, the professions, shopkeepers, and the working classes, had each their representatives in this truly comprehensive assembly.

Such an assembly is specially appropriate in 1851, when the nations of the earth are meeting in our Capital as brethren, united by common sympathies, and having common interests. GOD BLESS ALL NATIONS, is the appropriate motto of that beautiful temple in which all people are learning to subdue their malignant passions, and to cultivate the arts of peace and the charities of an enlightened brotherhood. The Exhibition and the Peace Congress are emanations of the same spirit. They indicate a new and better dispensation than that which has hitherto prevailed, and are entitled to the best service of all humane and religious men.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Travellers' Library. Sir Roger de Coverley. By 'The Spectator.' With Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills.

Recollections of Scenes and Institutions in Italy and the East. By Joseph Beldam. F.R.G.S. 2 vols.

The Botanical Looker-out among the Wild Flowers of England and Wales, at all seasons, and in the most interesting localities. By Edwin Lees, Esq., F.L.S. 2nd edition, revised.

The West of England and the Exhibition of 1851. By Herbert Byng Hall, K.S.F. With Illustrations.

Vindication of the Church of England, in reply to the Right Hon. Viscount Fielding, on his recent secession to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan.

Dealings with the Inquisition; or, Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits. With important Disclosures. By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D.D. 2nd edition, enlarged.

What is Popery? A Catechism on the Principles, Doctrines, and Practices of the Roman Catholic Church. By John Hayden.

The Church of Christ and the Man of God. Being an Introductory Discourse by the Rev. R. S. Bailey, F.A.S., of Ratcliffe, London; and a Charge by the Rev. William Forster, of Kentish-town, delivered at the settlement of the Rev. T. C. Stallybrass, B.A., over the Congregational Church, Stratford, Essex.

Sermons preached on various occasions at the West London Synagogue of British Jews. By the Rev. G. W. Marks.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Exeter. By W. Campbell Sleight, Esq.

Salvation—the way to secure it. By the Rev. A. Morton Brown, LL.D.

Our Age and our Country. Thoughts on the Past, the Present, and the probable Future, of England and the World, suggested by the Great Exhibition, &c. By A. E. Pearce.

A Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Women imprisoned for life under the power of Priests. In answer to Bishop Ullathorne. By Henry Drummond.

The Scottish Protestant. Part I.

A System of English Parsing and Derivation, &c. For the use of Schools. By Jacob Lowress.

Proceedings at the Fourth Monthly Soirée of the National Reform Association; containing a Lecture by Mr. C. J. Bunting, the Norwich Operative, &c.

Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. First Course: Mechanics—Hydrostatics—Hydraulics—Pneumatics—Sound—Optics. With upwards of 400 Illustrations.

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THE
Eclectic Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

- ART. I.—1.** *The Kingdom of Christ ; or, Hints to a Quaker, respecting the Principles, Constitution, and Ordinances of the Catholic Church.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. 2 vols. Second Edition. London: Rivingtons. 1842.
2. *Christmas-Day, and other Sermons.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. London: J. W. Parker. 1843.
3. *The Epistle to the Hebrews ; being the substance of three Lectures delivered in the Chapel of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, on the foundation of Bishop Warburton. With a Preface, containing a Review of Mr. Newman's Theory of Development.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. J. W. Parker. 1846.
4. *The Religions of the World, and their Relation to Christianity, considered in Eight Lectures, founded by the Hon. Robert Boyle.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. Second Edition, revised. J. W. Parker. 1848.
5. *The Prayer-book, considered especially in reference to the Romish System. Nineteen Sermons, preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. J. W. Parker. 1849.
6. *The Lord's Prayer. Nine Sermons, preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A. Second Edition, revised. J. W. Parker. 1849.

7. *The Church a Family. Twelve Sermons on the occasional Services of the Prayer-book. Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A. J. W. Parker. 1850.
8. *Encyclopædia Metropolitana: Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. Part I.—Ancient Philosophy.* By F. D. Maurice, Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn, &c. Second Edition, revised. London: J. J. Griffin. 1850.
9. *Subscription no Bondage; or, the Practical Advantages afforded by the Thirty-nine Articles, as guides in all the branches of Academical Education.* By Rusticus. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1835.
10. *On Right and Wrong Methods of Supporting Protestantism. A Letter to Lord Ashley.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. J. W. Parker. 1843.
11. *The New Statute and Mr. Ward. A Letter to a Non-Resident Member of Convocation.* By F. D. Maurice, Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, &c. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1845.
12. *Thoughts on the Rule of Conscientious Subscription, &c., in a Second Letter to a Non-Resident Member of Convocation.* By F. D. Maurice, Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, &c. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1845.
13. *Thoughts on the Duty of a Protestant in the present Oxford Election. A Letter to a London Clergyman.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. J. W. Parker. 1847.
14. *Reasons for Co-operation: a Lecture delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations. To which is added, God and Mammon: a Sermon to Young Men.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., &c. J. W. Parker. 1851.

IN the month of April, 1840, John Sterling wrote thus to his friend Hare:—‘If I saw any hope that Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce and their fellows could reorganize and reanimate the Church and the nation, or that their own minds could continue progressive without becoming revolutionary, I think I could willingly wrap my head in my cloak, or lay it in the grave, without a word of protest against aught that is.’ Eleven years have passed since that sentence was penned—years full of great events, and affording more frequent opportunities, and exhibiting more pressing need, for the work of one acquainted with the ages, past and present, hopeful concerning the coming age, and able to discern the truth that belongs to all times alike, than any other similar period which history can point to; and yet, excepting the advocacy of notions he was not the first to entertain,

and a share in the establishment of an institution uniting the mercantile schemes of the Socialists with the dogmas of the English Church—to which already, as an experiment, no one looks for the solution of the great labour problem—with these exceptions, Mr. Maurice has done nothing towards realizing the desperate hope, nothing to disprove the mournful apprehensions which his friend has recorded respecting him. He is not the only one on whom has been built the vain desire that he should be *the man* of his day; but it is most wonderful that gifts and qualifications, natural and acquired, such as characterise him, should have produced no more than this. The works before us do, however, sustain the estimate of Mr. Maurice's ability, which Sterling's remarks imply; and it is confirmed by the influence exerted by his writings in the diffusion of the notions we have referred to, especially amongst the younger Dissenting ministers. From them, too, we learn why such despair of extensive or permanent good being effected by him, as that letter emphatically expresses, should have been entertained. Along with representations of the gospel, remarkable for their grandeur and truth, there is much that we are bound most earnestly to reprobate; whilst Mr. Maurice's position as a Churchman is so inconsistent with those representations, that his entire influence upon his admirers cannot fail to be unfriendly to that keen sense of right, and to the stern resolution to abide by it, which are ever the most indispensable qualities in any who would really benefit mankind. We purpose, therefore—but without indulging even the wish to raise a question respecting our author's claims to personal respect, and still less, to diminish the authority of what he, in common with the most reflective minds of the present day, holds to be the essence and substance of the gospel—in a brief review (which is all that our space will permit) of the works at the head of this article, to show why neither the Church nor the nation can expect from him the instruction and the guidance which both now so anxiously seek. And we trust not only to prevent, or to explain, the disappointment of those who have hoped for what Mr. Maurice cannot impart, but especially to indicate what all who are taking part in the great movement that is proceeding in the world need to be assured of, if their labour is to be faithfully rendered, and to be crowned with success. It might have proved an easier task to follow the track of our author's lucubrations in his 'Kingdom of Christ,' introducing notices of his other writings at the appropriate places; but had that work not been criticised in our pages when the first edition appeared, the straitness of our limits would have made it impossible for us to follow out this plan; for our readers' sakes we have mentioned it, as nothing can so well enable them

to appreciate at their just worth the views advocated in the well-known works, as such a comparison of them with the whole of Mr. Maurice's system.

We do not deem it necessary, by references and quotations, to prove that the test we have proposed to examine these essays and sermons by is their avowed scope. The fact of their publication, they being what they are, shows that with no lower aim than that suggested by John Sterling's letter have they been written. One preliminary remark we must be permitted to make, that what we have pointed out as our design in this article may not be prejudged as improbable. The greater number of these writings have been before the public long enough to show what virtue is in them to effect what is admitted on all sides as the need of the times. Now, we gladly acknowledge that many, who might not otherwise have learned them, have derived from them those wider views of the gospel which we have before referred to. But they have not availed for the composure and healing of any of those controversies which have been handed down to us from former ages, and they have occasioned new contests; for, not only does Mr. Maurice take up the position of a mere partisan, the weapons he most frequently employs are not those of generous warfare, nor would an opponent of the Church of England be allowed to adopt a line of defence so inconsistent in spirit with the principal proposition maintained; and in none of his works does he set forth such thoughts upon the questions he handles as show that he has for himself searched out and discovered the real ground of the diversities of opinion which prevail respecting them, or can lead those who love the truth, and long for union with all who do so, to the genuine *henoticon* by which peace may be restored amongst the disciples of Jesus.

We begin with the relation of Mr. Maurice's opinions to the Church. It would be needless to say that Sterling spoke of the *Church of England*, were it not that others beside the members of that community confound the *Church of Christ* with something very different from it—some mere fragment of it; or, worse still, some association or corporation, exalted by human means into that place in men's thoughts which the Saviour's true Church alone should occupy. Apart, however, from these considerations, it is for the Church of England that our author labours; the advancement of no other ecclesiastical body is contemplated in any one of his works.

Now, it must be observed that this Church is not a simple, homogeneous system, such as is developed in 'The Kingdom of Christ,' and assumed in 'The Church a Family,' but one which bears most evident traces of the operation of numerous and

different forces, by which it has been constructed and preserved; and that the two main features which characterise it, are its being the embodiment of the Anglican Episcopal Reformation, and its being a political institution—one principal element in the British constitution. It might cease to be a political establishment, and still be the realization of that Reformation; or it might lose this character, but continue to be a branch of the State: so distinct are those two features. As a political engine it does not, nor, indeed, can it, concern itself with truth, as such; its office being to aid 'the powers that be,' and to do their bidding; and, with rare exceptions, those functions have been, as by an unerring instinct, discharged. Nor does it now, as the representative of the Episcopal Reformation in England, trouble itself in the inquiry after truth. That struggle, as far as it had any share in it, was passed through during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and its formularies express the results arrived at. The Church, when finally constituted, by the agreement of all her authorities, determined that inquiry was then to cease, inasmuch as those formularies contained and conveyed the truth; and it has been so far faithful to that decree, asserting in deeds, though not in express words, that there is no more truth to be discovered; that it has acquired a character which it can lose only with its existence itself. Any one who receives, with or without inquiry it matters not, those old forms, is of that Church; any one who does not receive them is not. But it has been compelled, as a State Church, to admit into its ranks numbers who were not strictly *of it*; and so long as they were content to abide by their 'subscription,' little harm ensued;—but what fence can keep out the spirit of inquiry? It entered this charmed circle, and the latest effects we witness in these days; both its political and ecclesiastical characteristics are threatened with destruction, in the conflict which has been carried on in its bosom; for never did hostile sects rage against each other so fiercely as do the rival parties within the Church. To 're-animate and reorganize' the Church, then, this its twofold nature must be borne in mind; and both for the purpose of securing the performance of its duties in the State, and that it may remain the monument of the English Episcopal Reformation, inquiry must be persuaded to sleep; the habit of explaining the contents of the formularies, so dangerous to such an institution, must be broken off; that imprudent zeal which has been endeavouring to cast out the political element entirely, and therewithal the reformed portion of the ecclesiastical element also, must be suppressed; the acceptance of the Book of Common Prayer, &c., as the sum of all truth desirable for man, must be quietly compelled; and the state of things which prevailed when the places

of the Bartholomeans had been filled up in 1662, or when William III. and his councillors settled the revolution of 1688, brought back as swiftly and as silently as possible. In one word, the restoration of the old forms to that undisputed authority which they possess, according to the *idea* of the Church,—truth being left quite out of the question, as irrelevant, or already determined,—this would, in reality, effect what John Sterling despaired of seeing his friend accomplish.

We also see no ground for expecting that Mr. Maurice will thus give peace to the Church; but we do not share the foreboding fears implied in that letter. For it is precisely on those points which augur ill for the future of the Church of England, as far as our author is connected with it, that we find ourselves in accordance with him; and to them alone we look with any desire that his words should not fall idly on men's ears; for the sake of them alone we hope that his name will not be forgotten. The Church, we said, demands the old forms, and does not now concern itself about the truth at all: what was wise and needful was done when the forms were made authoritative; and from that time, for it, they *are* the truth. Mr. Maurice says much about these forms, and to that we shall direct attention shortly; but he has also, in exact opposition to the spirit the Church requires, seized upon truth which his Church has never recognised, with avidity, and with great force and skill expounded it, urging it upon his audiences with earnestness almost vehement: nay, he has devoted himself to the recommendation of the very formularies of the Church, by exhibiting the truths he supposes them to convey,—and they, be it observed, such as are not naturally nor evidently conveyed by the language, and which, further, are completely alien from the spirit of the men by whom, and the times in which, they were devised. These, surely, are not the means for restoring peace to the Church; they can only aggravate the miseries of its divisions.

For illustrations of Mr. Maurice's unfriendly relations to his own Church, we refer, first, to his 'Boyle Lectures,' the subject-matter of which is stated in the following passage:—

"Men are beginning to be convinced, that if religion had only the devices and tricks of statesmen or priests to rest upon, it could not have stood at all; for that these are very weak things indeed, which, when they are left to themselves, a popular tempest must carry utterly away. If they have lasted a single day, it must have been because they had something better, truer than themselves, to sustain them. This better, truer thing, it seems to be allowed, must be that very faith in men's hearts upon which so many disparaging epithets were cast, and which, it was supposed, could produce no fruits that were not evil and hurtful. Faith, it is now admitted, has been the most potent

instrument of good to the world,—has given to it nearly all which it can call precious. But then it is asked, is there not ground for supposing that all the different religious systems, and not one only, may be legitimate products of that faith which is so essential a part of man's constitution? Are not they manifestly adapted to peculiar times, and localities, and races? Is it not probable that the theology of all alike is something merely accidental—an imperfect theory about our relations to the universe, which will, in due time, give place to some other? Have we not reason to suppose that Christianity, instead of being, as we have been taught, a revelation, has its root in the heart and intellect of man, as much as any other system? Are there not the closest, the most obvious relations between it and them? Is it not subject to the same law of decay from the progress of knowledge and society with all the rest? Must we not expect that it, too, will lose all its mere theological characteristics, and that what at last survives of it will be something of a very general character, some great ideas of what is good and beautiful, some excellent maxims of life, which may very well assimilate, if they be not actually the same, with the essential principles which are contained in all other religions, and which will also, it is hoped, abide for ever?—*Religions of the World*, pp. 8, 9.

The plan of this work is simple, and the execution of it most satisfactory; the three great living 'religions of the world,' Mohammedism, Hindooism, and Buddhism, are fully examined, and the 'defunct religions' of Persia and Egypt, of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Goths, are more briefly investigated and compared with Christianity, or the religion of the Bible. It is clearly shown that each one stands, or stood, upon a *truth*; and the old, shallow, and heartless method of disposing of those subjects, by reviling and misrepresenting the forms under which the men to whom was not given such light as we have received, held and sought to fulfil their relations to God, as 'falsehoods' and 'impostures,' the offspring of knavery and credulity, is disproved and rejected. It is true that 'visions they were, but visions which came to men concerning the dreadful realities of their own existence. They were visions of the night, but by them men had to steer their vessels and shape their course; without them all would have been dark. And we belong to the same race with the men who had these visions; some nearer to us, some more distant; some brought up in regions utterly unlike our own, some almost our kinsmen after the flesh; all, our kinsmen in reality.'* For each of these systems was built upon some solitary truth, each exhibited but *one* aspect of man's relations to his Maker, and so those relations were not truly presented; and even the solitary truth on which each system was built, being deprived of the support and elucidation it would have received from the other truths related to it, lost its strength

* *Religions of the World*, p. 127.

and purity, and was overlaid, and even destroyed, by falsehood. Yet more: it is not one truth, nor one aspect of those relations alone, which can suffice for man's heart and life—yet each of these assumes to be all; whence again came corruption of what was good, and injury to those who had received it. But we find in Christianity all these truths, all these varied aspects of the position in which man stands before God; *all*, and with them many more, which 'it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive;' each in its fulness, and each in its connexion with all the rest. Those 'religions of the world' had dubiously suggested that there was a oneness in the nature of man, a oneness in truth for man, under all diversities of time, and country, and circumstances; but they were condemned to irreconcilable variance with each other. They seemed to say, that if ever their scattered fragments were to be united, it must be in some higher truth, independent of race, and climate, of soil, and the accidents of life; and it is thus that they bear testimony to Christianity; for in it, the truth there was in each is merged in God's great truth. They are no longer opponents of the gospel, but witnesses for it. It is by virtue of its possession, and union, of all that made each of them a religion for a race or a country, that it has superseded them, as far as they are superseded; and, on the same ground, we look forward with confidence to the time when it shall have won its way throughout the entire world, and subdued all nations and classes of men, yea, all things, unto itself; and shall thus be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt in any breast, to be what we now devoutly believe it—the wisdom, and power, and love of God.

Such is the unexceptionable, and unimpeachable testimony which Mr. Maurice has elicited from 'the religions of the world' to Christianity; and thankfully do we acknowledge the good service he has rendered to it. But this is 'strange fire' for the altars of his Church. The careful and minute investigation of these evidences of the gospel, which is bringing to light every day new and unexpected proofs of its divine origin, and of its perfect adaptation to the need of man, is discouraged by an institution which appeals to itself alone, and says, 'I am, therefore is Christianity true;' and such results respecting the religions of the world as Mr. Maurice has obtained by his patient and skilful search, with the consequences depending upon them, are condemned beforehand by that declaration, which, though not found in the words, comprises the very essence of all its formularies—'Out of me, and without these, is no salvation.'

More remarkably does Mr. Maurice stand opposed to the spirit of his Church in the way in which he deals with the dissident sects; and we must add, that on this subject we cannot

go with him very heartily, since he has mingled with what is good so much that is of a very different kind. Speaking of a member of the Church of England, he says: 'He believes that he is the member of a polity which recognises the truth contained in each of these systems; that they have made a system out of some principle which they have torn apart from the rest; that they have destroyed that principle by its separation.*' As a further illustration, we quote the following passage from his remarkable pamphlet entitled, 'Subscription no Bondage':—

'I think we should have understood that each party of these Dissenters has some separate principle for which he is contending; a true principle, an important principle, which he has made into an idol, by disconnecting it with others equally important. I think we should have said to ourselves, here is a person calling himself an Independent; he has got hold of this important positive truth, that each congregation ought to be distinct, but he has torn the doctrine away from the body of truth; he has fancied that he could not maintain the *distinctness* of congregations, without maintaining the *separateness* of congregations; and thus comes into collision with the Romanist, who has set up the unity of the Church against the distinctness of congregations; but I believe both; I believe that one is necessary to the other; I believe that there cannot be distinctness without unity, nor unity without distinctness. I would not, therefore, assail the man as an Independent, but I would claim fellowship with him as a Congregationalist. I will show him that I go all lengths with him in his positive opinion; that I only differ from him in a point, which puts him at difference with others, who have also great truths to maintain, and puts him also, as I think I can show him, at difference with himself.'—P. 112.

The writer proceeds to state that he, in like manner, differs from, and agrees with, the Anabaptist (but what denomination he refers to under this antique name, we do not pretend to divine), the Quaker, and the Unitarian; and from this, with the extract above, our readers may conclude what kind of 'agreement' it is which Mr. Maurice boasts. We did not, however, refer to these passages for the purpose of showing that he has a spice of the Jesuit in him—that we leave for the present—but that his 'Nonconformity' might be made manifest; for what permission has he to depart from the teachings of his Church in this matter? and *it* does not seek out semblances of agreement, and gloze about differing 'in a point;' it says of all Dissenters—and the words, when first spoken, meant bonds, fires, death—'Let them be excommunicated *ipso facto*, not to be restored until they repent, and publicly revoke such their wicked errors!'

* Kingdom of Christ, vol. ii. p. 524.

The treatise of 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy' may also be referred to in proof of our position. It, in fact, contains the basis of the Boyle Lectures. Thus, having discussed the history and writers of the Hebrews, and having maintained, respecting the former, that 'it is *moral*, in that, from the first to last, it refers directly to man, to the habits, ways, constitution, of the human race, as distinct from every other race;' and that 'it is *metaphysical*, inasmuch as it asserts that man himself is distinct from physical things; that though he has that in him which is under the law of growth and decay, he has that also which connects him with what is fixed, constant, permanent, with a living personal being, who is above the laws of nature, and who himself imposed them;'^{*} Mr. Maurice states the method he shall adopt, in treating of 'the philosophy of the other nations of the earth:'—'We may assume that doctrine which seems to us to be asserted throughout every part of the Scriptures, and to be especially elucidated and enforced by the prophets, that all men really have had a Divine Teacher, whether they have followed his guiding or not. This doctrine we believe to be true.'[†] Again, at the conclusion of this first part of his 'History of Philosophy,' he thus writes:—

'1. A society arose in the days of Philo which said that it was the expansion and fulfilment of the polity, the beginnings of which are recorded in the Hebrew histories. A teacher who had lately become one of the officers of that society, was accused by a synagogue of the Alexandrians, before the high priest and sanhedrim at Jerusalem, of speaking blasphemous words against the temple and the law—of saying that one was come who would change the customs which Moses had delivered. He defended himself, not by interpreting the story in an allegorical sense, but by showing, in a plain narrative, how in each period there had been a fresh unfolding of a divine kingdom through human agents—how each period assumed and made necessary the manifestation of one who should prove its foundation to be actually divine and actually human. That witness was stoned, as those who spoke like him in former days had been.

'2. Another Jew, who was present at his death, and took part in it, shortly after incurred the hatred of his countrymen, by inviting heathen citizens of Corinth, of Ephesus, and of Thessalonica, to become members of the society which had begun in Palestine, and which at first had only included circumcised men. His disciples at Corinth were full of the Greek passion for wisdom; they fancied that he and an Alexandrian teacher were rival sophists, each desirous to palm his own doctrine or theory upon them, and to bind them together in a sect called after their name. He told them that that teacher and himself had come to proclaim a hidden and divine wisdom, but a wisdom which had shone forth in weakness, of which the only perfect mani-

^{*} Mor. and Metaphys. Phil., part i. pp. 13, 14.

[†] Ibid., p. 28.

festation was in a man who had been crucified. He told them that their fellowship included the weakest, the most ignorant, the most evil; that the members of it formed one body in one head, and that whoever sought to divide them, or boasted of some wisdom of his own, was their enemy and destroyer. He told the people of the city in which Heraclitus had dwelt, that all spiritual blessings were theirs—all the mysteries of divine knowledge; and yet that they were composed of all the kindreds and tribes of the earth, the invisible and the visible worlds being reconciled in Him who united divine glory with human nothingness. At Jerusalem he said that this divine society was the flower and consummation of that which their fathers had possessed—of that which had begun in Abraham's tent. Finally, to the Jews and Gentiles of Rome he asserted the work of outward law, because it made men conscious of internal evil—because it made them realize the opposition between the flesh, which flies from what is right and true, and the spirit, which desires but cannot obtain—because it drives man to seek a righteousness above his own, which condemns his evil nature, justifies and satisfies the cravings of his inner man.

'3. Finally, an aged Galilean fisherman, living in the country where Greek philosophy began, proclaimed the reconciliation of that revelation which had been from the beginning, with the light which had shined afresh upon the world, declared that the Word was with God, and was God; that in him was life, and the life was the light of man; uttered a divine name which expressed the being and the unity; saw a city descending out of heaven, of which this unity was the centre and the ground.'—Pp. 236-7.

These paragraphs are thus intitled in the margin: 'A Jew witnessing for a Divine Polity grounded in the Revelation of the Absolute Being.' 'A Jew connecting the Search of the Greeks after Wisdom with a Divine Human Person.' 'A Jew the Reconciler of the Old and the New.' These passages will exemplify the character of the book; the extraordinary misrepresentation of the scope of the Epistle to the Romans (the apostle being made to say something that might justify the author's ecclesiastical system*) not excluded; and how different the tone and air of the whole passage is from those of the Church formularies, we need not at length declare.

Instances of this deviation from his proper aim abound in the two works which are devoted to the advocacy of the Church of

* In Sermon VI. of 'The Church a Family,' in which Mr. Maurice expounds and vindicates 'the Catechism,' the contrast of *grace* with *law*, in God's dealings with mankind for the overthrow of the power of sin, is represented as 'the principle which the apostle is teaching throughout his letter to the Romans; and the worth of law as the means of discovering to man his thralldom, and of witnessing that 'the righteous God, and not the evil spirit, is Lord of the universe,' is pointed out. This differs a little from the view we have quoted from the 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,' but neither is it an exact account of the scope and argument of this epistle.

England and its formularies—'The Prayer-Book a Protection against Romanism;' and 'The Church a Family:' but we can present only a few of the more glaring contradictions. After showing that a Church must not be 'afraid to say that the Spirit of God dwells in her,' Mr. Maurice proceeds:—

'What avails it to say, "We have traditions?" They may be good; they may be indisputable; what then? Can you use them? Because they have been handed down, are they yours? Not except you are such men as they were who handed them down. The armour may have been made for giants; those who inherit it may be dwarfs. Or it may have been made for uses which do not exist—to fight one set of enemies, while you have to fight another.'—*Prayer-Book*, p. 218.

This is just the probability which the Church of England dares not acknowledge. Her formularies are complete; and it is on *them* that she relies; as Mr. Maurice himself, with delightful inconsistency shows, three pages further on, where, after insisting upon the gift of the Spirit as the only escape and refuge from the distractions of our days, and showing what that gift should make us, he draws a mournful, but correct picture, of his Church, as it is; and adds, that the Prayer-Book 'might have carried them into a higher region of thought, to a surer and simpler ground of life;' as if that Prayer-Book were not one of the 'traditions,' the worth of which he had so recently spoken of in such slighting words.

The following is excellent, but it is not good counsel for a Churchman to give:—

'A man really feeling himself the steward of God's gifts will be in a condition to meet the different perplexing questions of our day honestly, earnestly, hopefully; ready to receive all hints respecting the best means of doing that which he is bound to do—never dreaming that the means which were fittest for one time must be fittest for any other, or that there is any sense in merely following the most admirable precedents.'—*Ib.*, p. 242.

Does it not read like a satirical description of the influences of his own ecclesiastical system, when he puts into the mouths of the Jews such a refusal as this of the offer of God's covenant?—

'You say, "No, we are not worthy of such blessings as these; we are glad to be Jews; glad to scorn other people, glad to think that we have the true book and the holy temple, and that all people shall some day pay homage to us. But the higher things you speak of—the knowledge of God, the beholding of his likeness, conformity to it, being used as the ministers of this love and blessings to mankind—we ask not for; we never supposed ourselves good enough for such gifts as these."'—*Ib.*, pp. 251, 252.

And here is a word of counsel, which may bear a different

application from any which the writer had in his mind when he penned it:—

‘The time is come when divines must interpret in that way [as spoken for *us*, as well as for those who first heard them] the records of Scripture to all people whatsoever, or must prepare themselves for—why need I say, prepare themselves? they meet it already—utter indifference, listlessness, unbelief. The course which has been too much followed is this. People in general have been spoken to as if the Bible was a mere book of other days, which might be ingeniously applied to our use.’—*Ib.*, p. 265.

This is precisely what has been done in the formularies of the Church; and, as we shall see in what remains to be said of our author's principles and teachings, Mr. Maurice himself is one who would not suffer men in general to hold converse with the Bible,* unless the Church in some way be present at the interview, like the gaoler when a prisoner receives a visit from his friends.

The following is Mr. Maurice's unintentional testimony against State Churches:—

‘Or, perhaps, if civilization be fenced round by the sanctions of religion, by its terrors as well as by its hopes, it may be able to maintain a long, even an indefinite, term of existence? The civilization of the Roman empire *was* protected by these sanctions; by a very great and complicated religious machinery. The imperial power did its utmost to preserve that machinery, and to make it effectual for the preservation of the State. The civilization of the last century in Western Europe had the same safeguard—a religious system worked into the very tissue of society, upheld by politicians upon the same calculation. It is true that, in both cases, actual faith had disappeared; that the more exalted a man was in his position, the more he felt that it was his business and right to despise that which he counted indispensable for the vulgar. But this result seemed to be connected by some necessary law with the other phenomena of that state of things. How was it possible for men to believe that as a mighty power governing themselves, which

* We insert here a passage which may, perhaps, receive the attention it requires, by being thus out of place:—‘I have contended, then, that a Bible without a Church is inconceivable; that the appointed ministers of the Church are the appointed instruments for guiding men into a knowledge of the Bible; that the notion of private judgment is a false notion; that inspiration belongs to the Church, and not merely to the writers of the Bible; that the miracles of the New Testament were the introduction of a new dispensation, and were not merely a set of strange acts belonging to a particular time; lastly, that the gospel narratives must be received as parts of the necessary furniture of the Church.’ He might well ask, not for the sake of making his succeeding argument more wonderful, but in penitence, ‘Now, is there not a manifest tendency towards Romanism in these positions? Do they not, one and all, belong to the system which I have denounced?’—*Kingdom of Christ*, vol. ii. p. 270.

they valued first of all as an instrument for governing others? When they looked within, and saw what hands were moving the wires, or knew that they were moving them, how could they help despising the fiction, that some invisible agency was at work upon them? The traditions which they professed to revere spoke of a God of truth and righteousness. They knew that they sought to preserve faith in these traditions for unrighteous and false ends. How could such a contradiction remain any time hidden from themselves, or from others? It did not remain hidden, we all know, from either. It was laid bare by the most fearful evidence. It was declared, that if an artificial fabric of vulgar earthy materials cannot stand by itself, it cannot stand by feigning that it is of celestial workmanship.'—*Church a Family*, pp. 24, 25.

'If we will have,' says Mr. Maurice, in his Sermon on Confirmation, 'a dispensation of statutes and decrees, we must give up the Christian, for it is not such a one; it is the revelation of principles which were lying hid under statutes and decrees; the setting up of a spiritual kingdom.' (P. 84.) From which we might infer that Church-of-Englandism, which is a thing of statutes and decrees, and is *not* a spiritual kingdom, is not, in our author's opinion, Christianity.

But we said that the explanations of the various parts of the services, given in the works we have immediately before us, show either a total disregard of the spirit of the Church, or complete ignorance of its genius. Instead of recommending the use of these formularies, on the ground that they have been enjoined by those whose authority Mr. Maurice, at least, would not question; or on some ground which would prepare the mind for acquiescence, without inquiry, in all others besides the one he is speaking of; he has undertaken the perilous task of *rationalising* (as a divine of the Oxford school might legitimately term it) respecting them; and the tendency of the process is well exemplified in the circumstance, that, to establish the propriety of the 'Commination Service,' he has to leave unnoticed the declaration prefixed to that service, with which his account by no means agrees. What is said of the introduction of the ninety-fifth Psalm into the daily service, will exhibit this *rationalism*, in one of its simplest forms; and it will scarcely fail to occur to any reader that, without such a stretch of fancy, a reason for the employment of this Psalm, almost at the commencement of congregational worship, might have been discovered in the joyous burst of the first verses—'O come, let us sing unto the Lord! let us heartily rejoice in the Rock of our Salvation!'

'I should be very unwilling to overlook so leading a characteristic of this Psalm, or to suppose that it had nothing to do with determining the Reformers in the sixteenth century to adopt the practice from some

other liturgy, or, on their own responsibility, of making it the introduction to the rest. Nor if the view which I have taken of the absolution be the true one; if the word means what it appears to mean; if it is the declaration of deliverance to the enchained spirit of man; if the acts of worship which follow are its first free exercises; would it be at all strange that the sea and the mountains should be acknowledged in our service as the chosen music of liberty?—*Prayer-Book*, pp. 67, 68.

After this, no reader will be astonished at seeing the Communion Service commented upon thus:—

‘I have followed literally the words of the service in this statement. It does not say, cursed *will* be every one who follows this or that evil course, but cursed *is* he. He has put himself into this evil position. It is not the punishment that may follow from his acts, which is first or chiefly spoken of. The state into which those acts have brought him, constitutes his misery and curse. The heaviest punishment he can look for is, that that state should continue, that he should go on living as he does live, that he should be for ever what he has made himself. For to be alienated from goodness and truth, to be shut up in selfishness and hatred, to be every day feeling a stronger wish that God were something else than he is—something else than a perfectly pure, and holy, and loving being, something else than the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; or that he did not exist, that there were no God: this is hell. To be in this state, is to be in the deepest pit of hell.’—*Church & Family*, pp. 195, 196.

We need not remark upon the extravagance of advocacy by which this terrible truth respecting God’s dealings with man is held up as the ground and reason for that confessedly impotent utterance of ecclesiastical censures which is appointed for Ash-Wednesday. But before we leave this branch of our subject, we must express our very strong doubts concerning the harmony of Mr. Maurice’s representation of the substance of the gospel as contained in the *person* of Jesus Christ, with the formularies of the Church of England. To us it appears that a system, in which the reception of creeds, the observance of sacraments, and the performance of outward worship, are made so much of as they are in that Church, must vanish like the enchanted castles of romance when some word of power was spoken—as soon as they that uphold it really see that ‘Christ crucified’ is the essence and sum of the gospel revelation. We would gladly commend the little work on the Lord’s Prayer, and the ‘Warburtonian Lectures,’ with their Prefatory Review of Newman’s ‘Essay on Development,’* to the attention of our readers, by quoting

* Mr. Maurice accepts the Church of England, according to his apprehension of its *idea*, as the exponent of the kingdom of Christ. Wherein does he differ from Father Newman, who so regards the Church of Rome, except in not adopting the theory of *development*, to connect what is said of that kingdom in the New Testament with what he finds in the Church?

various passages we had marked ; although they are, like his other writings, disfigured by that bad habit of drawing upon his fancy for his facts ; with a notice of which we may begin our observations upon the bearing of Mr. Maurice's opinions upon the nation.

The reanimation of the nation, and its restoration to organic unity, or, more correctly, its advance to that state—for it has never yet attained it—can be effected only by the hearty reception of the very truth on the part of those who compose it—of that truth which, from the beginning, has been the soul of those who have lived before God ; which patriarchs and prophets, as far as it was revealed to them, held, as well as apostles and reformers ; which, through all changes and seeming changes in religion, has ever been the same. This truth must, however, be presented to men under some forms ; for without them it cannot be even recognised by those who have not known it. And to be recognised, and, much more, to be received, it must be presented *under forms adapted to their actually existing condition*. The theological language of the era of the Reformation, and the representations of the gospel then devised, were the offspring of the times ; and it was their adaptation to the minds they were addressed to which made them fit then to be employed as means to bring about the vast results which followed the making of them known in the world. They were, in fact, a purification of the scholastic theology, which had gradually been formed by the indomitable labours of the learned men who, in the ages of ignorance, and in spite of the thunders of the Church, made the philosophy of Aristotle both the interpreter and the interpretation of all that is. When Kepler began his 'guesses at truth,' the decline of the scholastic philosophy commenced ; our Bacon, with the faith of a prophet, triumphed over it as already fallen, whilst he himself was holden in its fetters ; Leibnitz and Newton wrested the realm of physics from its rule ; one after another, it has lost every province of the world of science, which it once gave laws to. Metaphysics has at length been freed. Step by step, with varying speed, the general mind has followed this revolution ; and soon Aristotelianism in theology will be a matter of history alone, having no existence amongst living men. The attempt to retain the theological forms of the Reformation, now that their foundation, the scholastic philosophy, has passed away for ever,—an attempt made in defiance of all that history, of all that philosophy has taught respecting man's nature,—this it is which has contributed most of all to bring our own nation, and every nation of reformed Christendom, into the condition we now see them in—of requiring to be evangelized anew ; 'for when for the time they ought to be teachers, they have need

that one teach them again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.' Other forms must be resorted to, if the nation is to receive and to live by 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' We do not undertake to say by the aid of *what* forms this re-animation of the nation can be effected; of this we are certain,—that just as, in earlier ages, out of the philosophy of the schoolmen sprang the theology which, after them, is called Scholastic, so, from the spiritual philosophy which has supplanted it, must spring up a spiritual theology. The Scholastic forms have undeniably ceased to suggest living truths, not because the ancient truths are obsolete—as some fondly imagine—but because men's minds have advanced beyond the degree of knowledge and the modes of expression, on which the Scholastic forms were based. The consequence is, that these now lifeless forms cannot be made to represent living truth; indeed they may be retained until they become the means of conveying deadly errors. And thus we see that the interests of the Church are directly opposed to the interests of the nation, in this great matter. If the Church be re-organized and re-animated, the nation, as we have shown, must suffer; but should the nation receive new life and organic unity, where will be the Church? For whereas the Church cannot but hold by the old forms, and dares not ask if they convey, or ever conveyed, truth, nor if there be truth at all; the nation requires the OLD TRUTH, but clothed in new forms; and just as we have seen Mr. Maurice so much infected with the spirit of his age as to be unable to save the Church, so shall we find, that he is so much fettered by the forms of the Church, that he cannot save the nation. He does, indeed, seek for new aspects of truth; but he tries to encase them in the dead forms of his Church, in opposition to its general spirit, and equally so to their plain meaning. If he were content to hold the new views of old truth alone, he might be what John Sterling despaired of seeing him—the reformer of the nation; but he would subject it to the bondage of the formularies compiled some two or three hundred years ago, explained as neither the constructors of them, nor any who ever held them before him, have understood them. Or if he reverently submitted himself to these formularies, instead of seeking to make them signify what not only they do not of themselves signify, but are even opposed to, he might, perchance, re-organize, if he could not re-animate, his Church; and failing to effect that, he would still merit the praise of being consistent and single-minded.

We have seen how superciliously Mr. Maurice speaks of those whom conscience shuts out of his communion, charging them with having torn away a portion of the truth, whilst he has it entire in his Church. He is like the tenant of some narrow field, whose

exhausted soil produces only briars, and thistles, and noxious plants, amidst the tall stubble of long-past harvests, who should show flowers, and fruits, and sheaves, which he has procured from far and wide; and whilst reproaching his neighbours respecting the honestly-grown crops of their fields, because they had not such variety as he boasted, should maintain that they were the produce of his land, because he has learned from some local myths or traditions, that *once it did* yield all that was 'good for food, and pleasant to the eyes.' In fact, instead of the whole truth, as he asserts, he has but a few fragments; and with them he holds an incompatible falsehood, as he himself shows; for in endeavouring to make good his ground, he resorts to such undisguised special-pleading, that were he advocating God's very truth, he would falsify it, and make it unfit either to bless or to save.

In his 'Boyle Lectures,' and in his 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,' Mr. Maurice has given a remarkable liveliness to his accounts of the various religions and philosophical systems which he notices, by exhibiting the process whereby they may be supposed to have grown up from the fundamental or rudimental principle of each, into the forms in which they present themselves to us.* In the Preface to the former work he expressly admits that this *quasi*-history of the religions is fictitious; but, had he not done so, no one who mistook his statements for a correct account of their actual growth would be much injured by his credulity. It is different, however, in the case of the Church Formularies, the presumed principle of which he has exhibited in a similar manner, but without warning his readers that he has done no more than describe how, *if* such forms were constructed in the present days, they *might* be suggested, and what purpose their constructors *might* intend them to subserve. Two examples of this we have already given; the following is of the same kind; but almost every sermon of his two works on the Prayer-book would furnish instances:—

'The Epistle and the Gospel are followed by the Nicene Creed. I have spoken already of the use of creeds, and their relation to our prayers generally; I will only say a few words of the place which this Eastern Creed occupies in our Communion Service. They will illustrate the whole subject, and will show from what special perils we need, and may find, deliverance. All false systems give us an organ of seeing in

* Mr. Maurice is commonly spoken of as a very erudite man, and his works do show the fruits of extensive reading; but this habit of introducing invented histories is one which no scholar could form, for he would *know* how the matters he treats of did *actually* proceed. Having heard our author's learning questioned, we mark this singular confirmation of the scepticism.

place of an object, or presents an object to creatures who are incapable of beholding it. Romanism is altogether subjective at one moment, altogether objective the next; now leading its votaries to hopeless acts of self-consciousness and self-accusation; now compelling them to strain their minds in the contemplation of some image wholly external to themselves. Both tendencies exist in human nature—both are working mightily among ourselves. We are continually tempted to make the Epistles mere records of our individual experiences—the Gospels, the mere external history of one who was born at Bethlehem and died on Calvary. Then comes a vehement reaction against each habit: the Epistles are discarded, for we want some real Person to behold; the Gospels are thrown aside, for what call have we to believe a mere set of facts, which may be, perhaps, mere symbols of certain general human feelings, or of certain local notions. You may denounce the language in which these opposite tempers express themselves; you may scorn the rapidity with which men pass from one to the other; you may tell them that they can have no steadfastness unless they retain their reverence for the written word, and for the Church's teaching. But what power lies in these denunciations, this scorn, these grave warnings? Have not you tried them all, and do not you know that they have effected nothing for those to whom they are addressed?—that they very often exhibit nothing but your own superciliousness, hardness, want of sympathy with other men's temptations, ignorance of your own—nothing, in short, but your incapacity to communicate the mind of Christ to others, because it is not in yourselves? Oh, surely there is a more excellent way! Let us be taught practically, continually, that there is a Divine Spirit to whom we may refer our spiritual acts; that there is a Son to whom that Spirit is leading us; that there is an eternal relation between them, dependent upon the relation of both to the Father; and self-contemplation will turn to adoring faith, and the formal history will become connected with our own personal being, and with the being of our race. Let each one say, when he closes the Gospel, "I believe in ——" — *Prayer-book*, pp. 225—227.

In short, Mr. Maurice's remedy is 'the Nicene Creed!' And, perhaps, if he had himself framed the Communion Service, he might have made that creed symbolize not merely the orthodox faith, but also the true deliverance from the dangers arising from imagining an opposition between the histories of the life of the Saviour, and the apostolic development of the truth of his salvation. But such was *not* the reason for its introduction at this part of the prayers; and the passage we have quoted is only one out of a great number in which Mr. Maurice asserts, with no faint confidence, that a certain aim directed the injunction of particular observances, or that certain results have followed the use of them, when the experience and knowledge of the matter, which are within the reach of all men, show, respecting both the one and the other, that it is not so.

Such 'rationalism' is not what the nation wants, nor what the Church can allow.

And this leads us to observe, that another peculiarity of Mr. Maurice's defences of the Church of England and its formularies, is that he takes for granted that what is spoken in any one of the latter, or is implied in the constitution of the Church, actually *is*; and that, although it is notorious that the exact contrary is the case. Thus, he entitles one of his works, 'The Prayer-book; specially considered as a Protection against Romanism.' Against which we set the fact that those who have most earnestly endeavoured to penetrate the meaning of the Prayer-book, making it its own interpreter, or using the writings of its compilers in understanding it, instead of the *political* position and exigencies of the Church, have (both clergy and laity) gone over in numbers to Rome. And we may fairly refer to Mr. Maskell's letter to Dr. Pusey, which appeared at the commencement of the late Anti-Papal agitation, as the expression of the experience of one who had trusted to that defence, and had found it to be worthless. That Mr. Maurice should confound *his* Church with the very Church of Christ, is a mistake into which it is no wonder that he should fall, when even Congregationalists are prone to the same error. And we shall see that he professes to hold most literally the reality of Sacramental salvation and life. But who could have expected to meet with such a passage as this, which is the comment upon those responsive ejaculations, 'O Lord, open thou our lips!' 'And our mouth shall show forth thy praise,' &c.?

'Do you think, brethren, that the most vehement and scornful discourses against the arrogance of priests, when they exalt themselves above their brethren, and establish a guild of their own, are more effectual protests against this evil and wickedness than simple utterances in which the shepherd is taught that he is nothing except as he identifies himself with the flock, as he follows the chief Shepherd, the great High Priest, in feeling and bearing what each of them feels and bears, in sympathizing with all the groans of humanity? To be self-conceited, self-satisfied, self-glorifying, is the continual peril of the priest, because it is the continual peril of the man; and he must experience the temptations of other men in their most terrible forms—that as he who yields to this temptation forsakes the true privilege and glory of man, and cuts himself off from the Divine type of humanity, so the priest who yields to it becomes—you all feel it, your words of indignation and contempt show that you do—more than all others, an apostate from his rightful and appointed calling.'—*Ibid.* pp. 61, 62.

With a priesthood like that of the Church of England continually before our eyes, we may well be suspicious of such an

argument as this, especially as it actually involves priestly assumptions to any extent. But we should as soon have expected to hear the formula, *Servus Servorum Dei*, urged by a Romanist as a disproof of the Pontiff's arrogance!

Here, again, is another specimen of our author's remarkable postulates—he is speaking of one of the prayers in the Communion Service:—‘The prayer for our own Sovereign, connecting the law of God with our national life, was a witness that we are just as much under the Divine government as the Jews were, only that our theocracy has been raised as the whole dispensation has been raised.’ (*Prayer-book*, p. 222.) No doubt we are as much under the Divine government as the Jews; more so, if we are pleased to express our conviction of the superiority of our gospel blessings to those of the law of Moses, by such a term; but it is wicked to foist in that word ‘theocracy,’ and apply it to the aristocratical rule under which we in England lie, so as to discountenance, obliquely, every effort to remove, or to lessen the tyranny.

In ‘The Church a Family,’ this assumption is pushed to the verge of absurdity; and in the sermon on ‘The Visitation of the Sick,’ Mr. Maurice feels compelled to defend himself, which he does in this most extraordinary way:—

‘Brethren, I do not want to be told how much appearances contradict this faith. Those who make appearances the law of their lives, who judge by what they see, must cast it aside. I will not, cannot, ask them, on any principle which they confess, to adopt it or retain it. I will only ask them to try and look the world's facts in the face without it; and if they find it impossible, if they must suppress disagreeable evidences, and deal dishonestly with themselves, or become mad—then to consider whether the belief of their forefathers in moral and spiritual truths may not have had some deeper ground than appearances to rest upon, just as they know well that the physical order of the universe has. Those who do believe, under whatever modifications, that the gospel is a message from heaven, I would simply ask, what a gospel from heaven can be, if it is not a gospel concerning a Father; if it is not a declaration how that father looks upon his children, and what he has done to reconcile them to himself? We must fall back upon this alternative: “Is the death of Christ the highest and most conclusive demonstration which we possess concerning the mind and character of God, and the relation in which he stands to men, or is there some higher?” If there is no higher, then, in despite of all outward appearances, and of all theoretical difficulties, we must take up that language which our Service for the Visitation of the Sick uses, and which it warrants all the ministers of the Church in using. I will use no stronger expression than this: I do not care to say the Church *enjoins* this language on us. I readily admit that she authorizes us to depart from the mere letter of the exhortation when

our judgment, enlightened, as we hope, by the Spirit, leads us to think such a deviation desirable ; but the principle which is embodied in that exhortation—the principle, I mean, of addressing every sick person as under God's fatherly correction. This, I am justified in saying is the principle of the Church.' — Pp. 116, 117.

We cannot tell why the writer of this should refuse to believe in Transubstantiation, or anything else which 'the Church' has taught, against which there lie 'outward appearances' and 'theoretical difficulties.' It is most mournful to read such a defence of such a rite, when put forth by a man who can so see truth as some of our extracts prove. This passage implies the misrepresentation which Mr. Maurice has made of the bearing of the gospel on *mankind*, on the ground of which he justifies the baptismal service, and could justify the worst delusions men have ever resorted to for refuge from the plain declaration of our Lord—'he that *believeth* shall be saved.'

That Mr. Maurice should ascribe to the Prayer-book, the Church, or the Articles, all that is really effected by the Gospel, or by the portions of Holy Writ which they may contain, will not cause any one astonishment ; nor will it be necessary to cite an example ; we will refer our readers to his sermons on 'the Psalms, and the Lessons,' in the course 'on the Prayer-book considered in reference to Romanism.' But there are other species of special pleading in the works before us, which show that the writer is not one who can breathe a new spirit into the heart of the nation.

In all the controversial and argumentative parts, it is most painful to observe that difficulties and objections are stated with an air of apparent frankness ; and there is the same show of candour in meeting and disposing of them ; but in almost every case something else is discussed instead of what is proposed, and the foregone conclusion is given as the result. Some of our extracts illustrate this ; the sermon on the Litany, in his defence of the Prayer-book, is a remarkable instance ; and 'the kingdom of Christ,' the plan of which is the exhibition of the Church of England as the only complete manifestation of the fundamental principles of Quakerism, is yet more wonderful. In several of the sermons on the various services, too, it is impossible to overlook the adroitness with which the impressions produced by the part of the discourse devoted to the exposition of the text, are turned to account in favour of the service which is professedly treated of. The relation of many of those texts to the subjects of the discourses is most obscure ; and the employment of some (as, for example, our Lord's injunction against 'vain repetitions,' and 'much speaking,' which is the text to the sermon on 'Ejaculations

and Collects') indicates not a little bravery. We must complain of the fantastical interpretations of various texts; and we do so the more emphatically because we have observed with regret that his admirers are spreading these whimsicalities by adopting them in their discourses, without any expression of hesitation, and apparently without knowing that they both can and ought to read the scriptures for themselves, and not lay hold of any explanation which comes as a novelty. Our space compels us to speak thus generally respecting matters we should have preferred dealing with at length. We can only utter cautions and warnings where we might have brought accusations, and proved them too. We hope that our readers will examine these writings upon these hints; and whether they agree with us in our conclusions, or take the only other alternative, that Mr. Maurice does not see that what he has written lies open to such grave charges, the position we would establish is proved—he is unfit to be the teacher of the people.

What we have said relates to the *way* in which our author has unfolded and enforced his opinions; we now notice his Ritualism, which a follower of Dr. Pusey might approve, could he see it apart from such passages as we have quoted above. We cannot avoid some further exhibition of his special pleading, as the determination with which he clings to these old forms is best shown by the mode in which he defends them. We begin with his assertion of an order of priests. In the sermons on Absolution we find the following:—

'The gospel is the great absolution of the race; the Christian kingdom embodies the principle of that absolution.' . . . 'We should expect to find in this economy, as much as in the last, an order of men, who, from generation to generation, would set forth God as an Absolver, not only in the lower and subordinate senses, but in the highest sense of all—as the Absolver of the conscience and spirit of man, as the deliverer from the essential evil.'—*Prayer-book*, pp. 41, 42. 'I have spoken of the first words of the Absolution as explaining the ground of the priest's office. They show that he is not first an utterer of man's wants, but first an utterer of the mind of God. He is not making a way from earth to heaven, but bringing a message from heaven to earth. The end and result of that message, I admit, is to bring men to God; and the priest, I doubt not, is to guide them on the road.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 47, 48. . . . 'The priest may say to a sick man, confessing some load which is lying heavy upon his heart at that moment, "I pardon and absolve thee;" the man asks for that help, and it is our commission to be an absolver; he has no calling at all if he may not be the instrument of loosing heavy burdens, and bidding the oppressed go free.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 272, 273.

The defence of this view of the priesthood we find in 'The

Church of Christ,' where he states that their claim to be absolvers 'has in a manner been universal. Luther believed that he was to absolve as much as Tetzels. Every person who says that the sole office of a minister is to preach the gospel, says so because he believes this is the way to absolve.' (Vol. ii. pp. 137, 138.) A yet more audacious claim is put forward in the sermon on the Consecration Prayer:—

'A priest offers up this Consecration Prayer—only a priest may offer it. Does it seem to you a dangerous privilege, one which is likely to make a mere feeble man feel that there is a mysterious and exclusive sanctity attached to his person; that he has an access to God which others cannot have? Consider, I beseech you, what the words are which he speaks—what makes his office divine. He speaks of Christ having died, that all men may be admitted to behold God's face and live; his right is to present that complete sacrifice which God and not man had provided, and with which God is satisfied. There is no gorgeous ceremonial, no veiling of the face. The awfulness of the priest's duty consists in its simplicity, its own nothingness, in the witness which he bears that the mediation of Christ is a living, effectual mediation for the whole body, and for its most sinful member.'—*Prayer-book*, pp. 292, 293.

The sermons on the Ordination Services contain further statements respecting this order of priests; amongst others, these observations occur:—

'I cannot admit that the presbyter does not include the *ιερευς*. I cannot; for I see that our tendency in this day is to lose sight of the fact, that we are all priests to God, though we are so fond of using the words; to lose sight of the truth that Christ is the actual High Priest, though we are glad to speak of him by that name, for the negative purpose of proving that his ministers on earth have no right to be called subordinate priests.' . . . 'I offer no apology for those expressions in our ordination of priests, when the bishop lays his hands upon the head of a weak youth, and says, "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office of a priest in Christ's Church!" I say boldly, that youth ought to believe that he is endowed with this power; else he will not do Christ's work, or feel his own nothingness, or be the helper and deliverer of his brethren.'—*Church a Family*, pp. 166—169.

'Boldly,' indeed! too much so; for why should a 'weak youth' believe that which is not true? and does not all history testify against the alleged fruits of the belief in this untruth? How he magnifies the office of the bishop, may be inferred from the fact, that in a sermon on Christian Civilization, preached on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the sending of bishops to the colonies is spoken of as the principal means of evangelizing them—'conscious how imperfect all efforts

for the dissemination of the gospel must be, so long as it was not what it is always described in Scripture as being—the gospel of a kingdom.’—*Christmas-day and other Sermons*, p. 403.

In a passage quoted above may be seen Mr. Maurice’s view of the Nicene Creed. Of the so-called Apostles’ Creed, he avers that ‘it is a creed for the people which the schoolman cannot and dares not meddle with; and yet which, he is obliged to confess, says much more than he can say in hundreds of folios.’—(*Prayer-Book*, p. 161.) Whilst of the pseudo-Athanasian Creed, all notice of which he leaves out of his sermons on the occasional services, he says: ‘If I parted with it, I think I should not help the cause of charity, and should do great injury to the cause of truth.’ ‘I could not give up this creed without saying, that the meaning and principle of it belonged less to this time than to former times. Whereas, I believe that they belong more to our time than to any time.’ (*Kingdom of Christ*, vol. ii. pp. 551, 552.) Elsewhere, in the same work, he asserts that the Apostles’ Creed ‘is an essential sign of the kingdom of Christ.’ (P. 16.) No one, after what he has seen, will suppose that the Articles occasion Mr. Maurice any trouble. They do not. Whilst he points out their non-agreement with every school, in his ‘Kingdom of Christ;’ in his strange pamphlet, ‘Subscription no Bondage,’ and subsequently in his ‘Letters to a Non-resident Member of Convocation,’ he advances a theory of their value in the universities, which outdoes all the nonsense which has ever been uttered about a too-well-beloved system by any theologian. He regards ‘the Thirty-nine Articles as guides in all the branches of academical education’! and discusses ‘Objection to Articles as useless to Lawyers,’ ‘Use of Articles to the Medical Student,’ ‘Use of Articles to the Statesman,’ ‘Theological Articles applied to Malthusian principles’!! The only answer conceivable is that sarcastic quatrain which Mr. Carlyle addresses to such as Mr. Maurice, and which might have been suggested by his pamphlet:—

‘The Builder of this universe was wise:
He planned all souls, all systems, planets, particles.
The plan He shaped his worlds and æons by
Was—heavens!—was thy small Nine-and-thirty Articles?’

A few of the passages in which the Sacramental opinions of our author are expressed, are all that we can give in addition to what has been already quoted; but they will be more than sufficient. The language of the Church formularies is of course used in its literal signification, and a sharp rebuke is uttered in the sermons on the Prayer-book, p. 257, against those who do not receive it as implicitly as the preacher himself. If he does

not employ such imagery as Dr. Pusey and his school delight in, it is not because his faith is less assured, but only that he has a less fervid imagination. He calls baptism 'the seal of God's new covenant; the filial baptism; the witness that we are adopted into the Divine family;' 'the pledge of their union to a living Lord, over whom death has no power;' by it 'the Father sealed them as children, by it they took up their places in the universal family;' they 'are in a state of grace, and not of nature;' 'actual blessings' have been conferred upon them, 'and not a possible or hypothetical one;' it is 'the means of opening the spiritual eye in man;' it says, 'God hath justified thee in Christ;' it 'declares that I live in Christ, and that I have no life apart from him;' 'God acknowledges us in that simple act as members of Him who died for us and rose again;' Luther 'shook the Seven Hills' by the declaration, 'Believe on the warrant of your baptism, you are grafted into Christ; claim your position. You have the Spirit, you are children of God; do not live as if you belonged to the devil;' it 'asserts for each man that he is taken into union with a Divine Person, and by virtue of that union is emancipated from his evil *nature*;' and yet, there are 'baptized men who have lived without God in the world,' and who 'are converted to him by his grace;' it is a 'mystery that the name of God is put upon little children, and that they grow up under the love and adoption of the Father, Son, and Spirit;' and yet 'the mere baptizing of a child does not express to our minds the full idea of baptism, as it is set forth in the Scriptures; we want something, not to make baptism more complete, but to show how complete it is,' and so we have Confirmation!

The Lord's Supper he thus designates: 'The Sacrament of Christ's continual presence with his universal family, the witness to each man of his own place in that family, and of his share in its blessings, the pledge and spring of a renewed life, and the assurance that that life is his eternal life;' 'the Sacrament of Christ's death for each of us;' 'the Sacrament of his body and blood;' 'a sacrificial feast;' 'the eucharistic sacrifice.'

'We have proof enough in its history,' he says, 'that no charm lies in it—considered by itself, apart from God—to preserve us from the most fatal confusion, the deepest moral death; but equal proof that where it is taken as God's method of communicating with his creatures; of unfolding the relation in which he stands to them when he is believed really to be present in it, and they come trusting in him, and yielding themselves to him—it is the very most wonderful means of translating words into life, and reconciling truths which, when they are offered as propositions to the intellect, must be contradictory.'—*Prayer-book*, p. 290.

This last quotation is sufficiently opposed in spirit to the gospel ; but it ought to be observed, respecting the denial of sacramental efficacy at the outset, that Mr. Maurice *never* admits that a rite of the Church is administered 'apart from God ;' and so the denial is a mere semblance.

Respecting the whole of what we have exhibited for the purpose of illustrating this part of our proposition, we must say, in our author's own words : ' The painful truth becomes too clear to be suppressed, that when men are leagued in support of a system, they will resort to craft and dishonesty in defence of it ; that they will feel acts of this kind, not sins, but duties ; that the habit and rule of their life will have more and more tendency to become one of untruth in proportion as they feel more distinctly that truth and the system are identical.' (*Prayer-book*, pp. 124, 125.) Or, in the words of Mr. Isaac Taylor, who, in his remarks upon Pascal, in his '*Loyola*,' says : '*A sincere belief* is not all that will be required of those whose endowments and acquirements qualify them to ascertain the rational foundation of their belief ; and whose position before the world, as teachers and writers, requires them to acquaint themselves with those facts, and with those arguments, of which they will hear nothing within the circle of their own communion.' But whatever the verdict on this point, none can entertain any expectation that a man so wedded to the formularies of his Church, and able to resort to such special-pleading in behalf of them, will prove either the awakener or the organizer of the nation in true life and unity.

John Sterling's letter reminds us, that Mr. Maurice does not stand alone in his opinions. Had we the space, we would endeavour to show the relation of this little 'school' to the past and the future, by exhibiting its points both of resemblance and of unlikeness to the 'Latitude-men' of Cambridge after the Restoration. For they were Platonizing Churchmen, as these are ; and in them, too, philosophic culture, which had revealed the necessary imperfection of all *doctrinal* forms, and a position in the English Church, produced a rigid adherence to its ritual forms, at the expense of their earnestness respecting the truth ; just as naturally as earnestness about the truth, in minds of limited cultivation, begets fierce bigotry about doctrines. This we must pass by, and hastily conclude. We have often spoken of the indications, that a great change in the way in which men regard the gospel is at hand. Now, we may claim Mr. Maurice as a witness that our expectation is correct ; for, in spite of the antiquated traditions he holds by so resolutely, he has been unable to shut out the light which this age has brought ; and what he has received is sufficient to produce an entire revolution in

men's thoughts of the things of God. At the same time, the arguments he employs to support his Churchism should show us that the familiar defences of that system are nearly worn out; whilst the influence of these novelties, which are put forward in vindication of it, must be as destructive as the attacks of its opponents. There ought to be no little instruction for us in the desperate efforts which Mr. Maurice makes to bring those dead forms and the living truth that has come to him, into harmony. And especially should we, when we see what untruth such endeavours bring upon the spirit, remember that dangers of the self-same nature environ ourselves; that we may suffer our systems to become effectual barriers to the influx of God's light upon our souls; and, in our zeal to defend *them*, do irreparable damage to THE TRUTH by attempting to uphold it in association with, or by means of, falsehood.

ART. II.—*Companions of my Solitude*. London: Pickering. 1851.
Fcap. 8vo. Pp. 275.

WHATEVER expectation might or might not be excited by the title we have transcribed, the public will welcome a new work by the author of 'Essays written in the Intervals of Business' (of which we see the announcement of a fifth edition), and of 'Friends in Council.' The present title is probably intended to be read in the light of these two preceding ones, and to take a deeper significancy by reflection from them. In the first of the three books, the writer addresses us from the midst of active life, and, it may be supposed, of multitudinous companionship; in the second, he has exchanged the town for the country, but still retains, or frequently gathers, a few old friends around him, to whose society the reader is admitted, and in concert with whom, we may say, the book professes to have been written; in the present work, without assuming the character of an absolute solitary or hermit, he may be understood as giving no more than he has heretofore done—the thoughts and speculations of one to a great extent retired from the world, and conversing chiefly with himself. 'When in the country,' he says, 'I live much alone; and, as I wander over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into my mind. I find, too, the same ones come again and again, and are spiritual companions. At times they insist upon being with me, and are

resolutely intrusive. I think I will describe them, that so I may have mastery over them. Instead of suffering them to haunt me as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances, I will make them into distinct pictures, which I can give away or hang up in my room, turning them, if I please, with their faces to the wall; and, in short, be free to do what I like with them.' And again, in another place: 'These companions of my solitude, my reveries, take many forms. Sometimes, the nebulous stuff out of which they are formed comes together with some method and set purpose, and may be compared to a heavy cloud—then they will do for an essay or moral discourse; at others, they are merely like those sportive, disconnected forms of vapour which are streaked across the heavens, now like a feather, now like the outline of a camel, doubtless obeying some law and with some design, but such as mocks our observation; at other times, again, they arrange themselves like those flecked clouds where all the heavens are regularly broken up in small divisions, lying evenly over each other with light between each. The result of this last-mentioned state of reverie is well brought out in conversation.' And, accordingly, we have, even in this volume, one or two conversations, in the same style with those interspersed in the 'Friends in Council.'

All this, of course, is to be taken as nothing more than the representation which the author chooses to make of himself for his particular purpose or purposes in writing. He has come before us in a succession of characters, or at least of situations, the better, it may be, to exhibit to us a large philosophy and many-sided mind; or, in case the reader may have eluded his approach from one direction, to get round him and take him from another. There are one or two things, nevertheless, which we shall certainly not be wrong in resting upon as realities. It is evident that the author of 'Friends in Council,' and of the present volume, has at one time had to do with public life, if he is not still in a political position; so much he must be understood to tell us about himself in various places, expressly or by implication, even if it were not to be collected as a probable inference from many of his remarks. And, whether he be still involved in the cares of office, or emancipated from that bondage, and actually leading the natural 'life exempt from public haunt,' which

' Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything ;'

it is as clear as if it had been intimated in so many distinct words, that he is not an old, or even an elderly man, but belongs, by his standing in years, to the most active portion of the gene-

ration that now is. He is certainly not, by a good many years, so old as the century.

This might be gathered from the very style of his books. Probably no man, in any language, ever wrote exactly the same style which he would have written if he had been born only a quarter of a century earlier or later. Now, we think any judge of such matters would say at once, that the style of the present work could not be that of a man born sixty, or even fifty years ago. It is the English that people have been learning to write for the last twenty or five and twenty years, not for the last five and thirty or forty. By style, here, we mean, of course, simply diction, or the general manner of using the language apart from whatever peculiarities may distinguish one writer from another, which characteristic peculiarities, even when they are most marked, never completely conceal that something else which marks the time to which the writing belongs. A tailor, we have no doubt, would, in the same manner, be readily able to say within even a much smaller number of years, when any particular coat that might be shown him was made, no matter how much it might be individualized by the shape and proportions of the wearer; the date of any article of female attire, we are sure, would be fixed by every artist in that department to the very month, and that in cases where an unlearned eye could not even be made to see the delicate distinction when it was pointed out. There are fashions in style, as well as in dress or clothing; indeed, there is nothing in this world that is not in constant motion, though, to be sure, some things move faster than others.

Still more unmistakable is the indication of our author having grown up and been found in the present era, which is afforded by the general tone and spirit of his philosophy and manner of thinking. Without expressing any preference (for critical impartiality ought to be of no time, or rather of all times), we would say that at least three races of thinkers, or three successive waves or shades of moral speculation and sentiment, are to be discriminated with little difficulty in our living literature. There are, first, the writers who had reached the maturity of manhood before the end of the war; secondly, those to whom that wild time, so unlike whatever we have had since, is at least a vivid recollection of their boyhood; thirdly, those who belong wholly to the period that has since elapsed. Among individuals of all the three races, some, of course, have shown more of a retrospective, some more of a prospective tendency; some have clung more tenaciously to their original convictions and ways of viewing things, others have moved, to a greater or less extent, with the time; yet no man ever wholly escapes from the influences to which his mental nature has been first sub-

jected, or acquires a character of mind completely different from that which those earliest influences have made for him ; and so, however it may be overlaid or obscured, that proper character is always to be detected by any one having an eye for such distinctions, and, indeed, will seldom be long in disclosing itself in a perfectly decisive manner either by its salient points or by its defects. A writer whose mind has been the growth of the end of the last century, or the early part of the present, may try his best to accommodate himself to the reigning fashion of thinking, but he will always have something in him lying indestructible and unextractable at the bottom of his heart, analogous to what is found in the wild Indian, in whom, catch him ever so young, you can never wholly extinguish a propensity to run back to his woods on any tempting opportunity. So, at least, it must seem to him who belongs exclusively to the more recent era. Another era it is, indeed, in many respects, that in which we are now living, from those bygone days when the air—to borrow Gibbon's expression—still 'resounded with the world's debate,' and that mighty game was not yet played out at which all nations looked on—a game in which, whatever may be thought of the enduring results, the throws, shaking the very earth, were infinitely tremendous in comparison of anything that has excited mankind since.

The movement we have made, some will say, has been actually out of barbarism into civilization ; it has, at any rate, been into a new phase or condition of civilized existence, a new kind of civilization if we will. We all know the immense material development in all directions that the last third of a century has witnessed ; but the revolution that has taken place in the reigning or commonly received views of nearly everything, is equally wonderful. The writer before us is one of the last persons in the world to have his understanding enslaved by any reigning spirit or fashion of thinking ; but, writing honestly and earnestly, he inevitably reflects the colour of the era of thought and civilization to which he belongs, which, indeed, is as essential a part of every man, as is any element of his intellectual constitution. Each generation has its own horizon, which is, in a certain sense, that of all who compose the generation, determining at least the ordinary and habitual views of every one of them. And a man's customary or every-day way of looking at things, will always give much of its complexion even to his highest and widest philosophy. One age, too, be it remembered, will thus differ from another, not only in seeing something which was concealed from the other, but also in having lost sight of part of what the other used to have spread out around it.

The two or three sentences we have transcribed above sufficiently explain the nature of the book, and the principle upon which it is constructed. The subjects discussed are not arranged according to any scientific method; but there is an order, whether we may discern it or no, in whatever is continuously produced; and this natural order, determined by everything that acted upon the writer's mind while engaged with his task, we have in the present work, so that, if it sets up no scientific pretensions, it has, what is better, something of an autobiographical character. It gives us the history, the actual growth and movement, of the author's thoughts. One section of it, however, ought, perhaps, to be made an exception to this statement. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a subject, surpassing, indeed, in interest and importance most others connected with our existing social condition, if only it were possible to discuss it fully and fairly in a work addressing itself to all classes of readers. It is gracefully introduced by an apologue of a little child finding a weed, which, weed as she is told it is, she asks for the sake of its prettiness to have planted in her garden; and then the chapter proceeds:—

‘Dear reader, if I were to tell you how long I have been thinking of the subject which I mean to preface by the child’s fond words; and how hopeless it has at times appeared to me to say anything worth hearing about it; and how I have still clung to my resolve, and worked on at other things with a view of coming eventually to this, you would sympathize with me already, as we do with any man who keeps a task long in mind and heart, though he execute it at last but poorly, and though it be but a poor task, such as a fortune for himself or a tomb for his remains. For we like to see a man persevere in anything.

‘Without more preface, then, I will say at once that this subject is one which I have been wont to call “the great sin of great cities;” not that in so calling it I have perhaps been strictly just, but the description will do well enough. For what is the thing which must so often diminish the pride of man when contemplating the splendid monuments of a great city, its shops, its public buildings, parks, equipages, and, above all, the wonderful way in which vast crowds of people go about their affairs with so little outward contest and confusion? I imagine the beholder in the best parts of the town, not diving into narrow streets, wandering sickened and exhausted, near uncovered ditches in squalid suburbs, or studiously looking behind the brilliant surface of things. But what is it which on that very surface, helping to form a part of the brilliancy (like the prismatic colours seen on stagnant film), conveys, at times, to any thoughtful mind, an impression of the deepest mournfulness, a perception of the dark spots upon human civilization, in a word, some appreciation of the great sin of great cities? The vile sewer, the offensive factory chimney, the squalid suburb, tell their own

tale very clearly. The girl with hardened look, and false, imprinted smile, tells one no less ominous of evil.'

Worked out to its depth, this subject would, indeed, carry us to the centre and innermost recesses of our social system, and of all social philosophy and morality. Our author, so far as he pursues it, considers the evil under the three heads of its nature, its causes, and the remedies for it. This ground, however, is all gone over in the first of the four chapters (covering 100 pages in all) to which the disquisition extends; what follows is less methodical, forming not so much a continuation of the discussion, as what we may call an appendix of picturesque illustration. The whole is managed with admirable tact, and some passages are very striking. Here is one, the reading of which will make all right-minded men clap their hands in fervid sympathy:—

'I suppose there are few things clearer to the human mind—"to saint, to savage, and to sage"—than that a father owes duties to his child. The dullest savages have seen that; even Lacedæmonians, if they put off individual fatherhood, only did so by throwing it upon the community. How can a man, for a moment, imagine that any difference of rank (a mere earthly arrangement) between the mother of his child and himself, can absolve him from paternal duties? I am lost in astonishment at the notion. And then imagine a man, performing all sorts of minor duties, neglecting this first one the while. I always fancy that we may be surrounded by spiritual powers. Now, think what a horrible mockery it must seem to them, when they behold a man going to charity dinners, busying himself about flannel for the poor, jabbering about education at public meetings, immersed in indifferent forms and ceremonies of religion, or raging against such things, because it is his duty, as he tells you; and at the door holding a link, or, perhaps, at that moment bringing home the produce of small thefts in a neighbouring narrow alley, is his own child, a pinched-up, haggard, outcast, cunning-looking little thing. Throw down, man, the flannel, and the soap, and the education, and the Popery, and the Protestantism; and go up that narrow alley, and tend your child; do not heap that palpably unjust burden on the back of a world which has enough, at all times, of its own to bear. If you cannot find your own child, adopt two others in its place, and let your care for them be a sort of sin-offering.'

Upon another point nearly connected with that here taken up, we have the same bold speaking-out:—

'A daughter has left her home, madly, ever so wickedly if you like; but what are too often the demons tempting her onwards, and preventing her return? The uncharitable speeches she has heard at home, and the feeling she shares with most of us, that those we have lived with are the sharpest judges of our conduct.

'Would you, then, exclaims some reader or hearer, take back, and receive with tenderness, a daughter who had erred? "Yes," I reply, "if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth."

Here again, we admit, neither Christianity nor natural justice, not to speak of generosity and goodness of heart, will allow of any hesitation in going along with our author. As he well says in a preceding paragraph:—‘In the New Testament we have such matters treated in a truly divine manner. There is no palliation of crime. Sometimes *our* charity is mixed up with a mash of sentiment and sickly feeling, that we do not know where we are, and what is vice and what is virtue. But here are the brief stern words, “Go, and sin no more;” but, at the same time, there is an infinite consideration for the criminal, not, however, as criminal, but as human being; I mean not in respect of her criminality, but of her humanity.’ Yet something, we think, is wanting to a complete statement of the case.

It is not necessary that the daughter’s delinquency should be of the particular kind supposed. The sentiment expressed, and the principle laid down, ought to hold equally in regard to a daughter who has disgraced herself by the commission of any other kind of crime or immorality. Indeed, that appears to be admitted, or rather, expressly affirmed, by our author’s own words—‘If she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth.’ Well, then, let a daughter have been detected in the commission of petty larceny, or have become a notorious drunkard, and been, perhaps, repeatedly brought up at the police-court, or committed to the House of Correction. We agree, nay, emphatically insist, for all that, that a father, a parent, abandoned as she may be by all the world besides, as well as by herself, is not to abandon her, is never, for one moment, to think of such a thing; she needs that he should stand by her side and shelter her more than ever. Nor let us hear of her being thrown off on any such plea as that her sisters, who have not gone astray, are to be considered. Considered and protected, certainly, they are to be, in so far as there may seem to be any danger of their being contaminated by the example of the delinquent, or by communication with her; but to more than that they are not entitled. From the shadow that may be cast upon them in the estimation of the world by her misconduct, the father has no right to attempt to save them by injustice to her. *That* he and they must bear, as they would have to bear any other calamity, thankful, and having great reason to be so, that they have not to feel it to have been drawn down by their own guilt, like the poor fallen one. But, to put an end to this pretence at once, let the several daughters have all, one after another, disgraced themselves in the same way, or in various ways; as one is not to be thrown off by the father, so neither are the others.

But then comes a part of the case which is quite distinct from

that with which we have been hitherto occupied. Our author goes on :—

‘ A foolish family pride often adds to this uncharitable way of feeling and speaking which I venture to reprehend. Our care is not that an evil and an unfortunate thing has happened, but that our family has been disgraced, as we call it. Family vanity mixes up with and exasperates rigid virtue. Good heavens! if we could but see where disgrace really lies, how often men would be ashamed of their riches and their honours, and would discern that a bad temper or an irritable disposition was the greater family disgrace that they possessed.’

Now this, we think, is hardly to look the question fairly in the face. It is hopeless and fantastic to expect that people will ever be brought, as a common habit, to feel ashamed of what is not discreditable in the eyes of those around them; that is implied in the very terms a *disgrace* and *disgraceful*; and neither undeserved riches, nor honours, nor a bad temper, will ever be looked upon as being what is understood by a family disgrace. There is here, it seems to us, unless the passage be a mere rhetorical explosion, a little of that ultra-moralism, or ultra-rationalism, the contagion of which has somewhat impaired the robust and healthy tone of our social philosophy in the present age. It is vain to try to raise our human nature above itself; words are wasted in seeking to make that which is essentially a mixture of reason and passion a thing of pure reason. But the emotional part of our nature, too, has its high capabilities, as high, at least, as any that we should probably have had to boast of if we had been ‘of *reason* all compact.’ And what we would say in regard to the case before us is, not that the misconduct of the daughter is not to smite the heart of the father with shame as well as with sorrow, not that it is not to be accounted a family disgrace as well as a family misfortune—for it is impossible, we hold, that both these things should not be—but that the shame and the disgrace are likewise to be encountered, and are not to frighten the parent into committing the last baseness of forsaking his child—forsaking her, or casting her from him, at her utmost need. Looked into more deeply, it is not, after all, so unreasonable as it may at first sight appear, that such a penalty should sometimes have to be paid by those nearly connected through natural ties with the guilty. In the particular case of parent and child, it is not unfair to suppose that when the latter has erred, there may probably have been something wrong either in blood or in breeding; that is to say, something for which the former is justly to be held responsible. But, in any case, by what force can temptation be more powerfully counteracted than that supplied by the knowledge, that those who are nearest and dearest to us must share our shame and degradation? Kind to

one another as we are, it is, indeed, impossible that what is done by any one of us, should, not in all sorts of ways, affect many other persons. A parent, however, stands to his child in a relation which transcends every other. From the moment when the child came into the world, it was literally a part of himself, or another self; and so long as he lives, that other being, which owes the blessing or curse of existence to him, must be held to have an indefeasible claim upon him for all the protection, in all circumstances, that it is in his power to bestow. No; a son or a daughter may throw off a parent, but nothing can ever entitle a parent to throw off a son or a daughter. It must be upon this principle that the writer before us takes his stand in reply to the question, whether he would take back and treat with tenderness a daughter who had erred?—‘Yes, if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth;’ and, indeed, no doctrine short of this can, we conceive, be held by any one duly alive to the sentiment of duty or of common justice.

But it will certainly never come to pass that the simple fact of an evil and an unfortunate thing having happened will give us the same concern as when it has happened to or through one whose honour and disgrace are, not merely by the conventionalities of society, but by the nature of things, our own. That is a height of impartial and passionless virtue to which assuredly we shall never ascend in our present state of being.

The second of the four chapters is devoted to a story, which will be a favourite part of the volume with many readers. It is told with much grace and delicacy; and even its less perfect or less artistic development in some places may rather add to its interest with some minds, as seeming to indicate that it is not an invention, at least altogether; for a true story is rarely probable throughout. It is given in the form of an autobiographical revelation, which escapes, somewhat unintentionally, from the author’s friend, Ellesmere, well known to the readers of ‘*Friends in Council*,’ as giving much of its life to that book by his sharp-witted lawyer’s tongue, every syllable that falls from which, nevertheless, speaks as distinctly the high-minded English gentleman. On the present occasion, Ellesmere, giving way, half ashamed, to the humanity which, however much usually suppressed or kept out of view, one sees all along makes the substance and reality of his nature, his wit and sarcasm being only an attire which he chooses to wear over it, relates how he was once, upon his travels, staying for a few days in a German town; it was a Sunday, and after having been at a Protestant church, he had strolled about for some time in the pleasant afternoon among the various groups who crowded the public gardens in the neighbourhood of the town. Then he continues:—

'At last I sat down at a table, where a young girl, a middle-aged woman, and a baby, were refreshing themselves with some very thin potation. They looked poor, decent people. I soon entered into conversation with them, and, therefore, did not leave it long a matter of doubt that I was an Englishman. I perceived that something was wrong with my friends, although I could not comprehend what it was. I could see that the girl could hardly restrain herself from bursting into tears; and there was something quite comical in the delight she expressed at some flaccid on the tight-rope, which she would insist upon my looking at, and then in a minute afterwards returning to her quiet distress and anxious, deplorable countenance. A proud English girl would have kept all her misery under due control, especially in a public place; but these Germans are a more simple, natural people.

'Having by degrees established some relations between the party and myself by ordering some coffee and handing it round, and then letting the baby play with my watch, I asked what it was that ailed the girl. The girl turned round and poured out a torrent of eloquence, which, however, considerably exceeding the pace at which any foreign language enters into my apprehension, was totally lost upon me, except that I perceived she had some complaint against somebody, and that she had a noble, open countenance, which, from long experience of the witness-box, I felt was telling me an unusual portion of truth. One part of the discourse I perceived very clearly to be about money, and, as she touched her gown (which was very neat and nice), it had something to do with the price of the said gown.'

She then, in her simplicity and desperation, asked him to take her with him to England as a servant. When he explained to her that London was not exactly the place for an unfriended girl to be wandering about, 'The same thing everywhere, everywhere,' she exclaimed, in a mournful, reproaching tone, evidently coming from some experience of those same dangers of which she was warned. Ellesmere, however, could only make out, from her rapid, passionate talk, that she had been accustomed to take care of children, and had once had eleven under her charge at most wretched wages. Still there was plainly something more than this. At last it was agreed that she should write out her story; and, with her own help, and that of the dictionary, he managed the following morning to get at the sense of her simple statement.

'It began by giving her birth, parentage, and education. She was born of poor parents in the country, a few miles out of the town. She was now an orphan. She had come into service in the town. Her master had endeavoured to seduce her; but she had succeeded in giving some notion of her miserable position to a middle-aged man, a friend of her family, who had taken an interest in her, and promised to receive her into his service. Then she gave warning to her mistress, who could not imagine the cause, and was displeased at her leaving. . . .

'The new master that was to be, had told her where to go to (the

lodgings where she was now staying), and ordered her to get decent clothes before coming into his service. He did not live in that town. She left her place accordingly, provided herself with the necessary things, and awaited his orders. Meanwhile, his plans were changed. He had just married, was probably about to travel, and wrote that he could not take her in. . . . She had written again, and had received no answer. She was left in debt, and in the utmost distress. . . .

'The usual wicked, easy way of getting out of her difficulties had been pressed upon her—*Ich mag das geld mit auf eine schlechte art bekommen, sonst wurde ich es in kurzer zeit haben*; but she trusted that the dear God would never permit this, so she put her trust in him—*Ich hoffe, aber, der liebe Gott wird das nicht zugeben, denn ich verlasse mich auf ihn.*'

When they had got through the paper, Ellesmere gave her some silver to supply her present necessities, and promised to bring her more.

'Her ecstasy was unbounded: of course, she began to cry (no woman is above that); though seeing my excessive dislike to that proceeding, she did the best to suppress it, only indulging in an occasional sob. Her first idea was, what she could do for the money. She would work for any time. We had found out that working was better than talking; and here are her very words (I always carry them about with me): *Was soll ich ihnen fur einen dienst dafur thun?* "What shall I do for you in the way of any service for this?" "Nothing," I replied; "but only to be a good girl."

Ellesmere is already in love—deeply, abidingly, in love—though it is only their second interview and the second day of their acquaintance. She, however, has already a lover, 'a poor man, and far away.' The words, her benefactor says, in which she told him this went down like a weight into his heart, which has never been quite lifted off again. He saw Gretchen (that was her name) more than once again, and a great deal of talk that he had with her amply verified his first impression, that she was one of the best intellects and most beautiful natures he had ever seen. He goes on:—

'One speech of hers dwells in my mind. "You must be very happy at home," she said. I thought of my mouldy chambers, and the kind of life I lead, and replied, with an irony I could not check, "Very;" and so satisfied her gentle questionings.

'I did not delay my departure later than I had at first intended; for in these cases, when you have done any good, it is well to be sure you do not spoil it in any way. She would not have any more money than a trifling sum that was a little more than sufficient to pay off the debts already due, and they amounted to the very same sum she had originally mentioned to me in the gardens. We parted. Before parting, she begged me to tell her my name; then timidly she kissed my hand; and, bursting into tears, threw her hood over her face, and hurried

away a little distance. Afterwards, I saw her turn, to watch the departure of the huge diligence in which I had ensconced myself.

It would be hardly fair to the author to proceed with the story, unless we had space to give his own telling of it at full length. Ellesmere, of course, does not lose sight of his *protégés*; neither does she of him. And they met again, and in England. A few sentences, picturing her personal appearance, and summing up what she was morally and intellectually, may be transcribed:—

‘She always, from the first time I saw her, reminded me a little of the bust of Cicero. She had the same delicate, critical look, though she was what you would call a great, large girl. She might have been a daughter of his, if he had married, what he would have called, a barbarian German woman. In nature, she has often recalled to me Jeannie Deans, only that she has more tenderness. She would have spoken falsely (I am sorry to say) for Effie; and would have died of it. . . .

‘In fact, she was the personification of common sense; only that what we mean by common sense is apt to be hard, over-wise, and disagreeable: hers was the common sense of a romantic person, and of one who had great perception of the humorous. I think I hear her low, long-continued dimpling laugh, as I used to put forth some of my odd theories about men and things, to hear what she would say. And she generally did say something fully to the purpose. But action was her forte. There was a noiseless, soft activity about her, like that of light.’

To this we may add the concluding paragraph of Ellesmere’s relation:—

‘There was an opportunity for advancing her lover. It was done, not without my knowledge. She had by this time saved some money. They were married six months ago. I sent the wedding-gown. Do not let us talk any more about it. I tell it you to show you how deeply I care about your subject; for sometimes I think with horror, as I go along the streets, that, but for my providential interference, Gretchen might have been like one of those tawdry girls who pass by me. Yes, she might. I observed that she had a pure horror of debt; and I do not know that circumstances might not have been too strong for her virtue. For by nature virtuous, if ever woman was, she was.’

And so the tale is left to suggest such reflections as the reader may be in a condition to make. These last sentences give us to look for a moment into an infinite abyss, bringing home to us the saddest of all sad thoughts, that there is nought in this humanity of ours so fair, or so pure, that it may not be brought down to any point of baseness!

‘Poor things! poor things! The best and kindest
Fall soonest; for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason,
And they are lost—poor things! poor things!’*

* Anster’s Faust, p. 284.

It is altogether a thoughtful book, full of wisdom as well as of gentleness and beauty. There is scarcely a page in the volume from which we might not extract some truth, no matter how old it may be, made fresh by the manner in which it is presented. The play of fancy and of humour, too, that mingles everywhere with the deep philosophy and the moral fervour, is often exquisite. There is one chapter in particular, the fourth, which surpasses in this way, to our feeling, all that we have yet had from this writer; and is hardly surpassed by anything that the most renowned masters in the same style have done. And all is suffused with so *tender* a light, that it is impossible not to love the writer, and to feel as we read as if we were listening to, or communing with, a dear friend. But our space is exhausted.

ART. III.—*The History of the Church of Rome, to the End of the Episcopate of Damascus*, A. D. 384. By Edward John Shepherd, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

It is with considerable satisfaction that we hail this contribution to our historical literature; a work which has not been hastily written, which does not abound with coarse invective nor with mere angry declamation, but which bears the clearest proofs of many years spent in close and careful study of history, and in a sifting analysis of all the arguments, historical and traditionary, which the Church of Rome adduces in support of her spiritual supremacy. Mr. Shepherd has laudably imitated some of the great defenders of the faith, the glory of his Church, the Butlers and the Paleys, who, in their defence of Christianity—and this is especially true of Bishop Butler—take nothing for granted, make no assertions apart from direct proof, but clearly and deliberately, in their logical process, advance in a beautiful progression to a conclusive result. The author has had much difficult ground to go over, much wearisome investigation to pursue, as he threaded his way through the fabulous narratives of the earlier centuries of the Church's history; but he has admirably performed the work which he has taken in hand, and, we think, he has unanswerably proved that the proud assumption of the Romish Church to her place of power is utterly without foundation: he has thus merited well of all those who prefer truth to falsehood, and the pure word of God to any admixture with it either of the

absurdities of tradition, or of the falsities of the Italian hierophant.

It must be clear, even to the most hasty and careless readers of ecclesiastical history, that the Church of Rome, in her earlier development, aimed not at a sacred supremacy: that ambition was of a later date. There can be no doubt, however, that, at a comparatively early period, the bishops of Rome interfered presumptuously, and dictated haughtily, in the affairs of some of the neighbouring bishoprics; and we may safely assert, without the fear of the Westminster cardinal before our eyes, that to this offensive intermeddling in the spiritual matters of those sees we may trace not a few of the troubles and disasters of the early Church. Now, to trace the origin of this assumption, its growth, and extensive development, until it had become an admitted principle, in the lapse of ages, that the Bishop of Rome should be ultimate referee in affairs of difficulty or dispute, and that his decision should be considered binding on the disputants, is one of the most interesting subjects for the attention of the historical student. At the present time such a study must have peculiar attractions, from the fact, not only that the Romish Church has shown a boldness in this kingdom unknown among us for many generations; but also because that Church seems to be reviving from her long torpidity, and to be exercising a fearful influence over European affairs. If we are able to read history aright, and if a light gained from an intimate acquaintance with the past be at all explanatory of the future, we think we can discern that for us, not in this country alone, but in the Protestant world generally, there is approaching a new and a fearful conflict—a conflict, too, which will be the more dangerous, because it is not one which a few bloody battles will assuage. *It will be a conflict of* ANTAGONISTIC PRINCIPLES.

The world has known only two classes of opinions, and the existence and antagonism of these may be traced in all histories and civil discussions whatsoever:—the *autocratic*, inclusive of the hierarchical element; and its *contradictory*, which finds its development in Protestantism and in the democratic idea generally. The former of these has root in all Pharisaisms, prelatical assumptions, divine right of kingship, and, we may add, in certain forms of State-churchism particularly; the latter we discover in the teachings of Luther, in Nonconformity, and in all resistance to regal and sacerdotal oppression. The fierce political conflicts, waged since the great French revolution, may have put aside, or may have engrossed and obscured, this conflict of contradictory principles; but now that, for these thirty years, Europe has reposed in peace, the old ideas have revived, in all their pristine force of antagonism. Now, there can be no doubt,

that the growth of Pontifical power was in proportion to the expansion of the autocratic and feudal element; and just when political liberty has been the least known and enjoyed in Christendom, then has the power of the Pontiff been the most despotic and oppressive. If at the present hour there be any portion of Church-history to which rather than to any other the lovers of freedom, both in thought and in action, should direct their attention, it is to that portion of it which teaches the gradual increase of power on the part of the Romish bishop, until he had made tributary to himself all the bishops of the Western Church. We would recommend, therefore, as strongly as we can, this lucid and unanswerable work, which, in its admirable arrangement, and clear presentation of facts, is altogether one of the heaviest blows lately inflicted on the Church of Rome. It may be not uninteresting to our readers, if we present to them, as concisely as we can, the facts which tell with tremendous force against the Papal pretensions. Protestants generally view the evils of the Church of Rome from a purely theological standing-point; but if those errors be viewed also with a philosophical and discriminative investigation into the records of the earlier ecclesiastical historians, we believe that the triumph of Protestantism will be shown to be complete.

In proportion to the length and intensity of the controversy which has been carried on between the Romish and Protestant Churches, is the need of direct proof that Protestantism has been maintained on an *historical* as well as reasonable basis. In the New Testament, which it is logical to suppose all religionists should make a book of reference in any cases of doubt or perplexity, there is not the slightest mention of the pretensions of the Church of Rome, except, as some have thought, in a prediction of her gradual apostasy and ultimate destruction. We find in its pages no reference to a supreme ecclesiastical authority to whom all but divine honour is to be paid, deference acknowledged, and universal obedience acceded, excepting, indeed, to Him, the Founder of Christianity, at whose name every knee is to bow. Nor is it possible to discern therein the injunction to any individual bishop to exercise authority over his fellows; nor to the Church collectively, either as laics or as pastors, to give to that individual constant obedience. As we search those pages which contain the divine counsels to the Church, do we find any mention of pope, or archdeacon, or canon, or of church courts, fulminating bulls, decrees of councils, holy orders, monastic houses, or of any of those means for the increase of her own power which are so abundant in that vast corporation, the Church of Rome?—We know it may be alleged, that in the New Testament we have the polity of the Christian Church only in the germ of it, and that all those things we pre-

time to condemn have naturally and necessarily resulted from the system of principles laid down by the apostles. But, we may reply, surely if these are legitimate effects of the apostolic teaching, however remotely and indirectly, we may reasonably seek for the causes of them; and if the apostles had had in view the possibility of any such system of things as we now discover, they would certainly have given some *particular* counsels, or enunciated some principles specially in relation to that development, for the instruction and benefit of the nascent Church. But we fail to discover in all the apostolical writings even the germ of these things; and thus it has happened, that even the Romish Church, astutely regarding her own position, has fallen back upon that remarkable fiction—Tradition, to aid her where the Scriptures are of no service to her pretensions; and, as we shall shortly show, to establish her position, she has found it necessary to FORGE historical documents, and grossly to interpolate not a few of the otherwise credible memorials of primitive Christianity. As the Scriptures, therefore, give no support to the Romish theory, and as the earlier writings of the Church make no mention of that theory, how have the authorities of the Romish Church been able to defend their position? What documents do they adduce in support of that position? What is the character of those documents? Are they authentic and genuine, or can they be proved to be forgeries? and if so, to what period does each individual forgery belong? No subjects can be more difficult for the theological and philosophical analyst than these, as there are none which, in the handling of them, require more skill and care—as if one must eliminate a slender golden thread from a mass of heavy ruins at the constant hazard of breaking it. But Mr. Shepherd has admirably performed this difficult and perplexing work, and he may with justice be regarded as an able and discreet defender of the Protestant faith.

Not many years had elapsed after the Redeemer had given his farewell blessing to his disciples, and the heavens had received him out of their sight, before the tidings of the Saviour had spread, more or less, throughout the heathen world. In Jerusalem, those tidings had first been proclaimed to a people singularly inimical to the announcement of the message, and sceptical of the truth it contained; and according to the universal habit of the Hebrew people, discernible in every page of their history, they resisted that truth, and destroyed some of the heralds who proclaimed it. Heedless of the blessing intended for them, they were not conscious of their loss when the heralds of the faith quitted their city, glorious from her historical and religious associations, and went forth to free, to enlighten, and to cheer a slavish, dark, and desolate world. To educate

humanity anew were no easy task : to oppose their admitted beliefs ;—to prove those beliefs to be pitiable fictions ;—and to demolish the magnificent superstitions of nations whose religious ideas underlaid all their institutions ;—this were a task from which—to adopt their own fiction—the heroic son of Jove, victorious in all his labours, must have shrunk back in dismay. But all these were to be done, and that in a few years, by men in the humblest grade of life. Athens heard with amazement among her shrines and her divinities, for the improvement of whose temples human genius could effect nothing more : she heard, feared, and believed. Corinth, mistress of harlots, prodigal in luxuries, and abundant in superstitions, received the truth, and yielded to its power—that truth which gives mental light and spiritual purity ; and, at last, the mercy manifested on Calvary was proclaimed in the palace of the Cæsars, and the world's victors submitted to the all-conquering cross.

The Christian faith had certainly made most rapid progress in the world, but we know very little of the details of its advancement. That the apostle Paul was in Rome, and that he was long time resident there, is clear enough from the simple narrative of that sojourn, contained in the Acts of the Apostles. He seems to have been the first apostle who had reached that city ; and it would appear that, during his visit, there were formed several congregations or religious communities in that metropolis of the world. To his mind those Christians presented not the appearance of an harmonious unity. There were not a few divisions among them ; and it certainly belonged to the apostle to allay those divisions ; but it does not seem that, in any instance, he asserted an authority which the circumstances did not warrant ; in no part in his conduct do we discover the least trace of that assumption of omnipotence or dignity which the bishops of Rome have claimed for many centuries. The statement of the Romish Church is, that Peter, 'the man of rock,' was appointed by the Redeemer as his vicegerent upon earth. That Peter was ever in Rome at all, either for a longer or a shorter period, is a matter of no historical certainty, resting only upon a very doubtful tradition ; and, if it be proved true that this once favoured apostle had received the high commission which the Papists claim for him, and that he actually dwelt and died in the imperial city—to quote the words of the lamented Neander—'even allowing that the apostle Peter might be considered as the representative of the unity of the Church, still it by no means follows that an individual representative of this kind must continue to exist in the Church through every age.' From a very early period, however, the two great apostles had been regarded

as the founders of the Church in Rome. They—or certainly one of them—had visited the city; had been in bonds there; had preached the faith of the cross there with remarkable success; and, at last, had there attained to the glory of martyrdom: but in the earlier fathers, we nowhere find even a trace that the Church in Rome—the Cathedral Petri—had dominion over other churches, least of all over the other apostolic churches. Cyprian does, indeed, speak of the congregation of faithful men in Rome as ‘*ecclesia principalis*’—which it might with propriety be termed, as it was in the church in the imperial city, and as it contained no doubt a more numerous fraternity of the faithful than the Christian community in any other part of the world; but he nowhere even hints at the ecclesiastical supremacy of its bishop. That idea was evidently of very slow growth, and is easily accounted for in its origin, development, and complete realization. Rome was the imperial city, the mistress of the whole world. With her name was associated the glory of the past; her Scipio, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Octavius, were names of renown which belonged to mankind; and in her was the symbol and reality of present power. The ancient love of domination, which had ever been so conspicuous a characteristic of the political chiefs of that city, slowly but surely appeared in the spiritual officers who resided there. Dwelling, as they did, where the emperor held his court, where the senate still deliberated in feeble debate, where were the law-courts, and where, too, was concentrated the wealth and genius of the world;—and professing to succeed that great apostle to whom it had been said by the Divine Founder of the Faith—though with a meaning far different from that in which the Romish Church interprets those remarkable words—‘Upon this rock will I build my Church;’ surrounded by the speaking memorials of the republican and imperial glories;—it is easy to believe that the bishops of the Christian community in Rome aspired, at a comparatively early period, to be in spiritual as powerful as the Cæsar was in temporal affairs. So early as the year 190, we find the bishop of the Roman Church, Victor, attempting to excommunicate certain churches in Asia, because, following an early custom, they broke the fast of the Pasch on the fourteenth day of the moon, while the Western Churches continued it to the Sunday following that day. In A.D. 257, the Roman Bishop Stephen further excommunicated those churches: at least, it is asserted by the Romish historians that he did so. Now, the idea of the supremacy having been once realized by the Roman bishop becoming the recognised spiritual head, and, therefore, the ultimate referee, of all the Western Churches, it was necessary for those wily successors of the singularly frank and impetuous Peter to have an *historical* basis for their posi-

tion. *Legitimate* history could not be found to give a sanction to that claim, to which custom had given not only strength, but an appearance of justice; although, as Cyprian remarks—' *Consuetudo sine veritate vetustas erroris est.*' It was resolved, therefore, to FORGE such historical documents as should tend, by evidence of its antiquity, to establish the pontifical claim to ecclesiastical supremacy. To effect this, some person, pretending to be Isidore, Bishop of Seville, or presuming to write in his name, and as if with his sanction, forged those documents which are known as the ' *Decretals*,' to prove that the Romish bishop had been appointed by the REDEEMER to the headship of the Universal Church, and enjoining that nothing affecting the spiritual or the temporal affairs of the Church should be transacted without his permission. These forged letters—to which certainly none out of the Church of Rome, and, we would hope, but few in that Church beyond the members of the sacred college, now attach any importance—begin with the episcopate of Anencletus, pretending to prove that the Romish bishop had always been regarded, even from the earliest times, as the head of the Universal Church; and, to prove the position assumed, these ' *Decretals*' assert that all churches, almost from the hour of their establishment, had appealed in their difficulties to the Church in Rome. In reference to these forgeries, and to his present volume as detective of them, Mr. Shepherd writes:—

' The object of this work is to prove that, even before the close of the fifth century, similar disgraceful proceedings had been adopted. These earlier forgeries were not to show a divine right (that was not then imagined); but to make it appear that there had been, from the beginning, an acknowledged pre-eminence and a controlling interference of the Roman Church in every country throughout Christendom; that it had issued its orders to the prelates of the other provinces, and visited disobedience with punishment; that it had received appeals from synodal decisions, and overruled them; and that all the churches in the empire were in the habit of approaching Rome as their superior. It is my intention, in these " *Proofs and Illustrations*," to bring the several instances of pre-eminence and superiority under review, and to test their character. If the reader, after having perused my criticisms, shall come to the same conclusion as myself, and think them forgeries, the preceding history will then appear to him a true picture of the position of the Roman in the Universal Church during the first four centuries; that is to say, he will believe that there is no record of any interference of the Roman prelate in the affairs of other churches during that period. He will believe that the Bishop of Rome was entirely confined to his own province, and that there is not even a shadow of proof that he was regarded as invested with any power that was not equally possessed by every other metropolitan; and that the story of Peter is of a more recent date. If I am asked, why were these forgeries introduced at that time? I reply, that partly

from natural ambition, and partly, perhaps, from jealousy of the rapid advancement of the prelate of Constantinople, who, under the shadow of the court, was trampling upon the independence of the churches around him, the Roman bishops determined to avail themselves of their favourable position, and pursue a similar career in the West. In working out their policy, however, precedents would materially assist them. But they had none. If their way was opposed, they had nothing to fall back upon; and even if it were not opposed, precedents would make it smother. It is my belief, and this book presents the grounds of it, that not only was ecclesiastical history largely tampered with, if not re-written, and even composed, but that a series of documents, professing to relate to events in the previous centuries, were, perhaps, even before the close of the fifth century, invented to supply this defect. They comprehend all the great divisions of the universal Church. They relate to Africa, Spain, Gaul, Illyria, Asia Minor, Egypt, and the East. The reader, who will take the trouble, may decide, from the evidence which I shall adduce, whether I am right in my judgment or not. It is no objection to my charge that it is too disgraceful to be attributed to the Church of Rome. It has long been acknowledged, that, in the eighth and ninth centuries, similar practices were adopted. The question, therefore, is fairly open. There is no uncharitableness in my supposition. The documents may be examined geographically or chronologically. I shall adopt neither order systematically, but endeavour to introduce the various points of inquiry in such a manner as will cause the least tautology; and, while in some measure one article prepares the way for another, give the reader the most information on every subject as it comes before him.'—Pp. 123—126.

We have but little information as to the order of the bishops of the Church in Rome during the earlier times, and it is not improbable that in the list of these dignitaries spurious names have been inserted. But the subject is too large for our discussion of it at present. The principle of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome being once admitted, it will follow, that in all things necessary to salvation, he is an infallible teacher; that he can legitimately make laws for the government of all the believers in every land, laws to which they must yield unlimited submission, and for the breach of which the supreme bishop possesses the power to punish; that he alone can confer ecclesiastical authority and dignity; and that 'although he has no temporal authority directly, yet he possesses it indirectly, by having supreme authority in all matters affecting the welfare of souls.' We have already intimated that there appears no warrant for this extraordinary claim in the New Testament, either in the brief history of the Church recorded therein, or in the apostolical precepts; and it cannot appear other than strange that the apostle Paul, who gave such minute directions to the churches under his supervision in matters of apparently but

trivial import, should have forgotten or omitted to impress upon those churches the necessity that was on them to yield implicit obedience to Christ's viceroy, the Roman Pontiff.

Not in the sacred writings only, but in the earlier historical documents relating to the growth of Christianity, there is a total lack of evidence in favour of Papal pretension. In the Eastern Church, if we look to the writings of Ignatius, or Papias, or of Serapion, we find no trace of an admission of this supremacy: they all speak of Peter as on a perfect equality with the rest of the apostles. In the Alexandrian Church nothing seems to have been known of the supremacy of Peter. Clement, so long president of the great catechetical school in Alexandria, is entirely ignorant of Peter's possessing, as the gift of his Lord, universal spiritual dominion. His illustrious successor, Origen, knew of no distinction between Peter and the rest of the apostles; yet, if such power had been acknowledged in his time, or even aimed at by the Bishop of Rome, certainly, in his voluminous writings, some admission of that claim would be discoverable, or, at least, some reference to it. Yet it is not so. Although, according to Romish assertion, the Bishop of the Church in Rome, as the successor of St. Peter, must have been exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all the African churches for nearly two hundred years, this great scholar seems profoundly ignorant of it, for he is note-worthily silent on the theme of any such supremacy.

Lastly, if we examine the writings of the illustrious fathers of the Western Churches, we shall find a remarkable silence on this subject, of which they of all others, it might be thought, should have been specially cognizant. They whose sees were the nearest to Rome would be, certainly, more than any others, mindful of the duty and allegiance they owed to their ecclesiastical superior; and we should expect some intimation of these claims in the writings of one or more of them. Clement, of Rome, seems not to have been aware of his own dignity, of his divine right to rule. Justin Martyr refers to the apostles; but he makes no distinction among them, which he surely would have done, had he known anything of the supremacy of Peter. If we were to extend our inquiries still further, we should find the same result, until, indeed, we arrived at that later age in which the Papal power was acknowledged and obeyed in all the Western churches.

In reference to these forgeries, which have often been the subject of discussion, it may be truly asserted—as, indeed, will be clear enough to him who is at the pains to examine them—that they are but bungling attempts to deduce historical evidence in support of that monstrous right and title to which the Pope lays claim. It might be satisfactorily proved that the entire genius

of Romanism, as we at present know it, is utterly contradictory to the spirit of the New Testament. He would, indeed, be shrewd at analytics who could detect in the *Acts of the Apostles* this idea of the Papal supremacy, even in the minutest germ of it, much more to find some of the disastrous sequences of this idea—that it is lawful to use any method with a heretic; that the ministers of religion may lie for the advancement of the interests of religion, or to further the affairs of the Church; that the Church, whose gospel is of peace, may possess a ‘Holy Office,’ exercising a most searching scrutiny into the consciences of men, possessing dungeons deep and terrible, and perpetrating unutterable cruelties in the name of Him who said, ‘I came not to condemn the world—not to destroy, but to save;’ and that the religious festivals of the Church should be resplendent with the azure and the gold, the grandeur and the glitter, of a perishing world. While no warrant for these things can be discovered in that inimitable history, still less could arguments be honestly deduced from it in support of a mighty spiritual domination centred in one man as the Church’s head and chief. For, in truth, the primary idea of the Christian Church, as discernible in the New Testament, is not that of a wealthy and lordly hierarchy, but of a fraternity, in which he that is greatest is he that serves, and all whose members are united together by the indissoluble bond of a charity like that of their Lord. In endeavouring to establish this doctrine of the supremacy, the Romish Church has outwitted itself.

‘But sure the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.’

Why did the forger interpolate a few writings only? Why did he tamper with Eusebius and Jerome only, or chiefly? Why did he not also insert a few ‘saving clauses’ into the letters of Ignatius and Papias, or into those of Clemens Alexandrinus and Origen? or, if the shrewd forger despised the aid which might have been brought to his system by the evidential writings of the fathers of the sectarian Church of the East, why did he not fortify his position by direct proof from the works of the Roman Clement, Justin Martyr, and Tertullian? and how easy to have inserted that positive proof! It has been remarked of many of the greatest criminals, who have shown marvellous shrewdness and dexterity in the accomplishment of a guilty purpose, that some smallest flaw, some slight omission, led to their undoing. The stolen armour of Achilles does not cover all the man. The zealous monk who forged for the Church of Rome achieved not a perfect work; while he remembered the greater he forgot the lesser, or surely so astute a servant of the Church would not have

omitted, while he had the historians, to have also the theologians as witnesses to the justice of the Papal assumption—those fathers who were at once both the light and the glory of the primæval Church. But we have not space to pursue the subject.

We cannot bring this article to a close without commending Mr. Shepherd's admirable volume—evidently the result of great industry and of patient investigation, as it is also a work of very respectable scholarship—to the attention of our readers. The volume is a beautiful specimen of English typography; and they who wish to inform themselves thoroughly on no unimportant part in the great controversy between the Romish and the Protestant communities, and in which, in these days, we cannot be uninterested, will do well to possess themselves of this work.

ART. IV.—*Casa Guidi Windows. A Poem.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman and Hall.

WE have scarcely noticed the collected poems of Elizabeth Browning, when a new one solicits our attention. The '*Casa Guidi Windows*' is the natural product of the contemplation of the events which have passed in Italy since the great European outbreak of 1848, by a mind of deep observation and high and generous feeling. Mrs. Browning did not escape the delusive contagion of a popular movement which promised so much, only again to disappoint us. What heart, anxious for human progress, and trusting to the noblest human impulses, can avoid that infection which, like a premature spring-day, inspires us with the most delightful hopes, spite of all experience? At such moments, the past, with its humiliating histories, is forgotten; experience is silenced in the shout of exulting multitudes, animated with heroic sentiments; and, to all but the sternest natures, Charles II., Robespierre, and Marat, for a time, do not show their ominous and spectral faces from behind the ranks of myriad enthusiasts for liberty, fraternity, and equality. Southey was a fanatic under the influence of the First French Revolution; and, though he, and other such plants growing in stony places, lost the roots of their faith in human advancement, withered up by the flaring heats of anarchy and despotism that followed, tens of thousands again hailed with equally exulting confidence the Second Revo-

lution, which once more drove the elder Bourbons from France, only to seat on its throne the *Fagan* of regal history ; tens of thousands kindled into astonished hurrahs at the first movements of Pio Nono in Rome ; and as many of us were still ready to believe with spasms of delirious delight in the third French convulsion of 1848, which called a Lamartine to the helm, amidst the tempestuous sea of national passion, only to leave it in the hand of a Louis Napoleon. Perhaps *no* experience can totally steel us against the seductions of moments so flattering to all that is aspiring, poetical, and human in us ; perhaps *no* really generous nature can be *clairvoyant* in the instant of such a crisis. We give our faith involuntarily to our fellow-men, while they act as the great spirit of the future in our souls whispers that they should and must one day act ; and we only withdraw it with a groan when we again begin to see the morning roses of such evanescent dawns fading rapidly from the Alpine rocks and the horizon, and the ordinary daylight of the world resuming its sombre place, over fresh scenes of desolation. In her short preface, Mrs. Browning makes *her* confession of weakness, under such circumstances, with praiseworthy candour and amiableness :—

‘ This poem contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness. “ From a window,” the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative, nor exposition of political philosophy, is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country ; and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from all partizanship.

‘ Of the two parts of this poem, the first was written nearly three years ago, while the second resumes the actual situation of 1851. The discrepancy between the two parts is a sufficient guarantee to the public of the truthfulness of the writer, who, though she certainly escaped the epidemic “ falling sickness ” of enthusiasm for Pio Nono, takes shame upon herself that she believed, like a woman, some royal oaths, and lost sight of the probable consequences of some popular defects. If the discrepancy should be painful to the reader, let him understand that to the writer it has been more so. But such discrepancy we are called upon to accept at every time by the conditions of our nature—the discrepancy between aspiration and performance, between faith and dis-illusion, between hope and fact.

“ Oh, trusted, broken prophecy,
Oh, richest future, sorely crossed,
Born for the future, to the future lost ! ”

Nay, not lost to the future in this case. The future of Italy shall not be disinherited.’

The poem opens in an easy and familiar style, a light but sweet prelude to the grave matters which come behind :—

‘ I heard, last night, a little child go singing
 ‘ Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
 “ *O bella libertà, O bella !* ” stringing
 The same words still on notes he went in search
 So high for, you concluded the upspringing
 Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
 Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green ;
 And that the heart of Italy must beat,
 While such a voice had leave to rise serene
 ‘ Twixt church and palace of a Florence street !—
 A little child, too, who not long had been,
 By mother’s finger steadied on his feet ;
 And still *O bella libertà*, he sang.’—P. 1.

The child’s song awakes in the heart of the British poetess many musings ; musings on the condition of Italy ; of what it had been, and what it was. All that its poets and artists had done to beautify and to embalm it, as it were, is the cerement of a long and death-like ruin ; of the tone of despair which ran through the noblest songs of the grandest of these poets ; of the shadow of sadness which it had cast on the most magnificent productions of these painters. But she prefers to sing and hope with the child :—

‘ With birds, with babes, with men who will not fear
 The baptism of the holy morning dew—
 And many of such wakers now are here,
 Complete in their anointed manhood, who
 Will greatly dare and greatlier persevere !—
 Than join those thin old voices with my new,
 And sigh for Italy with some safe sigh
 Cooped up in music ‘twixt an oh and ah—
 Nay, hand in hand, with that young child, will I
 Rather go singing *bella libertà*,
 Than with those poets, crown the dead, or cry
Se tu men bella fossi, Italia ! ’—P. 12.

The poetess is hopeful—it is yet her mood. She listens to her heart, and not to the voices of the dead, and the whisperings of lethargic ages that come from the buried ruins of ancient empire, and from the rusling vine-leaves that spread a veil of effeminate beauty over them. And yet she has, even in her false confidence, pretty strong revelations of the daunting reality.

So great was Mrs. Browning’s confidence in the men of modern Italy, she almost supposed she might count them heroes.

and therewith she breaks forth into a fine declamation against our trusting in the glorious dead, instead of trusting in ourselves. The whole of the poem is so fresh, so strong, so warm, and beautiful, that we could quote it entire, but to this passage we must give a place:—

‘ We do not serve the dead—the past is past !
 God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up
 Before the eyes of men who wake at last,
 And put away the meats they used to sup,
 And on the dry dust of the ground outcast
 The dregs remaining of the ancient cup,
 And turn to wakeful prayer and worthy act.
 The dead, upon their awful ’vantage ground—
 The sun not in their faces—shall abstract
 No more our strength : we will not be discrowned
 Through treasuring their crowns, nor deign transact
 A barter of the present, in a sound,
 For what was counted good in foregone days.
 O Dead, ye shall no longer cling to us
 With your stiff hands of desiccating praise,
 And hold us backward by the garment thus,
 To stay and laud you in long virèlays !
 Still, no ! we will not be oblivious
 Of our own lives because you lived before,
 Nor of our acts because ye acted well—
 We thank you that ye first unlatched the door—
 We will not make it inaccessible
 By thankings in the doorway anymore,
 But will go onward to extinguish hell
 In our fresh souls, our younger hope, and God’s
 Maturity of purpose. Soon shall we
 Be the dead too ! and, that our periods
 Of life may round themselves to memory,
 As smoothly as on our graves the funeral-sods,
 We must look to it to excel as ye,
 And bear our age as far, unlimited
 By the last sea-mark ! so, to be invoked
 By future generations as the Dead.’—P.16.

And now, indeed, our poetess believed, or almost believed, that the time was come when Italy would no longer wait on the dead : that she was up, and sending the blood of life and liberty through the heart of her sons, and that the day of fresh deeds of immortality was burning up the sky :—

. . . ‘ The day was such a day
 As Florence owes the sun. The sky above,
 His weight upon the mountains seemed to lay
 And palpitate in glory, like a dove
 Who has flown too fast, full-hearted. Take away

The image! for the heart of man beat higher
 That day in Florence, flooding all the streets
 And piazzas with a tumult and desire.
 The people, with accumulated heats,
 And faces turned one way, as if one fire
 Did draw and flush them, leaving their old beats,
 Went upwards to the Pitti palace wall,
 To thank their grand-duke, who, not quite of course,
 Had graciously permitted, at their call,
 The citizens to use their civic force
 To guard their civic homes. So one and all
 The Tuscan cities streamed up to the source
 Of this new good at Florence.'—P. 31.

The description of this procession, as seen from Casa Guidi Windows—magistrates, lawyers, priests, and monks, with all their banners and emblazonry, followed and surrounded by the enraptured people, and hailed from the windows by crowds of ladies waving handkerchiefs—is truly masterly; and the remainder of the first part is cast in the same glowing mould of a mind on fire with the most brilliant anticipations of new and better days. Yet even in the midst of her profoundest exultation, there came across her dim shadows of misgiving, cold touches of what George Fox called 'wafts of death'—a feeling that all was not so solid, so heart-whole, so substantial, as it was radiant and imposing. The people had that day planted their standard on the stone of Dante, but—

'Dante sits in heaven, and ye are here,
 And more remains for doing, all must feel,
 Than trysting on his stone from year to year,
 To shift processions, civic heel to heel,
 The town's thanks to the Pitti. Are ye free
 For what was done that day? A chariot-wheel
 May spin fast, yet the chariot never roll.'—P. 45.

Time proved this only too true. As in the first part of her poem our authoress sees the shouting, rushing, weeping people pressing on for the space of three hours to the grand-duke's palace, and the grand-duke in tears too, bringing his children to the window, and telling them that 'they too should govern as the people willed'; so in her second part she sees the same grand-duke coming to the same palace escorted by a ponderous force of Austrians. The traitor-prince had slipped away from his own people, and with the oaths of attachment to them, and the tears of crocodile tenderness, still warm on his lips, and wet upon his cheeks, returned to tread them down under the heels of Austrian slaves. And the people! what had they done? How had they kept their pledges? those of patriotism to the death? of devotion

to their country worthy of the country of Virginius and of Brutus? They had shook their swords in their scabbards, 'like heroes, only louder;' they had torn down the duke's arms when they found him fled, denounced him as a traitor, and then sent for him back again, though Guerazzi had been busy at work to relieve their burdens, and re-arrange, on a sound basis, their affairs.

'Alas, alas! it was not so this time,
Conviction was not, courage failed, and truth
Was something to be doubted of. The mime
Changed masks, because a mime; the tide as smooth
In running in as out; no sense of crime,
Because no sense of virtue. Sudden ruth
Seized on the people . . . they would have again
Their good grand-duke, and leave Guerazzi, though
He took that tax from Florence:—"Much in vain
He took it from the market-carts, we trow,
While urgent that no market-men remain,
But all march off, and leave the spade and plough
To die among the Lombards. Was it thus
The dear, paternal duke did? Live the duke!"
At which the joy-bells multitudinous,
Swept by an opposite wind, as loudly shook.
Recall the mild archbishop to his home,
To bless the people with his frightened look,
For he shall not be hanged yet, we intend.
Seize on Guerazzi! guard him in full view,
Or else we stab him in the back, to end.
Rub out those chalked devices! Set up now
The duke's arms; doff your Phrygian caps; and mend
The pavement of the piazzas, broke into
By the bare poles of freedom! Smooth the way
For the duke's carriage; let his highness sigh,
"Here trees of liberty grew yesterday."
Long live the duke! How roared the canonry,
How rocked each campanile! and through a spray
Of nosegays, wreaths, and kerchiefs, tossed on high,
How marched the civic guard, the people still
Shouting—especially the little boys!
Alas! poor people of an unfledged will!
Most fitly expressed by such a callow voice.
Alas! still poorer duke incapable
Of being worthy even of that noise.'—P. 100.

The farce, in fact, had run its course. The people, ignorant, their moral nature totally undermined by ages of dominant priestcraft and political despotism, and wholly destitute of the fortitude which springs from a deep reflection on their wrongs, and the political science acquired in earnestly and long en-

deavouring to get rid of them, proved, as such a people must, mere men of straw, who perish in the blaze their sudden fury kindles—mere chaff, blown away by the wind of their own raising. The priests had proved priests, treacherous, sly, and true to *their* object. The Pope had turned out a pope instead of a Catholic Luther. The Austrians had found, that though they could not for a moment stand before a Napoleon, they were a match for a few millions of the slaves they had emasculated. It was a woful story, ending, as all such stories must end, where the aim, however excellent, has to be carried out by mere noise and bravado, against the steady, unwavering, implacable myrmidons of a despotism, which has no feeling beyond its grand instinct of ruling, and crushing to rule.

Yet, in the face of this striking fact, we are surprised at Mrs. Browning, even, while in most eloquent terms, she is taking shame to herself for having hoped success from such materials, lowering the tone of her own philosophy, and becoming an advocate, and a most energetic and dangerous one, for war. In her first book, in the midst of her genuine aspiration, and before experience had shown her how frail were the reeds on which she leaned, she eulogized, and most beautifully, the philosophy of peace.

*' Children use the fist
Until they are of age to use the brain :*
And so we needed Cæsars to assist
Man's justice, and Napoleons to explain
God's counsel, when a point was nearly missed,
Until our generations should attain
Christ's stature nearer. Not that we, alas !
Attain already ; but a single inch
Will help to look down on the swordsman's pass,
As Roland on a coward who could flinch ;
And after chloroform and ether-gas,
We find out slowly what the bee and finch
Have ready found, through Nature's lamp in each,—
How to our races we may justify
Our individual claims, and as we reach
Our own grapes, bend the top vines to supply
The children's uses ; *how to fill a breach
With olive-branches ; how to quench a lie
With truth, and smite a foe upon the cheek
With Christ's most conquering kiss !* why these are things
Worth a great nation's findings, to prove weak
The ' glorious arms ' of military kings !
And so with wide embrace, my England, seek
To stifle the bad heat and flickerings
Of this world's false, and nearly expended fire !
Draw palpitating arrows to the wood,

And send abroad thy high hopes, and thy higher
 Resolves, from that most virtuous altitude,
Till nations shall unconsciously aspire
By looking up to thee, and learn that good
 And glory are not different. Announce law
 By freedom; exalt chivalry by peace;
 Instruct, how clear calm-eyes can overawe,
 And how pure hands, stretched swiftly to release
 A bond-slave, *will not need a sword to draw*
To be held dreadful. O my England, cease
 Thy purple with no alien agonies,
 Which reach thee through the net of war! *No war!*
Disband thy captains, change thy victories,
Be henceforth prosperous, as the angels are—
Helping, not humbling.—P. 47.

This is glorious poetry—glorious in its intellectual strength, in its lofty eloquence, and glorious in the divinity of a resplendent truth, which the world is slowly learning from the oracles of all truth, from the words of Christ, uttered nearly two thousand years ago on the hills of Judea. It would be difficult to find, in all the treasured wealth of English literature, words which more completely describe the policy which the people of England have adopted, and to which they are every day giving a more zealous adhesion, than are contained in the concluding lines of this passage. The cry is for 'no war!' to 'disband our captains, change our victories;' and 'henceforth be prosperous, as the angels are—helping, not humbling.' That, if we understand anything, is precisely the doctrine of Mr. Cobden, and the policy of the Peace Society. How astounding, therefore, is it to find the same mouth which had been so eloquent for this pacific policy, in the very same volume, and in the very part of it where one should have expected that the woful experiments of physical force would have confirmed inconceivably that great belief in the omnipotency of gentleness—crying so coldly and cruelly for war!

'A cry is up in England, which doth ring
 The hollow world through, that for ends of trade
 And virtue, and God's better worshipping
 We, henceforth, should exalt the name of peace,
 And leave those rusty wars that eat the soul,—
 (Besides their clippings at our golden fleece.)
 I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
 Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,
 Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll,
 The holy name of peace, and set it high,
 Where none should pluck it down. On trees, I say—
 Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery

Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
 Sweet mediation 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Providing for the shepherd's holiday!
 Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves
 Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.
 Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves
 And groans within, stirs not the outer air
 As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.
 Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair
 Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,
 And left him blank, beneath the foeman's whip,
 To sing and laugh out idiotcies of pain.
 Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip
 Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain.
 I love no peace which is not fellowship,
 And which includes not mercy. I would have,
 Rather, the raking of the guns across
 The world, and shrieking against heaven's architrave;
 Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse
 Of dying men and horses, and the wave
 Blood-bubbling. . . Enough said!—By Christ's own cross
 And by the faint heart of my own womanhood,
 Such things are better than a thing which sits
 Beside the hearth, in self-commended mood,
 And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
 Are howling, out of doors, against the good
 Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
 Outside anguish while it sits at home?
 I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
 It is no peace. 'Tis treason stiff with doom;
 'Tis gagged despair and inarticulate wrong—
 Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
 Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
 And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
 On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
 The life from these Italian souls, in brief.
 O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
 Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief;
 Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
 And give us peace which is no counterfeit!—P. 109.

Again we say, this is glorious poetry. It is one of those sublime bursts of passionate feeling which can spring up only in a heart of the noblest nature, and find expression on the tongue or in the pen of proud, lofty, and magnanimous genius. But, at the same time, it is a total recantation of the Christian philosophy which so nobly quickens the soul of the preceding passage; it is, if anything, a return to the meeting of force by brutal force, which that passage so eloquently condemns. This is by no means 'Christ's most conquering kiss.' We honour the feeling

of profound indignation which inspires it, but we deplore the turn which that indignation takes. If we are to have 'no war;' to 'disband our captains, change our victories;' we must certainly abstain from fanning the horrid flame of war under any circumstances. But if England is to be condemned because she contends for peace, then must she 'crease her purple with alien agonies,' and give a sanction to all those horrors that are ready to rend once more the very bowels of the nations. If Mrs. Browning merely means, that while we advocate peace, we should also do all in our power to induce, and *morally to compel*, despotic nations to abstain from violating the rights of other nations, and from crushing those who fall into their hands in their efforts to withstand their aggressions; then we say, such is precisely the doctrine of the best portion of the English public, if we understand it at all. This is the cry, and no other, which 'is gone forth from England through the hollow world.' We would have Austria cease from violating the free constitution of Hungary; we would, as all the world knows, have had the injuries of Poland redressed; we would, had the public feeling of England prevailed, have warned back France sternly from the annihilation of Republican Rome; and we believe, with Mrs. Browning's more truly philosophical and Christian faith, there is no need for a nation 'to draw the sword to be held dreadful.' We are persuaded that England can, and eventually will, make her moral and commercial influence felt for the preservation of peace, tenfold more powerfully than she ever made the force of her arms felt. And that this great Christian and moral demonstration may succeed, writers like Mrs. Browning must support it by pen, and mouth, and every social influence. Has Mrs. Browning ceased to think that

' Children use the fist
Until they are of age to use the brain?'

Or that England should renounce that noble altitude of position which she had so finely recommended to her, to

' Send abroad her high hopes, and still higher
Resolves, from that most virtuous altitude,
Till nations shall unconsciously aspire
By looking up to her, and learn that good
And glory are not different; to announce law
By freedom, exalt chivalry by peace?'

But if, after exerting our moral and political means to restrain neighbouring nations from aggressions, and to induce them to forego their vengeance against their revolting subjects and their unhappy prisoners, we are to attempt to compel them by arms, or to instigate others to bloodshed as a means of redress, then

we renounce our high standing at the head of civilization, and descend to the level of the physical-force revolutionists.

Now, if there be one book that more than another has inspired us with a sense of hopelessness from mere physical force, it is this 'Casa Guidi Windows.' Nothing can show more convincingly how utterly unqualified are the Italians to overcome by arms the monstrous military powers arrayed against them. Mrs. Browning most truly says, that in order to *act*, nations must *know*. And herein lies the melancholy fact, that revolution after revolution on the continent breaks out, without success. No one can long converse with the people of any nation on the continent without feeling how wholly they calculate on *physical*, how little they comprehend *moral*, force. The truth is, that both rulers and people on the continent are centuries behind England in political science. It is their gross destitution of political science which is the ruin of the European nations. The kings dare not trust to great moral principles; they do not understand them; and, therefore, they are hastening their own destruction by the maintenance of stupendous armaments. The people have no faith in, or true comprehension of, their real moral and social power, and, therefore, still dream of barricades and sudden surprises, where, in the long run, they are always beaten. The people of the continent are not yet capable, by courage, by union, by patience, by firm self-denial, of standing up and quelling victoriously by arms the million mass of soldiery which the kings maintain to keep them down; and if not capable of this, how far less so are they of establishing and perpetuating governments built on such popular victory, in which they shall not themselves relapse into the dissensions of faction, and the crimes and vengeance of the powers that now be?

Nothing, therefore, can be clearer than that the true policy of England is to maintain before the nations the lofty moral position which Mrs. Browning, in her better hours, recommends—to go on showing the triumphs of constitutional exertion, and the momentum of peaceful but determined public opinion on Government. This is not the place to enter wholly into this question; but nothing is easier than to show that, by our merely pacific powers, we have means, if rightly applied, of wonderfully curbing the tyrannies of foreign princes. We have played the game of martial interference in Europe on a terrific scale, and what is the result? That all that we did has been undone by subsequent events, *except the creation of our awful debt*. The combined tyrannies of Europe can compete with us in arms; but they cannot cope with us in the moral forces that we can bring to bear upon them. Mr. Cobden has successfully pointed out *one* such force of crushing effect on them—that of refusing them

the loan of English money. Let public opinion, on this head, only advance to that pitch, that capitalists shall not dare to incur the opprobrium of lending means of offence to foreign kings, and their wars will cease to exist, and their power of injustice against their own subjects must soon follow. In fact, the revolutionists are more effectually ruining the martial dynasties of Europe by their delay than by their action. All these Governments, under the terror of revolution, are maintaining armies that are crushing themselves. Their embarrassments are every day frightfully augmenting; and the armed peace they are maintaining will, ere long, tell on them with all the effects of the most exhausting war. But this is only one means among many of levelling the present martial oppression of Europe. If the nations could but once comprehend the invincible force of a general pacific resistance to unconstitutional government—if they steadily, everywhere, and with imperturbable endurance, demand constitutional privileges, they would very soon place their governments in a false position, and cover them with an odium before which no martial power, however great, can long stand. We are persuaded of nothing more strongly than that it is the great duty and office of England by her example to teach this, and that nothing can be more fatal to the interests of civilization than for her to abandon her faith in the power of pacific exertion, and give sanction, under any provocation whatever, or under witness of partial sufferings, however torturing to her sympathies, to the lower tendencies of the continent, to physical and sanguinary redress. Such a policy could only lead to years of bloody contention, and a prostration of the nations, with all their now growing commercial, social, and intellectual interests, which it is too frightful to contemplate.

We have extended our observations on this portion of Mrs. Browning's work in proportion to our sense of the vital importance of the subject. In this particular instance we hold her to be wrong, illogical, and halting in her otherwise manly and prominent progression. As a whole, her present poem is, perhaps, the finest which she has produced, and is certainly one of the noblest productions of female genius. The language is singularly eloquent and strong; the feeling which pervades it is in the highest tone of humanity. Nothing can be more charming than the broad and generous sympathies which live in it, embracing all the interests of the race. The pathos occasionally, as in the fine lines on the fate of the wife of Garibaldi, is deep and most womanly. The despotism of princes is assailed with a scathing vigour, and the deadly hypocrisy of priests is unveiled with the perfection of satiric art.

ART. V.—*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.*

By Henry George Atkinson, F.G.S., and Harriet Martineau.
London: John Chapman. 1851.

To learn the true law of progress would seem, if we may judge from experience, to be very difficult. There are few men, indeed, who do not, in some form, advocate progress, who do not love it, who do not labour for it. However in special departments of thought and life it may be deprecated by some, yet in other departments these very persons will often be the foremost to speed its journey, and the loudest to proclaim its triumph. He who looks lovingly back to the past for his religious or his political creed, will still look longingly forward to the future to see his hopes realized in the perfection of social comforts, or the advancement of scientific researches. Now and then men do appear on the surface of the world's history—strange men indeed—who seem to understand nothing around them; whose sympathies are so closely linked to the past, that they can view the present with no complacency, and the future with no hope. Yet these men, it has been said, may be useful to show the strength of the current which has carried the rest of the world beyond them. Under all disguises, however, this desire for progress is still a constituent element of our humanity. And yet no complaint is more general, none meets with warmer sympathy, or excites fiercer indignation, than that of the neglect, and often active persecution which the apostles of progress, the proclaimers of new truths, new schemes, and new discoveries, meet with from their fellow-men. 'The History of Man,' we are told in the volume before us, 'is a history of the persecutions of the world's benefactors—of the bravest, the best, and the wisest men.' How is this contradiction between the profession and the practice of men to be accounted for? Shall we sit down under the dread conclusion that this love of progress is all a sham; that men really hate it, and only put on the semblance of love, to gain credit for more wisdom than they really possess? Many explanations of this anomaly have been offered, imputing it to the selfishness, or the pride, or the ignorance, or idleness of mankind; but these explanations are too frequently based upon the assumption, that all the fault lies on the side of those *to* whom the truth is proclaimed—and none on the side of those *by* whom it is proclaimed. As in most other cases, the old maxim is equally applicable here—'faults on both sides.' In appealing to that desire for progress which is a real, vital element of the human soul, the proclaimers of new truth, in the

region of either thought or science, have too often forgotten, or studiously despised, another element of the soul, as real and vital—and, in its own place, as beautiful too—reverence for the past.

The work before us is full of indignant protests against the folly, stupidity, prejudice, insanity, &c. &c., of the present generation, for clinging to the old and despising the new. This poor world of ours has been going on for some thousands of years in a very quiet, respectable way, and now, without any warning, we are to awake to the sad truth that it has been utterly, hopelessly wrong. Our philosophies, poetries, and religions—nay, our very souls must be swept away, and the world and we must begin again, as best we can, a new and glorious course; 'for,' says Mr. Atkinson, 'I say that all the systems of the whole world are wrong; they being all founded on error in the ignorance of natural causes and material conditions. I have nothing to say to any, but that we must turn aside and begin afresh from the beginning.' (P. 9.) Differing, as we do, most widely from the philosophy advocated in this volume, we could not wish for a more satisfactory proof of its falsity than the simple fact, that its adoption would require us to subscribe such a sweeping article of condemnation as this. We do not wish to indulge in any accusations of dogmatism, for we can conceive that such a belief, sincerely entertained, by an earnest truth-seeker, *might* be uttered in sorrow rather than in dogmatism. But in whatever spirit it is uttered—and that concerns the author alone—we do wish to show that the sentiment itself is based on a most unphilosophical principle. Truth cannot be the growth of one day. Its appearance to the human race was coeval with the introduction of the first man. Within the chambers of his soul its shrine was erected, and its voice was heard. Whatever hypothesis we adopt regarding man's nature, this must have been so. If it be true that the only avenue of knowledge was through his senses, then he possessed those senses, and the same beauties and glories which appeal to us from the outer world were present before his eyes. The future progress of science would be secured, not by denying those earlier impressions, but by adding to them, by obtaining higher generalizations, and searching into deeper laws. The experiences, the researches, the very mistakes of one generation would afford the starting-point for the next. If, on the other hand, it be true that human knowledge is evolved by experience from elements already existing within the mind, then those elements were possessed by the first man as well as by ourselves. We can only employ the old materials; we cannot invent new ones. Thankfully accepting the legacy handed down to us from

the past, we had to enrich it with new additions, and employ it in new channels of usefulness. In the sciences, where each step follows the preceding one, as links in a chain, by the process of demonstration, the progress of truth is cumulative, as in a building, and each man, or class of men, can ascertain, with almost complete accuracy, what they owe to their predecessors, and what they themselves have added; but in speculative inquiry, the development is organic, it is a growth, which owes more to the vitality of the thinking of an age than to the efforts of a single individual. Yet in each case the very essence of truth is, that it is *constructive*. Truth is not the tornado scattering desolation with its blast, and leaving ruin in its track; but rather the genial light, the refreshing air, the softening shower, which clothes the tree of life with richer, greener verdure, causing its roots to strike deeper into the heart of humanity, and filling its branches with more abundant fruit. The very errors to be destroyed are but the perversions of truth, and, therefore, its mission of removing error is best fulfilled by establishing that truth which had been thus perverted.

If an idol of man's heart is to be abolished, it is that that heart may be directed to the true object of reverence and worship, of which that idol was but the image. It can only dispel a sham by putting a reality in its place. The primal condition of present growth is, that we acknowledge and appropriate past growths. The Past is as much a living reality as the Future. The deepest and devoutest student of the history of the past, with its strivings and shortcomings and succeedings, is likely to be—and must be, if he has read that history with an intelligent eye—the truest champion of future progress. And he who has no sympathy with the Past, who can see nothing beautiful or hopeful in it, who is not willing to acknowledge that the seeds of all his thoughts have been handed down to him through its living stream, can neither be a safe leader in future struggles, nor a wise prophet of future successes. He who can see nothing but failures behind and around him, cannot expect that mankind will at once greedily accept *his* remedies. We should not willingly entrust the improvement or beautifying of an estate to that man, whose first work would be to hew down, indiscriminately, the choicest and finest of the trees, beneath whose hallowed shade our fathers had often sat.

We wish, then, to remind the authors of this book that all the love of progress, all the desire for advancement, is not confined to themselves, as in their innocent simplicity they seem to imagine. We can assure them that we most deeply share it with them; we would join most heartily in their protest against any man, or body of men, trying to put a check upon free,

earnest, and advancing thought; and we can do so without at all compromising our profession of that Christianity which, if we are to believe these writers, is the unrelenting foe of all progress. But if they wish thus to vindicate the progressiveness of man, it must be by honouring his conservative tendencies; they must learn that reverence for the Past is a necessary condition of all real advancement; or, they must be content to account for their want of success, as much by their own stupidity, as by that of mankind in general. Miss Martineau's reference to this sweeping assertion of Mr. Atkinson's is a suggestive one. Speaking of it in a following letter, she says, 'Sweeping as it appears, and presumptuous as many might pronounce it, it only shows you to have gone one step further than other people. Everybody thinks that all the systems but one of the whole world are wrong—that one being the system that he upholds.' (P. 15.) We fear there is too much ground for this assertion. Unphilosophical as the statement of Mr. Atkinson undoubtedly is, that is not less so which is founded upon the principle to which Miss Martineau refers.

But what is the system? Is it in very deed one which will settle all doubts and remove all difficulties? What is the method of inquiry here suggested, and what are the results to which we are to be led? The book is, as we learn from the preface, 'in reality what it appears to be—a correspondence between two friends.' Mr. Atkinson appears as the expounder, and his fair and gifted correspondent as the willing listener and fervent admirer, of the method. If it has all the freshness of letter-writing, as may be expected, it is wanting in the consecutive arrangement of a treatise, since the letters were not originally written with a view to publication. We shall examine some of its leading principles, rather than follow out the details of either its facts or its reasonings. Dissatisfied with the present state of mental science, as contrasted with physical science, and convinced that it is built upon groundless assumptions, to the neglect of experiment, and the forgetfulness of law, Miss Martineau asks Mr. Atkinson to tell her 'with great particularity (if he will) how he would have one set about the study of the powers of man, in order to understand his nature, and his place, business, and pleasure in the universe.' Mr. Atkinson's reply lays down the basis for this proposed inquiry:—

'By all means let us go into this inquiry and explanation. Nothing will give me greater pleasure: for certainly it is most important that we should form a true estimate of man's nature, and ascertain the real basis of a science of mind. Men have been wandering amidst poesies, theologies, and metaphysics, and have been caught in the web of ideal creations, and have to be brought back again to particulars and mate-

rial conditions : to investigate the real world, and those laws of being and action, which are the forms and nature of things, and the phenomena which they present, as they are here, within us and about us, in reality and in truth, and not as we would fancy them to be. There are not two philosophies, one for Mind and another for Matter.'—P. 5.

Again,

'The reason why you are interested in my thoughts and opinions, is, not that I have more ability than others, but that I have endeavoured, under favourable circumstances, to renounce all idols and superstitions, and have drawn close to nature, to examine into causes. In material conditions, I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, and "spiritual conditions and influences," in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases and of all insanities, in material conditions and causes.'—Pp. 8, 9.

In short, the philosophy here laid down is one of bare materialism—built exclusively, as they say, upon *facts* : nothing is assumed : *there*, in the world around you, lie the facts ; observe *them*, draw your generalizations from them, classify the effects, trace them to their causes, and discover their laws ;—that is Nature. And as for Man—would you know what he is ? Away, then, with all your 'insanities' about mind, spirit, 'interior consciousness ;' what you mean by mind is merely the brain : examine that : perform experiments upon it by means of phreno-mesmerism ; map it out into its several phrenological organs ; *there* you have the causes of all mental habits and states ; there you unlock the secret recesses of man's nature ; there you arrive at the laws of his development. But here, Mr. Atkinson *assumes* that the only facts in the universe are those which we can discover by means of our senses. Here, in this positive philosophy—for it is really the philosophy of M. Comte, thrown into a somewhat different form,—in this philosophy, which repudiates all assumptions, we meet at the very threshold this huge *petitio principii*—this begging of the whole question. Is this assumption true ? Are there no facts on which a true, sound philosophy can be based, save the facts which we perceive by means of our senses ? But *who* perceives these facts ? Do we not say, *I* see, *I* hear, *I* perceive ? but who is this 'I,' this mysterious, ever present, but ever-invisible I—this which, through all changes of scene and of sense, still remains the same ; this which amid the decay of bodily frame, and all the mutations of heart and hope, still asserts itself as the ever-living I ? Who is this I ? Whence came it ? Whither goes it ? Deep and portentous question ! All other systems have failed to answer it—how could they do aught else but fail ?—*they* were all hopelessly wrong.—An answer has come at last :—

'The "I,"' says Mr. Atkinson, 'which represents the individualism, seems to arise from a faculty whose organ is situated near to the conscious sense and the will, and close beneath self-esteem and firmness. "I think; therefore I am," is a conclusion from the conscious sense and the sense of personality.'—P. 274.

But to name and localize an organ is not the same thing as to account for the origin of an idea. Having *assumed* the idea of Personality, the phrenologist may endeavour to trace the position of the correspondent organ on the brain; but he cannot by that means account for *the idea itself*. Without a *previous* knowledge of the existence of this 'I,' this living, indivisible, incorporeal I, he could not, by means of phrenology, or phrenomesmerism, have attained to the conception of it. Whence, then, comes this conception? Do our senses reveal the ME to us? Is not our earliest conception of the outer world a conception of it as the 'not-me?' Does not the outer world present itself to us, in the first instance, not as a positive existence, but as a negation? A negation of *what*? Of that self, whose existence cannot be cognizable by the senses, but which, by a necessary and universal law of our existence, affirms itself as the ground on which all other existences can be apprehended. The facts of the outer world are assumed to exist on the authority of the senses; but that authority again depends on the assumption of the existence of that self, which is beyond the reach of the senses to perceive, or demonstrate. All those facts to which Mr. Atkinson so confidently appeals, as containing the sole materials whence all true philosophy is to be gathered, owe all their validity to the existence of another and a higher fact, which he distinctly repudiates—a *fact of CONSCIOUSNESS*.

The following definition of philosophy is given, and special attention is invited to it by its being printed in italics: '*Philosophy is the observation of effects in relation to causes, in order to the discovery of the laws concerned.*' (P. 20.) All we bring with us to this investigation of the laws of nature and man is an eye to see with, and a hand to handle with: thus furnished, we are to enter upon this inquiry, which, we are told, 'can never be made while men take for granted that the real agent is, in each of us, an intangible mind or spirit, whose nature and qualities are not knowable.' We are told, moreover, that 'for every effect there is a sufficient cause; and all causes are material causes, influenced by surrounding circumstances, which is nothing more than matter being influenced by matter.' Still we are left to inquire, what is the *nexus*—the mode of relation which binds an effect to its cause? We are left to conjecture what answer would be returned. From the premises laid down, that all our knowledge is obtained through the senses, the conclusion ought

to be distinctly enunciated, that they are linked together by no hand save that of time—that the cause is merely the antecedent, and the effect the consequent. And yet we are inclined to believe, that if any views are clearly held at all,—if the words our authors use have any meaning, they do really admit, or rather, like the disciples of the positive school, they quietly *assume*, that power dwells in the cause, which enables it, and even necessitates it, to produce the effect. But whence came *this idea of power*? We are favoured with one or two exquisite disquisitions on force, which we gladly quote for the benefit of any who are sufficiently gifted to be able to understand them, as we confess ourselves bewildered :—

‘ We know that nature presents to us a system of forces ; and Faraday, I believe, conceives matter to be nothing but a system of forces : but I cannot conceive of forces as an abstract from matter, or being matter. But the question is, perhaps, beyond all ordinary powers of sense and reasoning. I once conceived of matter as a system of forces : but I now inquire, “ What is force ? ” and require an origin or cause of force ; and this brings me to where I set out ;—to two things : matter and its forces or properties.’—P. 153.

Thus the oracle of this new world-renewing philosophy utters his *dictum* about force, while his admiring pupil, delighted that at length she has found one heart free to think, without the swathing-bands of prejudice and superstition, and courageous enough to utter his mighty thoughts, fearful only lest even *he* should seem to give any countenance to the exploded notion of anything immaterial in nature, by his somewhat vague and ambiguous language, thus takes up his strain :

‘ As for the resolution of matter into forces, it does not, to my mind, convey any notion of immaterial existence. I observe you use the word spirit and spiritual forces, in regard to the virtues of the magnet and the mutual operation of billiard balls. I do not object to the word, understanding, as I do, that by “ spiritual ” you do not mean “ immaterial : ” but I should not have ventured to use the word to you. I suppose the German term, “ nerve-spirit,” is of the same class. I wish we had a term ; as people, in general, mean by “ spiritual ” that which is not matter, and which is in antagonism with it. I do not know what term we have but “ force.’ Here we find ourselves in the dim regions where Berkeley and Kant, and so many more, have sat down and tried to make out what they saw with such varying results.’—P. 157.

To attempt to extract any meaning from such a jumble of words is hopeless. Force is either something spiritual, or it is not. Let our philosophers take their choice. But the question we have again to press upon them is, Whence came *this idea of force* at all? We cannot see it. By no conceivable refinement

of our sensuous organs can we hope to detect it. We may hear the thunder roar, we may see the lightning flash, we may observe the tree fall shivered and shattered to the ground; but we cannot see the power by which this effect was produced, nor can science ever demonstrate the laws by which such effects are produced, without assuming the idea of power, as an indubitable fact of consciousness. We may see its results; we cannot see *it*; our finest analysis cannot reach it; we cannot submit it to our chemical tests; or, as Mr. Carlyle would say, 'we cannot bottle it up to be sold by retail in our gas-jars.' Belief in these ideas may be called assumptions, if you will, but they are no more assumptions than belief in the validity of our sense-impressions—no more assumptions than our belief in the existence of relations at all—no more assumptions than is any belief; for the principle of belief is itself an assumption. We believe this assumption; we place implicit reliance upon it, as a fact of consciousness—one of that class of facts which our authors loudly repudiate, yet continually assume.

But we will not follow them farther in the long catalogue of assumptions which these investigators into things as they are, and not as they would wish them to be, are continually making; or else we might ask them, what right have *they* to assume the laws of generalizations,—nay, what right to assume *law* as existing at all? They cannot see it; they can only see *things*; they cannot see the relations or the laws of things, but they *must* assume them as facts of consciousness—facts which we can neither prove nor doubt, but which lie at the bottom of all reasoning and observation, and are the unchanging postulates from which even doubt itself springs.

The error from which arises all that is absurd and dangerous in this book is, as will be seen, one of defect. That there are facts of sense, and laws by which they are governed, all at once admit. That the observation of these facts, and the generalization of these laws, have been, and will still continue to be, productive of the most splendid and beneficial results, we all knew long before Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau had been flattering themselves and one another that they were in sole possession of this wonderful secret. But when told that this includes *all* that can be known by us, we enter our most decided protest; and assert the validity and supremacy of the facts of consciousness and the laws of thought, by the assumption and under the guidance of which alone are we able aright to interpret the facts of sense, and discover the laws of nature. This monstrous oversight has led the authors to maintain and publish opinions, which would prove fatal to man's highest virtue and most hallowed hopes, were there not in the free, unsophisticated heart of every man that which

would instinctively revolt against them. Look, for instance, at the philosophical way in which they dispose of free-will. One passage, out of many of a similar character, will suffice :—

‘The world would think itself free in its motion round the sun, until it discovered the laws of its motion, which determine its course to be precisely what it is,—a speck of dust whirling about and about, and filling its little place in the harmony of the universe. Free-will! the very idea is enough to make a Democritus fall on his back and roar with laughter, and a more serious thinker almost despair of bringing men to reason,—to experience the advantages of knowledge, and the calming influence of a recognition of universal law and necessity.’
—P. 194.

But is the all-pervading belief in the freedom of man a fact of consciousness or not? On this single point we are content to rest the whole question. If it is, then no argument, no artillery of logic can drive out this conviction from man’s soul; and, if it is not, it is enough to make Heracleitus weep more bitterly than even he was wont to do, to see men thus enslaved by a cruel deceit. But here it is again quietly *assumed* that the belief of the freedom of the will implies a disbelief of law. We are aware that some of the advocates of liberty have so pleaded their cause as though, in order to make out a successful case, they were obliged to weaken and limit the authority of law. But the more philosophical advocates of liberty are willing to acknowledge that the will is as much governed by laws, as any other part of our nature, but these laws are adapted to its specific constitution, and are conservative of its inalienable birthright of freedom. The supposition that law and liberty are opposed can proceed only from a misconception of the true nature of law. The highest law is not only consistent with, but the very condition of, the truest freedom.

But our authors do not shrink from following out these principles to their legitimate conclusions.

‘Some men are, as it were, a law unto themselves; while others, by their nature, are disposed to thief and murder. Some men are wolves by their natures, and some men are lambs; and it is vain to talk of responsibility, as if men made themselves what they are.’—
P. 131.

‘When we have finally dismissed all notion of subjection to a supreme lawless Will,’—exclaims Miss Martineau,—‘all the perplexing notions about sin and responsibility, and arbitrary reward and punishment,—and stand free to see where we are, and to study our own nature, and recognise our own conditions,—the relief is like that of coming out of a cave full of painted shadows under the free sky, with the earth open around us to the horizon. What a new perception we obtain of “the beauty of holiness,”—the loveliness of a healthful

moral condition,—accordant with the laws of nature, and not with the requisitions of theology !'—P. 219.

The readers of 'Alton Locke' will be reminded of the 'Emersonian sermon' preached by Mr. Windrush; and we heartily wish that these revolting notions may always meet with the same reception which they received from our dear old friend, the strong-minded, kind-hearted, shrewd Sandy Mackaye.

The error in these statements, as in other instances, draws all its venom from its association with truths. It is, undoubtedly, true that men's dispositions differ; it is true that we did not make our natures, and, therefore, cannot be responsible for them; but it is *not* true that we do not possess a controlling power over our natures and over external circumstances; it is *not* true that we are not responsible for the use or abuse we make of these natures; and, most assuredly, it is *NOT* true that men are disposed to thief and murder by their nature, but by the wilful and awful violation and perversion of that nature.

Again, we are told that 'whatever is, is right, and essential to the whole, and could not be otherwise than it is.' (P. 133.) How happens it, then, that we have all become so hopelessly wrong, as we have before been gravely informed? Whence have come these foolish dreams and idle superstitions of our philosophies, poetries, and religions? Has it never occurred to these authors, that these things arise from a law, as well as their sciences of mesmerism and phrenology, and all the wonders of *clairvoyance*? Has it never suggested itself to these worshippers—not of a living nature—but of a dead machine, which they nickname Nature, that there is an indestructible, irreversible law of right and wrong: a law which makes all other laws possible, which has revealed its beneficent authority and proclaimed its solemn sanctions in the heart of every man, which has been the sting of man's bitterest sorrows, and the pledge of his holiest joys; which has suggested his most anguished fears, and enshrined his most precious hopes?

But we must descend to a deeper depth; we have yet a harder lesson to learn. Our belief in the existence of a personal God is one of those idle dreams which might do for the world's infancy, but which, now that we are come to man's estate, and are blessed to live in the days when Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau have expounded their *new* philosophy, we must be content to leave behind us in the nursery.

'But many seem to think there is something noble,' says Mr. Atkinson, 'in the belief of a future, and a retribution: and of a Father in Heaven, or a personal deity: and cannot conceive of the unselfish-sublimity of a more philosophical view of things. But what can be

more impressive than the idea of the infinite and the eternal omnipresent law, and principle of nature?'—P. 189.

And again—

'I do not say, therefore, that there is no God: but that it is extravagant and irreverent to imagine that cause a person.—(P. 240.) There is no theory of a God, (says Miss Martineau), of an author of nature, of an origin of the universe, which is not utterly repugnant to my faculties: which is not (to my feelings) so irreverent as to make me blush; so misleading as to make me mourn. I can now hardly believe that it was I who once read Milton with scarcely any recoil from the theology; or Paley's "Natural Theology" with pleasure at the ingenuity of the mechanic-god he thought he was recommending to the admiration of his readers.'—P. 217.

Into the argument for the proof of the existence of a personal God we do not design to enter; nor shall we come to the rescue in behalf of Paley's well-known argument from design. Among many thinking minds, there is a growing conviction that Paley's argument is invaluable as an illustration, but invalid as a demonstration. It can prove to us the existence of what Miss Martineau styles 'a mechanic-god;' but our belief in the existence of a living God—the source of all life—the fountain of all law—is based ultimately on a *fact of consciousness*. But here, again, it is tacitly assumed that this belief in the personal existence of a God necessarily implies a disbelief of the eternal laws of nature! In one place that belief is described as belief in 'a lawless will.' Truly, the theism of mankind, whether in the Christian form, or in any other, has not much to fear from such philosophers: we are not to believe in a personal God, but we are to believe in the eternal laws of nature! But whence comes our idea of these eternal laws? We see them not; we know them not by means of our senses; no trumpet-voice has proclaimed them in our hearing. What are they? whence come they? We cannot obtain them by reasoning, or by induction from the facts which the senses give us, without *assuming* a fact of consciousness;—to allow which is to shatter this so-called positive philosophy to the winds. One of the sources of confusion in men's minds (for though every thing is quite right, yet confusion does exist, especially in the minds of all those who do not adopt this jumble of phrenology, mesmerism, physiology, and philosophy,) to which Mr. Atkinson alludes, is, our endeavouring to understand 'the whole by a part; the universal by a particular mode or form; the future by the present, &c.; instead of observing the order of things, and judging accordingly; that which is too subtle for the sense must be judged of by the circumstances, or by experiment.' (P. 264.) Now, where has this notion of *eternal* laws come from? It is only a part, and almost

an infinitesimal part of the universe that we can see,—how then can we judge of the whole? We can see only the modes or forms in which nature acts for a very few years,—how then can we dare to predicate anything of her universal laws? We cannot penetrate one moment beyond the present,—how then can we speak of anything Eternal? Surrounded by the present, the contingent, the limited, we cannot entertain a hope, we cannot form a thought about the Eternal, the Infinite, the Absolute. The words are unmeaning. Mr. Atkinson has furnished us with the premises, and, therefore, he cannot complain if we draw the conclusions. He repudiates all laws, save those derived from empirical observation, and operating according to material conditions. On his principle, he consistently denies the existence of a personal God. If we are to believe nothing but what we see, we cannot believe in the existence of Him whom eye hath not seen. But he must also give up his dreams about eternal laws. Our belief in the one rests on precisely the same ground as our belief in the other. By none of the methods laid down in this volume, can we gain the idea either of a God or of eternal laws. He must admit them both, or reject them both. He must reject all the facts of consciousness,—he must even disbelieve his own existence, or he must receive them all. We believe most firmly with him in these eternal laws. The idea being given in the human consciousness, we can recognise ten thousand illustrations of it in our daily observations; but without this idea, it would be no more possible to grind it out of empirical facts and observations, than to manufacture a conscience. But what are we to understand by ‘laws acting,’ ‘the laws of nature which cannot err,’ without believing in an eternal, ever-acting, infallible Lawgiver? We read of these laws being determined, but who determined them?—of their acting, but whence comes the inherent Power, the energizing Force, the upholding Life, which enables them to act? As well might we talk of a piece of parchment bringing men to trial, and acquitting or committing them, without the intervention of any living human agency, as talk of Eternal laws acting, moulding, ruling, apart from the living energy and controlling power of an eternal Lawgiver.

We stay not to notice the facts and illustrations with which the book abounds. To the student of mesmerism and phrenology, they will be interesting and valuable, and may be very helpful to enable us to discover some of the deeper laws of physiology. But if adduced in support of a materialistic philosophy, they are worthless, because that philosophy itself can have no existence unless it is based on a spiritual foundation, which it quietly assumes, while it professedly repudiates any

such foundation. Nor shall we trouble ourselves to notice and refute the malignant attacks which are made upon our Christianity. Those who detect the fallacy which pervades the whole train of—we cannot call it reasoning—but, of assuming, well know how to put the right value on such attacks. We cannot think that any man's faith in the gospel will be much shaken by such a string of unphilosophical assumptions, unwarranted assertions, and shallow quackeries, as unhappily abound in this volume. Nor do we fear that any man who is in possession of his senses will give up his belief in the existence of a personal God, for the sake of those '*new* perceptions of the beauty of holiness' which are now promised to him. The world, we apprehend, must get a little older and wiser before it will consent to sacrifice all the moral beauty and all the reverential awe which the absurd and superstitious belief, that the eye of the all-seeing and the all-holy God is ever upon us, is calculated to inspire, for the sake of the splendid results which a universal belief in clairvoyance is to produce. For *this*, so far as we can gather, is the new morality and the new religion we are to hail.

'The knowledge which mesmerism gives on the influence of body on body, and, consequently, of mind on mind, will bring about a morality we have not yet dreamed of. And who shall disguise his nature and his acts, when he cannot be sure at any moment that we are free from the *clairvoyant* eye of some one who is observing our actions and most secret thoughts, and our whole character and history may be read off at any moment?'—P. 280.

Throughout the whole work, there is one phenomenon of which no philosophical account is attempted to be given, and that is LIFE. If it be true that we are nothing but machines, moving only as we are moved by the agency of mesmeric influence, or by external circumstances; if it be true that this world is but a dead mass of matter, rolling on in sullen obedience to dead laws; then may we rest content in the dark and dreary conclusions of this fatalistic Atheism. But is it so? Did *they* feel it to be so who lived in the world's infancy, and to whose astonished souls 'the thunder was the voice of the Great Spirit; the lightning, the thunderbolt, was the instrument of his vengeance?' Is it felt to be so now? Does not all nature, with her thousand-toned voice, ever bear witness to a living heart of her living power? We may watch her processes, discover her laws, and give their names, but *that* is not revealing the secret of her life. We may learn to enumerate the properties of the various plants, and classify their orders; but does the science of botany enable us to grasp and analyze the living power which makes the grass-blade spring up under our feet? We may trace the conditions of man's acting and

thinking, we may arrive at some strange laws of his being by means of mesmerism; we may map out his brain by phrenology; but we do not, and we cannot, by such means, lay open the springs of his inner life. Science may give us the names of things; may tell us to call this mesmerism, and that chemistry; but the things themselves can be revealed only to a living eye, and spoken to a living heart. True knowledge is something more than a mere naming of things; something more than a ceaseless repetition of the columns of a dictionary; and this *something* can never be acquired by a mechanical philosophy.

And from the depths of this inner life do these poetries, philosophies, and religions, ever untiringly spring. From that perennial source, which mesmerism cannot touch, which phrenology cannot reach, and cannot destroy, has ever flowed the current which has borne man's hopes and thoughts to the invisible and infinite. There, in that deepest chamber of his being, has been hidden, as his most valued treasure, man's belief in eternal and beneficent law, and in an eternal and righteous Lawgiver. His sins and his selfishness may have choked the utterances of this belief; but they have not destroyed—they could not destroy it; and what they could not do, the false assumptions of materialism and atheism, veiled under the cloak, and striving to put on the airs, of science shall not do now. And in the words of Mr. Carlyle, we would assure our authors, that 'religion, poetry is not dead, it will never die. Its dwelling and birthplace is in the soul of man, and it is eternal as the being of man. In any point of space, in any section of time, let there be a living man, and there is an infinitude above him and beneath him, and an eternity encompasses him on this hand and on that, and tones of sphere-music, and tidings from loftier worlds, will flit round him, if he can but listen, and visit him with holy influences, even in the thickest press of trivialities, or the din of busiest life.'

ART. VI.—*Lelio: a Vision of Reality;—Hervor;—and other Poems.*

By Patrick Scott. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

MR. PATRICK SCOTT has produced a volume, the inspiration of which may be considered half poetical and half political. Strongly inimical to the established order of things, which he believes to be on the eve of dissolution, he addresses himself to the hopes of the future, which, with a poet's confidence, he de-

lineates in golden colours. His object, however, is not, and should not be, exclusively political. He undertakes to describe the ruin produced by the indulgence of passion, which, though it be a familiar topic, is susceptible of an infinite variety of treatment. In his artistic forms, as well as in his ideas, Mr. Scott belongs to the new school. His verses are pregnant with thought, with recondite allusions, with delicate suggestions. But in the process of putting his ideas before you, he sometimes takes refuge behind the veil of mysticism, and becomes obscure. Of this the reason perhaps is, that some of his opinions are too little in harmony with those entertained by the majority to be well received if gravely put forward; while the topics he handles are occasionally of a nature requiring rather the dim seclusion found in the recesses of some religious fane, than the clear light of common day.

In 'Lelio' the principal object aimed at is an exemplification of the empire of conscience. This is dramatically illustrated with characters, scenes, incidents, and supernatural interpositions. Sometimes wild fancy runs forth on its excursions into the sunless solitudes of space—witnesses the creation of fresh worlds, and hangs, as it were, over the cradle of uncreated things. Sometimes it descends to Hades, and calls up terrible visions that scare guilt from its purpose. Sometimes it alights, fresh and laughing, upon earth, enjoys the dance and the song, the banquet, and the shouts of rustic revelry, in the secluded valleys of the Appenines. We attempt no analysis of the poem, because in such cases the execution is everything. Neither can we sketch each of the characters separately, because this would force us into details for which we have no space. Such of our readers as love poetry will take up the volume for themselves to shudder over the death of Nina—to triumph at the destruction of the selfish libertine, Rudolpho—to experience fierce impulses with Leone—and to range along the tracks of pure passion and philosophy with the heroic Lelio.

One passage we shall extract—the commencement of a much longer one, describing the state of the earth, when correct political principles shall have brought society to its maturity. Our readers will detect in it, especially if they turn to the volume and read the whole, the seeds of that undeveloped philosophy now just beginning to loom dimly upon the world.

‘ I see the sunless earth, lit up with rays
From the light-crowned heads of million things,
That tread its soil aspiringly, as if
Each were a king, and every spot a throne;
While for the unsympathizing stars—bright eyes
Flash from the nearer heaven of woman's face.

Modesty, like a luminous garment, hangs
On their free limbs, and o'er their ample minds,
To spread no force but a compelling kindness
Where common right is born of common hearts.
To have is but to wish, and they who boast
Love for a law, and conscience for a queen,
Rule each o'er all, and friendly counsel fills
The place of power; nor are the reasoning mind
And the uncoveting heart passed by, while steps
Above them in ungraced pre-eminence
Some witless owner of heraldic blood.'

In the character of Ilya the author delineates his highest ideas of female excellence; impassioned without recklessness, tender without weakness, and able without caprice to transfer a marked preference from an unworthy to a worthy object.

'Lelio' is followed by an extremely singular poem, entitled 'Hervor.' Extravagant, wild—abounding with the keenest satire, alternating with touches of delicate feeling, and admirable pictures of scenery: many of the regalities of Europe figure here to little advantage. The author has certainly small respect for princes, whom he treats with a roughness rather uncommon, even in these days of democratic tendencies. Without mentioning names, or being very profuse in his indications, he yet enables the reader to recognise his imperial and royal likenesses. But the example of reserve he has set us we shall follow, leaving the reader to discover each likeness for himself.

In this kind of poem, partly comic and partly serious, the fancy often appears to display itself with most success—when it is weary of elevation, it can descend at once, and amuse itself with the grotesque. It may even occasionally become pathetic, without seeming to have any such intention, so as to mingle tears and laughter with a confusion of mixed impulses, just as nature often does in life.

The legend on which 'Hervor' is founded is strange and wild. It occurs in Keightley's 'Fairy Mythology:' a work equally remarkable for graceful fancy and curious learning, and the poet is mindful to acknowledge the source from which he drew his rough materials. The handling of course is his own, and he has imparted to it an interest, which no mere legend could possess, by shadowing forth contemporary characters under the disguise of animals and monsters found in the domains of the old myth. The story is this. The daughter of Argantyre, to serve her country in some terrible crisis, is informed by the priesthood that she must recover her father's sword, which had been interred with his corpse in a desert island, and was guarded by a host of supernatural monsters, ghosts, and fiends. The

lady, Hervor, nothing daunted, undertakes the enterprise, lands on the desolate isle, and, after undergoing innumerable perils, and encountering a host of diabolical shapes, arrives on a part of the shore where she discovers ten colossal skeletons, escaped from their barrows, dancing in the moonlight; one of the ghostly crew sits on a stone and supplies the hideous music, to which his companions foot it away with so fearful a degree of activity; while a twelfth sits, alone, upon the sands.

'What sound is that that floats
On her startled ear its well-known notes—
By Scandinavia's hopes I swear
'Tis a polka-tune that awakes the air,
But who—great Heaven—are the dancers there?
Ten skeletons tripped twelve tombs about
In the ghostly joy of their midnight rout,
Their loose ribs rattled in tune as they
Footed it well to their minstrel's play.
He had fastened a head on a hollow bone,
Like the laugh of a demon in pain was its tone,
As mounting up shrilly, or sunk to a lull,
It oozed through the holes of that fleshless skull.
The graves of the dead men fell and rose
To the unblest melody's swell and close;
The stars glimmered measuredly forth, and the moon
Moved in the sky to that fearful tune—
Ha! ha! and they shrieked to the step, and sung
As each round another his white bones swung.
The eleventh one blew where his mouth should be,
While the twelfth thing sat on the sands, for he
Wanted a *partner* to share his glee.
But his marrowless limbs seemed about to stir,
And he looked with his eye-holes, and pointed at her.
Hervor! no sight like that hath crost
Thy path—yet shrink not—or all is lost;
Brave girl—brave girl—now she shouts aloud,
And rushes forth on that spectral crowd.
The music ceased, and the dancers fled,
And the maid stood alone with the night and the dead.
The dead—the dead! What is there in
The silent corpse that mouldering lies
With its hard lips, and lightless eyes;
There's nothing in *that* sight to win
A single tremor from the brave;
But, standing by man's mortal grave,
We feel as if it could not keep
The immortal in its gloomy deep;
And though no sight its form reveals,
The shroudless spirit round us steals.

'Tis this that bids us hold our breath,
This half-read mystery of death,
Unfolding, like prophetic scroll,
Upon the vision of the soul.
'Tis then the boldest well may fear,
When this dark phantom rises near,
And they are held within unseeing,
The shadow of its awful being.
Twelve neighbouring mounds upheaved on high
Their solemn stillness to the sky,
And a flame rose over each to show
The fiery spirit still burnt below.
But on her father's grave there play'd
A loftier light than on the rest ;
Its pale stream fell on the royal maid,
And sparkled in stars on her mailed vest.
The moon shot down her tremulous gaze
On the sands that glanced on her clouded rays,
And the only sound, save the maiden's breath,
Was the sea-wave lashing that isle of death.'

The smaller poems with which the volume concludes, are no less remarkable in their way. The ideas, it is true, are sometimes rather hinted at than developed, which renders it necessary to bring to the reading of them a degree of attention such as the majority, perhaps, are not in the habit of bestowing on poetry. But this is the case only in some few pieces. Generally there is a distinctiveness of purpose, and a wealth of imagery, which lend to the compositions a peculiar charm. This is particularly the case with the two pieces entitled 'Calanus' and 'Alexander,' which, besides the beauty of the poetry, have the additional merit of containing a true delineation of Indian scenery and ideas. The author has passed much of his life in India, where he probably imbibed that fondness for gorgeous poetry which bursts forth here and there in the volume, and tends to augment the interest of the verse. We have said enough to send our readers to the work itself, which they will find to possess the uncommon merit of abounding in original thought as well as fancy.

ART. VII. — *The Spanish Protestants, and their Persecution by Philip II.; a Historical Work.* By Señor Don Adolpho De Castro. Translated from the original Spanish by Thomas Parker. London: Charles Gilpin. 1851.

ENGLISH readers in general have known little of Spanish Protestants. Dr. M'Crie made the best use of such materials as were at his command; but Señor De Castro, himself a Spaniard, and having access to printed books and manuscripts unknown to that learned historian, has produced a body of facts which cannot be contemplated without both surprise and pleasure. While he paints, in lively colours, the disorders of the Spanish clergy in the sixteenth century, and the vigorous severities of 'the holy office,' he adduces copious proofs of the piety and zeal with which a host of Spanish writers denounced the prevailing evils, and laboured for the spiritual welfare of their countrymen. The extreme caution with which the writer avoids the discussion of *religious* questions, and the manifest restraint with which he expresses his views of facts, are, at least, strong evidences of the intolerant spirit of the Spanish Government even at the present time. Notwithstanding his caution and restraint, however, he supplies us with heart-stirring relations of the events which disgraced the cruel reign of Philip II., the husband of 'bloody Queen Mary.' Having briefly sketched the lives of Juan de Valdés, Alfonso de Valdés, Rodrigo de Valero, Doctor Juan Gil (known as Egidius), Francisco de Enzinas, Francisco de San Roman, Doctor Juan de Enzinas, Doctor Juan Diaz, some of the most illustrious of the early Spanish Protestants, he proceeds to narrate, with much care, the curious transactions of Philip II., and of his minister, the Duke of Alva, with Pope Paul IV., and the fierce persecutions to which the Protestants of Spain were subjected during that reign. The character of the tyrant is set forth, with tragic justice, in the darkest shades. He stands before us, not only as a cruel enemy to Protestants, but as the incessant fomentor of the evils which involved the ancient monarchy of Spain in political ruin, as a man of little spirit, the toy of his confessors, or the shuttlecock of his allies. The mixture of political with religious objects in the countenance given by Maurice of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Prince of Orange, Coligni in France, and Murray in Scotland, is well contrasted in this volume with the absence of similar disturbing elements in Spain.

While the writer preserves the stately dignity of his nation, and avoids committing himself as a partizan of Protestantism,

there are numerous passages which we do not conceive that any Spaniard, who is not in heart a Protestant, would have written. He traces the persecutions of the Protestants to the activity of the Jesuits. He describes, most elaborately, the solemnities of the *auto-de-fé*. After narrating the burning of Herrezuelo, and, nine years after, of his beautiful young wife, in the grand square of Valladolid, he continues:—

‘Unhappy pair! equals in love, in doctrines, and in death! Who shall begrudge a tear to your memory, or a sentiment of horror or contempt for the judges, who, instead of swaying the understandings with the sweetness of divine truth, would have recourse to such reasonings as dungeons and flames? By the infamous execution of Herrezuelo, they, according to their own theory, separated from the Catholic religion the soul of the once penitent Doña Leonor de Cisneros, while, by the same rule, the barbarous punishment inflicted on her husband deprived the world of two lives, and heaven of two souls, if God had not opened the portals of mercy to them both—unhappy victims of their own constancy to the religion they professed, and to the intolerance of the holy office.’

Referring to a second *auto* in Valladolid, he quotes from a Spanish manuscript of Simancas:—

‘The account of this *auto* was carried to Pope Paul IV., who was much pleased with it, and requested that it might be read before some of the cardinals, at the same time adding, that the Catholic kings had, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, given orders for the appointment of inquisitors in Spain, in order that heresy might not prevail, and he had consequently conceded many favours to the Holy Office.’

Speaking of Philip II., Señor de Castro says:—

‘Philip II. was present within the place of execution (*quemadero*), and made his guards, as well horsemen as footmen, assist at the execution of the unhappy martyrs to liberty of conscience, and allowed them to be converted into miserable assistants of the executioners, who were paid by the iniquitous tribunal of the Holy Office. The picture of so cruel a deed wrought by the demon of the South, is by some writers, guided by stupidity, by ignorance, or by a blind respect to superstitious chroniclers, called a calumny of foreigners to brand this king with infamy. Philip II. can be very little calumniated. Almost all that calumny may be able to invent in opprobrium of any person, is to be verified in the deeds of that monarch. His presence at the unhappy death of the Spanish Protestants, makes him equal in ferocity to the son of the ambitious Agrip(p)ina. Nero, during the frightful incendiary fire of proud Rome, ordered some Christians to be taken, as criminals, suspected of being concerned in that execrable crime; he punished as many as confessed being guilty of it; and he reduced to close confinement all those who appeared culpable according to the denouncement of other delinquents. Philip II., when the fire of heresy began to spread itself in Spain, filled the prisons with Protestants, the penalty of those who had wandered from the Catholic faith.

' Nero added to the torment of those whom he held guilty, the disgrace of being dressed with the bloody skins of horrid and still palpitating beasts.

' Philip II., after the pains and torments inflicted upon the clergy and gentry, despoiled of their rank and their dignities, and stripped of their vestments, could feel complacency in seeing them covered with ridiculous sacks, on which the pictures of toads and lizards were painted to represent slavery, to gratify the pride of the imperial judges, and fill with terror and dismay an ignorant and fanatical populace.

' Nero caused the Christians to be torn in pieces by hungry dogs, or put them on crosses, and set fire to them at nightfall.

' Philip II. ordered Protestants to be strangled in the *garrote*, or to be gibbeted on the posts within which fuel was kindled, so that those might burn most conspicuously towards night, after the reading of the formal processes in the public squares.

' Nero readily offered his gardens for the inhuman spectacle of torturing delinquents. Philip II. as readily lent the guards of his royal person to the executioners, in order that they might contribute their services in lighting the wood, the flames from which were to devour the Protestants. Nero and Philip. One tormented the Christians; the other reduced Protestants to ashes; pretending in both cases to defend by such cruelties the public weal. Nero, in the habit of a charioteer, and amid an immense concourse of people, was present at the unhappy end of the Christians. Philip II. with all pomp, and followed by his stupid court, beheld the humble death of the Protestants, who were roasted alive before him.

' Nero disgraced himself in allowing the people to see him without his imperial insignia, and in his viewing with complacency the frightful destruction of those whom he called delinquents. Philip II. did himself the honour to preside over executions.

' Nero had not the audacity to demonstrate his ferocity before the Roman people. Philip II. was ostentatious of it before the populace of Valladolid and the grandees of Castile.

' Nero, ferocious as he was, although more hypocritical in his wickedness, is execrated by Tacitus in speaking of the terrible punishments of the Christians. Philip II., equally ferocious, and having by the a(e)ffrontery of his cruelties dissimulated with the greatest hypocrisy, is praised and flattered by the pens of ancient writers for having, with his guards, assisted the inquisitorial executioners in the extermination of the Protestants. The generous Britan(n)icus was not worthy of being engendered by the same father as Nero. Philip II. would have been a more worthy brother. If both had been nourished from the same maternal bosom of the proud Agrip(p)ina, never would Rome have seen the emperor performing in its theatres, a scandal to the people and to the senate, nor Nero's imperial eagles domineering from the Capitol, spreading themselves over the world, and then uniting to throw down the diadem from his brow. No! a knife would sooner have been plunged into his breast, and a priest of the temple of Jupiter would have taken the purple mantle from the shoulders of Nero and placed it on those of Philip II.'

This parallel between Philip and Nero appears in several portions of the history.—The remarkable story of Carranza, archbishop of Toledo, is well and fully told. This great Spanish ecclesiastic had spent his life in the vigorous persecution of the Protestants, and in similar services to the Church of Rome and the crown of Spain. At the time of the last illness of Charles V., in the monastery of Yuste, he visited the hermit-king at the command of Philip II. From that time, for reasons not explained, the archbishop lost the favour of his sovereign. The myrmidons of the Inquisition accused him of heresy. He was arrested by the inquisitor-general, and confined in the prison of the Holy Office. The archbishop appealed to the Pope, but in vain. After much tedious trial, however, the next Pope, Pius V., took the affair into his own hands, ordering the prisoner to be removed to Rome. The Pope was mindful how Carranza had laboured on behalf of the Church both in England and in Spain, and he used great exertions on his behalf; but he died before the conclusion of his trial. The friends of Carranza asserted that the defunct pontiff had given sentence in his favour, while by his enemies it was stoutly denied. It is certain that no document to that effect could be produced. Incredible obstacles were thrown in the way of coming to a decision. After the lapse of seventeen years from the arrest, the trial came to an end. Pope Gregory XIII. condemned Carranza to abjure certain heretical passages, and absolved him from all the ecclesiastical censures which he had incurred; but he ordered him to be confined in a Dominican convent at Orbiato, and to do spiritual penances for five years, or longer if the Pope or his successors should so determine. Carranza read his abjuration on his knees before the Pope, who said to him, ‘Considering the length of time which you have been in prison, and your services in former times to the Catholic Church, the sentence has not been more severe.’ On the following day he said mass publicly in presence of a great audience, and he was addressed as ‘most illustrious’—the form of addressing an archbishop—by all the prelates and dignitaries at Rome. This penance was, in fact, a triumph rather than a punishment. Within a month after his sentence, he died, in the seventy-third year of his age. The conflicting views of his extraordinary history given by Spanish writers of different parties, are calmly discussed by Señor de Castro. His own judgment appears to be that Carranza had been converted to the Protestant doctrines by his intercourse with them, and the study of their writings, while preparing to impugn them.

‘The archbishop, according to what may be deduced from his words,

held in his heart the Lutheran opinions; and the Protestant arguments which we meet with at every step in his works are sparks which discover the fire hidden through fear of falling under the indignation of the Holy Office, and the barbarous fanatic Philip II.

‘The archbishop of Toledo was at one time the terror of the Protestants, as well in Spain as in England, and yet he afterwards came to follow the tenets of Luther, Œcolampadius, Melancthon, and other writers, who preached, and were even then preaching, reform in the Church.’

The writer denounces, with stern and grave indignation, the principles and practices of Ferdinand and Isabella, to which he attributes the horrors and losses of succeeding reigns. Philip II. he never spares. To the Inquisition his hatred is intense, yet calm and just. He delights in painting scenes in the lives of the Protestants who spread the doctrines of the Reformers in Spain: and he devotes to this interesting object several chapters. The sketches of Julianillo Hernandez, of Constantino Ponce de la Fuente, Ponce de’ Leon, Cristóbal de Losada, Isabel de Baena and Juan Gonzalez, Cypriano de Valera, and others, are of great value—all thoroughly Spanish. We have never met with a parallel to the following:—

‘To such an extreme did the ferocity of some Catholics arrive in the destruction of Lutherans, that one gentleman of Valladolid, in 1581, denounced to the Holy Office his own two daughters as professors of the Reformed religion. Desirous of converting them to Catholicism, he contrived, through the great confidence the inquisitors had in his blindness, that both these young creatures should be removed from the dungeons of the Inquisition to the paternal roof. There, the fanatical father, assisted by various of the clergy and friars, attempted to turn away the minds of his daughters from what he believed to be erroneous principles. Both, however, were unmovable in the true Protestant faith, and his efforts were abortive,

‘Burning with rage to see that his entreaties were in vain as well as his threatenings and persecutions, he took them back to the Inquisition, and informed the judges that both of them still defended reform with the greatest pertinacity. In fine, on the solicitation of their father, both of these unhappy women were condemned to be burnt. This pompous old man, indignant that his blood should be stained by Lutheran principles, and overcome by a fanatical monomania, went to a certain forest on his own estate, in search of branches from some of the largest trees and trunks of smaller ones, and cut them into suitable pieces, in order to kindle the flames which were to devour the bodies of his own children. This barbarous fellow, worthy to have been born among cannibals, then returned to Valladolid with these spoils from his woods, and presented them to the Holy Office. The inquisitors praised his greatness of mind, and set him forth to the patricians and to the plebeians as an example worthy the imitation of all who would increase and serve that faith which they imagined they were defending by the flames.

'But the man was not even satisfied with having cut the wood; for, probably excited by the applause of his friends, both secular and ecclesiastic, and with a view of spreading greater consternation through Valladolid, he actually petitioned to be the murderer of his own flesh and blood. After becoming his own enemy, and throwing his daughters into the loathsome cells of the Inquisition—nay, bringing his own wood to construct the burning pile—he asked permission of the inquisitors to set light, with his own hand, in a public *auto-de-fé*, to that same heap which was to reduce to ashes the delicate frames of these unhappy girls, unhappier still in having known such a father.

'The inquisitors, who saw in this barbarous wretch a model of slaves, received most graciously his petition; and in order to the exaltation of the Catholic faith, proclaimed with cymbals and trumpets, not only the inhuman demand, but their permission to comply with it. The two unfortunate girls accordingly perished at Valladolid, in 1581.'

Few of our readers, we presume, are uninterested in the fortunes of Don Carlos of Austria, son of Philip II. of Spain. The accounts of him which have been given by Spanish historians are derived principally from writers whose great object was to eulogize his father, Philip II., or to magnify the grandeur and exalt the claims of the Roman Church. Señor de Castro has gone minutely into the particulars of the calamities and the death of that unfortunate prince; and, by a careful examination of Spanish and Italian papers, he has exposed the falsehoods heaped upon his memory. The bigotry of Philip needs not to be proved: his whole reign was tyranny. A Spanish writer of the seventeenth century, Baltasar Porreño, exhibits both these qualities of the king in one sentence, in which, after describing the *autos-de-fé* in Valladolid, he adds: 'Thus he greatly displayed his zeal; for having to punish some noble persons for whom some grandees interceded, they being moved with compassion for them, his majesty answered with great severity—'*It is quite right that noble blood, if stained, should be purified in the fire, and if my own were to be stained by my son, I would be the first to throw him into it.*'

The prince was born at Valladolid, during the reign of his grandfather, Charles V. Four days after his birth, his mother, Doña Maria of Portugal, expired. At the age of nine he was entrusted to the charge of Don Honorato Juan, a gentleman of Valencia, of noble principles and extraordinary learning. When he was thirteen, it was arranged, among the secret preliminaries of peace between France and Spain, that he should marry Elizabeth of Valois, eldest daughter of the French king, Henry II.; but his father, having lately become a widower by the death of Mary of England, married the young French princess himself. Three weeks after this marriage, Don Carlos was sworn in the Cortes as hereditary prince of the king-

doms. The prince suffered greatly from intermittent fevers. That he might enjoy pure air, and, at the same time, pursue his studies, he was sent, under the care of his uncle, Don Juan of Austria, and others, to Alcalá de Henares. Notwithstanding the imputations cast by courtly writers on his understanding and his temper, there is ample evidence to show that he was 'beloved by the Spaniards for the virtues that were known to dwell in his mind, for the courage which he was known to possess, and for the clearness, not meanness, of his understanding.' Señor de Castro says, after a long and honourable list of testimonies in favour of the prince—

'The eulogies of Carlos, which we find in various works of that time, were not given by chroniclers who treated on the lives of Philip II. and Don Carlos his son, but by philosophers and antiquaries, who had not for their object a history of those personages. Mendoza, in a few lines, declares the truth, and gives the due measure of praise to an unfortunate prince. The flatterers of Philip II. have treated the memory of Don Carlos as the Greeks did that of Hector. They dragged about the dead body of him they feared when alive; and if such testimonies are not sufficient to dissipate the shades which certain historians have thrown upon the disposition of Carlos, and the hopes which Spaniards placed in that illustrious prince, still there exist in the writings of co(n)temporary authors more proofs in defence of the truth and in opposition to those opinions, which were originated in fraud, and are maintained even in our own day by ignorance.'

About two years after his removal to Alcalá, the prince, having been free from his intermittent fevers for many weeks, was brought near to the point of death through an illness induced by a most serious fall. During ninety days of patient suffering he was often visited by his father, who ordered public prayers to be offered on his behalf, and gave other signs of a strong desire for his recovery. After the prince's recovery, the state of affairs in the Low Countries became perplexing to the king. The government had been entrusted to William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, Lamoral, Count of Egmont, Philip de Montmorency, and other Belgian nobles, all of whom were Protestants. While the king was absent in Spain, these nobles abstained from punishing those who publicly avowed their enmity to the Catholic faith, and they besought the king to recall Cardinal Granvelle, a favourite of the Duchess of Parma—who had a share with them in the government—and followed up their entreaty, which the king refused to grant, by personal communications with Don Carlos. The young prince was deeply moved. He represented the condition of the Low Countries to his father, remonstrated against the force employed to make the people there abandon the Protestant religion, and urged his own

right, as hereditary prince, to be taken into the councils of the kingdom and the administration of public business. From that time the affection of the king towards his son declined. Suspicions and jealousies, natural to a bigot and a tyrant, were keenly perceived by the favourites of the court, who spared no pains to kindle them into fear and hatred. They treated the prince with haughtiness, and invented all sorts of calumnies against him. This conduct was resented by the prince, with the spirit of his race and of his dignity. Meanwhile the Low Countries were filled with confusion and terror. The Protestants actively engaged in circulating Calvinian books in Seville, and other parts of Spain. The Pope took the alarm, and stirred up Philip and the inquisitors. The wisest statesmen of the monarchy were summoned to advise the king. Juan Maurique de Lara was the only councillor who hinted that Don Carlos might be able to secure peace in Flanders. Instead of the prince, it was resolved to send the proud and relentless Duke of Alba. Don Carlos, prevented by his father from marrying Ann of Austria, and pressed by the emperor Maximilian, his uncle, and the father of the princess to whom he was affianced, resolved to leave the kingdom without asking the king's consent. In his poverty he was compelled to seek aid from the grandees. The Admiral of Castile, and Don Juan of Austria, betrayed him to his father. What the king most dreaded was that his son should undertake the government of the Flemings and grant them liberty of conscience. While the prince slept in his chamber at night, the king entered, attended by three of his nobles, a prior, and twelve guards.

'Does your Majesty wish to murder me?' exclaimed the astonished prince. The king said he was only about to confine him as a madman! *'I am not mad, but driven to despair,'* was the answer of the unhappy prisoner. Philip wrote letters to the sovereigns of Europe explaining his motives for the imprisonment of his son. From an examination of numerous independent documents, Señor de Castro concludes that *'the prince was a convert to the Reformed doctrines.'* He did not long survive his arrest. He died on the 4th of July, 1568, at the age of twenty-three. The darkest suspicions gather round the closing scene of this tragedy. It will be cleared up in the great day of disclosures.

The rest of Philip's reign was remarkable chiefly for the cruelties practised on the Protestants of Spain, and for a policy by which the most terrible and lasting ills were brought upon that noble land. Science, literature, freedom, and virtue were driven away. Tyranny and superstition walked hand in hand over the ashes of martyrs, amid the desolated fields of a ruined peasantry. Cloisters of igno-

rant priests impoverished the rich, and ground down the poor. The insane attempt to impose the yoke of the Inquisition on the Protestant people of the Netherlands provoked at length a war which, after wasting the treasures of Spain and baffling the extraordinary powers of the Duke of Alba and Don Juan of Austria, separated those splendid provinces from the Spanish monarchy. The infatuated Philip, who had been known to say that 'he would rather not be a king than rule over heretics and infidels,' supported the Guises against Henry IV. in France, for the double purpose of strengthening the Church, and of extending his own dominions. His attempt at the conquest of England was dictated by the same combination of motives. Señor de Castro sums up his report of the reign of Philip II. in two powerful passages, which we shall quote:—

'The ills of our country increased; no one was found to make a firm resistance to them. All was ignorance, confusion, and ruin. Wisdom was silenced by pride and folly—learned men were rewarded for their studies with the title of heretics. Malice threw its chains and fetters upon innocence—iniquity was canonized—even slavery was not permitted to bewail the horrors of its wretched condition. Those who adjudged to themselves all the glory of conquerors afflicted and insulted, not only the conquered, but those who had assisted in obtaining the victory. When nations arrive at such an extremity—when subjects on their knees, and with their faces inclined to the ground, listen to the commands of a haughty tyrant, who gives the name of veneration to the dread which his very appearance and the recollection of his abominable crimes inspire, what signifies the strength of his armies, the courage of his vassals, the amount of his riches, or the extent of his possessions? Valour itself shall prostrate at his feet—the hosts shall disappear like clouds. His treasures shall pitifully waste away—the bowels of the earth shall hide the precious metals from his view—his ill-acquired territories shall, one by one, be taken from him by strangers, and his ships, driven by tempests, shall find no secure, no friendly port; for he shall be made the sport and the plaything of those who, at other times, would have fled at his very approach. This has been, and ever will be, the end of a tyrant's policy.'

'When a private offender against the laws of his country suffers the penalty due to his crimes, our feeling of a just indignation ought to be changed for that of a silent respect when we approach the spot which contains his miserable remains. But when a tyrant wraps himself in the mantle of a false reputation for virtue—when, by his example of escaping with impunity the punishment due to his political crimes, he is in danger of drawing down upon the world new ravages, new desolations, and new ruins—when he has stigmatized the noblest actions as crimes—when he has insulted reason—when he has conspired with vice, ignorance, and malice, against the best interests of his country—when, by his persecutions, he has banished learning from his States—when he has enslaved liberty of conscience—when he has wasted the

valour of his subjects by his foolish policy and useless feats of arms—when he has cursed unoffending and outraged humanity—and, in fine, when he has embrued his hands in the blood of the innocent, there cannot exist, with the recollections of such turpitude, no, not even in the presence of the marble that guards his tomb, the least compassion or the least respect. History, as a just avenger of such crimes, committed by a haughty and bloody tyrant, is bound to exhibit them in their true light, and to hold them up to the lasting scorn and execration of the ages.

We cannot close our review of this interesting volume without noticing what the author says of books to which English readers are likely to refer on matters relating to Spanish Protestants. Of Llorente's '*Historia Critica de la Inquisicion*,' he says that it is written with great want of judgment and of materials drawn from good sources; he remarks, also, on a small volume in duodecimo, published last year in England—'*The Reformation in Spain*,' a fragment, by A. F. R., that it is merely a bad extract from the books of Llorente and D. Jose de Pellicer's '*Ensayo de una Biblioteca de traductores*,' in which there is not a single Spanish name written correctly. We wish the translator of Señor de Castro's own work had been a little more careful in correcting the press, especially in the notes. The reader will observe that the phrase '*auto-de-fé*' frequently occurs, this is Spanish; '*auto-da-fé*,' with which we are more familiar, is Portuguese.

ART. VIII.—*Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan; or, Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.* By Elijah Waring. London: Gilpin. 12mo.

WE formerly attempted to sketch the characteristics of the literature of the Principality, and, among other names, we mentioned that of Iolo Morganwg. Since then, a volume has been placed in our hands containing *Reminiscences of Williams*, who is known in Wales as the Bard of Glamorgan. Coming upon us so suddenly, we were not a little curious respecting its contents. At the same time, we felt some scepticism as to the expediency of publishing such a work, since we did not see how it could be made sufficiently interesting to the English reader. We, therefore, opened the volume with anxiety, and cut the leaves with distrust. We had not, however, proceeded

far—indeed, we had only read the ‘Contents,’ and some little of the narrative, before we discovered that our apprehensions were groundless, and that the accomplished author had produced a work as interesting to the general reader, as it unquestionably is to the fellow-countrymen of the renowned bard. He has raised a monument to the memory of Jolo which may fitly stand beside that already existing in the Bard’s own works, and is creditable to the friendly feeling and public spirit of Mr. Waring, and it should be acceptable to the inhabitants of Wales, who have the honour of placing this bard on their roll of fame.

We cannot better introduce Iolo Morganwg to our readers than in the author’s own words :—

‘About thirty years ago, there was often seen on the highways and byeways of Glamorganshire, an elderly pedestrian, of rather low stature, wearing his long grey-hair flowing over his high coat collar, which, by constant antagonism, had pushed up his hat-brim into a quaint angle of elevation behind. His countenance was marked by a combination of quiet intelligence and quick sensitiveness, the features angular, the lines deep, and the grey eye benevolent, but highly excitable. He was clad in rustic garb, the coat blue, with goodly brass-buttons, and the nether integuments good, homely corduroy. He wore buckles in his shoes, and a pair of remarkably stout, well-set legs were vouchers for the great peripatetic powers he was well-known to have possessed. A pair of canvas wallets were slung over his shoulders, one depending in front, the other behind; these contained a change of linen, and a few books and papers connected with his favourite pursuits. He generally read as he walked, “with spectacles on nose,” and a pencil in his hand, serving him to take notes as they suggested themselves. A tall staff which he grasped at about the level of his ear completed his travelling equipment; and he was accustomed to assign as a reason for this mode of using it, that it tended to expand the pectoral muscles, and thus, in some degree, relieve a pulmonary malady inherent in his constitution.

‘No observant person could have seen this old wayfarer, without giving him more than a passing glance; but few could have suspected that beneath an exterior so humble, lived a mind rich in various lore, ancient and modern; that to an intimate acquaintance with the antiquities, glories, and history of his own fatherland, was added a general knowledge of the history of the world; and that whilst doting on obscure literature, British, Norman, and Runic, he was no stranger to the classic muse, or the illustrious records of Athens and Rome. Such, however, was the outward man, and such the mental attainments of Edward Williams, better known throughout the Principality by his bardic cognomen, Iolo Morganwg (pronounced Yolo Morganoog), which being literally interpreted, is Ned of Glamorgan, Iolo being the diminutive of Iorwath, the Welsh version of Edward, but more properly written Jolyn, as I have his own authority for stating.’—
Pp. 1—3.

Mr. Waring then proceeds to account for *his* having undertaken the biography now before us, and his narrative is both touching and honourable.

‘Near the end of the year 1826, this fine spirit exhaled to the Source of Light whence it emanated; but there were few to mark its departure: for the bodily receptacle was become too frail for locomotion, and had been long withdrawn from the public eye. The name of Edward Williams had, however, been too remarkable, his merits too numerous, and his memory was too worthy of preservation, for his name to sink into oblivion. There were others who could have done more justice to the subject, but they were silent, and I felt impelled, both by personal regard, and zeal for the honour of departed genius, whilst his death was recent, to throw together my recollections of his sayings and doings, in the form of a weekly letter to the Editor of the “Cambrian” newspaper. The interest excited by these letters could not fail to be gratifying. Aware that the Bard had been well known to Southey in earlier life, I regularly sent a copy of the “Cambrian” to that gentleman, at Keswick, and was encouraged by him to publish the substance of the letters in a more durable form. There was no lack of inclination to comply with this wish, but it became a question of some delicacy, whether the hand of a friend should risk interference with a work, that might probably be undertaken by a son, possessed of both talent and material for a more complete biography. The late Jalliesyn Williams, well and honourably known as Ab Iolo, was the Bard’s only son, and he repeatedly declared his intention of publishing such a work; but, alas! the venerable father’s grave has been opened to receive all that was mortal of Ab Jolo, and the biography of Iolo Morganwg remains to be written.’—Pp. 3, 4.

The Bard was born at Penon, in Glamorganshire, and resided during the principal part of his life at Flemingstone in the same neighbourhood. In Nicholson’s ‘Cambrian Traveller’s Guide,’ edition of 1813, he is thus noticed: ‘In this village lives Mr. Edward Williams, author of two volumes of highly meritorious poems; a man who is capable of doing the world more service than the world seems either willing to receive or return.’ Malkin, in his *Welsh Tour*, says of him, ‘Had his talents been noticed in early life, the public would probably have gained an eminent architect or sculptor, without losing a valuable antiquary.’ He was from a child extremely studious, and one curious instance of his disposition in this way is given in the present volume.

‘Edward, or Neddy, as he was familiarly called, always came to his work in the morning with a wallet on his shoulder, containing books and papers, and would never go with the masons to dinner at a neighbouring public-house, but remained behind in chosen solitude. It was not uncommon for them, on returning to work, to find him sitting on a stone reading or transcribing; his bread and cheese lying beside

him untouched. On one occasion, they were employed on some additions to a parsonage, the house being vacated for that purpose; but the live stock being left on the premises. The dinner hour arriving, Mr. Williams said, "Neddy, *you* will not go with us, I suppose?" and on receiving the anticipated "No," he added, "Now, my boy, will you be sure to take care of the house, and keep the pigs and poultry out, as the servants are gone away to dinner, and have left this in charge with us? Neddy gave his word to perform due watch and ward, but proved a faithless sentinel: for his fellow-workmen found him, on their return, sitting on the green before the house, absorbed in his books, and unmindful of all other things. Pigs, geese, ducks, and fowls, were disporting themselves in all parts of the house; a calf had possession of the kitchen, and a donkey was taking his ease in the parlour. The ungarded parsonage was converted into a menagerie of unclean birds and beasts, whilst the studious young mason sat, locked up in the inner chamber of his own thoughts, communing with some bard or sage of old, or, peradventure, composing verses of his own. His father uttered a severe rebuke, which not only roused him from his reverie, but kindled his resentment; for stowing away his books in the wallet, he slung it over his shoulder, and walked off without a word. His father observed, "Now Neddy will go to his mother's people at Aberpergwm, and Pontneddfychan, and will pout for a week or two, and then we shall see him again." Two or three months, however, passed away without tidings of the absentee, who, like Madoc of yore, had disappeared, going no one knew whither. At length a letter arrived, announcing that he was in London, dressing stones for a new bridge over the Thames."—Pp. 8, 9.

In 1781 the bard married Margaret, the only daughter of Rees and Elizabeth Roberts, of Marychurch, in Glamorgan. The claims of a young family now compelled him to abridge his hours of study, and to devote his time to more pecuniarily lucrative pursuits. We therefore find him, soon after this period, occupied in the business of a bookseller, at Cowbridge. His literary pursuits were not, however, abandoned, only relaxed. To an extreme old age Iolo prosecuted with vigour his favourite studies. He thus amassed a fund of information unexampled in his circumstances and in that country. In all questions pertaining to the history and literature of his native principality he might justly have been called a 'walking cyclopædia.' His conversational powers were remarkable, like most men of genius. Mr. Waring observes:—

'In general conversation, the Bard was not easily exhausted, and often extremely entertaining. He had a vast fund of information on innumerable topics. Yet an inquirer sometimes needed a little patience, to wait the arrival of the precise point at which the question had been aimed. His memory was literally heaped up with materials both curious and multifarious; but the want of habitual arrangement now and then occasioned some chatter and confusion in his mode of bringing out this mental furniture, causing the idea of a broker's or

an old curiosity shop, sometimes to obtrude itself upon the listener. It was evident that he had hold of some sure link in the continuation of thought which he knew would lead him to the point indicated, but the connexion of which nobody else could immediately discover. I once heard a lady ask him how it happened that orchards were so rare in Glamorgan, where the climate and soil appeared so favourable to the growth of fruit. The reply commenced with a narration of a shipwreck, which had occurred on the coast, in a certain specified year. This wreck was an Irish vessel, and she was laden with potatoes. The Bard related some touching details of the catastrophe, which commanded our interest; but we were wondering what all or any of this had to do with apple-trees and their culture, when the point of connexion was suddenly revealed by the sequel. The people were so well pleased with the potatoes thus strewn over their shore, that they dug up their orchard ground to plant this pleasant root, and gradually became negligent of the trees, for the sake of the tubers, which, indeed, promoted their decay by exhausting the soil.—Pp. 11, 12.

Iolo's visits to London were frequent, where he formed the acquaintance of some of the chief *literati* of that day. Among others, were Seward, Coleridge, and Southey. The last mentioned the Bard with uniform kindness. In a letter, dated 'Palace-yard, May 10th,' addressed to Mrs. Southey, we find the following:—"Bard Williams is in town, so I shall shake one honest man by the hand whom I did not expect to see." About this time our Bard became a contributor to the 'Gentleman's' and the 'Monthly' magazines, in both of which his writings on local antiquities were much prized. An odd instance of his self-introduction to Johnson is given in the volume.

'In his pursuit of a grammatical acquaintance with our own language, he stumbled on a singular interview with the most redoubtable literary giant of that period. He was in the habit of calling on a bookseller, who had been kindly attentive to him, in giving him a sight of many new books, and supplying him with any information he desired. He was occupying a leisure hour, and quiet corner, in this mental banqueting room, when a large, ungraceful man entered the shop, and seating himself abruptly by the counter, began to inspect some books and pamphlets lying there. This austere-looking personage held the books almost close to his face, as he turned over the leaves rapidly, and the Bard thought petulantly; then replaced them on the counter, and finally gave the whole a stern kind of shove out of his way, muttering, as he rose, "The trash of the day, I see;" then, without another word, or sign of recognition to the bookseller, rolled himself out of the shop. When he was gone, the Bard inquired of his friend who that bluff gentleman might be. The reply was, "*That bluff gentleman* is the celebrated Dr. Johnson." "What," exclaimed the little Welshman, "Samuel Johnson! the author of the '*Rambler*,' of '*Rasselas*,' of the great '*Dictionary*,' of those poems, '*London*,' and the '*Vanity of Human Wishes*?' How I wish I had known it whilst he

was sitting in that chair. I would have looked at him more attentively, and, perhaps, have mustered courage enough to speak to him." The bookseller said he might assure himself of meeting the learned doctor there again, on the first day of the following month, when he would make his periodical visit to the new publications.

The propitious hour was not forgotten, and the great lexicographer and the humble stone-chipper were again on the same floor, though destined to find no fellowship in each other. The Bard, who had an eager wish to hear Johnson converse, had provided himself with an apology for addressing so awful a potentate, by asking the bookseller for a good English grammar, and several, by different authors, were placed before him. Selecting three of these grammars, he walked boldly up to Johnson, introducing himself, as he said, "with his best bow," but also with habitual frankness, as a poor Welsh mechanic, smitten with the love of learning, and particularly anxious to become a proficient in the English language. He then presented his three grammars, soliciting the favour of Dr. Johnson's advice which of them to choose; observing, that the judgment of such a masterly writer must be the most valuable he could obtain. Johnson either disregarded this really graceful compliment to him as a model author, or he was in an ungracious temper—no uncommon condition with him—for, taking the volumes into his hands, he cast an equivocal look, between a glance and a scowl, at the humble stranger before him, hastily turned over the several title-pages, then surveyed him from head to foot, with an expression rather contemptuous than inquisitive, and thrusting back the grammars in his huge fist, rather at the inquirer than towards him, delivered this oracular reply: "*Either of them will do for you, young man.*" The emphatic *you* was a spark upon tinder. "I felt," said the Bard, "my Welch blood mount to my forehead, thinking he meant to insult my humble station, and my poverty, so I retorted with some asperity as I took back the grammars: '*Then, sir, to make sure of having the best, I will buy them all;*' and turning to my good friend the bookseller, I demanded the price, paid the money—though at the time I could ill spare it—and quitted the shop, far less pleased with Dr. Johnson than with his writings." The three grammars remained in the Bard's possession till he died; and when consulting either of them, he would often say, "Aye, this is one of the Dr. Johnson grammars."—Pp. 25—28.

Our Bard's introduction to the poet Cowper is also related. (P. 41.)

Iolo's spirit of independence was great, and his love of liberty strong and unquenchable. His poems abound with its praises. His sympathy with freedom was manifested on all suitable occasions, and one incident in his life curiously illustrates this passion. An acquaintance of our Bard, a Mr. Winterbotham, a Dissenting minister, was imprisoned for preaching a political sermon, alleged to be seditious. This gentleman was visited in confinement by many persons, and among others, we are told, by Iolo Morganwg. Every visitor was required

to write his name and place of abode in a book at the porter's lodge, and our Bard inscribed his with the title of 'Bard of Liberty' superadded. This record met the eye of one of the prison authorities, who thenceforth became intent upon discovering the individual in question. It was not long before Iolo repeated his visit, and though he this time omitted the title before mentioned, he yet was identified by a comparison of the handwriting. 'So,' said the official, 'you are *the Bard of Liberty*, are you?' 'Yes, sir, I am.' 'Then, Mr. Bard of Liberty, you are to understand that the only liberty allowed you here will be to walk out the way you came in.' 'Oh, very well, Mr. Gaoler, by all means; and I wish no bard of liberty may ever meet with worse treatment than being told to walk out of a prison,' rejoined Iolo.

Subsequently, an inheritance in the island of Jamaica, partly consisting of slaves, descended to our Bard from his brother, who had amassed a fortune there, and died. Jolo rejected the estate, and could not be persuaded to possess himself of any portion of the property—alleging that it was contaminated with the accursed slave-trade. A small portion of this estate only was afterwards rescued for his children. His indifference to wealth was always manifested; and from a neglect of opportunities, which to others would have led to riches and station, he continued through life poor and obscure.

Among other maxims he had the following:—'There are three things I do not want: a horse, for I have a good pair of legs; a cellar, for I drink no beer; and a purse, for I have no money.' His journeys, often long and fatiguing, were always performed on foot, in company with his life-long friend, the staff already described. No persuasion could induce him to mount a horse, or enter a carriage. Invited once to Dunraven, then the seat of Mr. Wyndham, M.P. for Glamorgan, to meet some of that gentleman's distinguished guests, and the honourable member's carriage having been sent to convey the Bard to the repast, the latter resolutely refused to enter the vehicle, which returned empty, followed by him on foot. As a pedestrian, he had few rivals. His journeys to the metropolis, as elsewhere, were always on foot; and, after walking from Oxford, he would appear fresh and buoyant in the streets of London in the evening of the same day. His only favourite potation was water, more especially when flavoured with the Eastern herb—Tea. The tea-urn and tea-pot were always welcome visitors, and not unfrequently did he imbibe the *sixteenth* cup of the cheering beverage. His slight regard for money we have before mentioned; and the benevolence of his disposition was such, that his slender means were always at the service of the poor and distressed. Many

instances are given in the volume before us of his disinterested and self-denying charity.

The bard appears to have had an acquaintance, personal or epistolary, with most of the *litterati* and philosophers of his day. He had two interviews with even the premier, Pitt. From his having been so public a character, and, perhaps, too indiscreet in forming acquaintance with the political writers of his time, he was more than once suspected of holding revolutionary principles. These suspicions even ripened into official investigation, out of which, however, the Bard escaped unharmed. His love of freedom, and adherence to principle, were, nevertheless, on all occasions evinced, and strongly marked him throughout his long and chequered career.

At length, having reached that period when, in the Psalmist's words, our 'strength is labour and sorrow,' his frame was evidently tottering towards the house appointed for all living. In the month of December, 1826, his spirit escaped to its everlasting habitation.

It remains to notice his claims as a poet, for on this his fame mainly rests. Two volumes of his poems, lyric and pastoral, were published in London in 1794, in the English language, dedicated, by permission, to the Prince of Wales. These poems are sprightly and figurative, and display great power of imagination, with a strong love of natural beauties. Although not ranking in the first order of English classical poetry, they are fairly entitled to a high position in the realm of song. A few examples will enable our readers to judge of their merit.

' SOLITUDE.

' Say, why, my friend, wouldst thou persuade
Thy bard to quit his tranquil shade?
He dwells contented with his lot,
Hid from the world in humble cot;
And heedless of the glare of wealth,
Finds all he wants in peace and health;
With hopes, when well matured by age,
To find himself a rural sage.

Sweet solitude has peerless charms,
Where virtue's glow the bosom warms;
Where wakened conscience feels no pain,
And reason breaks dull folly's chain;
Where taste informs the observant eye,
That can bright nature's charms descry;
And where the strong, enlightened mind,
Can in itself sweet converse find;
Can talk with truth, too little known,
That in the conscience rears her throne,

He that avoids the jar of strife,
 Spends here, unknown, his quiet life ;
 The muse, with fancy's plastic power,
 Will visit oft his lonely bower ;
 Instruct him in the tuneful art,
 Illume his mind, refine his heart ;
 And wisdom shall his thoughts expand,
 His soul is all at her command :
 His breast, where once wild passion stormed,
 Is by adversity reformed ;
 Blessed in the event, his grateful mind
 Adores the rod, and stands resigned ;
 Submits with reverential awe
 To gracious Heaven's unerring law.
 Restored by this to mental ease,
 He feels the lore of Nature please,
 And lays his head in downy rest,
 Meek Innocence, upon thy breast.'

‘ THE BANKS OF THE DAW.

‘ On the day (well remembered) I dwell with delight,
 When in search of her objects I wandered afar,
 To deep-sounding shores, where the surge, in fierce might,
 Assails the rude rock with perpetual war.
 And often whilst night softly curtained the plain,
 Would I from the village in silence withdraw,
 To paint my warm heart in young passion's wild strain,
 And saunter along on the banks of the Daw.
 ‘ Enlaved by no passion, secluded from pride,
 A rustic, inglorious, I dwell in this vale ;
 Let fools, lovely Nature, thy dictates deride,
 I know thy sweet voice, and attend to thy tale ;
 And here may my moments glide peaceful along,
 No conscience upbraiding my bosom to gnaw ;
 Thou, too, shalt partake of thy bard's humble song,
 My dear native cot on the banks of the Daw.’

We beg, in conclusion, to inform our readers that the publication of this work met the warmest approval of Iolo's late friend—the lamented Southey ; and in the volume before us are two letters on the subject, addressed to Mr. Waring, from the pen of that elegant author. We regret that want of space forbids our inserting this correspondence, in which the late laureate reiterates his reminiscence of the Cambrian bard from his ‘ Madoc.’

—— ‘ Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows
 The virtues of all herbs of mount or vale,
 Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed ;
 Whatever lore of science, or of song,
 Sages and bards of old have handed down.’

ART. IX.—*Local Self-Government and Centralization: The Characteristics of each: and its Practical Tendencies as affecting Social, Moral, and Political Welfare and Progress. Including Comprehensive Outlines of the English Constitution.* By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: John Chapman. 1851.

‘PRAY, what is the asphodel?’ asked a friend of Pope, when he was paraphrasing Homer. ‘Why,’ answered the poet, ‘if one said the truth, it was nothing else but that poor yellow flower that grows about our orchards, and if so, the verse might be translated into English,

“—— The stern Achilles
Stalked through a mead of daffodillies.”’

Mr. Toulmin Smith finds the asphodel of freedom in a modest homely flower. He rejects the arbitrary terminology of the political philosophers, the cross and contradictory divisions of forms of government into monarchical, aristocratic, democratic, and mixed, as conveying none but superficial ideas. With any of these the nation may be a nation of freemen, or, with the name exchanged, it may be a nation of slaves. Where, then, shall we search for the root of the plant of freedom? There are, as the author thinks, two elements to which every form of government may be reduced. These are, local self-government on the one hand, and centralization on the other; according as the former or the latter of these exists more or less predominant, will the state of any nation be more or less free, happy, progressive, truly prosperous, and safe. He thus defines them:—

‘LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT is that system of government under which the greatest number of minds knowing the most, and having the fullest opportunities of knowing it, about the special matter in hand, and having the greatest interest in its well-working, have the management of it, or control over it.

‘CENTRALIZATION is that system of government under which the smallest number of minds, and those knowing the least and having the fewest opportunities of knowing it, about the special matter in hand, and having the smallest interest in its well-working, have the management of it, or control over it.’—P. 12.

The author, in the first place, gives a general sketch of the true characteristics and practical realities of the English Constitution. General fundamental and practical principles involved are then considered more in detail, as well as the character and consequence of infringements on those principles.

Certain of the more important general applications of these principles are next traced and contrasted with the growth and results of those infringements. Special illustrations are lastly given to individualize, and bring directly home, the importance of the whole inquiry. It would be interesting to follow the author step by step in his abstract argument, but the narrow limits of this article only admit of a brief notice of some practical examples afforded in the English constitution.

The English constitution has for a long period been regarded as a myth. When Scott, one of the judges of Charles I., was tried for his share in that memorable judgment, he was interrupted in his defence, by a challenge from the court, to cite one instance in which the Commons of England had exercised supreme authority. 'There was a time,' answered Scott, 'when there was nothing but a House of Commons.' 'When?' asked the court. 'In the Saxon time,' was the reply. The court was puzzled, but got out of the difficulty by an argumentative ruse worthy of modern *doctrinaires*: the prisoner, they said, 'could not give any instance within six hundred years.' He spoke, they said, with judicial dogmatism, of a time wherein things were obscure. Not wiser in this generation are our popular and picturesque history-writers and constitutional essayists. 'It is at the era of the conquest,' says De Lolme, miracle of profundity, 'that we are to look for the real foundation of the English constitution;' and there is not a 'History of England' in popular use that does not support the assertion by erroneous statement or falsification of facts. In so simple a matter even as the enumeration of the kings of England, there is misstatement so glaring, that any school-boy may prove its untruth: the king commonly called 'Edward I.' was the fourth Edward who had filled the chief magistracy of our English commonwealth. The 'divine right' historian, Isaac Disraeli, remarks with a sneer, that reformers would 'throw back a nation in the highest state of civilization to barbarous periods, when the people were often slaves attached to the soil.' This most unfair confusion of accidentals with essentials prevails less or more, according to temper, in the political speculations of liberal champions, when they condescend to point an argument by a reference to history. Not long ago, an education philosopher, writing for the instruction of governesses, enjoined that girls should be taught that 'the best of our laws are derived from our Roman and Norman conquerors;' and we once heard, in a popular assembly, a learned orator declaim on the liberties bequeathed to us by our Norman forefathers. There is a great field unworked for the English historian who will approach the labour in the philosophic spirit of our scholar-kinsmen of

Germany. We must reform our historic lore, if we would surely and safely renovate our institutions.*

'The true internal strength and greatness of England,' says Frederick Schlegel, 'consists, as is now almost universally admitted by profound political observers, far more in the vigour and freedom of municipal corporations, better preserved in that country than elsewhere, than in her admired political constitution itself.' The philosophical mind of the historian determined the true cause of our freedom, though he fell, probably from want of access to the originals of history, into the common error of treating our municipal institutions as distinct from the political constitution. Mr. Toulmin Smith has clearly demonstrated that there is no such distinction; on the contrary, that the local institutions of self-government, commonly called municipalities, are part and parcel and fundamental elements of the English constitution.

The English constitution was not the creation of any man or statesman; it is the growth of ages; the result of the maintenance, by a high-spirited race, of the active sympathies and aspirations of free-men, who, from the earliest period of recorded history, have practically asserted that society has a claim upon every one of its members, and that every man owes personal duties and responsibilities to the State. Were it to be reduced to the formula of a French constitution, it might have for its dogma, the admirable maxim in the fragment of a Roman poet—

'Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm :
Ne quid expectes amicos quod tute agere possies.'†

Mr. Toulmin Smith thus states the general features of what is demonstrable, as to the fundamental principles of the constitution, both as regards the body politic generally and the rights and safeguards of its individual members :—

'As to the former; it is demonstrable that the principles of the English constitution are, that the will of the folk and people is the only foundation for the authority of any in whose hands any public functions may, for any time being, be lodged; that some definite means must always be had recourse to of truly ascertaining that will; that all in authority are to be, at all times, directly responsible, for every act, to

* We take this opportunity of directing the inquiring reader of constitutional history to a work too little known in this country—'Lappenberg's History of England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings,' translated by Mr. Thorpe, the well-known Saxon scholar.

† Attributed to Ennius, and which may be roughly rendered thus :

'This rule of action fixed keep aye in view :
Leave not to others what yourself can do.'

that will ; that no new step can be taken, new law made, or new office created, but after express appeal to that will ; that all local affairs shall be managed and controlled by the local bodies only,—general affairs, affecting the common good of the community, being those only the management of which it is proper for the general government to control.

‘ As to the latter, it is demonstrable that the principles of the English constitution are, that no change nor question can be raised affecting person or property, on the mere motion of any individual, or person in authority, nor unless supported by the testimony of known and responsible witnesses ; that no inquiry or adjudication by which either person or property can be in any way affected can be made except in open public places, whither all persons may freely resort ; that no inquiry can be made affecting person or property, nor can any adjudication be made on any charge or claim of any nature or kind soever, except by the peers of him whose person or property is or may be affected, or against whom any claim or charge has been made.

‘ The practical ideas which lie at the bottom of the institutions, through the means of which these principles have a realized existence, may be stated as follows :—

‘ 1. Every man knows best how to manage his own affairs ; and it is his right and duty so to manage them ;—points which apply to associated *groups* of men, in reference to all the affairs which concern them as individual groups.

‘ 2. In all matters affecting him, either as a member of the State or of a particular associated group, every man has the right and duty to know and understand all the bearings of the subject, and openly to discuss them ; and, having discussed them, to express the determination thereupon of his own mind.

‘ 3. In no matters relating either to individuals or to associated groups can any one person, or any clique, whether nearer or remoter, have the right to dictate either to the individual or to the group.

‘ 4. The law, in every case, shall always be declared and administered by the group affected, or of which the individual affected is a member.

‘ The question next arises—which is necessarily the gist of this whole matter, and touches the essence of the constitution—what have been the practical means provided by the English constitution through which assent or dissent can be expressed, and the will of the folk and people have utterance given to it, and the law be declared and administered ? The whole body of any nation can never meet together. If it were able so to meet, it could not deliberate, and so form and utter true opinions. Institutions must exist to meet this difficulty, and yet practically to realize the principles and ideas above laid down. . . . As no man nor body of men can foresee what may arise in the course of events, the election, at given times, of one or more to consider and agree to, in the place and stead of the whole, whatever may arise, is merely, if the system stop there, the most effectual means that could be devised of neutralizing, under the disguise of names and forms, the fundamental principles of the constitution and of free institutions, and of setting up the caprice and interest of an oligarchy, to rule in place

of the will of the folk and people. It is only by the individuals forming the folk and people having themselves the actual personal opportunity of discussing matters of public interest, that they can be able to form and utter sound opinions upon those matters; and so be able, either to elect representatives to express and carry out their will, or in any other way that circumstances admit of, themselves declare what the law is, or administer it. And it must ever be matters of daily watchfulness, far more than those of occasional political excitement, that affect the true political and social welfare of the people. The constitution of England has fully provided for all these emergencies. It has done so by the system which has been termed, to express the idea in a short phrase, the system of *local self-government*. This system provides fully for attaining both parts of that which is the fundamental rule of the English constitution—the corollary of the principles and ideas above-mentioned, namely, that *all law must spring from the people, and be administered by the people*. Whether or not any scheme or proposition serves to aid in the practical realization of either branch of this rule, or whether it infringes it, must always form the sure, and it will be the only, test of whether or not it is *constitutional*.—P. 18.

The author then shows, with much clearness, how admirably the constitution provided for regular, fixed, frequent, and accessible meetings together of the people themselves in their hundreds and ward-motes, in shire and borough, as primary assemblies; in the larger assemblies of shire and borough, comprising the whole people of the respective district as a secondary kind of folk-mote; and, lastly, by the expedient of representation in the National Assembly or Parliament.

‘All the wards, as did all the hundreds, formerly met together in full shire and borough folk-mote, at certain times. In the case of cities and boroughs, where there are matters of continual care needed, individuals were often chosen by each ward to meet, and act together for the whole, in common council. And it was the same, under certain circumstances, in the hundreds. This is a true representative system. The representatives have the honourable trust of carrying out the soundly-formed and truly-ascertained wishes of their constituents; but can never degenerate, under such a system, into oligarchies and cliques.’—P. 22.

He observes, with respect to Parliament, that:—

‘Parliament has, and can have, no original authority of its own. It is a result, and not a source. Its authority is not like that of the folk and people, self-derived and inherent. . . . As town councils are the representatives entrusted to carry into execution, as to all local affairs, the wants and wishes of the majority of the burgesses, ascertained by means of the several ward-motes—so Parliament is composed of the assembled representatives of all the several local associated groups (shires, cities, and boroughs) throughout the land; and so truly represents, *when all those institutions of local self-government are in full and vigorous activity*, the wants and wishes, as to all national affairs, of the

majority of the folk and people of the realm. It is the crowning piece of the whole system. But if this sole source of the authority of Parliament is forgotten, and if the functions which thence alone belong to it are overstepped, its acts are as much a violation of the constitution, and as much an usurpation, as would be the assumption of arbitrary power in the hands of any one person. It can only be kept within those functions by the full and true activity of that system of local self-government whose nature has been indicated.'—P. 23.

From Mr. Toulmin Smith's admirable sketch of the constitution, we can only take one other passage explanatory of ministerial functions :—

'As there are representative functions, both local and general, so are there ministerial. In every case of the latter the functionary owes his position, according to the principles of the constitution—and long, also, according to its practice, in every instance—to the free and immediate choice of the folk and people. The tything-man is ministerial head of the tything; the hundred-man, of the hundred; the head-borough, borough-reeve, port-reeve, or mayor, of the borough or city; the sheriff, of the shire; and the king, of the whole state. The same idea and character of functions belong to each—the special functions varying according to the extent and nature of the special office. But, in each, the functions are, constitutionally speaking, and apart from usurpation and encroachment, strictly and simply ministerial, and exist solely for the purpose of carrying out, the more effectually, the soundly-formed and lawfully-expressed will of the folk and people.'—P. 24.

It was clearly shown by Mr. Allen, in his learned work on the royal prerogative, that our very language is opposed to the notions of those courtier constitutionalists who talk of 'the divinity that doth hedge a king.' The Saxon title, *cynning*, denotes an elective national head. The *cyne* (or, in modern orthography, *kin*) was synonymous with nation or people; and *cynning*, or *kinning*, by contraction *king*, implies that the individual so designed was, in his public capacity, not the *father* of his people, but their *offspring*. The Anglo-Saxon *cyne-dom*, or *kin-dom*, or, as we now write it, *kingdom*, denotes the extent of territory occupied by the kin or nation. In the Norman tongue, the first magistrate was named *roy*, and the territory *royaulme*, whence the modern *realm*. On the decline of the Norman, the word *king* became the English title. One of the most interesting chapters in the book before us is that devoted to the constitutional position of the Crown. Mr. Toulmin Smith has exhibited much learning, and, by a large array of proofs, has demonstrated that the Crown is simply the point of unity of the whole nation—he or she who wears it, simply a ministerial officer, having the same duty to see the law well kept throughout the realm, that the sheriff has in his shire, and the mayor in his borough.

The office began in military leadership; and it has depended on the spirit of energy and self-respect which has existed in different nations, how far one put into such a position of power, for special purposes, has been able to abuse, or compelled to use properly, the authority with which he has been so entrusted. Through the whole of the constitution the spirit of mutuality runs—mutual obligation, mutual responsibility—and this extends to the Crown, not in name only, but as our history shows, in reality. Thus in the case of Edward II., allegiance was formally disavowed on the express ground of a breach of the mutuality on his part; and in that of Richard II., the Parliament declared that by ancient statute, and the practice of the realm, it was lawful for them, with the common assent and consent of the people, to remove the king and put some other in his stead. When Richard was deposed, the Roll of Parliament set forth ‘as, in like cases, by ancient custom of the realm it has been done.’

There is a modern class of penmen who have arrogated to themselves the name of ‘progress writers,’ who are fond of declaiming on the royal tyranny of our olden time. It cannot be denied that tyrannic attempts were often made, and successfully made, against the liberties of the people—for men have always sought to extend the bounds of the power entrusted to them; but these were usually promptly met, and stopped by our stout forefathers. It is a remarkable fact, that it is since the revolution of 1688 that the greater part of the mischievous doctrines and practices, which systematically encroach beyond the true functions of the Crown, have sprung up. Mr. Smith instances the absurd maxim that ‘the king can do no wrong,’ altogether unknown to the law till modern times, when the good old plain Saxon speech, that the king *shall* do no wrong, was twisted into this most unconstitutional declaration. Bracton says, ‘The king can do no other than he can do rightly; for his power is for doing right, not wrong. While he does right he is the lieutenant of God; but the minister of the devil when he does wrong.’ What would these constitutionalists say in the case of an infringement of the leading provision of the Protestant settlement? The king in *theory*, or in the eyes of the Cardinal at Westminster, might do no wrong, but we strongly suspect his majesty would find himself in the position described by Lord Halifax, in his *Maxims of State*—‘If a king let his people slip from him, he is no longer king.’ Mr. Toulmin Smith also points out the unconstitutional assertion in that other rather vague, modern maxim, that ‘the king is the fountain of honour.’ If it be so, the fountain was a very long time dry. The sheriff of a shire, and the mayor of a city, take precedence, each within his

range of office, of every nobleman of the land. These officers are neither of them derived from the Crown. Mayors, according to the latest advices, were appointed by election, and sheriffs are elective by the people at common law. In the chapter entitled 'Practical Forms,' Mr. Smith has given some very curious instances of the control exercised by the commonalty, in their folk-motes, over the actions of the king. Repeated instances are cited where the king asked leave from the folk-motes of London to go abroad. We may add another more ancient, but not less interesting, illustration connected with the history of the Church of Westminster. Edward the Confessor, having vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, the witan objected to his departure, and the king was obliged to sue for a dispensation from the Pope, which he obtained on distributing the amount estimated as the cost of the journey, and promising to set apart a tenth of his yearly income for the foundation of the Abbey.

Prerogative, under that name at least, has grown musty in these times, and a preacher of divine right would probably be carefully looked after by his friends: nevertheless, and with all proper respect for the 'revolution settlement,' the danger of an undue stretch of the authority of the Crown, even in these days, is not imaginary. 'The power of the Crown,' said Burke, 'almost dead and rotten as prerogative, has grown up anew, with much more strength and far less odium, under the name of influence.' Some of the most valuable points of Mr. Toulmin Smith's work, and those worthy of most particular study, are the infringements by the ministers of the Crown—which have been made year after year, and are daily increasing in boldness and destructiveness to popular liberties:—

'It has been shown to be the mark of centralization to assume a dictation and control above and beyond the law. Instead of remaining ministerial in its functions, as the law by which it exists requires, the Crown, under any of the forms of centralization, assumes the shape to which Bracton declares that the name "tyrannus," and not "rex," belongs. This distinction is of the highest importance. It is too generally lost sight of; and the remark is often made, that "there must be centralization in some shape." Unity is not centralization. The existence of an officer to discharge ministerial functions is, in no way, inconsistent with the fullest freedom, but, on the contrary, one means of securing it. It is when such an office encroaches upon provinces which do not belong to it, and uses the authority it has to seek to obtain powers and control inconsistent with its merely ministerial function, that it becomes inconsistent with freedom, and loses its claim to the respect and loyalty of all free men.'—P. 90.

The following passage is very important:—

This system of bringing in new laws, ready cut and dried, and proposed by the Crown or its ministers, is the direct admission of cen-

tralization in its worst form. It opens the door to, and has had the effect of, enabling all kinds of unlawful and arbitrary measures to be put upon the statute book, without those whom they concerned, and whom alone the constitution allows to be the lawful framers, or alterers of any such, knowing, in reality, anything about the matter. It has already followed from the sluggish and apathetic temper begotten in this country, through the growth of centralization, that the ministers of the Crown are now actually expected to do, as a regular business, what is thus unlawful, unconstitutional, and very dangerously mischievous. An entire change in this respect must be made, and the sound and only wholesome constitutional principle and practice returned to, before centralization can receive an effectual check, and the rights and responsibilities of free institutions be secured.'—P. 96.

We need scarcely remark on that most unlawful and dangerous policy of modern times, which Parliament, since the Reform Bill, has been so ready to sanction, namely, inquiries by crown-appointed and irresponsible commissioners.

'These usurping delegations, which go by the name of *commissions*, have not that responsibility which even the Crown has. The Crown is pledged by an oath. It evades the responsibility of the unlawful doings of these commissions by the plea that they are not done by itself; while the commissions evade all responsibility by the plea that they are responsible to the Crown only. They are bound by no oath to the people, any more than they are chosen by them.'—P. 108.

It may now be hoped that this system of placing our rights and liberties in commission has nearly reached the point of endurance. And, however much we have to deplore that a cause so indefensible as that of the unreformed University of Oxford should be mixed up with a great constitutional principle, we trust that the resistance which the university is about to make, may, at least, succeed in arousing public attention to this vital question of public freedom.

It is impossible to attempt anything like a connected, or even tolerably accurate, outline of this work, embracing, as it does, with a vast range of constitutional learning, used in a singularly attractive form, an elaborate review of all the leading questions of our day—representative reform, law reform, trial by jury, summary jurisdiction, commissions of inquiry, education, Protestantism and Popery, public health, partnership, and communism, poor-law, police, standing army and militia, taxation, &c., &c. In all these questions, the author has regard to the great question of local self-government, and he has shown, with masterly ability, how inseparably it is connected with good government and progress. As every man now a-days has his particular 'question,' there is no one who takes an interest in politics or public affairs, who will not receive both pleasure and instruction

from this interesting and suggestive treatise. We can only very briefly advert to one or two other points. There is a very valuable chapter on trial by jury. There has been much controversy among the learned as to the origin of this institution. Mr. Toulmin Smith's opinion, that it is only one practical application of the principles of local self-government, is supported by much able reasoning. It is a fundamental part of those principles that law is to be administered by the folk and people. Trial by jury is the machinery by which law has come to be so administered. From the earliest traces of law in England, the principle embodied in the practice of trial by jury is found declared as the only means of doing folk-right. But the jury was originally the whole body of the freemen assembled in folk-mote. This is even still the case in the eye of the law, though, in fact, the jury administration is almost always now by a *committee* in place and stead of the whole.

'It is clear that the present form of jury gradually grew out of the habit of appointing select committees to be, as Sir Thomas Smith expresses it, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "in the place and stead of the country," that is, of the whole body of freemen. . . . The number of this sworn committee varies. Records exist of almost every number, from 86 to 4. The numbers 53, 42, 36, 24, 12, 6, and many others, might be shown to have been used. There never has been, nor is now, any magic ascribed by the common law to the number 12.'—P. 260.

Chapters XXIII. and XXIV., on Education, and on Protestantism and Popery, will, we are sure, be perused with interest by our readers. The dangers of State-education are pointed out with great force. It is the interest, Mr. Smith remarks, of all holding power to keep men in a certain beaten track. All State-education will have this tendency. And, by the fact of a routine system being provided, individuals will always the less appreciate the value, and less have the power, of independent and progressive inquiry and activity. 'Centralization under any of its shapes,' he says, 'is but one or another form of Popery.'

Chapter XXX., on taxation, well deserves to be studied by our financial reformers. Taxes were not, of old, voted as matters of course; nor in thin and nominal houses of Parliament:—

'National taxation, as it exists in modern times, is a very ingenious device of centralization, for raising enormous amounts of money without the people who pay it being aware how the amount really falls, proportionably, on them, or for what purposes it is expended: Had the constitutional system, of the local assessment and collection of all taxes, remained in use, there would have been no possibility of inducing the several shires and boroughs of England to agree to burthens so enormous as have by the device of *indirect taxation* been fastened on

them. The system of the local assessment and collection of taxes was employed, in some matters, even so late as William III.'s time, and until it was felt what a paralyzing check it gave to wide-extended efforts at extravagant expenditure, and the encroachments of centralization. In all the acts granting aids and subsidies, the specific portion of each shire and borough is separately named, down even to shillings and pence. And it will be felt how the represented (for septennial parliaments had not then been devised) would hold their representative responsible if, when his shire or borough was called over, he was not in his place to object either to an unfair proportion or a too heavy total tax. All this is evaded when millions are voted to be levied by the mode of indirect taxation, and in the way of a general fund; a national rate, the individual burthen of which, on either shire, borough, or person, is thus craftily disguised. Thousands upon thousands, and millions upon millions, are thus thrown, unwatched, and therefore unchecked, as a continually added burthen, on the taxation drawn from the earnings of the people. It has been by this indirect system of taxation only, that the national debt of England has been able to be piled up.—P. 382.

The author dwells on the economy of a local system of *collection*: for at present an enormous per centage of the whole revenue is absolutely wasted in an extravagant system of centralized collection, absorbed, a dead loss to the public, on its road to the Exchequer.

There are four classes who promote and aid the policy of centralization. Firstly, there are ministers, desirous of stretching their authority as far as they can, as well for the sake of power as of patronage. Secondly, place-seekers, anxious to get as much as they can from the public purse on the easiest terms. Thirdly, there are theoretical reformers of all shades of opinion, well meaning men for the most part, but too proud or self-satisfied or enlightened in their fashion to walk the beaten path of experience; for truly said the poet—

‘ In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.’

Lastly, the people—that is, the people clothed with electoral privileges, are too much engrossed in material pursuits to pay that duty which they owe to themselves and each other, and which is due to the State as a return for right secured. Thus is it that functionarism now rules the land; thus is it that we as a people, as we grow older, are losing our strong, healthy independence of character. We heed not the warning in the sad fate of other lands which once were free.

The principles of local self-government can never be dictated.

They must be discussed, understood, and then practically re-asserted. The skeleton of a true system still exists in England; it needs but reanimation. 'The body of it is in the people; the spirit of it, which has never seen corruption, is in the common law: and it will rise yet again to be the salvation of the land.' Mr. Toulmin Smith points out a four-fold work to the earnest man and patriot—resistance, removal, restoration, development.

Resistance to every step open or stealthy in the path of centralization—to everything like delegated legislation or summary jurisdiction in any shape—to every measure embracing any such thing as secret voting, delayed polling, or silent or solicited petitioning—resistance to every form of patronization and interference—and to any innovation not consistent with the free spirit of the common law.

Removal of whatever of encroachment and centralization has already succeeded in planting itself in the land.

Restoration; to bring back again into constant use and general respect the principles and practice of the common law of England, and, as parts of it, though all are closely intertwined together, to insist on the emphatic re-declaration of the essentials of true local self-government, and the giving to those re-declarations a living and active reality;—to insist on the true law and custom of Parliament being restored to their full controlling place, and that Parliament should not longer be but a form and disguise by which the better to wrap up and carry out the encroachments of centralization;—and to insist, also, upon the practical observance being restored of all those constitutional safeguards by which only statute law can be kept in harmony with common law.

Lastly, the work of *development* will follow when the powers and faculties and energies of men can have scope given them for exercise:—

'It is often pretended that the mass of men are not fit for the discharge of the duties of local self-government. This is but an example of how every inroad of centralization helps further inroads; how the forwarders of that system ever seek to take advantage of their own wrong. It is too true that the enemies of human freedom have, for too long, been gradually and too successfully undermining the practical sense of political and social duty and responsibility; and that this sense is now in a large number of men—but especially in those who call themselves the educated and refined classes—very dull and dead. Obsequiousness and sycophancy are, unquestionably, the characteristics, in the middle of the nineteenth century, of those who ought to set the example of independence and of public spirit. But it is one of the happy parts of man's constitution that earnestness is infectious,—nothing more so. Let the true spark be kindled, and all but the mere slaves of conventionalisms will soon see the light. When men have

once learned thoroughly to understand the duties and responsibilities which the common law imposes, and the extent and mode in which their fathers asserted and fulfilled these, their own sense of moral dignity is raised, and they become themselves earnest for the work. And though some little time may be needed to reach, again, the full practical development that time will be but short; and the best assurance for the maintenance of that development is self-supplied. Institutions of local self-government will always be their own best schools to make men fit to work them well.'—P. 252.

Much sound advice is given to those who have undertaken the work of institutional reform. This advice comes in good season; for we cannot doubt that we are now entering on a half century of great changes; we cannot predict what a session may bring forth. But 'forewarned is fore-armed;'—and better advice to professing reformers of all classes and shades of opinion cannot be offered than to give attentive consideration to the great truths so ably set forth and so admirably illustrated in this volume. In conclusion, we take one other extract:—

'Should any "party" take up this great question, it must be a party having very different characteristics from those of any that has walked the political stage since the revolution of 1688. A new party must arise; a true people's party; a party whose cry is not alone that of "cheap, cheap;" nor yet one which deals in maudlin sentimentalism, sickly philanthropy, or spurious liberalism; but it must be a party having a true, earnest purpose; prepared to grapple with difficulties, and to overcome, and not only to get round them; which sees clearly the broad and definite everlasting principles essential to free institutions, and, taking its stand upon these, is prepared to abide by them. Above all, and before all, it must be a party which has a *heart*; which has a true and earnest sympathy with and faith in the people; whose efforts will, therefore, warm around them the affections of the people; and which, thus supported, will be able to set at naught those truckling fears of different oligarchic interests which now hinder all progress, and compel existing governments perpetually to halt. Such a party will be able to carry out, in truth and reality, and not merely to put as barren records on the statute-book, measures by which the people shall be bettered lastingly, and shall become well taught in the great problem—how freemen may themselves best make laws and administer them.

'It was because, a thousand years ago, a man arose who did thoroughly comprehend those principles, that the disasters, which, in the history of every nation, are liable to happen, and which then threatened the annihilation of England, passed over as a cloud, and left the country a land of freemen. And though there be no ALFRED now arisen, or likely to arise, we, happily, have yet left to us, as a lesson and a guide, the memory of the deeds done, the picture of the mind recorded, and the story of the institutions cherished, struggled for, and earnestly helped to be handed down, by the greatest, wisest, and most endeared king that ever sat upon the throne of England or of any other

country; one who was thus great, wise, and endeared, because he felt and taught, and strove in his kingdom to have it truly realized, that for a nation to be great and prosperous and happy, *all law must spring from the people, and must also be administered by the people*:—principles, both of them, forgotten or unseen by the professed liberals of our day, and carefully sought to be trodden out by oligarchic governments. The spirit of an Alfred is no less needed now than it was ten centuries ago.'—P. 256.

Brief Notices.

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Old Tracts suited for the Present Times. London: J. W. Parker.
 No. I. *A Dissertation concerning a Judge of Controversies in Matters of Religion; with a Preface on the Nature of Certainty and Infallibility.* By W. Sherlock, D.D. 1686. Pp. 52.—No. II. *A short Discourse concerning the Authority of the Church on Matters of Faith.* By Ignotus. 1686. Pp. 16.—No. III. *Thirty plain but sound Reasons why Protestants differ from Popery, &c.* By Ignotus. 1688. Pp. 20.—No. IV. *Wickliffe's Wicket, 1546; with the Articles wherefore John Frith died, &c.* 1608. Pp. 20.

MORE pamphlets on the Popish question! Some future Macaulay will be able to learn much of the history of our stormy times, if he be fortunate enough to have the thousand and one tracts, pamphlets, and missives, to which our press has lately given birth. We have always been among the number of those who assert that the great interests of Protestantism will be best subserved, not by recrimination or abuse of the Papacy—not by using some of those hard and unkindly phraseologies which showed so badly in the late Episcopal animadversions, speeches, and letters—but by a careful examination, and presentation to the public of the points in dispute between the two Churches. It were better that the public teachers of religion among us should study the works of the olden time, the writings of the great men who assisted at the foundation of Protestantism, than that they should

gain their information on these great matters from wishy-washy 'Discussions' and declamations on the great question at issue between the adherents of the Papacy and of the Reformation. These two systems must, by the law of a stern necessity, be ever in direct antagonism; and we are compelled to state, that the Pope has become bold and usurpative in our land, just because the vital points at issue between the two systems have been kept in the back ground. We admit, there has not been an entire silence on the subject; but the Episcopal pulpit has, for years, spoken of the Romish system in sour and ill-tempered language, as one would characterise an offensive rival; and the Nonconformist teachers have taught rather the practical duties of religion than its dogmatic position. To strengthen our Protestantism, we had need learn again why our fathers fell out with Rome, determined wisely *rerum cognoscere causas*. With these statements, we are disposed to give a welcome to these hearty old Tracts, which are now re-published under the able editing of the Rev. Robert Potts, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Beautifully printed, and issued at a very low rate of charge, we trust their sale will be extensive: we shall be glad to find the excellent series speedily completed.

A Treatise on Equivocation: wherein is largely discussed the question, whether a Catholicke, or any other person before a Magistrate, beyng demanded upon his oath, whether a Priest were in such a place, may (notwithstanding his perfect knowledge to the contrary), without periury and securely in conscience answer, No, with this secret meaning reserved in his mynde, that he was not there, so that any man is bound to detect it. Edited by David Jardine, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

THIS small volume is printed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, to which it was presented by Archbishop Laud. It was frequently referred to in the trials consequent on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, having been found in the chamber of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators. The author of the treatise is unknown; and though there is some reason to suppose that it was early printed, no copy of it is now known to be in existence. It was certainly written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and sets forth the doctrine which the Jesuits diligently inculcated on the members of their Church. The object now contemplated by the publication of this treatise is not controversial, but historical. In this point of view it is of great value, throwing much light on the state of opinion at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and aiding us to judge of the worth of those protestations, by which the adherents of the Papacy denied any knowledge of the facts with which they were charged. To avoid misapprehension, the editor informs us, 'that the treatise would have been published ten years ago, had the inquiries then made led to its discovery; and that it is now published, within a few weeks after the manuscript has been brought to light at the Bodleian Library.' We need scarcely recommend the publication to those who are concerned to trace the progress of opinion, or accurately to estimate some of the most critical events of our history.

The Traveller's Library: Sir Roger de Coverley. By 'the Spectator.' With Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills.—*William Pitt Earl of Chatham.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes need no recommendation. A simple announcement of their appearance in their present form will suffice to secure them a large class of purchasers. They are admirably suited to 'The Traveller's Library,' and, if we mistake not, will be found on the shelves of many readers who are not much in the habit of leaving home. Sir Roger is an old favorite of all the admirers of English literature. Indeed, we pity the man who can read it without delight. It is one of the most charming productions of the English intellect, and will continue to please and instruct so long as our language endures. Of Mr. Macaulay's essay on Chatham, it is difficult to say which is most fascinating, the brilliancy of its style, or the innate knowledge of anecdote and history which it displays. The series, as hitherto published, is amongst the best productions of this fertile age.

An Examination of the Claims of the Free Church, as advanced by the Rev. R. Buchanan, D.D., in his 'Ten Years' Conflict.' By John Wilson, D.D., Minister of Stirling. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie. 1850.

DR. WILSON here examines, with great calmness, the claims of the Free Church. It is an *argumentum ad hominem*. The whole question is one which has never been understood in England. Generally speaking, the piety, earnestness, and extraordinary exertions of the Free Church have won the admiration of all parties. Dr. Wilson shares in this admiration. But he contends that the leaders of the popular party in the Church of Scotland took a false position from the first, and that, in fact, they have changed their ground. They and their followers never contemplated anything like what is understood as the separation of the Church from the State. They expected to force their views of 'non-intrusion' on the Government; and, failing in this, no alternative was left but submission or withdrawal. They withdrew, and carried with them the majority of the people. They claim to be the ancient Church of Scotland, and free. Their freedom is precisely that of seceders; but they do not choose to be called seceders. It is against the claim of Dr. Buchanan and his associates, to designate themselves 'the Church of Scotland,' that Dr. Wilson has written. His argument is conducted with great courtesy and candour, and we commend it to those who are willing to study both sides of a controversy which is remarkable for its complexity. 'My conviction,' Dr. Wilson says, 'is that, in the great outline and bearing of the controversy which led to the late secession from the Established Church, she has been in the right, and the Free Church in the wrong. In holding this opinion, I am honest; as to the validity of it, I see no reason for hesitancy; neither have I felt reluctance in making the avowal, and opening up the ground on which I stand. Silence as to opinions on which we

differ is not a duty, so long as erroneous judgments are pronounced against us by any portion of the community. It is right that we endeavour to remove misapprehension, because misapprehension impedes the exercise of mutual love. It is dutiful to do what in us lies to allay prejudice, for prejudice forbids the expression of mutual love. It is all important to restrain, if we can, the commission of an injurious act, even for the sake of him who may be tempted to commit it; because, in the well-applied language of the poet, "he ne'er forgives who does his brother wrong." Accordingly, I see many reasons why all parties should endeavour to surmount the jealousies which our divisions have caused. I see many reasons why we should look one another in the face with the beamings of an affectionate eye. I see many reasons why we should co-operate in all benevolent schemes, as far as ability and opportunity may allow—why, in short, we should exhibit perfect uniformity in feeling, in preparation for entering upon a new and enlarged sphere of Christian love, that the world very soon be enabled to say, even of the Established and Dis-established Churches, Behold, how these Christians bear with one another. I think the members of the Free Church have drawn a very narrow circle around themselves; and the manifestation of this exclusive spirit, on their part, has elicited many prayers from the brethren with whom they were once united, that, under a Divine influence, they may soon feel the desire of widening the circle, and of rendering it more comprehensive and Catholic. To this tends the "Examination" which I now lay before the Christian portion of the community.'

Mary Madeleine. Translated by Lady Mary Fox. London: Longmans.

THE translator is struck with the simplicity of this touching story. It certainly is simple, in comparison with the many abominations of French modern literature, but the *genius loci* has been too strong for an entire discarding of such models as Lamartine here and there. There are such faults as a somewhat fantastic plot, an occasional burst of the curious article which our neighbours seem to fancy is sentimental philosophy—a taste of the melodramatic in a mild form—and the vicious hop-step-and-jump style of writing which they patronise, convulsively advancing by a series of little spasmodic paragraphs. But the wonder is that a French woman should write a tale of love and broken hearts so free from these national sins; and if it only be remembered where the book comes from, we can soon pardon them. Making, then, what little allowance is needed on this score, there is much to praise and admire. It is the work of a woman, whose heart has known sorrows, the melody of which sounds gently through the whole. It is the work of a true artist, sometimes betraying an unpractised hand, but on the whole beautiful and complete. She had given promise, had longer life been granted her, of fitness to lead French literature to a higher and purer region, than the fetid swamp it now delights in. But life was denied, and so this creation has a double interest for us, as itself touching and pure, and as giving indications of a 'foiled potentiality' never now to become real. The translation seems

faithful, and something more. The externals of the book mark its destination for ladies' shelves: it is beautifully printed—margin of proper luxurious width, delicate white covers, and stocked with several illustrations, of which we cannot speak in very high terms, the smallest being the best.

Baptismal Regeneration, tested by the Scriptures, ancient Fathers of the Church, the sentiments of the Reformers, and the Confessions and Standards of the Reformed Churches. By a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Paton.

The Cross and the Crucifix: a Lecture. By Rev. R. S. Short, Lincoln. London: Green.

Scripture Light on Popish Darkness. By Ingram Cobbin. London: Partridge and Oakley.

No. 1 is a confused dilution of commonplace, the quality of which may be pretty accurately calculated from what the author offers as 'an exact definition.' Baptismal regeneration intimates, that as there is only one kind of regeneration mentioned in Scripture, so what is regeneration, the same is baptism.

No. 2 is a good lecture to hear, but the author would have been quite as wise if he had been deaf to the charmers that have led him to rush into print 'by request.'

No. 3 is a set of brief notes on the biblical passages most quoted by Romanists. The interpretations given are generally sound, as might be supposed from their author. Their brevity and plainness point out this little volume as likely to be of considerable service to Sunday-school teachers and others, who need the essence of the controversy.

Desolation of the Sanctuary, and Time of Restitution. A Course of Lectures, designed to show that the first Christian Church has come to its end, and that a New Church is now being established. By the Rev. Robert Abbott, Minister of the New Church, Norwich. London: J. S. Hodson. 1851.

THE writer of these lectures has availed himself of the recent Papal agitation to bring forward the doctrines of Swedenborg. 'The object of the discourses is, to show from prophecy and fact that the Christian Church, as constituted of "Romish" and "Reformed," has come to its end, and that a new church is now being established.' There is much ability displayed in his pages, especially in exposing what he regards as the faults of existing churches. The agreements and the differences between the Romish and the Protestant Churches are clearly set forth, and the weaknesses of both are unsparingly exposed, yet without animosity. The theology of 'the New Church' is the theme of the fifth and last lecture. We do not say that there is no old truth in it, for that there is nothing new. Certainly there is a great deal that is very mystical, as might be expected in a disciple of Swedenborg. This volume may attract a few readers of a particular cast of mind; but we do not expect for it more than a very limited circulation, and that chiefly in the sect to which the writer belongs.

Forty-eight Melodies for Youth, for two, three, and four voices, composed by Silcher, adapted to English words, for the use of the Junior Singing Classes in the Pestalozzian Schools, Workshop. By Francis L. Soper. London: Novello; Simpkin and Marshall.

WE call the attention of parents and teachers to these melodies. The social enjoyments and domestic delights of life are so enhanced by good vocal music, and the most beautiful compositions of the greatest German composers are so simple, and so easily mastered by children, that we cannot too highly praise this attempt to introduce such music as will prepare the learner to appreciate and to execute the highest productions of the art. We heartily agree in the opinion, that an educated taste alone can appreciate and enjoy the works of art in any department; and when a more refined and classical taste shall be cultivated in the young, then, and then only, can we expect that the productions of those men, whose names must be immortal, will take place, both in public and in private, of the light and ephemeral productions now so popular with the multitude.

Lectures to Young Men on various important Subjects. By the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn. With an Introduction by the Rev. O. T. Dobbin, LL.D. London: Ward and Co. Pp. 216.

OF late years we have had books for the young *usque ad nauseam*. Some of those works have been childish and frivolous; some have evinced an utter ignorance of the philosophy of the human heart; others of them have been declamatory and violent; while some have sheerly disgusted us by their entire lack of good taste. Young men should be argued with on their own grounds: sugared homilies and coarse declamation will alike fail of producing good results; while the principles of common sense, in exhortations to the young, will ever be found productive of considerable benefit. Here we have an excellent little work by one who bears a venerated name. Mr. Beecher has dedicated his 'Lectures' to his honoured father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, whose reputation is high in this country. We have been much charmed by our perusal of the volume, which is admirably adapted to benefit young men, especially in the cities and larger towns of the empire. The 'Lectures' embrace the following subjects:—'Industry and Idleness—Twelve Causes of Dishonesty—Six Warnings—Portrait Gallery—Gamblers and Gambling—the Strange Woman—Popular Amusements.' The style is bold, vehement, and exciting; and, though we would hope many of the grosser evils depicted are common rather to American than to English society, there is much in the book which, 'if pondered fittingly,' will admirably counsel young men, and be as a guiding clue to them through the intricate wickedness of our larger towns. Sixteen thousand copies of the work have been sold in America, and we shall be much gratified to learn that the English publishers have been handsomely remunerated by their philanthropic speculation. There is a remarkable freshness in Mr. Beecher's style; sometimes he indulges in phraseologies and allusions which a severe criticism might condemn,

and the propriety of which a prude might question; but we can always bear with the gesticulations of an earnest man, nor will we condemn the preacher in 'the lanes of life,' if he occasionally use words which would grate on the ears of a refined assembly. By and bye, Mr. Beecher will use a quieter style; more practice will give him a larger faculty of condensation; and we shall be happy to meet him frequently in the literary field, either destroying ill weeds, or 'culling simples' for the benefit of mankind.

The Earthly Resting Places of the Just. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

MANY modern authors seem to have forgotten that a title-page should give us some notion of what a book is about, as the majority now either mean nothing, or a wrong thing. This volume does not answer to the specification, but is simply memoirs, in a desultory style, of ten persons, selected on no principle that we can discover, to each of which are appended a few sentences of rather affected description of their graves. If it had fulfilled the promise of its name, it might have been a good and valuable book; but, as it is, it has neither the interest of graphic sketching, of localities, nor of vivid characterization. The ten 'just persons' chosen are—Sancroft, Hervey, Mrs. Trimmer, Richard Reynolds, Legh Richmond, Mrs. Lawrence, Rev. William Adams, John West (a good man who built a Church and had the pulpit cushion taken home to his own house every Sunday night), Thomas Scott, and Queen Adelaide,—which felicitous selection may be taken as a sample of the value of the book.

A Tract of Future Times, or the Reflections of Posterity on the Excitement, Hypocrisy, and Idolatry of the Nineteenth Century. By Robert Hovenden. London: Charles Gilpin. 1851.

IN a note to his Preface, Mr. Hovenden says, 'The reader will be pleased to consider himself as not living till AFTER the period comprised between the years A.D. MMXLIII. and MML.' The reader who can perform that pleasing miracle of deferred existence, may also amuse himself with considering how we reviewers are to deal with such an author. Apart from the obvious presumption of the book—and the simplicity with which the writer forgets how easily the hackneyed lines of Burns on 'seeing ourselves as others see us,' can be retorted on himself—there are some good thoughts, of the most common-place description, on nearly all the evils of the nineteenth century. To the list of faults we must add another—the *cynical spirit* which sees nothing else but evil in the present age.

The Modern Judæa compared with Ancient Prophecy. By the Rev. James Arthur Wylie. London and Glasgow: Collins. 1851.

THIS is a new edition of a work published nine years ago, which has long been out of print. The discoveries of Drs. Robinson and Wilson, relating to the physical condition and the topography of Palestine, have

been added to the information supplied by previous travellers. We do not know that we could lay our hand on a more complete view of the Holy Land, or a more concise exhibition of the fulfilment of prophecy, in the desolation of the soil, the ruin of towns, agriculture, and trade, and the political and social degradation of the people. Not the least engaging part of the book (which is remarkably cheap, we would observe), is the account given of the travels and the writings of Sandys, Maundrel, Hasselquist, Marti, Volney, Chateaubriand, Shaw, Clarke, Zeetsen, Burckhardt, Buckingham, Irby and Mangles, Laborde, Robinson, Stephens, Lord Lindsay, Elliott, Professor Robinson, and Dr. Wilson; to which is subjoined a list, not quite perfect, of other travellers who have been consulted. A useful map is prefixed to the volume.

Mental and Moral Excellence, and the Way to attain it. Exhibited in the Memoirs of the Rev. J. Hessel. By Rev. J. Priestly. Third Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is another record of the old sad story—a young man of strong mind, gifted with many rich endowments, sedulously cultivated, sanctified, beginning to labour for God, yet stricken down, leaving only unfulfilled hopes. The volume is almost wholly composed of extracts from his journal and correspondence, so selected as to put very clearly before the reader a picture of constant effort towards mental and moral excellence—which can scarcely fail to quicken some half-formed purposes of like kind into life. The key-note struck in the motto, ‘I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases,’ sounds through the whole.

An Inquiry into M. Antoine D’Abbadie’s Journey to Kaffa, to discover the source of the Nile. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. London: Madden.

IT is no part of our duty to interfere in a literary squabble, where two gentlemen give each other the lie direct, but to any of our readers who are interested in African discovery, we may just say, M. D’Abbadie declares that he has made a certain journey to the kingdom of Kaffa, which lies south of Abyssinia, and Dr. Beke in this pamphlet repeats, with some additions, his already published reasons for disbelieving the said journey altogether. Both gentlemen are beginning to lose their temper; and inasmuch as Mr. D’Abbadie seems the angrier, as well as for other reasons, we are strongly disposed to conclude that his antagonist is right, and that the journey to Kaffa should go with Mohammed’s to Paradise, and Sinbad’s to the magnetic mountain.

The History of John Bergan, a Blind Boy, a Native of Ireland, who was converted from the Errors of Popery to true Christianity, as related by himself. With a Memoir, by the Rev. Thomas H. Finny, Chaplain of the Episcopal Free Church, Cork. Third Edition. Dublin: P. Dixon Hardy and Sons. 1850.

THIS is a pleasing and instructive history, which commends itself to the philanthropy and piety of every Christian heart.

Course of Eight Lectures on the Great Protestant Reformers, by various Ministers, delivered before the Members and Friends of the Liverpool Sunday School Institute. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Stowell, D.D. Johnstone and Hunter. 1851.

THESE Lectures are of a kind to be valued by Protestants, beyond the circle of the great town in which they were delivered. The Liverpool Sunday School Institute has rendered good service by publishing them. Several of them would be highly valued as "monographs." Their special value lies in the delineation of great characters, too generally misapprehended. The volume is very neatly printed. The following are its contents: Martin Luther, by the Rev. C. M. Birrell.—Wycliffe; by the Rev. R. Vaughan, D.D.—John Knox, by the Rev. W. Graham.—John Huss and Jerome of Prague, by the Rev. H. S. Brown.—Cranmer; by the Rev. Robert Spence, A.M.—John Calvin, by the Rev. John Kelly.—Zuingli, by the Rev. W. H. Stowell, D.D. The concluding lecture—The relation which Christ sustains to his Church the Pledge of her Stability and Triumph, by the Rev. Thos. Raffles, D.D., LL.D. The lecturers are well known in Liverpool; and most of them have an established reputation which these Lectures will honourably sustain.

Autumn Evening Verses. By John Stebbing. London: Piper.

THIS tiny book has a great deal of the true metal in it. Somewhat too resonant of the laureate, both in faults and beauties, the imitation is the unconscious response of a tender, musing spirit, and not the intentional assumption of peculiarities to which the mimic has no natural affinity. There is a vein of pure, true thought and music stealing through these verses, very pleasing and helpful.

Dara, or the Minstrel Prince: an Indian Drama. By Major Vetch. Edinburgh: Hogg.

A VERY flat prosaic affair. The only passage that we can recall on closing it, is the following profoundly pathetic announcement made by a princess about to be burned on an unloved husband's funeral pyre—which may do as a fair sample of Major Vetch's unadorned eloquence and natural tone:—

'I mount the pile; but ah! its flames will wing
Me to no heaven, if with the rajah shared;
But that's between ourselves. Now, go your way.'

Popery: its Character and its Crimes. By William Elfe Tayler. With illustrations from MSS. and rare books. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo. Pp. 360. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THE first edition of this work appeared in 1846, and we are glad to find that a second has been called for. The author has done well to revise and enlarge the work, which we again commend to the favorable notice of our readers.

The History of Greece, from the earliest Period to the Roman Conquest ; with a Sketch of its Modern History to the present Time ; adapted for schools and families. By Miss Corner. With questions to each chapter, and a chronological table. London : Dean and Son.

THIS is the last of a series of European histories, called 'The Historical Library.' It is a clear digest of the latest histories of Greece in our language, and of the information embodied in Dr. W. Smith's dictionaries. The questions, if skilfully used by a teacher, will be found of great value.

Sunday Services at Home, for Young Children. Edited by the Countess of Ducie. London : Hughes.

A LITTLE volume, containing thirty little sermons, by different gentlemen, many of whom are known to possess peculiar power in fixing the attention of children. The addresses are, as a whole, well adapted to the young audiences for whom they are designed—some of them eminently so. The work is likely to be a valuable helper in home religious instruction.

Review of the Month.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL, as we anticipated, has speedily passed through the House of Lords. The absence of the Earl of Derby diminished the amount of speaking, and, so far, accelerated the progress of the measure ; though it had no influence, we imagine, on its ultimate fate. Had his lordship been present, the opportunity would, doubtless, have been seized to make a party speech, for the sole purpose of damaging his political opponents. From this we have been saved ; we can well afford to spare the invectives he would have uttered, as we are already sufficiently aware of the vacillation, want of forethought, and general feebleness, which have characterised the policy of Ministers. Large allowance, however, must be made for the difficulties of Lord John's position ; when the time for revealing them arrives, though the judgment pronounced will not be such as his admirers may approve, it will be far from partaking of the severity which marks the comments of some of our journalists. The Bill was read a third time and passed on the 29th of July, the Earl of Aberdeen renewing his protest against it, and the Bishop of Oxford arguing in its behalf on assumptions wholly groundless, and in a style of logic which confounds, under common terms, things which have no affinity with each other. The following, which is a fair sample of the bishop's reasoning, supplies an

illustration of our meaning, and can scarcely be read with gravity. We copy from the report of the 'Times':—'Churches were founded at Antioch, at Laodicea, and certain other places, of which we did not catch the names, and to the superintendents of those churches apostolical authority was given from Jerusalem. Now, if this act of the bishop of Rome—*quoad* nationality—was an act of aggression upon us, so too were the acts to which he had just alluded; and it was as much an aggression against the nationality of the countries in which the sees of Antioch, &c., were situated, to set up bishoprics there, as it was for the Bishop of Rome to set up bishoprics here. This, however, was the difference between the two cases. This country was a Christian country—a point which he hoped that it was not necessary for him to prove, and, as it was a Christian country, with a Christian church government, hence the aggression; for the whole pith of the rescript of the Bishop of Rome was couched in the declaration that we were not a Christian country, but that we had lapsed into an unchristian state.' In the Lower House, the Ministers had done their utmost to resist the amendments of Sir F. Thesiger; but as those amendments had been carried by decided majorities, and as they did not, in the judgment of the Premier, affect the integrity of his measure, Lord Lansdowne was right in opposing their rejection by the Peers. Such a step, had it been taken, would have had no other effect than to return the Bill to the Commons, and, by provoking a renewal of the protracted and acrimonious debates which had occurred there, might possibly have endangered the final passing of the measure. The Royal assent was given by commission on the 1st, and we trust that the enrolment of the Bill amongst the statutes of the realm will suffice to arrest the evil against which it is directed. Englishmen are in no mood to tolerate the freaks of priestism. They are just awaking to the misdeeds of their own Clerisy, and while seeking to deprive the latter of their powers of mischief, will not be inattentive to the efforts of a foreign pontiff to regain the domination which our fathers wrested from him.

IN IRELAND, we are sorry to observe, Dr. Cullen and Dr. McHale are audaciously setting the law at defiance, while a most ferocious Anti-English spirit is expressing its malice in the most extravagant language through the Roman Catholic journals. We hope the Government in that country will be wisely firm, and that it will be supported by all the moral power of the empire in showing these sacerdotal rebels that the law of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is not to be insulted with impunity. Ostentatiously parading the titles which the law has forbidden, they are organizing a party in opposition to that law. The peace of Ireland, which had become a theme of grateful felicitation to all parties, is threatened by a confederacy of priestly agitators, in the 'Catholic Defence Association,' and 'the Queen of Heaven and Saint Patrick' are invoked to aid them. We will venture on no predictions. We have confidence in the calmness, the justice, and the firmness of the Government. We are sure of the sound-heartedness of the Protestant people in these islands. At no period of our recent history have these qualities been more needed. We have no fear as to the ultimate issue. We believe that the dignified moderation of

British law will be unshaken, that perfect religious liberty will continue, and that the men who use that symbol to promote these schemes of earthly aggrandisement and political supremacy will be signally defeated and put to shame. These objects will, we trust, be kept in view by the 'Protestant Alliance' recently formed. The great problem of the age is—THE SECURITY OF FREEDOM IN RELIGION ALONG WITH THE INDEPENDENCE OF NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. The 'Catholic Defence Association' pleads for a kind of freedom which would place this nation at the disposal of a foreign potentate. Protestants are in danger of retaliating, by limiting the proper religious freedom of 'the Catholics.' We should be bitterly mortified by any reaction of this kind. But, if it should come, the Roman Catholic bishops will have only themselves to blame. We have no idea of their either bullying or cajoling Parliament. The eyes of the people are opening to the true character of their machinations. They may succeed in deluding and exciting their unreflecting followers in Ireland, thus disturbing once more the unquiet multitude that move at the bidding of their leaders; but this is a state of things which cannot last; a vigorous and considerate government will restore order; the tools of priestly ambition will throw off their yoke; instead of being driven by the misrepresentations of their spiritual guides to dangerous conspiracies against the laws, they will either leave a country where they are exposed to so much degradation, or turn round upon their *real* oppressors, and—demanding the long arrears of justice from the professed ministers of heaven—will compel them to attend to their proper functions, and leave the business of politics to cooler heads and safer hands. The end of priestly domination is at hand. It is now exhibiting the phrensied energy of despair.

PARLIAMENT WAS PROBOGUED by her Majesty in person on the 1st of August, in a speech at least equal to former compositions on like occasions. We insert the paragraph relating to the Papal aggression: 'I thank you for the assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the consideration of a measure framed for the purpose of checking the undue assumption of Ecclesiastical Titles conferred by a foreign power. It gives me the highest satisfaction to find that, while repelling unfounded claims, you have maintained inviolate the great principles of religious liberty, so happily established among us.'—The most prominent business of the session was the Bill of which we have spoken. Yet that was not the only ecclesiastical matter that engaged the attention of our legislators. Indeed, at no former time, so far as we remember, have there been so many discussions in Parliament which brought into collision the great political principles of Church questions. The discrimination of temporal from spiritual authority—the grounds of religious freedom—the position of the Established Church—and the proceedings of bishops and of inferior functionaries, have been handled with a boldness and freedom from which we augur most beneficial results. 'The bill for the better Management of Episcopal and Capitular Estates' foreshadows the equitable adjustment of claims which the public have hitherto but imperfectly understood. It is calculated that one-sixth of the value of the Church estates will

become available for Church purposes, while lessees of such estates will be in a more advantageous position. We have long looked to this source as promising the true relief from the imposition of church-rates. How far the labours of the committee recently appointed for dealing with that grievance may originate such a mode of relief remains to be seen; assuredly it must commend itself to the judgment of men as infinitely more expedient than the injustice of leaving the burden on parishes, including Dissenters as well as Churchmen, or the not less flagrant injustice of adding it *in perpetuity* to the general taxation.

THE COUNTRY will expect the fulfilment of the *promises* which have been made during the late session—the Parliamentary Reform, to which the Prime Minister is pledged, and the pacific policy of which the Foreign Secretary has given the assurance. The Income-tax is limited—thanks to the perseverance of Mr. Hume—to one year. Before that year expires, it is to be hoped that some intelligible and consistent principle of taxation will have superseded the fickle schemes of an incompetent Chancellor.

AMONG THE PERSONAL CHANGES that have marked the session, we pause, for a moment, to remember that Mr. Shiel has found a grave far from the great assembly which has so often been fascinated by his rare powers of rhetoric; that Lord Langdale and Lord Cottenham have both been removed from among the living; that Lord Stanley has succeeded to the Earldom of Derby; and that Lord Ashley has been called to sit among the Peers as Earl of Shaftesbury. It seems more than probable that Lord Brougham has taken his leave of public life, in which, whatever may be thought of his consistency, he has exhibited more energy, activity, and eloquence in the cause of human progress than any other man living.

BEYOND THE WALLS OF PARLIAMENT there has been no dearth of interesting events during the last month. The *fêtes* at Paris, being in honour of the Lord Mayor of London and the Great Exhibition, seem to be a part of our domestic gaieties. They were honourable to the brilliant capital of the most brilliant of nations. The spirit which prompted and guided them will be cherished, we would fain hope, on both sides of the Channel, long after the immediate occasion shall have passed away. We have no wish to be identified with those who content themselves with criticising some things in the conduct of the English visitors, of which our own disapprobation is as strong as theirs can be. We would rather indulge a more generous vein, and rise to more expanded views. Nothing of a political nature can be more important, in our judgment, than such a moral union between France and England as shall teach the world that there is something mightier than force, more glorious than conquest; that the peaceful rivalry of arts and industry is too precious to be sacrificed to the schemes of governments; and that the genial intercourse of two great nations, so near to each other, yet so different, must be for the benefit of both.

THE EXHIBITION continues to be thronged. The 11th of October is fixed for the closing day. The general desire that the Crystal Palace should not be taken down has been met by a gracious

message from the Throne, which secures its continuance, at any rate, until May 1852. Before that time, we suppose, all the difficulties which beset the proposal will be surmounted; we, therefore, take for granted, that the magnificent structure which has become the centre of the noblest gatherings ever witnessed by the civilized world, will be added to the permanent attractions of this metropolis.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S CHARGE to his clergy at Dublin deserves more than a passing notice, for its simple enunciation of comprehensive truths seldom found in such addresses. Only let the principle so clearly set forth in the following brief sentence be honestly carried out, and what becomes of the huge mediæval system from which, as Nonconformists, we dissent?—'Whatever encroachments may have been attempted on the rights or the dignity of the Sovereign, and whatever legislative measures may have been necessary for the maintenance of those rights and that dignity, it should always be carefully borne in mind that each man's religious persuasion must be defended, and can only be defended, by himself. As his faith cannot be wrested from him, against his will, by the act of another, so neither can it be maintained in its purity by legal enactments.'

While every discouragement is offered to the attempts at the revival of the Convocation, between two and three thousand clergymen of the Church of England have signed the following 'Declaration in support of the royal supremacy in things ecclesiastical, and of the wisdom and authority of the judgment emanating from its recent exercise:—'We, the undersigned clergy of the Church of England, viewing with surprise and concern the attempts made by parties holding office in the Church to invalidate and nullify the judgment recently delivered by the Sovereign, "Supreme governor of this realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal," by the advice of the Privy Council and the primates of the Church, in the case of "*Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*," hereby testify our thankfulness for the judgment so delivered; and feel ourselves called upon, under present circumstances (*whether holding, or not, the view which called forth the judgment*), humbly to state our conviction, that it was a wise and just sentence, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England. And we respectfully, but firmly, protest against any attempt, from whatever quarter it may proceed, to bring into contempt a judgment so issued; and to charge with false teaching, and discredit with their flocks, those whose doctrine has been pronounced by that judgment to be "not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England." Such attempts we hold to be equivalent to the enforcement of a standard of doctrine in our Church by unauthorized individuals, opposed to that established by its supreme authority; and, consequently, to be irreconcilable with the first principles of all Church polity, and necessarily to lead to a state of disorder, strife, and confusion in the Church.'

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY has been holding its Annual Conference in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In addition to its ordinary business, the agitation so actively carried on against recent proceedings of the Conference has called public attention to this assembly with more

than usual emphasis. No concession has been made to the Reformers. They, however, have sent their own delegates to the town in which the Conference was sitting, and, finding that their overtures continued to be rejected, have resolved to carry on the agitation with greater vigour than ever. The Conference has empowered the president to call a meeting, to consist of *the laity* as well as ministers; thus abating, in part, one of the objections so often urged against the Conference. The principle of *government by preachers only* is, we presume, fundamental, and will not be yielded. Large numbers of the society are, at present, satisfied that the administration of the societies should continue to be what it has been from the beginning; yet we cannot help supposing that nearer approaches to a popular system will be among the results of existing difficulties. If Methodism be so stereotyped in clerical exclusiveness as to be incapable of modification, we see no prospect of its surviving the controversy—the ‘letting forth of waters’—which, as yet, is only threatened; but if, as we most earnestly desire, it is to keep its place among the evangelical agencies of coming times, the wisdom of its guides will be directed to those reforms which are in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament, and with the progress of enlightened free men. We would have nothing good destroyed. Least of all would we have that which is good *destroy itself* by refusing to become better.—Of the animosities which each of the conflicting parties condemns in the other, we are disposed, as impartial observers, to speak gently and with kindness. It has ever been so in ecclesiastical disputes. If it proves that men are imperfect, it, no less, proves that they are earnest. A better spirit will come. Men will learn to respect each other's judgments and motives. If, on the one hand, the more eager of the Reforming party could see their way to greater calmness, and if, on the other, the more reluctant among the conservatives could practise more humility, than they respectively receive credit for among their opponents, those who are spectators of the contest would most heartily rejoice. To ourselves, it appears that a large and resolute secession from the Wesleyan Society has become inevitable. Professing the principles of church-government which we do, we could not be expected to regard such an issue with disfavour. Our mission is *against* all priestly corporations, and *for* the liberties of all Christian people. Our pages are read by many of the more thoughtful among the Wesleyan Reformers. Our sympathy—the sympathy of principle—is with them. We should be traitors to the one Priest of Christendom if we did not pray for their success. Were we permitted to counsel them, we should say:—‘Study well the New Testament. Cultivate the spirit of prayer and love to all good men, and do the work of God as servants on whom He is looking and whom He will judge. Rise from the low ground of personal details to the region of apostolic principles. Imbibe whatever is wise and holy in the onward impulse of the age, while you look on the Past with reverence, and to the Future with a practical sense of your responsibility to posterity and to Christ. Look beyond the range of Methodism. Without losing your veneration for Wesley, remember that he was not infallible. The people can do without the Conference better than the Conference can do without the people.’

Should you fail, by argument and persuasion, to bring your brethren to agree with you, look searchingly into the grounds of your own convictions, and—once satisfied that you are right—go on by yourselves, holding fast the sentiment of your dying founder, “The best of all is—God is with us.”

We are gratified to learn that the ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES has been warmly taken up by Evangelical Churches in the Northern States. From an able report issued by a convention at Ohio, we learn that they are proceeding on the principle which we have advocated here—*not to hold church-fellowship with slave-holders*. This convention was attended by about 250 delegates from Northern States. We understand it is the second of a series, to be continued annually, and that it embraces all moral and Christian means of putting an end to slavery throughout the Union.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS affords us leisure for looking at the doings of our neighbours on the continent of Europe. The revelations which Mr. Gladstone has made against the Government of Naples have created a sensation which neither the writings of Mazzini nor the orations of Gavazzi could ever have produced. This cautious leader of Conservatives in England has arraigned the Neapolitan Government at the tribunal of European public opinion. We shall dwell more fully on Mr. Gladstone's ‘Letters’ in another place. For the present we can merely state, in brief, that twenty thousand of the most intelligent and virtuous men in that kingdom are now suffering a debasing course of both moral and physical torture as prisoners of State. Besides this, a catechism is used in the schools inculcating the most absolute doctrines of despotic government. What is thus proved of Naples is equally true of Modena. In fact, it pervades Italy. We see that the organs of the Neapolitan Government give the lie to Mr. Gladstone's statements. Englishmen and freemen will judge on which side the truth is likely to be found. They will also judge to what political party the friends of order and humanity and pure religion ought to belong. The reaction which has riveted the chains of Italy might, perhaps, have been expected; but we confess we were not prepared for the atrocities which the Italian Governments are perpetrating in the sacred name of law; and, now that the Papal advocates are complaining of persecution by the British Government, because that Government forbids the assumption of temporal dignities conferred by a foreign potentate, it may be well for our Protestant fellow-subjects to consider how much better the civil and religious rights of men are respected at Naples and in Rome. In neither of those cities are British Protestants allowed to build a church. There have been some significant discussions of these matters here among ourselves. Lord Palmerston has seconded Mr. Gladstone's honourable purpose in dragging to light the enormities of Naples. He has sent copies of the pamphlet to our ministers at the various courts of Europe, directing them to give them to each government, in the hope that, by affording them an opportunity of reading it, they might be led to use their influence for procuring a remedy.

We learn that THE POPE is becoming increasingly averse to the proceedings of the French in his capital, and that he hopes to work on

the fears of Louis Napoleon, in the prospect of the next Presidential election, by threatening to retire once more to the dominions of his faithful son, the admirable King of Naples !

THE MORALE OF THE SPANISH COURT may be estimated from the interest taken by Queen Christina, the King Consort, and the young Munozes, within the last few weeks, in the torture of a wolf, a hyena, a bear, a bull, and a lion !

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY has been prorogued, leaving a committee of permanence to watch the progress of affairs. The project for a revision of the constitution having failed, all parties are preparing for the important event of electing a new President. The Prince Joinville may be considered to be in the field as the representative of the Bourbon dynasty; and it is probable that the real conflict will be fought between the adherents of Napoleon and those of the exiled monarchy.

The triumph of Hassenpflug and martial law over constitutional right has been completed at HESSE CASSEL, by the condemnation of the president, and six judges of the Criminal Tribunal, at Rothenburg to eight months' imprisonment. So much for the honour of a prince, who swore to observe the constitution ! All things appear to be in the same state in which they were before the outbreak of 1848, in nearly every quarter of the continent of Europe :—a dismal prospect for the friends of liberty. Not by heroism and force of arms, it seems, are constitutional governments to be secured. Hungary fought and failed, because Russia came to the help of Austria. Germany has fought and failed, because the armies of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, have been too strong for the inexperienced revolutionists. What, then, can be done ? Our hope for the ultimate freedom of these nations rests on a totally different basis from those which have proved so deceptive. We believe in the pen rather than the sword ; in commerce, not war ; in moral demonstrations, instead of physical outbreaks. The PUBLIC OPINION, which has been slowly but steadily rising to the ascendant, will, in due time, reverse the proceedings of governments, and men will refuse both to fight their fellow-citizens, and to pay the hirelings of oppressors. The world may have to wait for such conclusions longer than suits the impatience of patriots or philanthropists ; but such appears to be the law of Providence, and a reasoning submission to that law is as politic as it is right. Our own constitution has been the growth of centuries. The men who wish to transplant it to other lands remind us of a nobleman who admired a glorious plantation of yews, which we once saw, on Lord Melbourne's property in Derbyshire. His lordship said, he would order *one like it* on his own estate, forgetting, for the moment, that the trees which so much delighted him, had been planted four hundred years ago. In like manner, persons of the noblest sentiments, and highest courage, have *ordered* a better state of things to arise, and have exposed their lives to hazard for the furtherance of their desire ; but they have been disappointed. Let not patriots despair, because of these disappointments. Neither let the despots triumph. All is not lost. Nay, everything is virtually gained, by demonstrating the intrinsic weakness of the only power on which tyranny can stand—the POWER OF THE SWORD.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D.

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Speech of the Duke of Argyll on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the House of Lords, July 21, 1851.

The Restoration of All Things; or, a Vindication of the Goodness and Grace of God to be manifested at last in the Recovery of his whole Creation out of their Fall. By Jeremiah White, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. With an Introductory Essay by David Thom, D.D., Ph.D.

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Part VIII. of the Pictorial Family Bible. By J. Kitto, D.D.

The Annotated Paragraph Bible. Part II.—The Historical Books.

THE
Eclectic Review.

OCTOBER, 1851.

ART. I.—*Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. de Lamartine. Vols. I. and II. Paris : Pagnerre & Co. 1851.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. London : Vizetelly and Co. Vol. I. 8vo.

FULLY to comprehend the causes which rendered a democratic republic the only thing which could take the place of the fallen monarchy of 1848, the student of contemporary history, who seeks to understand the progress of society and civilization, must go back to the fall of the empire and the short reign of the Bourbons—from 1814 to 1830. Several writers have already treated the subject with ability and power, but generally without some of the documents necessary to a perfect comprehension of these important events. As we increase our distance from the time, new materials are found : men of note and consequence pass from the scene, and either leave historic memoirs, or confessions, which, though generally highly coloured, are, when carefully sifted, the best data for the historian ; the public archives of various lands are opened up ; passion and partizanship become less extreme, and the writer is able to form a more calm opinion than in relation to purely contemporary events. Of the numerous productions, chiefly huge pamphlets of problematical value, which have been published in France relative to the Restoration, the only ones

regarded as good authorities are those of Lubis the Royalist, and that of Vaulabelle the Republican.

They are both, however, strongly tinged by the peculiar theories of their writers. M. Lubis is a worshipper of divine right; looks upon the monarchy previous to 1789 as all but perfect; speaks of a long line of good kings who made their subjects happy and France glorious; regards the revolution as the monstrous consequence of Protestantism; and tells as something very terrible, a fact which is both true and one of the brightest glories of the Reformation:—'Protestantism,' he cries, 'founded on the spirit of revolt, and not on the spirit of reform, of which it usurped the name, tended to establish in politics the authority of the subject, as in religion it had substituted individual authority for the authority of the Church; *from this time dates the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people.*'

Vaulabelle, who has used the materials of Lubis, and has industriously collected together others of great value, writes on exactly the opposite side, but with far more impartiality than his predecessor. His sympathies are all with the revolution, its victories, conquests, and the mighty results which will ever remain when its crimes and follies are forgotten. But he is not so violent a partizan as Lubis. He neither likes Napoleon nor the Bourbons; but he does not calumniate either. He is severe, and facts bear him out in his severity, but then he does not anathematize and call ugly names, like our fiery Royalist; and his work is, on the whole, a valuable contribution to the history of France, or rather to the materials out of which that history will one day be written.

A new work on the subject is now before us from the pen of Alphonse de Lamartine. The poet statesman has again turned historian.

As a work of art, the history of Lamartine is truly magnificent. It is written in a powerful, seductive, and entrancing style, less flowery than usual, but still a little poetical and exaggerated. It is not the style of the severe and chaste historian, but of the epic poet, the dramatist, the romancist. The narrative of the fall of the empire never, however, was better told. It sounds like a funeral oration, and an address to an army before battle, combined in one. We hear the tramp of the armed millions of the north, marching with sacrilegious tread along the highways which lead to Paris, that mighty city, which has so influenced the whole world for good or ill; we see the faithful and indomitable soldiers of the beloved emperor crowding with enthusiasm around him; we behold the wearied and sickened population, decimated by war, the widows, orphans, and childless fathers, turn away with lassitude and disgust; we

gaze on the butterfly troop of soldiers and courtiers, who desert their master in the hour of peril ; we live through three hundred entrancing pages, with that man against whom all Europe is justly leagued, and who deliberately prepared his own prodigious fall. It all passes like a panorama before us. We seem actually to hear and see at the same time.

The exciting scenes of that crumbling empire, its gigantic proportions founded on a sandy basis, the characters and acts of the men who are the *dramatis personæ* of this great and lugubrious tragedy, a nation exhausted by twenty years of war and despotism, passing under the yoke of a restoration brought about by foreign bayonets ; Paris, France, Napoleon, the allies, all pass before us with a power and eloquence rarely equalled. It is perhaps too dramatic, too poetical ; but the student of history probably never found a series of real events more admirably grouped. The pen of the narrator is everywhere, at Fontainebleau, at Chalons, with the allies, in the private room of the emperor ; and each time that the scene changes, so consummate is the art of the author, that you seem to feel an absolute necessity for going with him wherever he wills to take you. Now he is solemn and elevated, now tender and subdued ; now he speaks in terms of triumph, torn from him by his love of his country ; now in accents of genuine and heartfelt sorrow, which take their rise in the same generous motive ; presently he pours forth the irritated notes of sarcasm against those who betray and sell ; and at last, sits in severe but somewhat partial judgment, on the great conqueror of the civilized world, now crushed and fallen. He is pitiless, stern, severe, inflexible as destiny, precisely at the moment when, if at all, we sympathize with, because we pity Napoleon.

Lamartine's work is not that which the philosophic student of history would choose ; it is not a production which would suit statesmen or politicians ; but to those who wish to feel breathless interest, who delight in gorgeous pictures, in poetic descriptions, in dramatic scenes, in elaborate characters, in historic parallels, the work before us will be truly welcome. There is too much straining for effect, too much theatrical glitter, too much of Homer, too little of Herodotus. It is, in fact, the romance of history, with scrupulous fidelity in the great leading facts, but a minuteness in details which looks like imagination. As usual, except when speaking of Napoleon, Lamartine is lenient to all men, siding with the party about which he is writing, excusing many faults, and seemingly anxious to fill his portrait-gallery with as many heroes and heroines as possible.

The political tone of the work is democratic. Lamartine looks upon the republic as the necessary result of progress.

Since he wrote the Girondins, he has evidently advanced in the path of politics a step, but all is dreamy, visionary ; we see none of the sound sense and practical suggestions of the statesman. We feel that we are perusing the pages of a man of words, not of action : a man who must evidently shine as the eloquent orator of his party, but who is fit neither to lead a section of public men, nor to govern a country. We find plenty of dogmatic and positive maxims, but no reasons ; plenty of opinions, but no irrefutable arguments. Democracy, in his mind, is evidently the result of impulse, imagination, a reflection of its possible future mighty results, a vision of illimitable progress, a dream of universal happiness. He has none of the positive faith and innate belief of Cavaignac ; none of the logic of Proudhon ; none of the stern conviction of sincere republicans. He neither believes with Vaulabelle that republicanism will go round the world, nor with Lubis that even the United States will become a monarchy after one successful soldier shall have been elected president.

We purpose to analyze the work of Lamartine, rather than to compose an essay of our own on the Restoration. For this purpose our notice will be a brief narrative of the fall of the empire and the commencement of the Restoration, with translations of all those passages which best illustrate the style and character of his new historical production.

Napoleon, after carrying fire and sword throughout Europe, in a vain attempt at universal monarchy, was preparing to defend himself against a coalition of indignant sovereigns. He found France, when he took the reins of government, palpitating with hope. But now the mighty soldier, after sacrificing nearly a million of men in one campaign, appeared about to allow the soil of France to become the battle-field. From all but God, Napoleon became a man ; the nation stood still, stupified, amazed, its blood, ever alive before, now ceased to beat, its eyes were opened. Power, empire, adulation, insatiate ambition, the habit of beholding all yield to him, had enervated and weakened the mind of Napoleon ; the campaign of Russia was a blunder worthy of a fifth-rate general, and before defeat he stood amazed. A peace was possible, one which would have assured the throne to himself and his dynasty, but only the throne of France. This he refused, and the coalition was formed. Napoleon now felt that he was about to play his last stake, that victory was safety, that defeat was ruin. He was no longer the Bonaparte of Italy and Egypt, but he was still Napoleon.

'The empire had aged him before his time. Satisfied ambition, pride satiated, the delights of palaces, an exquisite table, the soft couch, young wives, accommodating mistresses, long hours of watching,

sleepless nights, divided between labour and festivities, the habit of riding, which thickens the body, had stiffened his limbs, and enervated his senses. Precocious obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, once veined by muscles, and hollowed by the consuming fire of genius, were full, large, heavy, like those of Otho on Roman medals. A tint of bile, mixed with blood, yellowed his skin, and from a distance gave a pale gold varnish to his face. His lips had still their Attic cut and firm grace, shifting easily from smile to menace. His solid and bony chin was fit basis for his features. His nose was but a thin and transparent line. The paleness of his cheeks deepened the dazzling blue of his eyes. His look was searching, restless as a flickering flame, as uneasy thought. His forehead seemed to have widened, as his black hair fell from his temples, chased by the moisture of continuous thought. His hand, naturally small, seemed to have increased in volume, to give space to the combinations and mechanism of a mind where every thought was an empire. The map of the globe seemed encrusted on the world-map of that head. But it began to bow. He often let it bend forward to his breast, folding his arms like Frederick II. He affected this attitude and gesture. No longer able to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the beauty of youth, it was clear he wished to fascinate them by a character at the same time rough, pensive, and disdainful of himself, of his model in latter times. He stood the statue of reflection before his troops, who had christened him *le Père de la Pensée*. He assumed the attitude of destiny. Something rough, restless, savage in his movements, revealed his southern and insular origin. The Frenchman scarcely concealed the man of the Mediterranean. His nature, too great and too powerful for his part, overflowed everywhere in him. He resembled none of the men around him. Superior and indifferent, man of the sun, of the sea, of the field of battle, out of place in his own palace, a stranger in his own empire. Such, at this time, was the profile, bust, and exterior physiognomy of Napoleon.—Pp. 22—24.

He arrived in Paris on the 9th of November, 1813, defeated, almost crushed, all the frontier invaded, and yet such was the system of police no man knew it. But Napoleon did. He ordered his council to double the taxes, and raise a levy of 300,000 men. The levy was ordered, but the men came not. He had but his eighty thousand old soldiers to rely on. After leaving his capital, his wife, his son to the National Guard, he started for Chalons. Here he again became great, for here he was a soldier once more. His position was terrible.

France was against the emperor, recruits came not, conscripts fled, all men sighed for peace, and yet Napoleon had certain victory in his hands. Ambition and irresolution alone annihilated him. Eighty thousand men in Spain, commanded by old Republican generals, thirty thousand at Naples, fifty thousand in the kingdom of Italy, forty thousand in Belgium and Holland, a hundred and twenty thousand round Mayence and

beyond the Rhine, were uselessly wasting their energies in a vain attempt to keep these dependencies of the empire. Recalled at once, they would, with his own army, have made up four hundred thousand men. He had already waited ninety days, during which they could have been concentrated round Paris. With such an army, and such a general, every corps of the coalition would have been beaten in detail, and an honourable peace would have been easy and certain. But then he confined the empire to France, he gave up his conquests, and though the resolution often came to his mind, he never took it. He trusted to his star and his eighty thousand men to oppose the four hundred thousand which at once marched to surround him.

He attacked Brienne, where Blucher was entrenched with vastly superior forces, defeated him, lost six thousand men, the same number at Rothieres, and then retired to Troyes, to hear alarming reports from all parts of the empire. Now another chance was left him. He could still have concentrated two hundred thousand men round Paris, and have made a desperate stand. But he remained at Troyes, irresolute, undecided, trusting in part to the friendship of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, unable to believe in the fact that empire was failing him, negotiating, thinking, when he should have been acting with the vigour of his youth. Again offered a treaty which would have left him France, he refused, then accepted, then refused. His correspondence with Joseph, who governed in Paris, shows his indecision. He talks of victory in one letter, orders them to prepare to leave for Fontainebleau in another, boasts that he will yet impose peace, and then, when too late, attempts to try the system of concentrating his forces. Blucher and Schwartzenberg were both marching on Paris, Napoleon advanced, cut his way through a hundred and twenty thousand Russians, gained a sterile victory, attacked seventy thousand Prussians under Saken and York, with twenty-five thousand men. Defeated them. In vain. He had no army of reserve, no one to back him, or the campaign from that hour would have turned in favour of France. So convinced was Napoleon of the necessity of driving back the enemy from the neighbourhood of Paris, that he wasted precious time in chasing the Prussians. But he met Blucher, and a battle, more unequal, more terrible, and more glorious than ever, took place in the plains of Montmirail. If Napoleon could, with his wretched fragment of an army, make such stupendous resistance, what would he have done had he collected his scattered forces, and concentrated everything in the defence of the capital? But with his victories he resumed his pride, and he refused to treat with the allies. Meanwhile, the other armies of the coalition were

quietly marching on Paris. Reinforced by the small force of Marmont and Mortier, he rushed to meet the forces coming up by Melun and Fontainebleau, fought near Montereau a terrible battle, gained a stupendous victory, a victory, however, perfectly useless. The allies had almost decided on a general retreat, and would gladly have treated for peace, but Napoleon again wasted time in irresolution and in avenging, in the blood of a gentleman of obscure position, a trumpety demonstration in favour of the Bourbons.

The allies sent a demand for a suspension of hostilities. Napoleon hesitated and demanded a night. In the morning disastrous news came to him; Blucher, having effected a junction with several retreating corps, was marching directly on Paris, only defended by Marmont and Mortier, with a corps of seven thousand men each. Napoleon pursued him by forced marches, and came up in time to see him safely on the other side of the Maine, after destroying all the bridges. Two days were spent in again building bridges, and then the imperial remnant crossed. Blucher was now almost a prisoner, surrounded by Napoleon, Marmont, Mortier, and checked by Soissons. But Soissons surrendered to Wetzingerode, when a few hours' resistance would have changed the fortunes of the war. The army of Bernadotte also joined Blucher, now at the head of a hundred thousand men. Napoleon with his thirty thousand veterans attacked him; driven back, his position became desperate, and he took refuge at Rheims after a bloody contest for that town.

'The emperor remained there three days to reorganize his feeble corps. On whatever side he looked, he saw no route free for his army, save the route he could cut through five armies. Despatches scarcely reached him. He was reduced to conjectures. He wandered, as it were, blindfold in his provinces, falling on a new enemy at every step. Deplorable and fatal consequence of his want of resolution and concentration at the commencement of the campaign. His heroism even turned against himself. No genius and no resources can supply the general sense of a situation. Offensive war in a war generally defensive, wore him out, deceived him, dethroned him.'—Pp. 120, 121.

While wasting his time in pursuing Russians and Prussians, Napoleon had allowed the Austrians to come within a day's march of Paris. Trusting to a city of a million of inhabitants defending itself, he advanced towards Troyes to place himself in the rear of Schwartzenberg. At the very rumours of the presence of the emperor in Champagne, the Austrian two hundred thousand men retreated nearly as far as Dijon, and again the allies would gladly have all but sued for peace. But Napoleon feared them with more cause than they feared him, and at last,

when too late, rousing himself to a level with the situation, determined to retreat on Lorraine, the Meuse, the Rhine, Mayence, to collect all the scattered garrisons, and at the head of more than a hundred thousand men to return.

The millions looked on and sighed. In vain Napoleon decreed levies *en masse*, the arming of the National Guard, the insurrection of all patriots, the sounding of the tocsin, guerrilla warfare on the flanks of the enemies. The cannon was not heard, France was mute. The name of Napoleon was the obstacle to insurrection. The nation was weary of despotism. The generals and officers raised by Napoleon began to converse in whispers and to murmur. They knew that a new coalition had been signed, that England agreed to pay five hundred thousand men, and that the overthrow of Napoleon was pretty well decided on. The name of the Bourbons began to be whispered. To the murmurs of courtiers and the representations of his agent and confidant, Caulaincourt, Napoleon replied, 'Reassure yourself, I am much nearer Munich than the allies are Paris.' But, meanwhile, the allies were collecting in overwhelming force; Napoleon thought them close to Paris, and spent six days hesitating between a return to the capital and marching on the Rhine. The allies themselves hesitated. They actually proposed retreating on the frontiers of Germany from fear of being taken in the rear by the mighty general they still dreaded. The Emperor of Russia opposed this extraordinary proposition, and advocated a precipitate march on Paris; a seizure of the heart of the country, the holding out promises to the friends of liberty and of the Bourbons. England was for this course; her advice decided the event.

Napoleon, after long hesitation, turned to march back on Paris, several days too late. By forced efforts he could reach the barrier at the same time as the allies. He wrote to Joseph to hold out ten days, to arm the people and the schools, but if attacked by overwhelming forces to leave the capital with the empress, his son, and the great officers of the state. But the Cossacks were already within sight of the capital. Marmont and Mortier were powerless. Paris knew nothing of the emperor, save that from all sides fugitives fled into the city. The south began to declare for royalism; Lyons surrendered; the government left by Napoleon began to be alarmed; his brothers saw safety only in flight. They dared not take the responsibility wholly on themselves. They summoned a council presided over by Marie Louise, whom they wanted to take the responsibility on herself. She refused. They fixed the departure for the 29th of March. They went away, Empress and King of Rome, amid the total indifference of the population. They were much more

moved when the drums beat to summon the National Guard not to defend the capital, but to watch over their property. But the youths of the schools, the people, rushed to the barriers. The population of the faubourgs asked for arms, and spoke of barricades, but again Napoleon was punished for his crimes against liberty. There were no arms for the people.

Meanwhile Napoleon, with his heroic band, their feet all torn by the road and the snow, moved by forced marches on Paris. Burning baggage and useless equipages, they made 20 leagues a day. But this was not fast enough. Leaving his troops to follow, he jumped into a wicker cart, crossed Sens, where he spoke of 150,000 men behind him, and then advanced in the dark towards Fontainebleau. But the enemies' cannon was round Paris; Alexander was at Belleville; Marmont defended himself intrepidly; Joseph had fled; from the centre of the great city the roar of artillery was heard; Mortier had demanded a suspension of hostilities; Paris had all but surrendered.

'The silence of the cannon told the city that the armistice was signed. The troops moved to the number of seventeen thousand men behind the walls. The people of the faubourgs received them with tears of patriotism and admiration. They forgot the cause. They were moved by their heroism. France pardoned everything to unfortunate courage. Napoleon himself cursed, and execrated a few weeks before, would have had a triumph in his defeat, if, at such a moment, he had ventured to his capital. Pity extinguishes hate; the people were moved—they pardoned.'—P. 150.

But the monied classes were in raptures; they spoke out; they took the place of the government which had fled; they called on Marmont to capitulate; he hesitated, as having no power, to do so, though his army consisted only of 17,000 men to oppose to 300,000. But at last he yielded, and marched his men towards Fontainebleau, according to the terms of the treaty.

The kings entered Paris; the people murmured; the middle classes rejoiced; the royalists vied with each other in servility to the conquering sovereigns; statesmen began to intrigue and plot, and Talleyrand secured Alexander as a lodger in his house.

Meanwhile Napoleon, accompanied by Berthier and Caulaincourt, was galloping toward Paris, his mind racked by doubt and anxiety; in two hours, the chance vehicle he had picked up led him, by narrow lanes and bye-ways, to the plains between Eassonne and Villejuif, nearly to Paris. The night was dark and cold, and not a soul did he meet to tell him his destiny. At last he reached Cour-de-France, and saw in the distance, to the right and left, camp-fires, the flames of the bivouac: who were they? He looked out of the coach, and saw a detachment of disbanded soldiers, taking the direction of Fontainebleau. He began to

storm. A devoted lieutenant of the Empire, Belliard, stepped forward and told him all. Napoleon stood silent, annihilated, cold perspiration poured off him; then rousing himself, he gave vent to his rage in abuse of his lieutenants, ordered all these scattered forces to collect, and make one desperate effort more. But every instant, generals, colonels, officers, arrive, who convince him that all is over. He drew Caulaincourt on one side, and bade him find the allied sovereigns, and sign any treaty. Caulaincourt came back in his hour, unable to cross the lines. Napoleon bade him try again, and then turned on his way to Fontainebleau, where he took up his residence in an *entré-sol*. Everywhere his minister met the troops furious, burning with desire to march on the enemy; but

‘While the last ranks of his army protested with their last breath against ingratitude, the civil and military chiefs with whom he had shared the spoils of the world were making arrangements with his conquerors, and giving up his throne to save their titles and their treasures.’—P. 184.

Caulaincourt, after passing through the gay and splendid troops of the allies, is only smuggled into Paris in the carriage of the Grand-Duke Constantine, and then, disguised as a Russian, to the presence of Alexander, who received him kindly, familiarly, and generously, speaking with affection and respect of Napoleon, but declaring his reign and dynasty incompatible with the peace of Europe. Caulaincourt tried to convince him that the enthusiasm of which he spoke relative to the Bourbons was only a sham, as in truth it was; but Alexander replied, that the nation would have nothing imposed on it. It should choose freely. He ended by promising to advocate the regency of Marie-Louise. But the great trickster, that man of cunning and intrigue, Talleyrand, was at work. He was determined to have the Bourbons, but first himself. Napoleon had always known him for a traitor, but he feared him, and now the astute and ambitious statesman was his greatest enemy. Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Prince of Schwartzemberg, the Prince of Lichtenstein, and Count Nesselrode, met in conference that night. Alexander opened the debate. He spoke in favour of the cause of constitutional liberty; repudiated conquest and despotism in the name of humanity and the dignity of nations; and firmly opposed the partition of France. It was at once decided to dethrone Napoleon. The Duke of Alberg advocated the regency of Marie-Louise, put forth to try the ground by Talleyrand; M. Pozzo di Borgo declared the very name of the usurper's family incompatible with the peace of Europe. The conclave decided that the Bonaparte family should be utterly excluded

from the throne. Bernadotte was then suggested by the Emperor of Russia. In stepped Talleyrand, and, in a cunning, jesuitical speech, made out that there was no chance of permanent settlement of Europe except from the Bourbons, the legitimate sovereigns of France. But the sovereigns declared that they, foreigners, could not decide—it was for the nation to speak. Talleyrand pronounced the name of the Senate, of whom, late so servile to Napoleon, he was sure. A proclamation called on this body to meet and deliberate.

Everywhere royalist committees sat. They were in raptures; all they had to do was, to decide the Senate, to influence its debate, to have the allied kings on their side. A deputation waited on Alexander; his minister, Nesselrode, saw them, and spoke the definitive word, 'Louis XVIII. shall ascend to the throne of his ancestors.' Great was the rejoicing of the monarchists. They prepared to move public opinion; insults and outrages of the grossest character assailed Napoleon; these men, late so meek and mild, lavished abuse on the man to whom but yesterday they had bowed to the ground. Chateaubriand published a pamphlet worthy of an Aretin, a Marat, or a hired libeller, which he had concealed in his desk for months:—

'Napoleon was painted in it under the features of a modern Attila, or under the still more odious features of an hangman, executing with his own hands the sentence for which he thirsts. He was described at Fontainebleau, torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the pontiff by his white hairs on the cold stones of his prison; this pontiff a martyr to his *complaisance* and resistance to the crowned *parvenu*. M. de Chateaubriand opened every prison, to point out to the people the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassinations of his victims. He moved even ashes from those of Pichegru to those of the sick at Jaffa, to drag forth accusations, suspicions, crimes. It was the indictment of humanity and liberty, written by the hands of the Furies against the great criminal of the age. He did not even spare him those vile accusations of sordid avarice and simony which penetrate farthest, and soil the most, in the vulgar and venal mind of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, iron, poison, everything was to him an arm to kill this renown, which he wished to crush.'—Pp. 220, 221.

This bad action, as Lamartine justly calls it, produced mighty effects at the time against Napoleon, though, as its falsehoods and calumnies became apparent, it aided powerfully the restoration of his popularity. The people were puzzled when they heard the name of the Bourbons. It had forgotten them, but wearied of military despotism, it was disposed to receive anything which gave relief from the grinding tyranny of ten years. When flowery pictures were painted of the wise Louis,

the heroic Charles, the admirable Duke d'Angoulême, the Duke de Berry surpassing Henry IV., France listened and smiled.

The Senate selected a provisional government; the municipal council published a bitter proclamation against Napoleon; and an appeal for Louis XVIII. The Senate voted the removal of the Bonaparte family from the throne in a series of resolutions, which were a series of severe accusations against Napoleon, an act of baseness in an assemblage of creatures of the fallen emperor, who betrayed their master to save themselves. All France raised a murmur of indignation against this once servile crew, now so insolent. The Legislative body came to the same resolution, but without preamble. The allies, however, were uneasy, and Napoleon still hoped. Nothing was decided as long as he was at large. M. de Talleyrand, his royalist friends, the republicans, diplomatists, foreign generals, Senate, Legislative body, the National Guard, all despite the vast hordes of foreign bayonets, still trembled at the thought of a bold and desperate resolution on the part of the emperor. They united to implore the marshals to render all movement on his part impossible, by yielding up or disbanding their armies.

Caulaincourt brought to Napoleon the news of his fall; he replied by assembling his troops, and calling on them to march on Paris with him. The men were ready. Napoleon saw this, and he determined to concentrate every soldier he had, and under the walls of Paris to fight a decisive battle. But his officers, those of high rank, thought not of him, but of themselves; they had their peace to make with the new powers, and they were not disposed to risk all in a desperate adventure. They were already negotiating with Talleyrand to betray their master, whom they pretended to adore while fortune smiled. Oudinot, the Bayard of the Republic and Empire, himself cried out against the madness of a chief who wished to play so reckless and desperate a game. Napoleon passed the night in complaints and imprecations. He spoke of his march on Paris the next day as a certain thing. The night passed in these illusions. But though he knew it not, his reign was over.

During the interval which elapsed between the signing of the treaty and the departure of Napoleon from Fontainebleau, but few visitors came to see him, while he himself was revolving in his head, already, the means of regaining his empire. One of the first necessities with him was, reunion with his wife and child. His wife with him in exile, he was sure of the respectful compassion of the world, and the secret favour of Austria. He professed to treat this condition as a matter of course. He forgot how little he had respected such feelings. But neither Marie Louise nor the allied sovereigns were disposed to adhere to this

view of the matter. She evidently did everything to join her father in preference to her husband. Napoleon, however, wrote to her as if he never doubted, giving, while waiting his departure for Elba, various orders relative to his private affairs and interests. He soon found that his wife and son were on the road to Vienna, and then for an instant he doubted. He had fixed his departure for twelve o'clock in the day. He wanted first to say adieu to his army; he did so. But this scene is too well known, and we pass it over, as we must also the historic *resumé* which Lamartine makes of Napoleon's character, which is one of the ablest things of the kind that we know of in modern French literature.

The Bourbons had a magnificent opportunity in succeeding such a man. They had but to be true to the nation, to adopt all that was good in the revolution, all that was practical, had but to unite monarchy and liberty, to be firmly seated on the throne. Seven princes and five princesses returned to France. Louis XVIII., the Count D'Artois, his ten children, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, the Prince de Condé, the Duke de Bourbon, and the Duke of Orleans, were the princes. Louis was sixty. During the life of Louis XVI. he had been of a studious, familiar and feminine character—without virility of mind or body. He was superior to his brother Louis XVI. and to the superficial and hasty Count D'Artois, but he tried to hide his superiority under an air of humility. Jealous of the graces of his younger brother, he tried to outshine him in solid acquirements. He studied history, politics, political economy, and government; he wrote much and about all things, light and serious; published poetry and plays. He surrounded himself by philosophers and theory-makers; but though sceptical in religion, and an advocate of reform in the State, he looked upon the Church and monarchy as personally necessary to him. He saw that a revolution was inevitable; he thought himself destined to lead it. On the convocation of the States General, he sided with the *tiers-état*, as long as the monarchy was not touched, and even then tried to keep up his popularity. At last, however, he fled like the rest.

The future Charles X. was a prince of a past age. He was a Frenchman by his faults, a Frenchman half Louis XIV., half Louis XV., but without a shadow of the grandeur of the first. He was not brave, and some of his own partizans even accused him of absolute cowardice. But he was obstinate in his love of despotism, in his hatred of all progress, all liberty, all enlightenment. Converted to religion by a dying and beloved mistress, he became, from the gay and chivalrous prince, a mere tool in the hands of priests. From the hour of the death of

Madame de Polastron, he servilely laboured for the Church of Rome ; his advisers were henceforth its dignitaries.

Lamartine sketches with minute fidelity, in all cases with affection and tenderness, and a tendency to favour them, the rest of the princes and princesses, including the Duke d'Enghien, whose murder he narrates very affectingly. But the great length of this narrative precludes our pausing to analyze it. We must hasten to the real commencement of the restoration.

The Count D'Artois had wished to enter France at once on the rumour of the certain fall of Napoleon. Louis XVIII., more cautious and more wise, was determined to wait until France recalled him. He wanted not to impose himself, but to be declared and found necessary. In this he was wise. But after a brief struggle, he yielded to the counsels of the Count his brother. He took a passage on board some British ships, in search of a throne. But he was as yet called for by no one. La Vendée slept ; the South waited ; opinion looked on ; the centre was arming ; the army fought. Paris was still in the power of the Imperialists. In January, the Count D'Artois landed in Holland ; the Duke D'Angoulême entered France with the English army coming from Spain ; the Duke de Berry sought to land in Normandy, where his stupid agents pretended an army of 50,000 men awaited him. The Count D'Artois found himself entering behind the Austrian army, received with coldness and suspicion. The Bourbon was astounded to find that his race was all but forgotten. His only hope was in the fact, that to the allies Bonaparte was impossible, the Republic hateful, Bernadotte too unpopular. What then ? As a last resource, the Bourbons. At one moment, the Count D'Artois felt inclined to return. But, by dint of unblushing falsehood, his agents began to convince the allies of an immense royalist enthusiasm in France. It is true they could not see it—but the cunning of Talleyrand, the complicity of Fouché, the indefatigable zeal of M. de Vitrolles and subordinate agents, and, at last, the want of some government when the regency of Marie Louise was rejected, gave him hope.

The Duke D'Angoulême was worse situated with Wellington. Lamartine speaks in warm terms of our great general, and the passage is worthy of quotation :—

‘ The English general remained inflexible to the solicitations of the friends of the Duke D'Angoulême, and refused, with prudent and rude frankness, to authorize any encouragement of the cause of the Bourbons, for fear of being obliged to abandon after he had compromised it. The secret correspondence of this general with his government, with the conspirators of Bordeaux, and the Duke D'Angoulême himself, since made public, attest a probity of character, and a caution in giving pre-

mises, which honour his command. Wellington was on the frontier of the South, the general of the British Government. This government was the one which had least cause to be tender with the Emperor. The insurrection of the Pyrenees, of Bordeaux, of Toulouse, might powerfully serve his military plans. The white flag raised in the provinces, on the faith of England supporting this cause, might carry away whole departments and armies from the flag of Soult. Wellington would not purchase these advantages at the price of falsehood, or even of a vague enunciation of his real intentions. He would not expose the royalists to provocation of insurrection without authority, which might afterward expose them to the vengeance of Bonaparte. He did not cease writing to his government to turn it from these excitements to royalism. . . . Five months later, the Duke of Wellington was as cold, and the Duke D'Angoulême languished in the same discouragement. The English army calculated its steps toward Bordeaux on the progress which the armies of Alexander and Blucher made towards the North. The unfailing genius of Wellington was always and everywhere prudence. To advance little, never to retreat; to die on a position once taken; and to leave nothing to future but chance; was the greatness of this English Hannibal.'—Pp. 102, 103.

Lamartine, after showing clearly how innocent Wellington was of any of the royalist movements in the South, returns to Paris, where a few royalists were doing their utmost to get up a fastidious expression of public opinion in favour of the Bourbons; while M. Talleyrand was keeping it down in order to be the arbitrator between the nation and its antique kings. For a long time he backed the Senate in their endeavour to be taken for the representatives of the nation, but they were despised by the public, and their demands were futile. As yet they had not recalled the Bourbons, pretending to stand up for a constitution and the recognition of the people's rights, but in reality battling for their own privileges.

Under these circumstances, the Senate was compelled to vote, on the 6th of April, the recall of Louis-Stanislas-Xavier de France to the throne of France, and after him the other members of the family of the Bourbons in the ancient order. But still Louis XVIII. waited. Certain now of his return, he delayed to make the enthusiasm of the people greater. But not so the Count D'Artois, the favourite of the bigoted and blind faction who wish to rush to ancient despotism, as odious as that of the fallen usurper. He advanced to Livry, and then assuming the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, he entered Paris, received by Royalist and Bonapartist chiefs with equal enthusiasm. The Senate waited on him; he received it coldly; the Legislative body did the same; he received it more kindly. His first act was one that commenced his unpopularity. He signed the complete capitulation of France, a disgrace which

Louis XVIII. avoided by taking his time. He gave up all, leaving places and all their ammunitions and artillery to the allies. A murmur of indignation assailed him.

Louis XVIII., temporizing with all parties, remained at Hartwell until the 18th of April, when he started on his way to Paris. He was rapturously received by the masses, by his nobility, by the marshals of the fallen empire; Berthier, Napoleon's friend and confidant, being the most eager. At Compiègne he halted, received a deputation of the Legislative body, and then the Czar of Russia, who came to make an appeal in favour of constitutional liberty. Alexander insisted that the king should consent to a constitution to be drawn up by the Senate. Louis XVIII. refused. He was determined to be king in earnest or not at all, and if he consented to a constitution, to give it of his own free will, or to select at all events its authors.

He advanced to the barriers of Paris, to the castle of St. Ouen, and there he received a deputation from the Senate, written with no other object than that of pleasing the king, and, at the same time, public opinion. They hailed the return of Louis with rapture, as the commencement of an era of happiness, but they insinuated the necessity of a constitutional charter to consolidate the Restoration. The monarch gave a vague reply, and published his celebrated declaration of St. Ouen, by which he promised representative government, and the conservation of the principal conquests of the revolution. By this declaration he pleased the people, all men of sense and reason. But the Royalists were furious. They had kept faithful to their sophisms, their superstitions in favour of unlimited monarchy, and they called this act of homage to the spirit of the age a cowardice. Then, as now, they had learned nothing from misfortune, but the desire for vengeance. The entrance of Louis XVIII. into his capital, under the influence of the proclamation, was a splendid sight. The people came by hundreds of thousands.

The king received the keys of Paris from the hands of M. de Chabrol, gave them back, went to the cathedral with the clergy, and then took up his residence in the Tuileries, surprised at its new master, still covered everywhere by the effigies and portraits of the Imperial family. He treated all his courtiers with attention, the late servants of Napoleon with marked favour, and then when night left him alone with Talleyrand, formed his ministry. It was composed of unknown names, which were intended to be a mystery to the public, leaving their master's intentions undecided and mysterious. They were rather of the higher middle classes than of the aristocracy.

But the king appointed minister of the king's household, in those days of intrigue the most important of all, M. de Blacas, a thorough and obstinate Royalist, who was the intermediary between all others and Louis XVIII. M. Fouché, without having any post, sent in that very night a memoir to the king, in which he pointed out the danger of attacking the revolution too openly, of making enemies of the army, of preparing a vast and powerful opposition whose secret head must be Bonaparte, as all affected to call Napoleon. But the Royalists had no doubt or fear. They wanted, at any price, a return to the ancient order of things. Even Louis XVIII. himself saw no throne without nobility, nor restoration of the monarchy without a corps of privileged gentlemen around him, and he formed his *maison militaire* in a way which ensured jealousy from the army, and discontent among the people.

'The king re-created his military house as it had existed since Louis XIV., and before the reform which the paternal economy of Louis XVI. had made in this expensive luxury of the court. *Gardes du corps, cheval-legers, musqueteer, halbert-bearer, Cent-Suisses*, guards of the gate, guard of Monsieur, Count D'Artois. The rank of officer attributed to each soldier in these bodies, privileges of garrison, court, and palace, led horses, rich uniforms, exclusive residence in the capital or in the towns near it, pay for a simple soldier equal to a cavalry lieutenant, daily familiarity with the king and princes, hunts, journeys, military ceremonies, the hope of seeing this body the future cradle of all the officers and all the chiefs of the new monarchical army . . . caused thousands to enrol.'—P. 149.

But the army murmured; indignation was raised in the breast of the nation. The disbanded officers of Napoleon carried everywhere love of his name, and hatred for the priests and nobles who had come back with the Bourbons. The marshals and other high dignitaries of the empire were, however, satisfied, for they shared with the old nobility the command of the royal guards. But there was another cause of discontent. The invading army cost France eight millions *per diem*, and the allies declined to move until a constitution was proclaimed. The king, driven into a corner, was compelled to appoint a commission, who drew up the new charter. It was prepared and signed. It promised much, yet it was narrow and unpopular. Despite its declaration, that all Frenchmen were equal, that they had a right to publish their opinions, and many other privileges, it placed the suffrage in the hands of an aristocratic few; it foreshadowed the censorship; it gave the king almost unlimited power; it made the Chamber all but registrar to the royal will. And yet for the Bourbons, it was a mighty act of concession to the victories of the people during twenty-five years. It satisfied

the people; it filled the pure Royalist with despair. But the treaty of Paris, with its concessions, its palpable yielding to England, though necessary and unavoidable, raised a general cry of indignation. The king, however, opened the Chambers amidst tremendous applause. His speech was able and conciliatory, he wrote it himself; that of his ministers was unwise and stupid.

It was clear that there was no unanimity. The Royalists were what they always had been—incapable of understanding any rights save their own, any liberty except for themselves, proud, haughty, and impatient of the existence of education, talent, and genius, which had shown itself in the public, enfranchised after long years of despotism. The ministers spoke the sentiments of the future Charles X., of the emigration, of the ignorant and bigoted monarchists who were destined to overthrow the throne in their mad attempt to carry a nation back to the days of ignorance and barbarism, under pretence of serving the cause of religion. The Legislative body began its labour timidly; discussion had been so long repressed that no men were used to it. The ministers were too incapable to lead the way. They began sounding public opinion by means of their police; they began the work of censorship by the hands of a young man since elevated, M. Guizot, who signalized his rise and his fall by devotion to arbitrary despotism. The law presented to the Chamber on this subject was tyrannical and vexatious to the last degree, the first lie given to the promises of the Charter. Both the Chamber and the country restrained their indignation with difficulty. The house had to be guarded by an imposing military force during the discussion. The law was voted after a four-days' struggle in the House of Peers, during which eighty members stood firmly up for the cause of justice and truth.

The Chambers then turned to the financial question of the day. Napoleon left the nation forty millions sterling of floating debt. But the Abbé Louis, minister of finance, was personally equal to the situation, and prepared to meet the difficulties of his post by strict integrity in his dealings. Many writers have been rather hard upon him, but with Lamartine, we are disposed to give him credit for great ability, and a firm determination to sustain public credit. He proposed to the king to sell three hundred thousand *hectares* of forests, the remains of the lands of a Church which three times in thirteen centuries had usurped the whole soil of France. Personally, the king was willing enough, but he feared to offend the clergy, and refused. The Chamber voted thirty-three millions of francs per annum as the royal civil list, and paid thirty millions of debts contracted by him abroad. This munificence made the king think of the poor emigrants, who, like hungry wolves, came barking round him. Many wanted to take back

from their owners of twenty-five years, the land sold by the revolution. But this was to arm a million against the Government. The king, however, only demanded that those still unsold should be given up. No one objected. But the folly of the ministry spoiled all. They, by their organ, M. Ferrand, alarmed every one by the tone of their *exposé* of motives. The owners of national properties were at once in opposition. The Chamber, by its reporter, answered bitterly the reasoning of the ministry. But M. Laine, by an able and patriotic speech, in which he plainly demonstrated the necessity of respecting the rights both of the emigrants and the new landed proprietors, prevented an explosion. In the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Macdonald, in a splendid oration for a soldier used to action only, defended the principle of indemnifying the old nobility; but this very indemnity of forty millions sterling has always been one of the severest arms against the Restoration. Things were inclined to become calmer, but a new ally of the monarchy, a deserter from the imperial camp, soon gave a new element of discord, arousing the feelings of Republicans and Bonapartists, of the friends of glory and of liberty. It was the first origin of a fusion of the Republicans and Bonapartists against the Restoration. General Excelmans had been the companion and friend of Murat, king of Naples. After the Restoration, he wrote a private letter of friendship to the king; it said nothing against the new order, but it expressed regret for a past dear to all soldiers. It was intercepted. The king, who saw it, simply ordered the minister of war, General Dupont, to request him, under present circumstances, to be a little more reserved. But Marshal Soult became minister a few days later, and, eager to show his devotion, ordered the general into exile. Excelmans wrote to the king, saying that his residence was Paris, that his wife was about to be confined, that he was poor, and demanded time. Soult, taking the note as a satire on his wealth, ordered Maison to arrest Excelmans. The general barricaded his house, and braved the soldiers sent to arrest him. They opened their ranks to let him pass.

He then appealed to the constitution in a letter to the Chambers. The country applauded; the Chamber trembled, and was dissolved in November, 1814, and a new one summoned for May, 1815. Louis XVIII. required a little time to get used to his new throne. He had restored to the Duke of Orleans his immense properties.

His origin, the complicity of his name in the most bitterly condemned acts of the revolution, his *liaisons* easily renewed with those who remained of his father's friends, the danger of adding to all these sources of candidateship for the throne this prodigious power

of corruption and this vast army of clients which an ambitious prince draws from vast possessions, had not checked Louis XVIII. He believed in the sincerity and the repentance of the Duke of Orleans. He recollected the homage paid by this prince to the elder branch at London, and the calm retreat in which he lived at Twickenham, on the Thames. He thought that a man of this character and this name would be never dangerous in France during his reign; that his name would weigh even on himself; that he would bear it in the obscurity of a father of a family between the reproaches of the Royalists and the suspicions of the Republicans. His children after him would share his inheritance, and this fortune, divided into several parts, would cease to be a danger for the crown. But the Duke of Orleans, scarcely arrived in France, had disappointed the expectations of the king. He had over the other princes of the royal family, and of the house of Condé, the benefit of the double part assigned by his name and situation. Prince at the Tuileries, enjoying the respect which royal blood assured him, popular man at the Palais Royal, seizing on the preferences of opinion which turned instinctively towards him; reserved in his attitude, courtier of the king and of public opinion; explaining himself in half words, but allowing to be seen and to be felt in his half suppressed sentences a secret disdain of the court, and favourable remembrances of all that breathed of the revolution, associating himself even by clever flattery with the regrets and glories of the army, choosing his military "house" among the young generals of Napoleon, his intimate society among the writers and workers of liberty; irreproachable in appearance towards the court, gracious and attractive for the growing opposition.'—Pp. 204, 205.

The Congress of Vienna is matter of general notoriety. The picture of the rise of literature, of arts, of the resurrection of the *salons*—those peculiar centres of political action and intrigue, so popular in France—alone can tempt to prolong an analysis, already too long, of the poet-historian's remarkable work. Peace—the departure of a despot who had chained and fettered the human mind for ten years—the outburst of all those minds which had ripened in the secrecy of the study, or in exile—the fact that the sword was broken, and that glory was no longer alive to fill human thought—the absence of war, that curse of nations, which devours her youth, withers her genius, drives intelligence, thought, philosophy, literature, into the shade, which materializes and debases a people, which prevents the onward progress of civilization, liberty, and true religion—awoke France once more to contests of a more humanizing, though perhaps of a not more necessary character, than those which had desolated her for so many years. Lamartine's sketch of the re-organizations of thought, of genius, of arts, of sciences, of literature, is very able, very eloquent. We must attempt a brief analysis.

The eighteenth century had been checked in its thoughts and

philosophy, in general sceptical and gloomy, by the huge catastrophe which engulfed everything. Its men were dead; their ideas and tone were no longer of the age. The kind of thinkers and writers now suited to France were necessarily of a different school. Two started in 1814 with a colossal reputation—Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël; their persecution by Napoleon not a little assisted their renown.

Madame de Staël had from her birth breathed the air of revolutions. She had two natures. Swiss born, she was republican; French adopted, she was aristocratic. As Lamartine says, there was something both of Mirabeau and Rousseau in her. She was a man in style, a woman in feeling. Exiled, her house became a hotbed of liberty—an arsenal of attacks against the tyranny of Napoleon. At his fall she returned to Paris, opened her *salons*, received old republicans, young liberals, undecided minds, and led them by her eloquence to consent to a trial of constitutional monarchy founded on authority and liberty.

‘She was both happy in heart and glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son, who did not reveal any of the brilliancy of his mother, but who promised to have the solid qualities of a patriot and a good man; a daughter, since married to the Duke de Broglie, who resembled the best and purest of her mother’s thoughts, incarnated in an angelic form, to elevate our looks to heaven, and to represent holiness engrafted on beauty. As yet scarcely in the middle stage of life, young with that eternal youth, renewed by imagination, that sap of love, Madame de Staël had just married the last idol of her sentiment. She was loved, and she loved. She was preparing to publish her “Considerations on the Revolution,” which she had studied so near, and the personal and passionate narrative of her “Ten Years of Exile.” *Enfin*, a book on the genius of Germany, into which she had cast, and, as it were, filtered, drop by drop, all the sources of her soul, her imagination, and her religion, had just appeared in France and England, and was the talk of all Europe. Her style in her book on Germany, above all, without losing anything of its youth or its splendour, seemed to have been illumined by more lofty and more eternal lights as she approached the evening of life, and the mysterious altar of thought. This style no longer painted, it no longer only sang, it adored. One breathes the perfume of a soul in its pages: it was Corinne turned priestess, and seeing, on the outskirts of life, the unknown God at the end of the horizons of humanity. It was then she died in Paris, leaving a dazzling remembrance in the heart of her age. She was the J. J. Rousseau of women, but more tender, more humble, and capable of greater actions than he was. Genius with two sexes—one to think, one to love: the most passionate of women, and the most masculine of writers, in the same being. A name that will live as long as literature and as history in her country.’—Pp. 360—362.

Lamartine is less exaggerated and less laudatory with Chateau-

briand. He seems to wish to make up for having raised Madame de Staël too high, as he most certainly has done. Chateaubriand was less a Royalist by conviction than by birth and circumstances. He first tried scepticism; but his work being pronounced unsuited to the age, he turned round, burnt his irreligious book, and wrote the 'Genius of Christianity.' After showing how magnificent and ennobling a subject the writer had, after the deluge of infidelity which had swept through the world, and after saying that he might have been the Montesquieu of Christianity, Lamartine says:—

'Instead of this work, M. de Chateaubriand had imitated Ovid, and written the history of the outward splendours of religion. He had exhumed, not the genius, but the mythology and ceremonial of Christianity. He had sung, without choice and without criticism, its dogmas and its superstitions, its faith and its credulities, its virtues and its vices. He had made a poem of its popular antiquities, and of all its fallen institutions; from the political government of consciences by the sword, to the temporal rulers of the Church, from the aberrations of monastic ascetism to its beatified ignorances, and even to the pious frauds of popular prodigies, invented by the zeal and perpetuated by the routine of the rural clergy, to seduce the imagination instead of sanctifying the spirit of the people, M. de Chateaubriand had described everything. His book was the book of human credulity.'—Pp. 371, 372.

M. de Bonald, a man of equal reputation, less talent, and far higher character, a man of truth, sincerity, and thought, simple in style, sincere in religion, he was the pontiff of religion and monarchy to the Restoration.

M. de Fontanes followed: a poet whose reputation was founded on poems which were talked of but never seen, but whose pompous speeches had been the delight of Napoleon. Roman Catholic philosophy was represented by Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais; the one a kind of rude prophet, a man who wished to strike that he might save, to amputate that he might purify; who would have imposed faith by lictors and the sword; whose style was only second to Montaigne; the other then earnest and implacable in faith.

Cousin began to substitute for the materialism, which bordered on atheism, that crime of the human mind, a philosophy somewhat more consistent with civilization, but vague and mystic still; Augustus Thierry began to publish his picturesque and truthful histories, Ségur his Campaigns; Thiers his Chronicles of the Revolution; Guizot his Dogmatic Theories; Michaud his Narrative of the Crusades; while MM. de Barente, Chelet, Daru, Lacretelle, all appeared about this time. Guizot, Briffault, Casimir Delavigne, even young Hugo, to popularize verses once more, with many others.

‘Nature, which had shown itself sterile only because revolution, war, and despotism had driven it from its course, showed itself more reproductive than ever. It was the vegetation of a new and long repressed sap, the new birth of thought under all the forms of modern art. A new era in poetry, in politics, in religion, was nursing itself on this hearth, of which liberty and peace had reawakened the flames.’—P. 402.

The return of the Bourbons, and of an aristocracy which had always patronized arts and literature to a certain extent—when they were respectful and well behaved—did something towards this movement. Society found it alive once more. Conversation is a part of the genius of the French people. They certainly are about the best talkers ever known. But the gay and free conversation in which they like to indulge, was impossible during revolutionary wars, and under the spy-supported despotism of Napoleon, who in this was soon to be imitated by the Restoration. At first, however, there was perfect liberty of speech in society, and Paris was in ecstasies. The first salon opened to the aristocracy of name, arts, and letters, was that of the king, who excelled in and loved conversation. With infirm legs it was with reading about his only possible pleasure. His mornings were given up to conferences with eminent politicians, academicians, remarkable foreigners, and women, whose character he liked because he resembled them in some things. He had wit, eloquence, and knowledge, and shone among the ablest men of his day.

M. de Talleyrand opened his salons to diplomatists, men of the revolution and empire, to young orators and young writers, whom he wished to captivate, and to all, in fact, who could serve his purpose.

‘This minister, whom people thought absorbed in the cares of the court and the details of administration, treated all things, even the most important, with negligence, allowed chance, which always works, to do much, and passed whole nights reading a poet, in listening to an article, or in talking with men and women who had no occupation but their wit. He had a *coup d’œil* for every man and everything, inattentive and observing at the same time. His conversation was concise, but perfect. His ideas filtered by drops from his lips, but each word contained a great meaning. A taste for epigrams and sallies is attributed to him which he did not possess. His conversation had neither the wickedness nor the elevation which the vulgar were fond of quoting and admiring, nor the borrowed repartees passed under his name. He was, on the contrary, slow, careless, natural, a little idle of expression, but always infallible in justice.’—P. 412.

Madame de Staël’s salon was one of the most frequented in Paris, by a few Republicans, some remnants of the constitutional party of the Revolution, by new Royalists, orators, philosophers,

poets, writers, and journalists. Madame Duras, a duchess, opened hers to Royalists, courtiers, beautiful and witty women, writers and politicians of the school of the monarchy—all who could serve the ambition, or flatter the vanity, of her friend Chateaubriand. Madame de la Tremouille received all those writers and aristocrats who recognised none of the conquests of the Revolution; who treated Louis XVIII. even as a *suspect*. The Duchess de Broglie and Madame St. Aulaire received a younger, more numerous and mixed public: the Lafayettes, the Guizots, the Vellemaings, the Cousins, the Sismondis. Madame de Montcalm, sister of the Duke de Richelieu, afforded a place of meeting for the moderate Royalists, the Laines, the Pozzo di Borgos, the Capo d'Istrias, the Marmonts, the Neuilles, the Moles, the Pasquiers. MM. Casimir Perier and Lafitte, with some other new men, received, on the other side of the river, the remains of the Empire and Republic, united against the common enemy.

In these salons began to grow up the men of the middle classes, the future statesmen of the Duke of Orleans. Thiers and Mignet were the most remarkable. Already the press sounded the tocsin, the articles were as yet gentle, polite, reasoning, but each day the struggle grew more fierce. It was not the Republican party, it was the Bonapartist and military party which began the war with the precipitation, imprudence, and animosity of a party which does not accept its defeat. In the house of the dowager-empress Josephine, the ex-queen Hortense, who had been allowed to live near Paris with the title of Duchess of St. Leu, received the military youth of the empire, who adored Bonapartism under the features of a beautiful, young, witty, and passionate woman. But this centre of imperial worship, of love, of letters, of poetry, of arts, of confidences, of tales of the past, was less a meeting for literary objects than a conspiracy.

In Paris, a more patriotic, more national, but more reserved opposition, came from Carnot and Fouché. Carnot was an antique Republican, cold, austere, and true. He had voted the death of the king; he had sat in the Committee of Public Safety between Robespierre and St. Just, not to use the hatchet, but to guide the sword which protected the frontier. He hailed the Restoration with hopes of practical liberty—he was soon undeceived.

Fouché employed all the powers of his experience as a police-minister to rouse public opinion against the Restoration, and successfully. But while all men respected Carnot, they despised Fouché.

Such was France at the end of 1814 and beginning of 1815.

Royalists of the old *régime*, Royalists of the new, were disputing for the mastery; the Republicans were turning into a liberal and enlightened opposition under the monarchy; all that the men of place and power thought of disputing about was, who should serve the king, who should please and lead Louis XVIII. The Absolutists and limited Monarchists, backed by the opposition, prepared for a struggle.

‘But one party, still alive, rose between the two, and was about to submerge them beneath the most sudden and most irresistible military revolution of which the annals of the world have preserved the record. For when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, to come and annihilate the republic, he led two hundred thousand Romans against Rome. Napoleon was about merely to bring back his name and the shadow of his past victories, to overthrow the work of Europe and reconquer his country. We, however, must put off this narrative to another volume, to concentrate in one limited scene its grandeur and interest.’—P. 442.

And here we must stop, for as yet no more of Lamartine’s remarkable work has been published. We believe our readers will, from this analysis, be tempted both to peruse what has appeared, and to wait with some anxiety for the appearance of the rest. Lamartine is not the stern narrator, but he is the eloquent poet of history. He has called Beranger the singing tribune; we might with propriety denominate him the epic historian.

Since the foregoing was written, an English translation of M. Lamartine’s work has been published by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. of London; and no recommendation is needed to induce our readers to procure it for themselves. The fidelity of the translation is guaranteed by the supervision of the author, and it is brought out in an elegant form, at the remarkably low price of five shillings. The ‘History’ cannot fail to be extensively popular, and we are glad to report that the mode of publication adopted by Messrs. Vizetelly will prevent our being inundated by wretched translations, as has happened in some other cases. We subjoin a notice which has been issued by the publishers, and shall be glad to render them all the aid in our power. The frauds—for such we deem them—which have been committed on foreign authors, ought to be discountenanced by every honorable man. They are as injurious to literature as they are discreditable to the parties concerned.

‘Being convinced that the protection of literary property, both nationally and internationally, is a most legitimate and desirable object, which every government and every people ought to advocate and maintain by their laws; and being desirous of contributing, as

far as I am able, to this constitution of intellectual property in favour of both authors and publishers, I have consented to write in English, perhaps imperfectly, some of the most important passages of the "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France." In so doing, my desire is to assist my publishers in protecting them against piracy, which they have undertaken to combat and to repel by every means compatible with their rights and their position.

July, 1851.

A. DE LAMARTINE.'

ART. II.—*The Creed of Christendom; its Foundations and Structure.*

By William Rathbone Greg. London: John Chapman. 1851.

WE have not the slightest knowledge of the writer of this book. The title led us to expect an elucidation of the Christian faith, a history of its progress, or an exposition of its principles. The citations from Coleridge, from Tennyson, and from Martineau (whether Miss Martineau or her brother is not said), which occupy the page between the title and the preface, at once dissipate such an expectation, and suggest the advent of another to the list of speculative doubters; while the Preface boldly avows all that has ever been meant by infidelity, though, at the same time, the writer earnestly hopes the book will not 'be regarded as antagonistic to the faith of Christ.' He professes to be 'an unfettered layman, endowed with no learning, but bringing to the investigation the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and a logical faculty exercised in other walks.' He has not put forth all his conclusions. At present he aims only at destroying the faith of men in 'popular Christianity':—

'What Jesus really did and taught, and whether his doctrines were perfect or superhuman, are questions which afford ample matter for an independent work.'

How he knows there ever was such a person as Jesus, or that he taught any doctrines, we are not informed. He appears to have read the English translation of De Wette's 'Introduction to the Critical Study of the Old Testament'; Strauss's 'Life of Jesus'; Mr. James Martineau's 'Rationale of Religious Inquiry'; Mr. Kenrick's 'Essay on Primeval History'; Mr. Newman's 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy' and 'Phases of Faith'; Norton on the 'Genuineness of the Gospels'; Theodore Parker's 'Discourse of Matters relating to Religion'; Hennell's 'Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,' and

'Christian Theism;' the 'Prospective Review;' Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect;' Emerson's 'Essays;' Fox on 'Religious Ideas;' and some other works in the same line. From these sources he has gathered the arguments, quotations, and phraseology distinctive of the school to which most of the writers indicated belong. There is to us no evidence whatever that he has independently examined the grave and wide questions which he decides with such self-complacent dogmatism; nor do we find the slightest trace of acquaintance with that portion of that department of learning to which the fundamental inquiries belong—we mean the department of Biblical exegesis and reductions. While disclaiming 'learning,' he treats, with the utmost flippancy, of matters which a person 'endowed with learning' is incompetent to handle, and from which most men, of ordinary modesty, would have shrunk. Ignorance, wearing the garb of superior intelligence, and the most superficial and dogmatizing opinionativeness giving lectures to mankind on the pure love of Truth, are not such rare things, nor so conscious, as this self-styled and self-admiring martyr seems to imagine. There is one species of trial which, we suspect, he has not experienced: he has not been subjected to literary criticism. To analyze the whole volume, to refute its misrepresentations, to expose its fallacies, to demolish its foregone conclusions, would, of course, require more pages than his own, and, in our judgment, would be a waste of strength on a book so really shallow and artificial. We propose, however, to put it through the mill of the processes familiar to our gentle craft, for the purpose, mainly, of showing by what class of men, and *by what means*, 'Popular Christianity' is derided, and the body of Christian believers—the apostles, and even 'the Lord' himself—are audaciously insulted. We have no occasion, and no desire, to withhold from this writer whatever praise is due to his ingenuity, elegance of thought, beauty of language, and confessed admiration of moral excellence: these are the qualities which give him the power for mischief, while they hide that mischief from the inexperienced reader, and, possibly, even from himself. We are naturally inclined, and have ever cultivated the habit of cherishing the inclination, to respect the most freedom of thought on every subject within the range of human faculties; yet, for this reason, we are bound all the more to pronounce strict judgment on writers who set at naught the wise and holy men whom they imagine to have been in error; who pervert freedom of inquiry into irreverent speculation; who indulge the most rancorous spirit under the mask of candour; and who have no more appropriate terms for debasing the conscientious belief of earnest teachers of religion

than 'the *INSOLENCE* of *orthodoxy*.' Our readers will scarcely expect that we should confine ourselves to soft words in dealing with impertinent railers. They put themselves beyond the pale of our fraternal sympathy. Here is one who has used strong and ostentatious language to express thoughts which, in their mildest form, are known to be, in the highest degree, offensive to the holiest convictions of a Christian. However tolerant towards men who hold *opinions* different from our own, we cannot forget that, when the truths on which the Church of Christ has lived for ages are unsparingly assailed, and the believers of those truths are held up to the scorn of every supercilious scoffer, we have more serious work to do than paying compliments to the genius of the assailant, or stooping to gather up his weapons, and examine whether some of them may not have been fairly wielded. We are under no obligations to put ourselves on the defensive. We are not disposed to give that advantage to so arrogant a challenger. Our business is to analyze and show up the disbelief which now makes the attack.

At an early period in the progress of Christian literature, the design and spirit of the Pentateuch were so misunderstood, that fantastical objections, founded on narrow opinions, led men to deny that it could have proceeded from Moses. As soon, however, as the plan of the writer of these Five Books was perceived, the objections vanished, and the genuineness of the books remained undoubted. In later times, the attacks on the Mosaic authorship of these books are traceable, partly, to the spirit of general scepticism pervading historical, and even literary, criticism, which ran riot in Germany during the latter portion of the eighteenth century; but still more to the resolute *naturalism*, or determination to explain everything by material and fixed laws, which had been assumed by professed theologians. Spencer endeavoured to explain the ritual laws of the Hebrews in a manner that indicated the activity of an acute but shallow intellect, wholly without the power of deep thought, or of spiritual sympathy with the reverential spirit of the Bible. Finding some points of agreement between the outward forms of Levitical observance, and some outward forms in heathen worship, especially among the Egyptians, he drew the hasty conclusion that the Hebrews borrowed their religion from the Egyptians, and that God did not appoint them, but only accommodated himself to them, though they were entirely *contrary* to the only worship that can be accepted by Him who is a spirit. The conclusion from such superficial premises was easy. Such a *system* of worship could not have come from God: the Pentateuch ascribes it to God, and represents Moses as receiving it from heaven, and establishing its authority by miracles and prophe-

cies: this *cannot* be true, and, therefore, the Pentateuch could not have Moses for its author.

The hypothesis of Spencer was fully adopted by Le Clerc, in Holland. Assuming that all events are to be resolved into natural causes, he explains away whatever is supernatural. Sir J. D. Michaelis expounded the Pentateuch on a theory of legislation, borrowed from French writers. Volney led the van in opposing the testimony of the imaginary Sanchoniatho to that of Moses, and he was followed by Gesenius, upon whom an ingenious Frenchman played a clever trick, which was exposed, at the time, by Boeckh, Kopp, and other German writers. The most profound historians of Germany—Heeren, John Von Müller, Luden, Wachler, Schlosser, Leo, and Rotteck, have expressed their conviction—on *historical* grounds—of the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch. Ideler tested these writings by scientific chronology, of which he was a distinguished master, and he upholds their Mosaic authority. On the other hand, Eichhorn, in his ‘Introduction to the Old Testament,’ gets rid of the miraculous, as Le Clerc and Michaelis had done before him, by conjectural explanations of the facts recorded. De Wette, who is Mr. Greg’s grand authority, refuses all credit to any writer who oversteps experience and the laws of nature. Vatke goes further, for he makes each man’s own personal conviction the sole test of truth: he rejects the Pentateuch, therefore, because *he* conceives that the form of human life which it exhibits is impossible. Goethe supposed that Moses painted an imaginary God, out of the dark colours of his own heart. The famous Wolfenbüttel Fragments treated the Pentateuch as spurious, because the author of those Fragments (Reimar), thought it impossible that God should commune with such a lying and marauding race as the Hebrew Patriarchs and their descendants were supposed by him to be. ‘As to our Pentateuch,’ De Wette says, ‘after so many acute and profound investigations in modern times, we may consider it as *settled* and *acknowledged*, that the books of Moses are a collection of treatises by various authors, which originally were quite independent of one author.’ That the Pentateuch, as we now have it, *was* written by Moses, has been maintained, on the other hand, by Michaelis, Jahn, Hug, Rosenmüller, Sack, Pareau, Hengstenberg, and Hävernicks. De Wette, Bauer, Von Bohlen, and Vatke, treat it, not as historical, but as *mythical*. Yet the repudiators of these sacred histories differ greatly from one another. The author of the work before us has freely adopted the notions of some of these German writers, without showing any signs of having had recourse to other writers in the same language, who have exposed the groundless-

ness of such conjectures. We see no reason for believing that he has looked at the Pentateuch in its avowed and obvious character as one continued work, designed for a specific purpose, unfolding, with calmness and noble simplicity, the rise and early history of the people whom God had taken into covenant with himself, and containing the germs of those sacred truths which were gradually developed by inspiration in the course of ages. Assuming certain conceptions of the Deity to be those—and *all* those, which accord with reason and experience, and taking for granted that the representations of God which are contained in the Old Testament are ‘often monstrous and utterly at variance with all the teachings of Nature and of Christianity,’ he gives the coarsest possible exhibition of the conceptions of the ancient Jews, and he asks ‘unlearned students’ to *acquiesce* in the results of ‘scientific criticism,’ as they do in those of astronomy. Though he speaks of this ‘scientific criticism’ as a ‘very difficult branch of research,’ he commits the egregious error—which, in astronomy or any other real science, would be only laughed at—of taking the exploded speculations of one school, as though they, and they alone, were worthy of our confidence. Following such guides, and apparently ignorant, certainly unmindful, of the refutation of their opinions by writers who were at least as eminent in their own particular line, he runs smoothly along the path which was trodden long ago by English Deists, and in which they have been followed, with great show of learning and investigation, by modern German critics. He sets out with the old notion of Bolingbroke, revived by De Wette, that the first appearance of the Pentateuch, in its present form, was the discovery of the Book of the Law, in the reign of Josiah. Then he attempts to show that Moses could not be the author of the Pentateuch, because, as he says, the language is too perfect for that age,—because the death of Moses is recorded in the book of Deuteronomy,—because there are certain passages which, being expressed in the past time, must have been written subsequently, ‘probably long subsequently’—to the period in which Moses flourished,—and because the command to place the ‘Book of the Law in the ark’ must have been written after the consecration of the Temple,—in short, that the book of Deuteronomy was written (by whom he does not guess) *with a view* to the discovery of the Pentateuch in the Temple! If this writer happens to know that *all* these insinuations have been ably exposed by Stäudlin, Bleek, Michaelis, Sack, Bauer, Ranke, Pareau, Rosenmüller, Hengstenberg, Hävernicks, and many other continental writers, we are at a loss to see the integrity of omitting all reference to them, or to their elucidations; if he happens not to know how

these able writers have treated the questions which he imagines to be decided in support of his opinions, we must speak out plainly against the ignorant conceitedness of such an assault upon 'the Creed of Christendom.' With equal credulity and one-sidedness, the writer seizes an hypothesis started a century ago, and taken up by successive writers, of two classes of distinct and often conflicting documents, clumsily confounded together in the book of Genesis. There is just enough of plausibility in this hypothesis to make it acceptable to writers who are *in search* of objections to the Bible; but the reader who has examined it for himself, or who has studied the examination of it by Hase, Von Meyer, Sack, Ewald, Ranke, Hävernick, or Hengstenberg, will probably agree with us in discarding it as, at best, an ingenious but unsatisfactory attempt to solve a philological problem which is better explained on very different principles, and as utterly valueless for the purpose to which the assailants of the Bible have so eagerly applied it.

We must point out a similar instance of ill-informed or wilful one-sidedness in the references which are made by this author to the alleged discrepancy between the Mosaic cosmogony and the discoveries of modern geology. While he amuses himself at the expense of Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland, he takes no notice of the lectures of the eminently learned, and not less eminently candid, Dr. Pye Smith.

By *a priori* reasonings on what prophecy ought to be,—by perverting the scripture statements, so as to give a most disgusting idea of the conduct of the prophets,—by exhibiting the grossest ignorance of the sublime themes on which he dogmatizes, and by patching together innumerable scraps which he has picked up in the writings of *one school*, mistaking their vapid conjectures for solid proofs, he arrives at the modest conclusion, that:—

'The prophets were wise, gifted, earnest men, deeply conversant with the Past' [whence?] 'looking far into the Future' [how?] 'shocked with the unrighteousness around them—sagacious to foresee impending evil—bold to denounce spiritual wickedness in high places—imbued above all with an unfailing faith—peculiarly strong among their people, that national delinquency and national virtue would alike meet with a temporal and inevitable retribution—and gifted "with the glorious faculty of poetic hope, exerted on human prospects, and presenting its results with the vividness of prophecy:" but Prophets in no stricter sense than this.'

In the same fashion, and by similar means, he treats his readers to a flimsy exposition of the notion set forth by Vatke, Bauer, and others, that the Theism of the Jews was 'due not to Moses, the patriarchs, or the priests, but to the superiority of

individual minds, at various periods of their history.' Whence *this superiority* arose, he does not inform us, though the Bible *does*. He speaks of the '*deceitful* God of Exodus and Numbers.'

A writer who has imbibed such notions of those sacred books which Jesus and his apostles revered as the word of God, was not likely to treat with more respect the books of the New Testament. A key to his reckless mode of dealing with them is found in a note, where, referring to a remark of Lardner on 'bold and *groundless* assertions in which critics too often indulge *without considering the consequences*,' he adds, with characteristic self-complacency: 'Dr. Lardner, like many other divines, required to be reminded that critics have nothing to do with consequences, but only with truths; and that (to use the language of Algernon Sidney) "a consequence cannot destroy a truth."' As if the 'assertions' which Dr. Lardner found to be 'groundless,' are to be held as 'truths!'

On the 'origin of the Gospels,' Mr. Greg adopts opinions from Hennell, Credner, Strauss, De Wette, Norton, Newman; and he assumes, as a matter amply proved, that the first three evangelists drew their Gospels from the extant current tradition—that they are mythic, not historical—and that the Gospel of John is no narrative at all, but a polemic composition embodying his conceptions of Jesus, who is here represented as having 'an overweening tendency to self-glorification!' He finds fault with John for giving us 'more of Christ than of Christianity.' He regards with the bitterest animosity the doctrine—that faith is essential to salvation. He speaks, in canting strain, of the 'profound and splendid genius' of Jesus, and refers to him as 'just and wise;' while he treats the only histories which make him known to us as unworthy of credit, and the fourth (John's) especially, as being 'throughout an *unscrupulous* and most inexact paraphrase of Christ's teaching.' As might be expected, he labours hard to show that the deity of Christ and the atonement *cannot* be true; and that either they are not taught in the Gospels, or, if they are, the Gospels must, *for that reason*, be rejected. He speaks of Paul as '*boasting*' that he had direct supernatural communications; he treats these boasted revelations as the workings of a powerful and fiery mind; and, with the cowardice which dare not fairly meet the question, he does not affirm that 'Paul was *not* favoured with divine communications,' but he does worse—he basely and impudently insinuates that 'hundreds of ecstasies, whom similar causes have brought into a similar physiological condition, have made the same assertion with equal sincerity and conviction.' With the same determination to disregard consequences, and the same

confession that he cannot *prove* what he says, he more than insinuates, in one passage, that this great apostle was a man of unchristian views and spirit; and, in another, that we have no 'approach to personal testimony to the miracles of our Lord.' The whole question of those miracles is treated after the fashion of Theodore Parker, who compared the Elohim of the Bible with 'the master of a locomotive steam-engine.' Miracles are here declared to be 'untenable;' we are further told, that the resurrection of Jesus is not proved—even if it were, it would be of no value to us; that 'our interest, as waiters and hoppers for immortality, would lie in *disbelieving* the letter of the Scripture narratives;' and that 'we can find no adequate reason for believing Jesus to be the Son of God, nor his doctrines to be a direct and special revelation to him from the Most High—using these phrases in their ordinary signification.' It were superfluous to say, that a writer who utterly *rejects every fact and every doctrine which is peculiar to the Bible*, treats the views which Christians entertain respecting the inspiration of that Bible with derision.

After getting rid of both the Old Testament and the New, the author still speaks of 'the religion of Jesus,—not as being absolute and perfect truth,—but, as containing more truth, purer truth, higher truth, stronger truth, than has ever yet been given to man.' The truth which, by a process which he designates 'Christian eclecticism,' he distils from the repudiated Bible, amounts to—'*the worthlessness of ceremonial observances, and the necessity of active virtue;*' '*the enforcement of purity of heart as the security for purity of life, and of the government of the thoughts as the originators and forerunners of action;*' '*universal philanthropy;*' '*forgiveness of injuries;*' '*the necessity of self-sacrifice in the cause of duty;*' '*humility;*' '*genuine sincerity—being, not seeming.*' The citation of passages from the teaching of Jesus on these heads is made without any *proof* being offered that he ever uttered such instructions. 'Other tenets, taught in Scripture,' are rejected, such as those concerning the efficacy of prayer; resignation; pardon of sin; the ascetic and depreciating view of human life; spirituality; heaven; hell. He thinks that 'it is more than doubtful whether the happiness and social progress of mankind has not rather been retarded than promoted by the doctrine of a future life.' Still he appears to cling to the hope of a future life as a kind of instinct inhering in the very nature of the human soul.

And it is by a book like this that the writer imagines he can overthrow 'the Creed of Christendom!' Next to the disgust we feel in wading through such pages, is our humiliation that there should be in this part of Christendom so much ignorance

as to render it probable that the book may find readers, that some of them will be confirmed by it in their infidelity, while others will be perplexed, if not shaken, in their attachment to revealed truth. We may render some service if we trace to their true sources the activity of the infidel school on the one hand, and the indolent repose of the Christian schools on the other.

We have observed in most of the attacks on the Bible an utter dislike to the essential character and object of the writers through whom its contents have come to us ; an aversion to the general strain of their teaching ; a determination not to accept the special views which they have given of man and of God. The expression of this dislike is sometimes bold and open ; at other times it is partially concealed. Now, wherever it exists, the objections to the contents of sacred writings are not always made directly and in explicit terms, but, most frequently, their literary character, or their historical authority, is impugned, and every art of criticism is exhausted for the purpose of showing that none but the ignorant, the unreflecting, the prejudiced, or the interested, can now look on such compositions as anything better than loose records of an uncertain tradition. The unpalatable doctrines have thus the *appearance* of being rejected because of their apparent want of authority, while, in *reality*, the authority is criticised and condemned because the doctrines are distasteful. We know of no bias stronger than this. It is difficult to measure the extent to which it bribes the judgment, perverts the understanding, and hurries its victim to conclusions which are as false as possible, but which he imagines to be the pure light of truth shining on a mind that has freed itself from the slavery of creeds. A given creed may be supposed to be true, or it may be supposed to be false, independently of any considerations to be adduced in support of either supposition. Let it be supposed, for a moment, that the Creed of Christendom is true. He who views it in that light may not have been well trained in the arguments which would prove that he is correct. He may be satisfied with the popular belief of his age or his country. He may feel that this belief harmonizes with his moral convictions and with his spiritual life : it may be associated with all his ideas of virtue, piety, and blessedness ; to doubt it, may appear to him a thing almost impossible, and altogether foreign to his nature. His complacency in what he regards as true will not allow him to suspect that it *may* be false. He *reposes* on it, as men do on most of the practical truths of daily life.—Let it be supposed, on the contrary, that the Creed of Christendom is false. He who views it in this light, looks about for objections to it. He welcomes them, from what quarter soever they may come. His search of them is rendered more eager by any disrelish he may

feel for its doctrines, and by any dislike, scorn, or contempt he may indulge towards persons by whom those doctrines are believed. He may think himself free from prejudice, while all the while he is influenced by the strongest of prepossessions—the belief, not only that ‘the Creed of Christendom’ is not true, but that it cannot be true; that *no* evidence could prove it true; and the resolute dislike which would reject it even if it *were* proved to be true. Now the whole drift of the Preface to the volume before us shows that the writer looked upon the Bible as countenancing all manner of evil, and, under this impression, he felt himself concerned to prove that the authority of such a book must be viewed in a very different light from that in which it is viewed by Christians. Here is the bias which pervades the entire work. It is not a discussion of ‘the Creed of Christendom;’ it is an attack upon it. It is not the composition of an inquirer, or of a doubter, but of a disbeliever. He has industriously collected whatever he could find to justify his disbelief; and he has breathed into it the spirit of the most venomous hostility. Destitute of the learning of some of his guides, and of the broader and profounder views by which other guides would have taught him to detect their errors, he parades the puerile fancy that he has received some ‘gleams of truth which have been missed by others;’ and, while uttering the most dogmatical conclusions, professes to be pursuing inquiries and ‘groping towards the light.’ Against all this we protest—in the name of literature, in the name of humanity—in the name of religion. There is, surely, no new ‘gleam of light’ in the *will-o’-the-wisps* which caught the fancy of early impugnors of Christianity, but which manlier expounders have proved to be the glow-worms of the marsh. There is nothing to cheer and sustain the men who are groping in the dark, in being told—for the thousandth time—that the whole ‘Creed of Christendom’ is a priestly invention. It is not true that ‘the orthodox’ *believe* that ‘revelation has announced doctrines dishonouring to the pure majesty of God,’ or that they ‘accept them all with hasty and trembling dismay,’ though this writer takes the liberty of putting such unjust constructions on what they do believe. The inspired writers of the Old Testament are as well known, and the dates of their writings are as accurately determined, as those of writers belonging to other departments of antiquity, even of much more recent date. The miracles, or prophetic powers, of some of those writers are never adduced in proof of the authority or the accuracy of the books in which the miracles are recorded. The falsification of prophecy is a mere fiction, while its fulfilments are embodied in the whole course of history. The Saviour of men, though charged by this writer with ignorant opinions, and contradictions,

will still be revered and adored by us, as well as by multitudes of enlightened believers. The apostles did not teach the error imputed to them so confidently in these pages respecting the approaching end of the world; for one of them corrected that error as a perversion of their teaching (2 Thess. ii.) The incoherences of Coleridge, or of Arnold, are no part of the 'Creed of Christendom,' whatever the merits or demerits of those admirable writers may have been. Instead of its being true, that the book of Daniel is accompanied by no proof whatever of its early date, and that it is full of historical inaccuracies and fanciful legends, as De Wette has led his credulous follower to assert, or that few critics of any note or fame venture to defend it, it would be easy to prove that the critical impugnors of this book contradict each other, and that their objections are, for the most part, frivolous, and based on erroneous assumptions, which have been exposed with great learning and in minute detail by Hengstenberg, who has, also, produced an elaborate array of positive proofs that the book was really the work of the prophet whose name it bears. The same general style of observation occurs in reference to Isaiah. We are told that—

'The last twenty-seven (chapters) are confidently decided by competent judges to be the production of a different writer, and a later age; and that they were doubtless composed during the Babylonish captivity, later than the year B.C. 600, or about 150 years after Isaiah. The grounds of this decision are given at length in De Wette.'

We could cite a dozen or more of 'competent judges' *since* De Wette, who have overthrown the suppositions brought together by him and other critics.

We have no difficulty in perceiving that the *animus* of this volume is an implacable opposition to the Bible, as standing in the way of a favourite opinion respecting the authority of the human soul; and we have no hesitation in declaring our judgment, founded on a patient examination of its contents, that, with all its artful, insidious, and unjust aspersions on the 'Book of Christendom,' it can be injurious only to the prejudiced, the superficial, and the unreflecting. It is one of many offshoots from the ponderous infidelity of Germany in the last century. However fascinating it may be to the tribe of pretenders to superior mental culture in this country, it is too poor in the qualities which have power with our manly English people to undermine the faith which they have been accustomed to repose in the Bible as the word of God.

Having thus freely expressed our opinion of this writer, and of the class of minds, far superior to his own, by which he is influenced, we take this opportunity of contrasting with the

modern activity of disbelievers what we have ventured to call the indolent repose of the Christian schools. We think there is reason to complain in this respect. We do not find the literature of the Churches *vitalized* sufficiently to meet the demands of the times. The books that are studied by not a few of the young men of the present day are of a different stamp from those which engaged their fathers at the same age. The most noxious forms of infidelity are stealing into the walks of elegant letters, adorned by genius, enriched with borrowed learning, seducing alike the intellect and the imagination, and producing a state of mind on which neither the Christian pulpit nor the Christian press will have any power, unless a freer, higher, and manlier style of thinking and speaking than that which sufficed for widely different times should prevail among our recognised organs of instruction. They who devoutly labour to bring about a new and more fitting style of presenting the ancient truths of the gospel, have a serious and burdensome duty to fulfil. Denounced, by those who take no pains to learn the true state of affairs, as innovators on the good old teaching of our fathers, they have to lay their account with suspicions, misconceptions, and misrepresentations, while they are repulsing the opponents of the faith, sustained in their lonely toil by the truth which they are defending, and by the Master whom they love to serve. In no querulous spirit, but with zeal for a cause which becomes every day more dear to us, we appeal to our Christian, specially to our Nonconformist, readers. We fear that they are little aware of the *present state of the question* between believers and disbelievers of the gospel. We can confidently assure them, from our own knowledge, that it is not what it once was. We call upon the teachers of the churches, upon the Christian *literati* of our country, and on every intelligent member of our spiritual communities, to look into this matter. We need a more exact knowledge of the holy Scriptures—a more enlightened apprehension of the place they occupy in the literature of the world—a more thorough acquaintance with the kind of difficulties which beset inquisitive and truth-loving minds—a more complete mastery of the true science of criticism—a more catholic humanity—a more profound, vital, and spiritual theology—a more reasoned and earnest conviction of the life-giving truths of Christ—a more elevated and practical outworking of the revealed relation of the spirit of truth to the redeemed Church of the living God. Strong in our own belief that the Bible is even more than all that Christians generally hold it to be, we earnestly desire that it may be intelligently appreciated, wisely expounded, fervently loved, as containing the authentic records of the doings and the sayings of God in the revelation

of his grace to man. It is the sheet-anchor of our race. Combining the light of successive ages, the principles of everlasting truth, the history and the law of a heavenly kingdom, the exposition of the past, and the outline of the future—uttering the mysterious thought of God in the household words of man, and forming the highest portion of the moral discipline by which the pilgrims of earth are trained for the employments of heaven, its claims upon us are manifest, constant, imperative, and augmenting. It is to the annulling of these claims that the writers of the class with which we have been dealing vigorously and perseveringly address themselves. In their attempt at this, they make common cause, though for a different purpose, with the agents of the Roman usurpation. Now is not the time, certainly, for vaunting eulogies on the Bible, or for sweeping denunciations of Popery on this side, or German infidelity on that, but for a calm, investigating, humble study of the Bible for our personal guidance, and for a well-informed declaration of our reasons for revering it above all other books. The first preachers of the gospel were men who thoroughly knew *what* they believed, and *why* they believed. They stood before a gainsaying world as witnesses of what they knew. The great Reformers of the sixteenth century were men who felt the strength of believing great and worthy truths. So were leading spirits among the Puritans. So, we think, were the movers in the great evangelical awakening which produced the several phases of Methodism in the Established Church, and among Nonconformist bodies, a century ago. None of these men lived upon the ‘Creed of Christendom;’ they lived on the gospel of Christ—not by the written faith of others, but by the personal faith that was in their own hearts. In the simplicity of this conscious believing, the prime organizations of Christian benevolence had their origin near the beginning of the present century. Let us not be accused of excessive love of what is new, and of contempt for what is old, if we seek to draw the energy of the passing age into the languid convictions and stereotyped formalisms which are but the fossil remains of a living past. No characteristic of our times is more hopeful than the faith which leading minds exhibit in the fruitfulness of a believed truth. It was this which emancipated the negroes of the British West Indies. It was this that abolished the corn-laws. Judging from appearances, we should augur that it will put an end to war, to capital punishments, to the alliance of the Church with the State, and to other relics of the former misbeliefs of mankind. Why may we not hope for some new manifestation, worthy to be the climax in this series of earnest beliefs, of the powerful working of Christianity in the very centre of the heart of man,

not as a set of disjointed and antagonistic creeds, but as a complete truth, displaying itself in the warmth of deep affections, and in the harmonious activities of a universal life? And if we may hope for this, why should not our inmost souls wrestle stoutly for its attainment? It will never be attained by such disbelievers as the author of this book. He is too frigid, too heartless, too reliant on the negations of a destructive criticism, even to comprehend what we mean. He could no more sympathize with our aspirations, than we could deaden ourselves down to the zero of his sepulchral temperament. We know that Christianity is more than the skeleton of ethical philosophy to which he gives the name, and that much of its power has, at all times, resided in those truths which, however they may be criticised in the 'Creed of Christendom,' are about to vindicate their authority in the grandeur which they will spread, like a golden sunrise, over the uprising world of men whom God has quickened with new life. The majesty of truth walking among men will brook no insults. Brave hearts will know better than to offer them; and craven spirits will not dare, even though their vanity might prompt the wish, to do it. Noble times! We believe they are at hand. We believe that Christians, in their secret chambers, are praying for them. We think we see their harbingers in many nascent forms of social melioration, and in the practical shaping of opinions and events. True to our own beliefs and hopes, we trample beneath our feet the petty cavils and crude denials of the small philosophers, for whom our worst wish is, that they may see the beauty, and feel the glow, of the undying truths which the Son of God has taught us, in that book which our reason accepts, and in which our spirit rejoices, as 'the message sent from heaven for the instruction and salvation of our race.' *'What if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is written, That thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged.'*

ART. III.—*London Labour and the London Poor; a Cyclopædia of the Condition and Earnings of Those that Will Work, Those that Cannot Work, and Those that Will Not Work.* By Henry Mayhew. Vol. I.—The London Street Folk. Book I. Office: Wellington-street, Strand.

THE revelations of this work should give a new tone and colour to the contemporary history of these times. A picture of England in the middle of the nineteenth century is usually drawn in vivid tints to flatter the vanity of our civilization. Political supremacy in Europe; the enjoyment of true liberty; the glories of extended empire; a commerce which visits the remotest shores, and colonies which make a chain round the globe—these, with inferior sources of congratulation, form the invariable substance of our complacent hymns in praise of our own achievements. We forget, or we have hitherto neglected to notice, the existence of a large class, in our metropolis, more degraded than the savages of New Zealand, than the blacks of the Great Karroo, or the insular communities of the Pacific. It is not a petty tribe, composed of outcasts and vagrants, incident to every social system; but a nation, numbered by thousands, which daily wanders through our streets, and carries on perpetual warfare against society. Such a fact should be remembered by us when we indulge in grandiloquent panegyrics upon the refined and polished state of manners, the general happiness, the public riches, and the universal freedom, under the discipline of just laws, which render England the Corinthian capital—the moral Acropolis—of Europe. We despise other times and other systems; we look on this as the illuminated age, whose lustre radiates from our own central city; but Athens had no such class, nor had Rome. North America has no such class, nor have the Swiss cantons.

Henry Mayhew has dug up the foundations of society, and exposed them to light. He has travelled through the unknown regions of our metropolis, and returned with full reports concerning the strange tribes of men which he may be said to have discovered. For, until his researches had taken place, who knew of the nomade race which daily carries on its predatory operations in our streets, and nightly disappears in quarters wholly unvisited as well by the portly citizens of the East as by perfumed whiskerandoes of the West End? An important and valuable addition has thus been made to our knowledge. In a volume replete with curious facts, authenticated by absolute proof, as well as by the high character of the author, we have a description of a class of the population perfectly marvellous to

contemplate. We shall lay before our readers the leading facts which our author has brought to light, but refer them to the book itself for the wonderful details, for the innumerable anecdotes, for the episodes of romance, for the philosophic reflections, and the infinite variety of pictures, which render it the most remarkable work of the age.

The population of the globe is divided into two distinct and broadly-marked races—the wanderers and the settlers—the vagabond and the citizen—‘the nomadic and the civilized tribes.’ The nomadic exist, more or less, in most regions. Such are the Bushmen and Sonquas of the Hottentot race; such are the Fingoes; such are the savages of New Holland. Such, also, are the street folk of London; and these are distinguished from the other classes of the community precisely as nomades in all parts of the world are distinguished—by a greater development of the animal than of the intellectual or moral nature; by their high cheek bones and protruding jaws; by their use of a slang language; by their lax ideas of property; by their general improvidence; by their repugnance to continuous labour; by their disregard of female honour; by their love of cruelty; by their pugnacity; and by their utter want of religion. They form several orders, and we shall now notice the street sellers, buyers, finders, performers, artists, showmen, artificers and labourers; but the traders will occupy our chief attention, for Mr. Mayhew promises another volume to complete the subject.

It is first important to ascertain the numbers of this strange race, which increases faster than any other class of the population—a portentous fact, when we remember that in the United States the contrary is true. There the prosperous multiply; here, the poor. From the most strict and moderate calculation, there are upwards of fifty thousand individuals, or about a fortieth of the inhabitants of London, gaining a livelihood in the streets—the most precarious of all means of livelihood. Their yearly ‘takings’ amount to 2,500,000*l*. They are intellectually, morally, and religiously degraded. They are in an unchanging atmosphere of ignorance, vice, and want. ‘The public,’ says Mr. Mayhew, ‘have but to read the following plain, unvarnished account of the habits, amusements, dealings, education, politics, and religion of the London costermongers in the nineteenth century; and then to say whether they think it safe—even if it be thought fit—to allow men, women, and children, to continue in such a state.’

These costermongers form a distinct, and, to a great extent, an isolated class of the street folk. Under the term is included those who deal in fish, fruit, and vegetables, bought at the markets, which they sell at their stalls, or on their ‘rounds,’

varying from two to three miles. Saturday night and Sunday morning are their great opportunities for business, and then the street-marts are held with mighty clamour and excitement. There are ten of these street-markets on the Surrey, and twenty-seven on the Middlesex, side of the Thames; attended by 3,801 hucksters, with an average of 102 to each.

The amusements of this class are characteristic of their condition. Four hundred beershops, consecrated to their use, supply them with places of resort. Gambling, skittles, sparring, boxing, and other practices, enliven their leisure hours; and we learn the truth of the remark, that 'there is a close resemblance between many of the characteristics of a very high class, socially, and a very low class.' 'Twopenny hops,' or cheap dances, with the galleries of the inferior theatres, supply them also with entertainment. Three times a week is the usual dramatic allowance of a prosperous 'coster.' They cannot, as they say, make end or side out of *Hamlet*. *Macbeth* would be better liked if it contained nothing but the witches' scenes, and the fighting. Music is popular. Nigger songs once pleased, but are now out of date. Translations of 'Mourir pour la Patrie' and the 'Marseillaise' are much in vogue. A good chorus is necessary. 'They like something, sir,' said one informant, 'that is worth hearing—such as 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The Dream of Napoleon,' or 'I 'ad a Dream, an 'appy Dream.' Those in ridicule of Marshal Haynau, and in praise of Paul Jones, are especial favourites; but the chorus of 'Rule Britannia'—'Britons never shall be slaves,' is often rendered, in bitter allusion to the monopoly of political privileges, 'Britons always shall be slaves.'

The sports of the 'coster' are peculiar. Rat-killing, dog-fighting, pigeon-shooting, and boxing, are in high estimation. No amusement, however, is so popular as annoying or harassing the police; and many a boy has willingly gone to prison for the satisfaction of inflicting a brick-bat wound upon some particular enemy in the force. In connexion with this subject, the politics of the costermonger should be noticed. They are all Chartists; but often with the most vague ideas of the principles they profess to adopt. Free trade is frequently supported, because it brings a cheap loaf; but, with this exception, their ideas seldom go beyond the tyrants in blue coats and shining hats, who overlook their proceedings, and whom they regard as their natural enemies. 'I am assured,' says Mr. Mayhew, 'that in case of a political riot, every "coster" would seize his policeman.' Nor can they at all understand why their leaders exhort them to peace and quietness, 'when they might as well fight it out at once.' This proves that the statesman should regard them as a dangerous class. There is a sleeping volcano in the bosom of the State.

Formidable as they are in a political point of view, the members of this class should be dreaded for the moral disease which they perpetuate and spread. The social law with them is little binding. Not more than one-tenth of the couples living together are married; but in Clerkenwell, where the incumbent performs the ceremony without a fee, a fifth of the whole are lawfully wedded—a fact for the consideration of the ministers of religion. The fee thus exacted is proved to be a tax upon morality. Few, however, attach much significance to the tie which unites them at the altar, except as a legal link which they cannot break at pleasure—for, as a class, they have no religion at all, little idea of a future state, and scarcely any respect for the missionaries, who descend, as it were, from an upper world to teach them. Nor is this a wonderful circumstance, since true religion is incompatible with total ignorance. No more than one in ten is able to read; but they are eager to learn, and grateful to those who come among them in a philanthropic spirit, mingling care for their present welfare with solicitude for their moral elevation. At this moment, a large order of men remains, as Mr. Mayhew phrases it, in brutish ignorance; and he truly adds, that it is a national disgrace.

But the costermongers are aliens, not only from our amusements, from our tastes, from our customs, from our education, but also from our language. They have a dialect of their own, of which the volume supplies many curious specimens. Their original names are laid aside for slang appellations, and their children are taught in this tongue, as well as by example, that the duties of their future life consist in earning a livelihood, little matter by what means. Yet there is a literature among these barbarians, and there are those who can read it to the others. Tales of vice, with pretended revelations and real accounts of courts, with other loathsome subjects, they greedily devour. Cruickshank's 'Bottle' was highly admired, but men who pronounced it 'prime,' became drunk three hours afterwards. Altogether, the kind of writing relished among them is of a low order, and the most contemptible scrawlers, for the most part, fill the high places in their literary Pantheon.

Among men so removed in sentiment and practice from all that appears virtuous or pure, it seems remarkable to find honesty a characteristic. That is to say—they will defraud their customers to any extent, but they never rob each other, nor do regular thieves often assail them. It is computed that property worth ten thousand pounds, belonging to costers, is daily left exposed in the streets or markets, yet instances of theft are extremely rare. They never give a culprit into charge, but punish him by Lynch law.

The means of livelihood adopted by the costermongers are generally uniform. With pony or donkey-carts, hand-barrows, baskets, cans, trays, boxes, or slings, they patrol the town, or station themselves in various places, vending their humble commodities. Their beasts of draught are purchased at Smithfield, and are almost universally well treated—as much from good-feeling as from prudence. The costermonger, though a trader, is not often a capitalist. Three-fourths of them traffic upon borrowed property—paying no less than an average interest of twenty per cent. per week, or at the rate of 1,040*l.* a-year for every 100*l.* advanced. The people who buy from them suffer by this iniquitous system of usury, for, of course, the amount is added to the real value of the article, and thus a cruel robbery is perpetrated upon the humble and the poor; for fraud is resorted to, not from choice, but from necessity. The indigent are by nature honest. ‘Mrs. Chisholm has lent out, at different times, as much as 160,000*l.* that has been entrusted to her for the use of “the lower orders,” and the whole of this large amount has been returned with the exception of 12*l.*! I myself have often given a sovereign to professed thieves to get changed, and never knew one to make off with the money.’

False weights and measures are in general use; but it is not so much from inclination as from necessity that this fraud is resorted to. A man starts to sell cherries fairly at fourpence a pound. A boy starts after him, and cries them at twopence, giving half the just quantity. The man, therefore, in order to do any business, lowers his charge. ‘The coster makes it a rule never to refuse an offer, and if people *will* give him less than what he considers his proper price, why he gives them less than their proper quantity.’ An association, however, has been formed among them, pledged to deal fairly, and any member of it infringing the rule is liable to be expelled. There is a strong disposition, indeed, to trade honestly if all would consent alike. ‘There’s plenty among us,’ said one, ‘would pay for an inspector of weights. I would.’

Some of the costers depute boys to sell their goods, exacting from them daily a certain amount, above which all they earn they may keep. The treatment of the lads varies, of course, with the disposition of their masters. In other cases, children are thrust into the streets to support their parents, and these juvenile traders are early initiated in all the forms of vice, especially drinking, although an act of Parliament forbids any sort of distilled or exciseable liquor to be sold, for consumption on the premises, to boys or girls apparently under sixteen years of age. Considering, however, the hard lives they lead, it is not surprising to hear that they accept any kind of indulgence with

avidity. We pass over the painful view of their manners; we pass over the still more painful account of the young girls educated to immorality. The localities inhabited by these tribes are scattered over the town, and are of various classes, according to the prosperity or providence of the dwellers. The dress is not usually bad, the diet is not very poor, while some of the costermongers refresh themselves by annual 'rounds' in the country.

Respecting the earnings of the costermongers, they vary with the seasons. The average of the year, however, is about fourteen shillings and sixpence a week, when a man pursues his calling regularly, selling fish in one month, flowers in another, apples in a third, oranges in a fourth, with cherries and plums in July and August. It is calculated that the property—in animals, vehicles, and stock—of the costermongers in the streets of London, is worth about 24,000*l.* The total paid for hire and interest may be 22,550*l.*; while the whole amount of their earnings is about 260,000*l.* Reckoning that thirty thousand individuals have to be supported on this, it gives to each an average of three shillings and fourpence a week. Like all wandering tribes, however, they are generally improvident. Times of hardship are not thought of until they come. 'Three wet days,' said a clergyman now engaged in selling stenographic cards in the streets, 'will bring the greater part of thirty thousand people to the brink of starvation.' 'This statement, terrible as it is,' adds Mr. Mayhew, 'is not exaggerated.' When, therefore, it is remembered that rain usually falls in London a hundred and sixty days in the year, it may be conceived how precarious such a means of life must be. Sickness has peculiar terrors for such a class, though, by raffles and other devices, the prosperous relieve the needy. Occasionally the law, and the cupidity of shopkeepers, interferes with their gains, so that we cannot harshly judge them if their tricks and frauds are numerous. It is an evident truth that, if an ignorant class of men is left without a chance of honest livelihood, it will resort to equivocal means.

Of the innumerable millions of fish annually consumed in London, the costermongers sell a considerable proportion. Nearly a thousand millions of 'wet fish,' such as salmon, cod, mackrel, &c., are disposed of by them. Of these more than eight hundred millions and a half are herrings. They take about 10,000*l.* for the sprats they sell during a season of ten weeks. Oysters, lobsters, mussels, periwinkles, whelks, and crabs, are also devoured in incredible quantities; while nearly eight hundred thousand pints of shrimps may be added to the list. Nearly a million and a half sterling is annually spent by the poorer classes of London in this de-

scription of food ; a statement which at first appears incredible. When we recollect, however, that the working men of the metropolis, with their wives and children, make up a million of individuals, this sum allows hardly an average of a penny a day per head to all. Fish is less nourishing than many other kinds of provision, which indicates an injudicious application of their means by the poor.

Next we have the fruit sales of the costermongers ; then those of vegetables. They sell yearly green fruit to the value of 333,000*l.*, dry fruit, 1,000*l.*, vegetables, 292,000*l.*—or 626,000*l.* altogether.

Leaving the itinerant traders, we come to the stationary, and find that eight thousand stalls for the sale of food, toys, and various articles, are scattered through London. Those for toys are most numerous, sweetmeats next, tin-wares next, and elderwine stalls are least numerous. We do not dwell particularly on them, but leave this class with an allusion to the public meeting composed of its members, at which Mr. Mayhew presided, on the 12th of June, 1850. The speakers complained bitterly of their position and of the police, who appear to use them ill. We hope they will be protected from these petty tyrants, who are civil to well-dressed people, but often, as we can testify from personal observation, grossly insult and irritate the poor. One of the speakers was a classical scholar, son of an officer in the army, broken by misfortune. Another was a clergyman of the Established Church, who had preached before fashionable audiences, and was unrecognised in his poverty by another clergyman and four curates, who, when he was prosperous, had attended his church. Was that Christian in these ministers of God ? Should they not rather have helped their poor brother in his time of need ? A third man, addressing the assemblage, reminded them of an important fact, that the rich become rich on the labours of the poor, and his remark was received with loud applause.

The street Irish form a numerous and peculiar class, which has increased of late years. They number about ten thousand, and are viewed with little good will by the English. They have been driven from their country, almost invariably, by the misrule it suffers under bad government and priestcraft. Their condition is low, but the virtue of their women is superior.

The sellers of game and poultry, of rabbits, butter, cheese, eggs, flowers, roots, trees, shrubs, lavender, seeds, laurel, ivy, holly, may, and palm, are described, with curious statistics of this interesting trade. The rose is still a favourite flower with poor and rich. One million six hundred and twenty eight thousand of these are sold annually in the streets. Musk plants and

marigold are the most popular roots, and myrtle is the most popular shrub. Watercresses, groundsel, chickweed, turf, and plantain, are other articles of sale. Of eatables, pea soup, hot eels, pickled whelks, fried fish, baked potatoes, sheep's trotters, ham sandwiches, bread and hot green peas, are vended in great quantities. Provisions also for cats and dogs enter into this busy commerce. Tea and coffee stalls have increased wonderfully, especially the latter, since the duty was lowered. Then there are ginger beer, which flows in every street, lemonade, sherbet, elder wine, peppermint water, with curds, whey, and pine water. Pie-men, sellers of puddings, plum dough cakes, tarts, gingerbread, buns, muffins, crumpets, sweet stuff, cough drops, ices, and ice creams, swell the category of these little mercantile adventures. Ices and ice-creams are 'recent novelties.' Gentlemen's servants and servant-maids are the principal customers, for working men cannot understand the pleasure of swallowing these cool delicacies. About 203,000*l.* is annually expended in the streets on eatables and drinkables.

One of the most original and interesting chapters in Mr. Mayhew's extraordinary work is that on the publishers, authors, and salesmen of street literature in London. One printer made 10,000*l.* in this way. Songs are sold by the yard, and they must be of a peculiar quality. The topic must suit the day, and be one of present interest. A ballad on Jane Wilbred was very successful. It was not written in language so choice as Haynes Bailey would have used, but it struck the taste of the nomade tribe:—

'Jane Wilbred we did starve, and beat her very hard,
I confess we used her very cruel,
But now in a jail two long years we must bewail,
We don't fancy mustard in the gruel.'

Of the standard songs, 'The Pope he leads a happy life,' 'There's a good time coming,' 'Kate Kearney,' 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' 'I've been roaming,' and others, are great favourites. Invented murders, and other tragedies, especially if accompanied with romantic and startling details, or revelations of crimes among the upper classes, circulate wonderfully. The real achievements of the assassin also, such as Rush, the Mannings, and others, were taken advantage of. The Papal aggression was a great boon. For the first time in his life, a 'patterer' declared he had been patronized by clergymen for singing songs against the Pope. One gave half-a-crown, another a fourpenny-piece, another was liberal in contributing to the pleasures of the fifth of November. If there is nothing really startling, somebody is killed for the occasion. One man told

Mr. Mayhew that he had put the Duke of Wellington to death twice: once by a fall from his horse, the other time by a 'sudden and mysterious fate.' He had performed the same mortal office on two occasions for Louis Philippe: once by stabbing, and then by shooting. He would have poisoned the Pope, but was afraid of the Irish Catholics. He had broken Prince Albert's leg, and made the Queen bear three children at a time. He had apprehended Feargus O'Connor on a charge of high treason. He had assassinated that wretched pretender Louis Napoleon 'from a *fourth* edition of the "Times,"' which 'did well,' and was probably as true as many of 'our own correspondent's' announcements. Marshal Haynau had died under his hands after the assault by the draymen. Rush had hung himself in prison. Jane Wilbred had perished from the ill-usage she experienced; and Mrs. Sloane was dead of remorse.

Famous buildings also are burned down by these imaginative wanderers. Canterbury Cathedral, Dover Castle, Edinburgh Castle, the Brighton Pavilion, or Holyrood House, succeed; but it is no use attempting Windsor Castle or Hampton Court, 'for unless people *saw* the reflection of a great fire, they wouldn't buy.' They also parade the squares with second editions of the evening papers—the brilliant leaders and abundant intelligence of the 'Sun,' and the news of the 'Globe.'

Political litanies, catechisms, satirical dialogues, are vended in considerable abundance. There is a class of street literature so incendiary, libellous, irreligious, or indecent, that no one dares to *vend* it. The patterer, therefore, escapes the enactment by *selling* to each customer a *straw*, and *giving* him the publication. Before the press was so free as at present, this system was very extensively practised, even with publications of admirable spirit. The 'Republican,' about twenty-six years ago, was circulated in this manner. Remarks on the trial of Queen Caroline were also thus distributed; and at the time of the old Reform Bill, when the Tory party sought to defend their feudal tyranny, they were assailed by flying squadrons of light tracts, dispersed over the town by the *straw* system. Men could not be prosecuted for *giving*, but only for *selling* such writings. Next spring there will be less need for such devices. The liberty of unlicensed printing is almost complete, and when the fiscal burdens are removed, will be perfectly so. About fifty sellers of religious tracts perambulate the streets; more than half of them are Hindus, Negroes, or Malays from the Indian Archipelago. We have full accounts of all these classes, their places of habitation, modes of life, and characteristics of the low lodging-houses they frequent; of the filth, dishonesty, and immorality there prevalent; and of all the phases of existence displayed among them.

The authors of the effusions we have alluded to are very poor men. They never get more than a shilling for writing a song. One poet, whose songs have sold by tens of thousands, remains on a sick bed, in the humblest indigence—while his verses are chaunted by myriads of tongues—really household words among the working classes. There is also the literature of the gallows, 'last sorrowful lamentations,' 'life, trial, and confessions,' 'particulars of the execution,' 'condemned sermons,' 'death verses.' Two millions and a half of copies sold relating to the murderer Rush; the same number relating to the Mannings; and the cost of songs relating to these assassins, together with the money expended on their account on penny broad sheets, amounted to 48,000*l.* Such is the morbid taste of the public.

There is also the art of the streets, and the music. The whole sum annually expended on stationery, literature, and the fine arts, is about 34,000*l.*

The 'petitioners' form a select class, which preys on susceptible individuals, who cannot discriminate between genuine misery and the clever counterfeits of it. 'A Court Guide' is usually included among the stock-in-trade of these professional beggars. One of them had a book of this kind, with marks opposite the names of numerous persons, known to be charitable, and observations appended. The man had been thirty years in this line of business. Among his entries were the following:—'Hon. G. C. Norton—the "beak"—(magistrate)—but good for all that.' 'Countess of Essex (only good to sickness or distressed authorship).' 'Marquis of Breadalbane (good on anything religious).' 'Editor of the Sun.' 'Lord George Bentinck (God Almighty wouldn't let him live: he was too good for this world).' 'Mrs. Taggart, Bayswater (her husband is an Unitarian minister, not so good as *she*, but he'll stand a shilling if you look straight at him, and keep to one story).' 'Archdeacon Sinclair, at Kensington (but not so good as Archdeacon Pott, as was there afore him; he *was* a good man; he couldn't refuse a dog, much more a Christian).'

Another considerable class is formed by the street sellers of manufactured articles—metal, chemicals, china, glass, stones, linen, cotton, and miscellaneous. Their united income falls little short of 190,000*l.* For the variety of interesting details which Mr. Mayhew has collected concerning them, we leave the reader to consult the work itself. We have, we believe, justified our assertion that there is a nation of men, women, and children in London, overwhelmed by ignorance, vice, and poverty—a dangerous leaven in our society, a slumbering fire which may one day break out and devastate the higher regions of the commonwealth. As long as they continue as they

actually are, our civilization will be but a partial scheme, excluding the poor from its advantages. We have made laws for hundreds of years; we have achieved great social triumphs; we have become the first nation; we have piled up, in various stores, the accumulated trophies of our art, our industry, and our versatile skill; we have acquired naval and military fame; and the benignant influences of order, peace, and happiness, have sprung from our bosom to bless whole millions in distant parts of the world. In India we have substituted a wise and beneficent government for a desolating tyranny; in Australia we are reclaiming the desert; in New Zealand we are redeeming the savage; but in our own metropolis vast tribes of barbarians remain unvisited by religion, unrefined in manners, unenlightened by education. Are these debased, immoral, irreligious, fraudulent, and reckless classes civilized? If they are, then we have no right to call the Fingoes barbarians; but if they are not, we have no right to boast of our social institutions. We should rather blush that fifty thousand human beings are thus abandoned in the capital of our empire to the most degrading and dangerous influences. It is not for charity to help them. It is not for private enterprise to elevate them—it is for the Legislature, and until a new spirit is infused into the Legislature, reform among the poor is hopeless. Can the reader imagine what men and women must grow from children who never knew what play was; never enjoyed a gambol in the fields; never breathed one breeze of country air; children that pass at one step from the helplessness of infancy to the self-dependence of maturity, and are taught to labour almost as soon as they leave the mother's breast! In illustration of this let us quote a passage from the account of a little creature, whose whole existence was occupied in supplying the breakfast-tables of the poor with the refreshing but simple luxury of water-cresses.

‘The little girl who gave me the following statement, although only eight years of age, had entirely lost all childish ways, and was, indeed, in thoughts and manner, a woman. There was something cruelly pathetic in hearing this infant, so young that her features had scarcely formed themselves, talking of the bitterest struggles of life with the calm earnestness of one who had endured them all. I did not know how to talk with her. At first I treated her as a child, speaking on childish subjects; so that I might, by being familiar with her, remove all shyness, and get her to narrate her life freely. I asked her about her toys and her games with her companions; but the look of amazement, that answered me, soon put an end to any attempt at fun on my part. I then talked to her about the parks, and whether she ever went to them. “The parks,” she replied, in wonder, “where are they?” I explained to her, telling her that they were large open places with

green grass and tall trees, where beautiful carriages drove about, and people walked for pleasure, and children played. Her eyes brightened up a little as I spoke; and she asked, half doubtingly, "Would they let such as me go there just to look?" All her knowledge seemed to begin and end with watercresses, and what they fetched. She knew no more of London than that part she had seen on her rounds, and believed that no quarter of the town was handsomer or pleasanter than it was at Farringdon-market or Clerkenwell, where she lived. Her little face, pale and thin with privation, *was wrinkled where the dimples ought to have been*, and she would sigh frequently. When some hot dinner was offered to her, she would not touch it, because if she ate too much "it made her sick," she said; "and she wasn't used to meat only on a Sunday."—P. 151.

The work contains many anecdotes illustrative of the truth that the more precious sentiments of human nature are often plants of hardy growth, which bloom in the coldest winter of poverty. Girls have worked themselves blind to support their parents; paralyzed old men have dragged themselves through the streets to maintain their bedridden wives; orphan sisters have laboured day and night providing food for their younger brothers, and many of them preserve themselves in virtue and modesty, notwithstanding all temptations. There are hearts so rich in feeling that the longest trials will not exhaust them. We know of one poor widow, accustomed to much sorrow, who planted a cypress on the spot where her son was killed by accident, and yearly went to view the tree, until its foliage flowed in full beauty above the place. Henry Mayhew supplies numerous similar anecdotes, which will entertain all readers.

We entreat public attention to Mr. Mayhew's revelations of London. If ignorance could, up to this time, be pleaded in defence of our neglect, there is no longer any such retreat for the consciences of indolent politicians. It is idle to reiterate the hollow remark that legislation cannot deal with such classes, that law cannot elevate them, purify their morals, or refine their manners. Parliament can and must effect a change, or we may be awakened from an indifference by a catastrophe not the less portentous because it should have been foreseen. This is by no means mere speculation. It is impossible to deny that a large class of men, such as we have shown the street-wanderers to be, must form a dangerous element in society. That element is continually increasing its power, because it is perpetually multiplied. The process will not go on for ever. Combustible materials will not for ever accumulate, without an explosion one day taking place. It is, consequently, imperative on the Legislature to direct an inquiry into the means of reforming these people. We cannot here suggest a plan, but Henry Mayhew

has, doubtless, matured one, and his opinion will be very valuable. He now proposes to deal with the immoral classes of London, and to extend a comparative view of the same subject over all the world—a most interesting investigation.

Meanwhile we recommend our readers to examine Mr. Mayhew's noble work for themselves. They will find it more entertaining than any fiction. It is a history of the poor in the nineteenth century, and is illustrated by numerous woodcuts from daguerreotypes by Beard. The interest of the volume is enhanced by an admirable portrait of the author. We should mention, also, that it is dedicated to one of the most kindly and brilliant writers of his age—Douglas Jerrold.

ART. IV.—*Memoir of William Allen, F.R.S.* By James Sherman, Minister of Surrey Chapel. London: Gilpin.

WHO that has lost a beloved kinsman by the hand of death, does not rejoice in the fact that he possesses on canvass or in marble the resemblance of him who has passed away? With what a melancholy pleasure does he look on that which bodies forth the well-known features, the serene, expansive brow, the lineaments in which both wisdom and power seemed to have their manifestation—the face of him who shall be venerated and beloved so long as ‘memory holds her seat.’ A great people has always loved the busts of its ancestors; and the galleries and museums of Europe would really lose their happiest influences, if they ceased to contain the all-but-speaking portraits of the illustrious and the good. As we visit the edifices in which are stored the relics of the great and unforgotten past—the statues and portraits of men of whom the mortal only could die—the eye does not fasten with greatest satisfaction on helmed old warriors, the heroes of many fields; on formal justice, in official gravity and enormity of wig; on coronetted beauty, at once frivolous and insipid; nor on kings, in whose very features we read the story of their hereditary feebleness or their lust for power. But when we look upon the statue of the poet, whose word alone shook the world; upon the portrait, wondrously true to nature; of the philanthropist, ‘who went about doing good;’ of the statesman, who won ‘the applause of listening senates;’ of the high-souled son of science, who, by his discoveries, removed much ruggedness from the path of life, and gave health and comfort to thousands;—we rejoice that we possess something to show

against devouring time, and, in our little triumph, we exclaim with one of the greatest of our poets,

‘Blest be the art which can immortalize!’

Literature beautifully supplies the lack when art fails us; and the pen of the historian, if it cannot represent the resemblance of the bodily forms of the good and great, can give us their mental and spiritual characteristics; so that, while the chisel and the pencil can delineate only the outward and the mortal, the biographer records the inward and the spiritual—that which cannot die.

William Allen, born on the twenty-ninth of August, 1770, was the son of Job Allen, a silk-manufacturer in Spitalfields, and a worthy member of the Society of Friends. His parents belonged not to that party among the Quakers whose distinguishing characteristic is the peculiarity of their garb—the rigorous observance of those forms which appear trivial and frivolous when they obtain as essentials in a man’s religious practice. They were sincere and lowly children of the truth, in whose thought holiness of life is of more worth, in the sight of the great Judge of all men, than a mere rigid distinctiveness of belief. Guided by the counsels of his father, in whom correctness of perception seemed to be united with maturity of wisdom, he had that inestimable treasure, an earnestly-religious mother—a woman of a singularly serene and benignant spirit, to whom her son was indebted, during a large portion of his life, for much judicious counsel, and who shows in this history as the beloved, the venerable, and the good. These excellent people were anxious that their son should receive, in the course of his education, not merely a knowledge of the great facts in the story of mankind, and the glorious results of science; but chiefly that he should learn his duties and obligations as a citizen of the world, as a member of the great human brotherhood, and as a heritor of the dignities and purities of the everlasting life. Guided by their simple but sublime faith, they regarded the shows of time as pomps and vanities; they knew that only what is true is good and enduring; that holiness of life is superior to the circumstances of rank; and that true greatness consists in the careful and complete fulfilment of one’s mission, and in the resemblance of the soul to that Example whom God has given that man should imitate his goodness and emulate his perfectness. Obeying and delighting in his precepts, these children of the truth could not easily err, either in their individual or relative duties; for they who commit themselves to Divine guidance are ever safely and happily directed through all emergencies, and to the fulfilment of all obligations; and if they obtain not the

highest posts of fame, they dwell in the serene air of truth—they enjoy the blessing, not of a sluggish repose, but of that peace which is rightly understood as it is only truly shared by them who ‘dwell in the shadow of the Almighty.’ So lofty a height, so perfect a peace, with ‘a sober certainty’ of future bliss, did these good Quakers attain and enjoy; and their child could not but be like themselves. We are daily more and more strengthened in the conviction, that the principles which are powerful through the future life of a man have, to a great extent, their implanting and nurture during the tender years of childhood. A mother’s goodness, her sympathy with all that is purest and best on earth, her daily walk with the Highest in faithfulness and prayer; and a father’s aspirations after truth, his struggles to accomplish what is lovely and of good report, his expansive benevolence and charity;—these reflected on the character of their children, give them the happiest tendencies. Too much of our education is theoretic; or we learn too much from hearsay—from books, and not from nature. Our conceptions of God’s fair world are oftener taken from what is artificial than from what is real. We hear truths too much at second-hand. They come to us like coin which has lost its fresh and glittering burnish by passing through the hands of ill-conditioned men. The best thoughts current in our world are infected by the unhealthy atmosphere of society, so that the young people are nourished rather on worn-out ideas, than amid the healthy activities of life. Claude is exact and beautiful in conception and in tint; but, after all, he aims only at an imitation of nature. Let any one study him well, and then go out into the broad valley at eventide, and look on the glories of the declining sun, and observe how, under the glowing west, the sloping woods and the river winding in the hollow are all tinged and empurpled by ‘the dying day,’ and he will learn that art is true and lovely only as it can show forth the living outward world. So in morals, the student reads of the holiness, the fervour, and the charity of those who have passed away, and he sees, as in a picture, what it is to be by renewal of heart a child of the Highest; but when he marks all these qualities in the lives of good men with whom his lot is cast, he sees how they give strength to all activities, and beauty to all charities. He contemplates then the possibility of virtue, the loveliness of true goodness; and, emulous of such illustrious examples, he learns that sublime truth which shall influence all his future life—that he is greatest who is most like God.

Such teaching William Allen early received. He was cradled in an atmosphere of piety; truth and purity ministered to his youth; and he went out on that great life-mission for which

Providence destined him, tutored in all that was excellent and ennobling, and fortified against that which otherwise had brought degradation and shame. Beautiful is it to note, how that ever-watchful Providence fences round and guards the early growth and development of the man whose life is to be passed in the service of goodness and mercy ; so that they who are destined to such service are exactly fitted to its accomplishment. It is ever so in the dispensations of that all-wise and beneficent Creator, who conducts the affairs of a good man's life to the happiest issues. No education could have been more exactly adapted to the expansion of the noblest qualities of his nature than that which William Allen received. Exceedingly touching is that picture he has given us of his mother—a woman of a rare moral loveliness—collecting her children around her that, in her own simple language, and adapting her instruction to their capacity, she might teach them 'of the things which belong to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus.'

At a very early period in his life he gave indications of genius, and of a taste for philosophical pursuits generally ; and in the volume before us we are informed, that when he was only fourteen years of age, he made a telescope with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. At the age of seventeen, he began to record the events of his life—a habit which he continued, more or less, through the whole period of his existence. This memoir is chiefly composed of extracts from that singularly-faithful autobiography. Here we discover the early growth of that religious principle which guided and blessed him through life ; that sympathy with all that was purest and kindest in the world ; that indignation against the inhumanities perpetrated on the African tribes ; and that world-wide love of man which shed a lustre around his name, and which will make it an object of veneration, many ages hence, among civilized nations.

Mr. Gurney Bevan, who had long prospered as a chemist in Plough-court, Lombard-street, introduced Mr. Allen, at the age of twenty-one, into his establishment ; and thenceforward the young student could unremittingly apply himself to those chemical pursuits which, in the issue, were to procure not only a considerable reputation to himself, but a lasting benefit to mankind. In his professional studies, however, it is clear from his diary that he forgot not that it is religion—a faithful devotion to the Divine service—which gives the highest dignity to man, even above that which genius can confer. He made it his highest aim to become an imitator of Him who created all things.

In 1795, he was elected a member of the Chemical and Physical Societies, which held their meetings in Guy's Hospital ; and in the same year, by the resignation of Mr. Bevan, Mr.

Allen became chief partner in the lucrative business in Ploughcourt. In addition to attendance on some of the patients in the hospital, whose thankful acknowledgment of his services he regarded as of more value than any fees he might have received, he opened a laboratory in the village of Plaistow. When only twenty-six years of age, he began to lecture on scientific subjects to auditors who were well able to appreciate his enthusiasm. In comparison with its present advancement, chemistry was then in its infancy. It is true that the dreams of Lilly and others had been long since rejected as fabulous and deceptive; nativities were not cast any more by the students of the science; the philosopher's stone was allowed to be a figment of the astrologers and theosophists of the unenlightened past; medicines were certainly no longer the ridiculous and disgusting compounds they had been; ever since the days of Boyle, chemistry had taken a great start, and Black, Crawford, and others had done not a little to advance the science. Availing himself of the researches and discoveries of those who had preceded him, Mr. Allen did much, not merely to increase the accomplished facts of chemistry, but to awaken among seriously-thinking persons a love for the study which unlocks so many of the secrets of nature, and makes man acquainted with the mysteries of his own being. We have been informed by those who heard him lecture at Guy's Hospital, that not only was he most gentle and kindly in his bearing, but also that, while he made use of a perfect scientific terminology, he was peculiarly 'apt to teach;' in the fullest sense, gifted with the art of communicating the results of science.

In the latter part of 1796, Mr. Allen was married, 'at Tottenham Meeting,' to Mary Hamilton, of Redruth, with whom he was destined to spend a brief, though happy year. Before its close, after giving birth to a daughter, her gentle spirit passed away. It was some consolation to the mourning widower that his daughter survived; but, during long years, he sorrowed with a bitter grief that she, whom he loved with so fond an affection, had left him alone in a world that had little in sympathy with himself in his goodness and his charity. Bereaved by that dispensation of Providence, which was as mysterious as it was mournful, he engaged himself unceasingly in works of benevolence, and in making philosophical experiments; in serving on soup-committees during the inclemency of winter, in attending Cooper's lectures at Guy's, 'Haighton's Physiology,' and in studying, with an ardour that was all but enthusiastic, natural philosophy, mathematics, botany, and other branches of knowledge. It were difficult to have found any man of his time who studied more variously or successfully; for, although he was

so much engaged by his professional and scientific pursuits, he always had 'some French and German works in hand.'

But, though his many-sided mind sought various objects of knowledge, and mastered whatever it attempted, William Allen was abundant in his works of charity. With that prescience of results, which is an attribute of great intellect, he was among the first to insist on the application of Jenner's recent discovery; and to this end, he was eager to establish an 'institution for cow-pox inoculation,' in order to check that frightful disease which, in the days of our forefathers, created, on frequent occasions, an alarm such as a cholera-visitation produces among ourselves—a disease which was the peculiar dread of young and old, setting its terrible seal upon charms whose fascination it for ever destroyed. Lecturing, by the invitation of Humphrey Davy, at the Royal Institution; continuing his admirable instruction at Guy's; and labouring incessantly in works of charity; he attained no little reputation with a public who, notwithstanding their proverbial fickleness in the distribution of favours, often recognise and honour true merit. Losing his father and brother in 1805, in the earlier part of the following year he married Charlotte Hanbury, who was worthy to be united to one so earnest in virtue, so constant in charity.

But the noblest efforts of his philanthropy were to be directed to the emancipation of the African slave. For years the merchants of this country had, to a great extent, trafficked in slaves. Vessels were built in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other English ports, expressly for the transport of negro-captives to our West India islands, and to the harbours of Cuba and Brazil. Crews selected for their boldness and ferocity, and commanders for their skill and unscrupulousness, were despatched to the bights and gulfs which indent the western shore of the African continent. Treaties, or engagements, were formed with the petty chiefs who ruled in the maritime districts, to furnish slaves whenever the vessels cast anchor near their shores; and by paltry bribes of beads, knives, rum, gunpowder, or rusty muskets, these chiefs, more cruel than their inhospitable land, and whose nobler nature was swallowed up in an insatiable selfishness, bartered their subjects like cattle, only with less consideration for their welfare. Those were days in which the admirable sentiments now happily beginning to have force with the public, were either unknown, or held in scorn. Those were the days of war and wrong. The genius of Pitt ruled the English nation, and the tempest of strife, with intervals of peace 'few and far between,' was making havoc in some of the fairest scenes of God's beautiful world. Men had not yet begun to believe in the brotherhood of mankind, though gauger

Robert Burns, 'in woodnotes wild,' had predicted the era when 'man with man shall brothers be.' In those days, merchants who were esteemed in the city, and almost venerated on 'Change, thought it no disgrace to derive their wealth from this inhuman traffic; though, perhaps, we must in fairness conclude that they were ignorant of all its dreadful details. In the conduct of that cruel and unnatural trade, it sometimes, though rarely, happened that the negroes were captured and shipped under circumstances in which, though there was cruelty, there was an absence of the grosser barbarities by which that trade was rendered a special shame to the English flag. Sometimes, the native chiefs, who were frequently engaged in hostilities with their neighbours, sold their prisoners to the English factor, who quietly embarked them for a transatlantic port. But generally the market was scantily supplied, and then negroes were procured under circumstances of monstrous, and almost incredible cruelty. A boatful of ruffians was landed from the slave-ship at anchor in the bight, who, almost maddened by rum, which on such occasions was given in an unlimited quantity, and ferocious in the prospect of plunder and lust, rowed up the river to the neighbourhood of a negro-village. Under cover of midnight, and with hushed voice and stealthy step, the sailors and their native allies surrounded the village, whose people were buried in sleep. Either they secured these wretched people in their huts, or else, firing the dry leaves of which their roofs were constructed, they made an easy prey of the inhabitants, alarmed at the sudden evil, the roar of the flames, and the shouts of the sailors. The negro-men, amazed and unarmed, were quickly overpowered, and many, in the wantonness of their drunken captors, were often cruelly wounded. The women, when their husbands and brothers had been secured—the prey of men who had been many months away from the society of the softer sex—were ravished, often with peculiar aggravations of the crime; the aged hewn down, and the children, if too young to be serviceable, were hurled into their blazing homes, or pierced by the boarding-pike. But all these were only the beginning of horrors. The captives were marched along the river's bank to the depôt, which was conveniently near to the shore. There they underwent the strict scrutiny of the factor, and those who, either by age or by infirmity, were not likely to realize a remunerative sale, were driven out among savages who perhaps were unfriendly to their tribe; or not seldom, we fear, they became running targets for the muskets of the intoxicated sailors. The men and women who were considered gainful, were branded with a red-hot stamp in the shoulder or breast; and then, hungry and wearied, they were rowed off to

the slave-ship. So soon as the captives were carried on board, they were closely stowed away on the slave-deck, the height of which allowed the negroes scarcely space enough to sit upright; and in that fearful prison, the men and women, promiscuously mingled together, were packed as closely as it was possible for them to lie. When the vessel stood out to sea, the sufferings of the wretched captives were fearfully increased. The lurching and rolling of the ship, as she sank or rose from the trough of the sea, hurled them violently against each other, with their wounds still green, the pain from which would be increased by the horrors of sea-sickness among a people who, during their freedom, in most cases, perhaps, had never even beheld the ocean. If it is remembered that each adult requires for his sustenance fifty-seven hogsheads of fresh air during the twenty-four hours, and that these wretched creatures, often five or six hundreds in number, had to exist in a space in which not a tenth of them ought to have remained even for an hour, some faint idea may be conceived of the horrors of the middle passage. Their brutal captors—whose conduct in the result of it always proved the impolicy of cruelty—allowed the miserable negroes but little food, and less water; and this deprivation, in connexion with the foul and pestilential air of their prison, soon converted the slave-ship into a dreadful pest-house. Frequently half the number of slaves shipped perished on the passage. Day by day, the putrefying bodies of the dead were thrown overboard. Shoals of sharks followed the slave-ship on her terrible way, and the carnivorous sea-bird hovered above her mast, watching with eagle eye for the moment when the dead or dying slave was hurled into the deep. But the horrors of the slaver, though the artist and the orator have vied to depict them, will not be fully known till that great day in which it shall be revealed how cruel and how wicked man has been to man.

It was to protest against these horrors that William Allen rose up in righteous indignation, and for the removal of which he resolved to agitate unceasingly. Some Quakers—who, as a sect, have taught the civilized world its noblest lessons, both in philanthropy and religion—so early as 1727 had emancipated their negroes in North America; and twenty-five years later, the Quakers universally had manumitted their slaves. But it was not till 1783 that the first petition was addressed to the English Parliament, praying for the abolition of the trade in slaves. Clarkson and Wilberforce persuaded Mr. Pitt of the inhumanity of the traffic, and he introduced a bill for its suppression into the Lower House. But the merchants of Bristol and Liverpool, supported by the House of Lords, successfully resisted all the efforts of that statesman. At length, in 1807, the

exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, William Allen, and others, were completely successful, and *the Abolition Act* became the law of the land; carried simply by the force of public opinion, although the king, and nearly all his family, were opposed to the measure.

On the triumphant issue of the agitation for the abolition of the traffic in slaves, William Allen turned his attention to another object, worthy of his benevolent regard—the education of the children of the poor. During the year 1808, he had become acquainted with Joseph Lancaster, to whom we are greatly indebted as a pioneer who removed many of the difficulties which were in the way to the successful establishment of schools. He seems to have been a man of considerable philanthropy, zeal, and even genius, only it would appear from this memoir that the worthy man failed considerably in discretion, as to his monetary arrangements. Lancaster soon became a favourite with the public, and with the highest personages in the realm. George III. heard of his increasing reputation, and gave him an audience at Weymouth, the details of which are peculiarly characteristic of that often well-meaning but narrow-minded monarch:—

‘ On entering the royal presence, the king said, “Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which, I hear, has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?” Lancaster replied, “Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty’s army is kept in order—by the word of command.” His majesty replied, “Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command; one of younger years can do it.” Lancaster observed that in his schools the teaching branch was performed by youths, who acted as monitors. The king assented, and said, “Good.” Lancaster then described his system, to which they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his majesty said, “Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish, to promote this object.” “Please thy majesty,” said Lancaster, “if the system meets thy approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on it, and have no doubt but, in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them.” His majesty immediately replied, “Lancaster, I will subscribe 100*l.* annually;” and addressing the queen, “you shall subscribe 50*l.* Charlotte; and the princesses 25*l.* each; and then added, “Lancaster, you may have the money directly.” Lancaster observed, “Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.” The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, “How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to

hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the king replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.—Pp. 53, 54.

Mr. Allen and his friends took Lancaster by the hand; and after an investigation into his pecuniary derangements, rescued him from many of his difficulties, and, at length, with cordial assistance from the king's sons, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, from many of the liberal nobility, Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., and others, the British and Foreign School Society was established. It may be doubted whether the nineteenth century has yet seen the founding of an Institution among us of greater utility than this, or one whose results have had more happy influence on the social history of our country. That School Society, under judicious management, soon began to flourish, and, in its prosperity, a depressing anxiety was removed from his mind. He was appointed, in June, 1816, by the Friends' Yearly Meeting, 'to visit those friends who were in Pymont and the South of France.' At Yverdon, Mr. Allen had an interview with his eminent co-worker in the cause of education, Pestalozzi; and in September, at Geneva, after an illness of short continuance, his wife departed 'to the unsuffering kingdom.' While enduring his tremendous sorrow, this man of serene and hallowed mind forgot not that submission to the Divine appointment should be as much the aim of the philosopher, as it is the duty and privilege of the Christian.

It is not our purpose, in this brief notice, to allude to details in his life. Our business is just to mention his noble characteristics, and thus to show how every good and earnest man is an example worthy of imitation. We may, however, state, that after his return to England, the excellent man employed all his energies to accomplish, on an extensive scale, his great object—the education of the poor. His zealous activity brought him into frequent contact with the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, who show to advantage in this biography, and, in the issue, with numerous continental potentates. One of the foremost and most untiring friends of popular instruction, during a considerable portion of his life he travelled among the nations of the continent, for the purpose of recommending to their rulers the educational plans of the British and Foreign School Society. Among the wilds of Sweden he found a welcome, and was regarded as his friend by the monarch of the land; the future history of the Scandinavian people will show how greatly they are indebted to the good Quaker for his charitable zeal. In Russia, the Czar Alexander, who seems to have been a man of some religious instinct and habitude, received him as a brother, freely

conversed and sought instruction from him on the great facts belonging to the spiritual in man, admitted him to the closest intimacy, consulted him as a moral Mentor, and begged his co-operation in such works of benevolence and reform, as the autocratic Russian constitution might permit him to accomplish among his unhappy barbarians. But our limits do not permit us to show how the dignitaries of many civilized people regarded him as a friend and valued counsellor; that, whenever he went on his philanthropic mission, prosperity attended him; and that he was mainly instrumental in giving a vigorous and wholesome impulse to education throughout many of the European nations. The friend and companion alike of royalty and the poor, the defender and patron of all that was good, his whole life, devoted to benevolence, was illumined and guided by the serene light of the faith he held. For the School, Bible, and Anti-Slavery Societies, for the enslaved negro, the degraded African, the Greek, but little worthy of the name, bleeding beneath the Mussulman scimeter, the wretched Lascar, the ignorant and the poor, the famine-stricken and the bereaved, and, indeed, equally for the physical and religious improvement of mankind, he did all that man could effect in a wide-ranging and continual charity. With the honour which ever attaches to the kindly and the good, 'clothed with humility,' revered and beloved, at the age of seventy-three, possessing the tranquillity of him who reposes in God, and hopeful of the perfect life, he rested from his labours.

The British empire, and, indeed, the whole civilized world are under great obligations to the Quakers, who have been society's pioneers to the best reforms. To their kindliness and zeal we must attribute some of the most useful and vigorous of our institutions. Enduring the cruelest persecution in the age of intolerance and wrong, maintaining their right to think and speak, to pray and teach without, or, if need be, in defiance of the permission of king or prelate, to them we owe it that we are, to no small extent, religiously free. We lament that Allen and Gurney—and others of their excellent sect—whom we must regard as public benefactors—do not still survive, to renew the agitation, grown quiescent of late, for the removal from our civil code of the death-statute, which is at once a national detriment and disgrace. Whatever may be the cause for public agitation, whatever obnoxious law requires removal, or whatever good measure requires adoption, if there be needed a protest against tyranny, or a struggle for healthy reform, the Quakers are always found on the right side. Of the illustrious men who have professed their principles, and been conspicuous among them for philanthropy and charity, we know of none who, as

the friend of man, deserves to be more highly ranked than the good William Allen.

The present memoir, undertaken at the request of Mr. Allen's friends, deserves attention from the serious and the thoughtful. It is written in a style of much simplicity, with frequent indications of the amiable author's well-known attachment to all that tends to elevate mankind. We give the volume a cordial welcome, and earnestly commend it to all our readers. If we may be allowed to descend to details, we trust, in the event of a second edition, that the volume will be freed from some orthographical inaccuracies, and that a few expressions will be exchanged for others more in accordance with correct taste.

ART. V.—1. *Dr. Croly's 'Scenes from Scripture.'* 8vo. London: Colburn.

2. *The Angel World.* By P. J. Bailey. Small 12mo. London: Pickering.

3. *Poems.* By William Allingham. 12mo. London: Chapman and Hall.

4. *The Mind.* By Charles Swain. 8vo. Seeley and Co.

5. *Dramatic Scenes.* By Charles Swain. 8vo. Seeley and Co.

6. *Poems, Legendary and Historical.* By E. A. Freeman and G. W. Cox. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

7. *Io Anche: or, Poems chiefly Lyrical.* By Thomas Smibert. 12mo. London: Groombridge.

8. *Songs of Consolation.* By Katharine Barland. Small 12mo. London: Groombridge.

9. *A Life Fragment.* By Alexander Smith. (MS.)

SUCH are the titles we have selected from a vast host of poems sent us recently—selected on this principle, that they are, on the whole, the best, the *primitiæ*, next to one or two poems we have formerly reviewed, of our recent poetry. And to a rapid, and, we are certain, a sincere estimate of their very various merits, we now address ourselves.

First comes that grand old giant, Dr. Croly. None differ more than we do from many of Dr. Croly's opinions on political and other subjects. A Conservative of the Conservatives—an Orangeman in spirit—he is, at the same time, one of the most

honest, distinctly-defined, able, and powerfully-prolific, of our modern literary men. His conceptions are clear, strong, and native—his spirit has much of the antique boldness and energy—his acquirements are of rare abundance and reality—and his language is manly, dignified, daring, yet seldom extravagant. On every subject he pursues a solitary and independent path, careless whether he be followed or not; and the echoes of his march are like those of thunder. Yet there is little that is sulphurous either in his glare or in his gloom; his lightning often darts from a cloudless sky, and his thunder-cloud is bound by rainbows and brightened by evening sunshine. He has found his models exclusively in the austere remains of antiquity—in the simple strength and aboriginal fire of Homer, or in the wilder and sterner song of Æschylus, that Titan of the drama—or, above all, in those Hebrew oracles, which came flaming from the Living God. No writer of the age has drunk more deeply, more largely, or so long and so devoutly, at Siloa's brook, Jordan's waters, and that volcanic stream which ran down the dark sides of Sinai when it was altogether on a smoke, and Jehovah was communicating with Moses in signals of devouring fire. No one has more entirely or more contemptuously held himself aloof from all those scepticisms of the day which would cast doubts upon the divine inspiration of Jewish song. As well might these have been addressed to Moses himself, as he, with blazing eye, shining face, step which in its haste and fury ground the very rocks, descended from the hill, laden with the awful handwriting, the '*burden*' of the Most High. And no one has, in many of his better prose or poetical compositions, caught more thoroughly, or more naturally rendered back, the fierce burning raptures of the prophetic spirit. He has fewer sympathies with the New Testament writers; and feels less at home among the mild and plain evangelists of the Lamb. But he has received the fiery token of admittance into the company of that elder race, who spake as they were moved, and whose words are still rushing on in their several furrows of power, like red-hot ploughshares through the field of the world, and are never to be quenched till the world itself expire! Toward the height which Malachi left when, with the word '*curse*' on his lips, he plunged after his brethren from his prophetic summit into the darkness of death, Croly has bent an eagle eye and turned a daring foot. His '*Salathiel*,' in many parts, breathes the genuine air of Palestine, and is bright with its gorgeous colours. And the Sacred Scenes before us could only have been written by a man who unites a constitutional sympathy with the Hebrew mind, to a profound belief in the *highest* claims of its writers.

They are, in general, carefully as well as eloquently written. Our great objection to a large class of them—that, namely, of ‘Woes or Burdens,’ resembling those of the prophets—is a uniformity of spirit, sentiment, style, and measure, which sometimes deadens their effect, and turns the sweet, swelling, and varied voices of the ‘watchmen upon Zion’s walls’ into monotonies like the barks of a homeless dog astray among the hills. The best of this class is ‘Elisha in Dothan,’ decidedly one of the sublimest lyrics in the language. It is almost the only paraphrase of Scripture we know which does not injure the original, but instead, makes new glory gush out at its touch. Besides these more ambitious productions, Croly scatters here and there some delightful minor strains. Such is his ‘Power of Prayer.’ We quote the two last stanzas, which will interpret themselves to all who know Dr. Croly’s past history and his recent bereavement:—

‘Hast thou, man of intellect,
Seen thy soaring spirit checked;
Struggling in the righteous cause,
Champion of God’s slighted laws?
Seen the slave, or the supine,
Win the prize that should be thine?
Wouldst thou scorn and wouldst thou spare?
Kneel and seek the power of prayer.

Hast thou stood beside the bed
Where the gentle spirit fled?
Sharer of life’s hopes and fears,
Youth’s first passion, love of years,
Saint on earth and saint above,
Life of life, and love of love,
Wouldst thou shun the last despair?
Kneel, and seek the power of prayer.’

The paraphrase of the opening chorus in the ‘Faust’ is magnificent, and one smiles to find the two strangely-different voices of Goethe and Croly harmoniously reconciled in the praise of God. You almost hear in it the first note of *that* anthem which is to unite ‘every creature’ in the worship of the God-man. We quote it entire:—

‘HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

‘Roll on, thou sun! in glory roll,
Thou giant rushing through the heaven,
Creation’s wonder, nature’s soul,
Thou hast no morn, and hast no even;

The planets die without thy blaze,
 The cherubim with star-dropt wing,
 Float on the ocean of thy rays,
 Thou brightest emblem of their king.
 Roll, lovely earth, in night and noon,
 With ocean's band of beauty bound,
 While one sweet orb, the pearly moon,
 Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
 And angels, with delighted eyes,
 Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,
 In day's magnificence of dyes,
 Swift-whirling, like transcendent dreams.
 Roll, planets, on your dazzling road,
 For ever sweeping round the sun.
 What eye beheld when first ye glowed ?
 What eye shall see your courses done ?
 Roll in your solemn majesty,
 Ye deathless splendours of the skies ;
 Ye altars, from which angels see
 The incense of creation rise.
 Roll, comets, on your flaming cars,
 Ye heralds of sublimer skies ;
 Roll on, ye million-million stars,
 Ye hosts, ye heavens of Galaxies !
 Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,
 Unknown to all but angel wings,
 Tell us in what more glorious dome
 Rules all your worlds, the King of kings.'

We are tempted to complete the wondrous harmony by allowing a third, a shriller and stranger voice, to mingle in it. It is Shelley's, thus translating the same thunder psalm of Goethe :—

' The sun makes music, as of old,
 Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
 On its predestined circle rolled
 With thunder speed, the angels even
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
 Though none its meaning fathom may.
 The world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day.
 And swift, and swift, with rapid lightness,
 The adorned earth spins silently,
 Alternating Elysian brightness
 With deep and dreadful night ; the sea
 Foams in broad billows from the deep
 Up to the rocks ; and rocks and ocean
 Onward, in spheres that never sleep,
 Are hurried in eternal motion.

And tempests in contention roar
 From land to sea, from sea to land ;
 And, raging, weave a chain of power
 Which girds the earth as with a band.
 A flashing desolation there
 Flames before the thunders way,
 But thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle changes of thy day.'

Thus—if we may continue our former allusion—from 'Earth,' where Goethe resided as a god of the seen and sensible ; from 'Heaven,' the heaven of Christian faith, where Croly is proud to minister at the altar ; and even from 'under the Earth,' where poor Shelley raved, and shrieked, and tried to heave up Etnas with his solitary shoulder—are combined the parts of a threefold chorus, going up to the one Great Spirit, 'of whom, and *through* whom, and *to* whom are all things.'

Besides the scriptural scenes which are the staple of this volume, there are a few poems, founded on classical subjects. The finest of these is 'the Furies,' for which we regret we have not room. It is stiff, strong, glittering, and terrible as a serpent from Medusa's locks. It contains the essence of *Æschylus's* play on the subject. Nor must we, in closing our rapid glance, omit to notice the prose Dr. Croly has interspersed among his verse. It is refreshing in these days of affectation—French grimace, or 'German silver,' or mystic delirium in the shape of prose—to light on such manly, clear, and majestic English, expressing in it sense, genius, and Christian faith, as may be found in almost every sentence of the preface and the prefixes to the 'Scenes from Scripture.'

Our apposition of Bailey and the 'Angel World' to Croly and his poems was quite accidental. Although, had we wished to point a sharp antithesis between opposite styles and schools, we could not have found more ample materials for it than here. No two authors of the day are more unlike. Both are Christians, but with the one, the 'letter' predominates ; with the other, the 'spirit' is all. Both are poets, but the poetry of the one is that of a modern Hebrew ; the other, that of a German of the next century. The style of the one is severe amid its exuberance, classical amid its grandeurs ; its power has been purged at the fire of the ancient sanctuary ; its gorgeous flowers are bound in a priestly fillet of the purest white. Bailey's muse is a *Mœnad*, and her utterances and her motions are wild and tumultuous as those of the Witches on a May-day night. Croly, as a theologian, sympathizes characteristically with the selection, the exclusiveness, the solitude of the old economy. Bailey would outrun the very apostles, would outfly the very angels of

the new, and bring, not merely all nations, but all men back to the bosom of God.

The 'Angel World' was intended originally as a part of 'Festus,' a poem so formed as to be able and ready to fold in 'anything,' or all things within it; and into a corner of whose prodigious expanse a Task or a Course of Time (the Calvinism omitted) might have been thrust! Mr. Bailey, however, should have acquainted his readers with this in a preface, as it would have been a material element in their judgment of the 'Angel World.' As a poem, purposing to stand alone, it is a total failure, full of faults, obscurities, apparent affectations, sillyisms even—as an eccentric part of an eccentric but wonderful poem, it might have passed, although it could not have been much praised. And why did Mr. Bailey add to the close of this 'Angel World' (an angel without wings!) the additional incumbrance of some of the weakest floating poetry in the language? Surely a corpse will sink fast enough without weights of lead being tied to his toes.

The third volume on our table is one of very considerable variety and promise. It may be called the 'Poetical Scrap-book of a young poetical Irishman,' whose praise as the author of this volume has of late been in all the periodicals. We have a liking for William Allingham, and shall give him a word of honest advice. He must *concentrate* his powers more. He must not listen to the wicked spirit whispering in his ear, that Tennyson has *not*, and that *he* is another Tennyson. He must *insulate* himself and his mind more. He is too susceptible of the influences of other poetical spirits, and although he never means to imitate, yet he often unconsciously and unhappily does. Above all, he must display less of a certain sceptical tendency, which lurks, like a diluted poison, in some of his finest poems. Why, if clever young men will or must doubt, should they be so eager to publish and circulate their crude dubieties? Why turn diseases into commodities? Why thus give a morbid access of galvanic life to poems which are sufficiently quick, and even powerful before? A house—a building with dust flying, windows gaping, roof staring helpless to heaven, is a pleasing spectacle compared to that of a creed a-making, which, nevertheless, so many of our young poets are anxious to reveal, and even imagine to be poetical.

William Allingham, withal, were worth saving to real literature; for he is a man of fine powers, genial nature, and kindly disposition. We might quote a third of his volume in proof, but writing, as we are, on one lovely autumn eve, we must quote his picture of another, not adequate to the reality, indeed, for

in this case it were a perfect mirror, representing perfect beauty, but to our mind very sweet and natural:—

‘Lately, when this good time was at the best,
 One evening found me with half-wearied pace
 Climbing a hill against the lighted west,
 A cool air softly blowing on my face.
 I reached the top: the calm and gorgeous sky
 Bathed a broad harvest view in double gold;
Sheaf-tented fields of bloodless victory;
 Stack farms, embosomed in their leafy fold,
 Pillared with light blue smoke; grass shaded hill,
 And brown-ploughed land, their graver colours lent;
 And some few heads of corn, ungathered still,
 Like aged men, to earth, their cradle, bent.
 And reapers, gleaners, and full carts of green,
 With undisburbing motion and faint sound,
Fed the rich calm, whose marge, a mountain chain,
 Soaked in dream-colour, girt with Beulah bound.’

Surely this is far better than imitating Tennyson, or mating Emerson in some of his coxcomb impieties.

We find, next, two very elegant and extensive volumes from the pen of Charles Swain, of Manchester. These are, ‘The Mind,’ and ‘Dramatic Scenes.’ Mr. Swain has received, long since, that very valuable kind of praise, *laudari a laudato viro*. Southey proclaimed him a poet, and prophesied that Manchester would one day be proud of him. We have only, as yet, read his first volume, ‘the Mind, and other Poems,’ and have been highly pleased with the great occasional beauty, tenderness, and spirit of his verse. His ‘Mind,’ although in shape didactic, and in stanza Spenserian, is in reality a hymn to the mental power, as manifested in the works of genius, and the history of man. To call it *entirely* worthy of the theme, were to class it with the very highest of human productions. But we are free to confess that it is full of beautiful thoughts and passages, and displays a highly poetical, enthusiastic, and amiable spirit. In Mr. Swain’s hands, as in so many besides, the Spenserian stanza is occasionally unmanageable, like a stately, bounding, but restive steed. He has not always resisted the temptations this mode of versification so peculiarly presents to verbiage, involution, and effort. There is a very considerable amount of sounding commonplace sprinkled through the poem, and here and there an unhappy emulation of the style of ‘Childe Harold.’ But if any one doubt whether Mr. Swain be a poet, let him read the incident illustrating the fatal influences of dissipation on the mind; or the six stanzas, each commencing with ‘There’s beauty, &c.’

or the picture of a 'Dying Beauty;' or the 'Apostrophe to the Star of Bethlehem.' He is not so fortunate in the pure metaphysics of the subject, of which, however, there is not much. He has a good stanza on the sea, though the last idea is borrowed.

'Morn, noon, or eve, O sea! solemn or wild,
I list the myriad echoes of thy tongue;
Thy first low matin to the morning mild;
Thy chorus to the sun-god, deep and strong;
Thy lovely vesper to the starry throng;
The poetry of waters! blending free;
All harmonies of beauty, grace, and song!
Awakening thoughts of melodies to be
Beyond thy sounding shore, O *reverential* sea!

In the 'Course of Time,' we find the epithet 'religious' applied daringly and beautifully to the ocean. This, Mr. Swain has apparently had in his eye.

The smaller poems are of various merit. Some of them, while good, are imitative; others original and truly beautiful. We quote the following, which is short, and full of a touching thought, as a tree is of the sigh of the west wind:—

'THE TREE OF THE VALLEY.

'The tree of the valley
Waves gracefully round,
Its green leaves in beauty
Adorning the ground;
But dark 'neath its verdure
The broken bough grieves,
And deep are its storm-wounds,
Though hid by the leaves!

'Tis thus with ourselves;
To the world we appear
All smiles, as unknowing
A sigh or a tear.
And little they think
Whom the light laugh beguiles,
That hearts which are breaking
Hide sorrow 'neath smiles.'

Altogether, when we consider Mr. Swain's grace, tenderness, sympathy with the varied forms of the beautiful elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, we do not wonder at the popularity of his poetry, which is attested by the number of editions through which it has passed, and feel justified in pronouncing him a *male* Mrs. Hemans.

Our next is a volume of the composite order of architecture:

it is the joint product of Messrs. E. A. Freeman and G. W. Cox. Such poetic firms are not so frequent as they were wont to be. No more are we called to admire the double flowers of a Coleridge and Wordsworth, a Lamb and Lloyd, a Rogers and a Byron. Indeed, we had almost fancied that Byron himself had stopped the practice, by the story he tells, whether real or self-fabricated, of an honest farmer, who, taking up 'Lara and Jacqueline,' cried, 'Aye, aye, a joint-stock concern, I perceive, summat like Sternholdt and Hopkins!' In spite of this facetious caveat, Messrs. Freeman and Cox have come boldly forward in Co.; and a very respectable literary firm it is. They commence with an able apologetic preface, conscious beforehand, it would seem, of the great objection to which their verses are liable—that of imitation. Now as their remarks, though able, seem to us somewhat one-sided, and not exhaustive, we propose, instead of quoting, to substitute a very few of our own upon a subject so often and so necessarily thrust on us by the circumstances of our present literature.

'Poetry is imitation,' said Aristotle; but not ten Aristotles could ever persuade us that imitation is poetry. Poetry, in its perfect and artistic form, consists, we imagine, of the following elements:—an idea, or thought; an impulse; a passion; an occasion; a form; a language; and a rhythm. Now the three first of those seven elements are underived, save from the mysterious power which men have called genius. The thought, idea, or scheme of things from which, perfect or imperfect, all poetry must aboriginally spring, is the gift of the poet's peculiar mind. The impulse urging him to this or that expression of his thought, in verse or in prose, in fiction or in act, is the result, generally, of his peculiar temperament. The passion, forming the heat to the light of his genius—the fire to the body of his sun—is from his own heart and history. But the other elements of a poet are often tinged with imitation. He will borrow the occasion of his song from any or everything: from a work of nature or of art; from a star of God or a sonnet of man; from a new moon or a new poem; from a cloud in the glowing west, or from a banner of special beauty in the Great Exhibition. The form, too, of his poem, whether it shall be a ballad or an epic, a lyric or a drama, will often depend upon the last poem or series of poems he has read and admired. On this, and on the fashion of his times, his language and his rhythm must in general even still more be dependent.

In judging, therefore, whether a poet be imitative or original, we must always take into account all those elements. If his idea, his impulse, and his passion be natural—*i.e.* if he have native insight, genial impulses, and a strong, warm heart,

he is a poet, even although the occasion of his writing, the form it assumes, the language in which it is clothed, and the tune to which it moves, be imitated from others.

To take some examples: Wordsworth was an original poet; his genius, temperament, heart, were his own; but the 'Lyrical Ballad' as a form for some of his poems, blank verse as a rhythm for others; strong, simple English as a language for all; and even the *Excursion* as a title for one of them (see Mallett's poem with the same name), had existed before. Coleridge was an original poet; so was Byron, and so was Shelley, and so was Campbell; yet all of these have, in occasion, language, form, and rhythm, imitated all round. On the other hand, many poor poets have been original enough in their rhythm and language, but have been at the same time entirely destitute of the *vis viva*—the bright native spark, and the strong special impulse of genuine poetry.

One of the gentlemen before us says: 'How far it is possible to originate a style wholly one's own in our time, or desirable, is matter of question.' *We* do not think so meanly of the genius of our time. Tennyson and Bailey have both originated a style entirely their own, having borrowed or imitated almost literally none. Thomas Aird's style, both in prose and verse, is as original as Jean Paul's. So was poor Edgar Poe's. Who foreshadowed or who has followed up the 'Devil's Dream on Mount Achsbeck,' or 'the Raven'? Dr. Croly, in a certain oratorical energy, resembles Lord Byron, but in all essential, and in most subordinate elements, is strictly original. So is Professor Wilson, in his later and better poems. So, on the whole, is our noble friend Yendys, although here and there you find traces of an unconscious resemblance to others who are *in*, but not *on* or *over*, his eyes. Still, as Coleridge has it, there are '*fountains*' flowing in the poetical world, and communicating directly with that breath of the Almighty which alone giveth understanding; and we are not afraid that these shall ever cease to flow.

Messrs. Cox and Freeman have imitated Macaulay far too closely. They are the mirrors to a mirror. They have something of his gallop and mettle, but not the strength, the vividness, or the almost Homeric fire which inspire his '*Lays of Ancient Rome*,' of the '*League*,' and of the '*Roundheads*.' How feeble their '*Battle of Hastings*,' compared to his '*Battle of the Lake Regillus*,' or to Bulwer's prose picture at the close of '*Harold*!' What a poor pale reflex of the antique splendours of Thermopylæ's field 'where the three hundred consumed a whole day in dying,' is their '*Legend of Thermopylæ*!' We prefer their '*Songs of the Moorish Wars*,' as less ambitious, softer,

and more native in tone and in style, and, had we room, would have willingly quoted one or two of them. The scholarship, elegance, and taste of the whole book, are unquestionable, and do much credit to our adventurous young firm.

About a year ago we introduced to our readers, as an elegant drawing-room volume, the 'Clans of the Highlands,' by Thomas Smibert. The same gentleman has lately bound up his scattered verses in a volume. It is a little bundle of life. Mr. Smibert is a very sweet, sincere, and variously-gifted poet. His present volume consists of songs, sonnets, enigmas, fancies, odes, translations, and fragments of didactic poems, all mixed in rather a pleasing and beautiful confusion. His translations are chiefly from the French, and are distinguished alike by literal accuracy and poetic spirit. His didactic fragment, entitled, 'Love all, and all love,' is full of fine sentiment, and should have been completed. He has no less than four poems on the swallow, a little bird which wields a perfect fascination over him, and whose laureate he must, by acclamation, be crowned. Mr. Smibert alludes, in a note, to his being a copious writer of prose in the serials of Chambers, Hogg, &c., and, we suppose, intends, should his present volume be successful, to collect the best of these contributions. In this, we wish him God-speed; and shall, meanwhile, quote a little copy of verses as a specimen of his poetic style. It is entitled

'TRUTH.

'Truth dwells with night; unthinking men are they
Who deem that only to the glaring sun
Is bared the forehead of the stainless one,
Una well-named in allegoric lay.
By lamps, whose light is not as light of day,
Truth shows herself most truly; hovers round
The couch where Slumber lies or should be found,
And cleaves to Murder in the darksome way;
Sweet dreams she gives to bruised and blameless hearts;
But with a hand incapable of ruth
She tears aside the masks that brave the light,
And curses Guilt with sight of its own arts.
*The fall of evening is the dawn of truth;
She is a star, and dwelleth with the night.'*

'Songs of Consolation, and other Poems,' by Katharine Barland, is the production of a female slip of Emersonianism, lately transplanted to that great hot-house, Hindostan. This lady, having been in trouble, has applied to Emerson as her ghostly father; and the present volume is composed of a somewhat watery dilution of the dogmatic scepticisms of the American sage. It is Emerson with a scented pocket-handkerchief in his

hands, and a tender touch of *rouge* upon his chalky cheek. Of course the Bible is underrated, and there are ravings innumerable about the grandeur and beauty of the soul. Nay, in one poem, she actually insinuates that, as well as the Gebirites, we should 'worship the sun.' Is it for this that she has repaired from our cold atheistic climate to the eternal bloom and heat of Hindoostan? We really should not now be surprised to find the worship of Apis and of onions revived. We thought Baal had never recovered from the great defeat of Carmel, and yet here we find him represented by a female devotee, not much less ridiculous in her homage than those who 'leapt' on his odious altar. 'Any god but Jehovah or Jesus' seems to be the cry of these miserable times, and of all their *pseudo*-inspired minds. It is long since Samuel Johnson wrote, in austere and righteous scorn, the line—

'And here a *female Atheist* talks you dead.'

But now, here, there, everywhere, you find female Atheists, Pantheists, sun-worshippers, from Miss Martineau to Miss Barland, insulting, in good prose or in middling verse, the religious feelings of the community, and attacking that faith, but for which they and their sex had been at present the polluted slaves of harems, or poor drudges toiling under the burdens of barbarian oppressors. Shame on those women who can despitefully use the book which tells of a Hannah and a Ruth, an Esther and a Mary, and insinuate vile charges against Him whom, while on earth, *no woman* was ever known to injure or calumniate! Happily, Miss Barland's power is *not* equal to her inclinations. She is, on the whole, a feeble and prosaic writer; perhaps, as a Mœnad mad; but certainly not as a Mœnad inspired; and a sure and swift oblivion awaits the dull blasphemies and sickly sentimentalisms of her 'Songs of Consolation.'

The last poem in our list is, in many points, a very remarkable one. In the first place, it is still in MS. 2ndly. It is of great and peculiar merit, as we shall soon prove, by extracts; indeed, we have read nothing in MS., and but little in print, equal to it since we had the honour of overlooking 'The Roman' in its embryo. 3rdly. Its author, Mr. A. Smith, is just twenty-one, and, from the age of ten, has been employed ten hours a-day in a commercial employment in Glasgow, and has only had the spare hours rescued from daily drudgery for cultivating his mind and muse. And yet, amid all these difficulties, he has contrived to give himself a tolerable education, to read poetry extensively and to write it beautifully. His aim is, at present, partly to get his poetry printed, but, principally, to work up his way to a situation more congenial to his mind, more worthy of his powers,

and allowing him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. And it is with the view of aiding him in these praiseworthy purposes, that we take the somewhat unusual step of characterising and quoting from a MS. volume. The leading poem he has sent us, is entitled a 'Life Fragment,' and is an attempt to 'set his own life to music.' It has no plot—'Life,' says Bailey, 'has none'—nor is its plan peculiarly artistic. Its power and beauty lie in the exquisite thoughts and images which are scattered, somewhat too profusely, over its pages. Ere beginning to quote, we have only to warn our readers against expecting thorough finish in the style. Mr. Smith's language is, in a great measure, derived from his readings of such peculiar poets as Keats, Bailey, and Tennyson, but his thought and imagery are always his own. He is yet, but need not remain an hour longer, in that imitative stage, as to *occasion, language, and rhythm*, in which many great poets have commenced their career.

The hero, a young poet, has, like another Milton, fallen asleep in a wood, when a lady, 'dark-eyed and tall, with a presence which might awe kings to her feet, and a voice soft as moonlight,' passes, pauses beside the spot where he is lying,

'Like young Apollo in his golden curls,'

finds, in a book of poesy beside him, a slip of paper, containing verses such as these:—

'The wild exulting worlds, the notes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briars,
The wind-swept blue-bells on the sunny braes,
Down to the central fires,
All, all exist in love. Love is a sea,
Filling all the abysses dim
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
Suns and their bright broods swim.
All things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the briar,
A tremulous splendour on the autumn dews;
Cold morns are fringed with fire;
The clodded earth goes up in sweet breath'd flowers;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
When love is born in each.
Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
Light of love, as a volume dim
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendour
In the westering sun.
Driven from cities by his restless moods,
In incense glooms and secret nooks,
A miser o'er his gold, the lover broods
O'er vague words, earnest looks.

His passions, like swollen torrents, seek repose
 Down in the calm lake of rhyme;
 In after years, how he looks back on those
 Rich sunsets in dull time.
 Daisies are white upon the church-yard sod;
 Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give;
 The world is very lovely—Oh, my God,
 I thank thee that I live.

The seeming evils are loves in disguise.
 Dark moral knots that pose the seer,
 If we are lovers, in our *wider* eyes,
Shall hang as dew-drops clear.'

The poet wakes, and a long conversation takes place between him and the lady descriptive of his poetical nature, training, and projected works, suggested, perhaps, by that wonderful one between Clara, the student, and Festus, but swarming with individual beauties.

Take this from a little melody he sings to her about a love-mad poet:—

'He passed away, a fierce song leapt
 From cloud of his despair
 As lightning, like a *wild bright beast*
 Leaps from its thunder-lair.'

Or take this from another strain in the measure and spirit of 'Locksley Hall':—

'O those souls of ours, my brothers, prisoned now in mortal bars,
 Have been riched by growth and travel, by the round of all the stars,
 In the dark house of the body, cooking victuals, lighting fires,
Swelters on the starry stranger, to our nature's base desires.'

The second part depicts the progress of his passion, which is unsuccessful, and in fierce revulsion he flings himself back into the arms of poetry and nature. This part is still richer than the former. We quote a few passages. In the introduction, he says:—

'O Poesy, the glory of the lands,
 Of thee no more my thirsty spirit drinks,
 I seek the look of Fame! poor fool! so tries
 Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.'

Listen to this picture of night, not inferior to Young's:—

'Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
 To chase the flying sun, whose flight had left
 Footprints of glory in the clouded west.

Swift was she haled by winged swimming steeds,
 Whose cloudy manes were wet with heavy dews,
 And dews were drizzling from her chariot-wheels.
 Soft in her lap lay drowsy lidded sleep,
Brainful of dreams as summer hive with bees ;
 And round her, in the pale and spectral light,
 Flocked bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.'

Or hear the resolve of his spirit :—

'I have a heart to dare,
 And spirit-thews to work my daring out,
 To cleave the world, as a swimmer cleaves the sea,
 Breaking the tumbling billows into froth,
 With tilting full-blown chest, and scattering,
 With scornful breath, the kissing, flattering froth,
 Which leaps and dallies with his dipping lip.
 I will go forth 'mong men not mailed in scorn,
 But in the armour of a pure intent,
 And speak my thoughts, which sleep as idly now
 As the warm lightning in its thunder sheath.'

He says again :—

'Two passions dwelt at once within my soul,
 Like *eve and sunset dwelling in one sky*,
 And as the sun-glows die along the west,
 Eve higher lifts her *front of trembling stars*,
 Till she is seated in the middle sky ;
 So in my heart one passion slowly died,
 And from its death the other drew fresh life,
 Till now 'tis seated in my soul alone.
 The dead is love, the living poetry.'

One line more, and we close these excerpts—

'Soul is a *moon* : love is its loveliest *phase*.'

We could make assurance doubly sure by quoting one entire poem, entitled, 'The Garden and the Child;' which *must* be published, although not here nor *now*. It reminds us of the style of Wordsworth's finer ballads, and has made us both weep and thrill. We must, however, have done. And now, repressing the many advices we had to give to Mr. Smith, as well as saying nothing more of the hopes his very beautiful beginnings have excited in our minds, we simply ask the public if they are to permit a youth of this calibre and promise to pine away amid mechanical drudgery, and, perhaps, go broken-hearted to an untimely grave? We ask, especially, our Glasgow friends, ever generous and warm-hearted, to look to it, that they neglect not one of the finest poets, perhaps, indeed, one *promising* to be the finest since Campbell, their good city has produced! Let

not the sermon long ago preached over the dried-up spirit, crushed heart, and daisy-covered sod of John Keats, need to be so speedily repeated. Mr. Smith seems a modest and a sensible, as well as a gifted youth, and, in an age like this, there is very little danger, indeed, that he will soon be spoiled.

There are some other poems on our table worthy of notice, such as the very pleasing volume, entitled the 'Three Sorrows of Loide,' by Calder Campbell, Edgar Bowring's spirited translations from Schiller, 'Tryphena,' &c. But our time is at present exhausted, and we can only bid all the little cluster we have had shining around us, from the hoary Neptune, Croly, to the sun-buried Mercury, Smith, a kindly and cordial farewell!

ART. VI.—1. *Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the State-Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Eighth Edition. London: John Murray. 1851.

2. *The Neapolitan Government and Mr. Gladstone. A Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen; being a Reply to Two Letters recently addressed to his Lordship, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* By Charles MacFarlane. London: George Routledge and Co. 1851.

It is difficult to overrate the influence of public opinion, when appealed to with earnestness and moderation in the cause of justice. There is no person too high or too low to be reached by it; and the rapidity and certainty with which it produces its effects may be said to supply a measure for ascertaining the progress of civilization. Even the greatest empires and communities, pervaded as aggregates by a general consciousness, which in the present circumstances of the world may be acted upon almost like the conscience of an individual, quail before it, so that the intellectual existence of our whole race may at length be said to be approaching unity, which, when complete, should be regarded as the perfection of civil society.

A remarkable illustration of this truth has just been supplied by Mr. Gladstone's *Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen*. For a considerable time past, the persuasion has existed in Italy, and, in some degree, even beyond the Alps, that in the silence and

secrecy so congenial to despotism, scenes were taking place at Naples of a nature to tax ordinary powers of belief. Through this current of reports and rumours, Mr. Gladstone travelled last winter towards the Neapolitan territory. Whoever is acquainted with his public character, will not imagine that he was peculiarly disposed to cherish prejudices against any established government, but with the coldness and caution of office he unites a strong sense of right, and though by no means belonging to the liberal party, is so far liberal in his views that he is disposed to look with satisfaction on any form of civil polity which promotes the improvement of our species.

Mr. Gladstone had not been long at Naples before he discovered that the condition of the country, moral and political, was infinitely worse than the idea formed of it by the rest of Christendom. Everything around him exhibited symptoms of being influenced by the principle of reaction; every man's thoughts were imprisoned within his own breast. There existed no political, no social intercourse. Every man dreaded his neighbour, and was in turn dreaded by him; for so vast and so diffused was the system of espionage, that, as formerly in Vienna, it penetrated into the very bed-chamber, and rendered it dangerous for a man to disclose his opinions even to the companion of his pillow. Nay, people's very looks and gestures were watched, and the soul's outpourings at the confessional were converted by priests in the pay of Government into a means of gratifying the ferocity and vindictiveness of power.

On the present occasion, our desire is rather to suffer facts to speak for themselves, than to give utterance to our own feelings and opinions. Our warm attachment to popular government is well known, for we have laboured, in season and out of season, through evil and through good report, to promote the cause of liberty in Christendom, and may, therefore, not unreasonably be presumed to experience a strong sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted at Naples. Mr. Gladstone's political principles are those of a conservative statesman; that is to say, rather favourable to reaction than to rapid progress. Yet, being humane and honest, he has boldly put forth his testimony, and we feel assured that, moderate and conservative as he is, he will not regret the use of what he has written which cannot fail to be made by the democratic party in Italy.

Correctly to appreciate the proceedings of the Government, we ought fully to comprehend the character of the Neapolitan people. Taken altogether, they are, perhaps, the most peaceable in Europe. Content with little, naturally disposed to ease and tranquillity, they have for ages endured the pressure of a Government which would long ago have proved intolerable to

almost any other nation. This submissiveness may partly, perhaps, be owing to the relaxing influence of their climate, which, by disposing men to indolent enjoyment, disinclines them to murmuring and disaffection. They will not be at the pains to resent small injuries; and the habit of bearing these becomes so strong, that at last even great ones fail to rouse them. Patient, gentle, and without revenge, they literally submit to be trampled on by their rulers, and it is only when the oppression becomes unendurable that they exhibit any energy in the attempt to shake it off.

A traveller without passion or prejudice might be almost tempted to conclude that Ferdinand the Second and his ministers were engaged in making a philosophical experiment to ascertain how far the passive obedience of a people can be carried. They will probably soon reach the utmost limits of popular endurance, when it is to be hoped the Governments of Europe will remember Mr. Gladstone's statements, and abstain from interfering with the course of justice. To comprehend the whole nature of the case, his letters should be read and studied; but even from a few passages the criminality of the Neapolitan reaction must be evident. Having thrown out a few prefatory remarks, he proceeds to say:—"After a residence of between three and four months at Naples, I have come home with a deep sense of the duty incumbent upon me to make some attempt towards mitigating the horrors—I can use no weaker word—amidst which the government of that country is carried on."—(P. 5.)

'The present persecution is awfully aggravated, as compared with former ones; it differs too in this, that it seems to be specially directed against those men of moderate opinions, whom a government, well stocked even with worldly prudence, whom Macchiavelli, had he been minister, would have made it his study to conciliate and attach. These men, therefore, are being cleared away; and the present efforts to drive poor human nature to extremes cannot wholly fail in stirring up the ferocious passions, which never, to my belief, since the times of the heathen tyrants, have had so much to arouse, or so much to palliate when aroused, their fury.'—P. 9.

Our readers will be fully disposed to agree with Mr. Gladstone, in thinking it time that 'the veil should be lifted from scenes fitter for hell than earth' (p. 36); scenes which have dissipated the reserve of a man known chiefly among us for his moderatism, for his hostility to the revolutionary principle, for his attachment to established governments, which, whether strong or weak, are throughout Christendom, as he justly observes, more or less affected by the political condition of the party to which he belongs. The evidence of such a witness may be accepted without

hesitation. It is given in defiance of party leanings, purely in the interest of humanity, and will assuredly be remembered to Mr. Gladstone's honour when all he has done for the furtherance of conservatism has been condemned to oblivion.

Ferdinand and his ministers are, meanwhile, not without defenders and sympathizers in this country. Several of our journals, ever since the sanguinary fifteenth of May, have been labouring in the reactionary interest, heaping calumny on the constitutional party, and representing King Bomba as a person of gentle inclinations and exemplary character, compelled to take refuge in coercive measures through the force of circumstances. Even now, after the revelations of Mr. Gladstone, they do not entirely despair of their cause. Contradiction, however, being out of the question, they have recourse to hints and insinuations:—whispering the possibility that the British statesman may have jumped too hastily to his conclusions; that the authorities on whom he relied, may not have been perfectly informed; that many of the individuals of whose innocence he is persuaded, may not lie altogether beyond suspicion; and that, consequently, though the proceedings of the Neapolitan Government may not be exactly what they ought to be, there is still a great deal to be urged in extenuation.

But the stubbornness of facts is proverbial; and though it be not at all unusual to see misrepresentation and imposture prevail for a while over truth, time in the end is sure to adjust the balance properly between them. In Mr. Gladstone's case, the public has displayed no reluctance to be convinced. Lord Palmerston, in his place in Parliament, observed, that the Foreign Office had forwarded copies of the Letters to Lord Aberdeen, to all our ministers abroad, with instructions to lay them before the Governments to which they were accredited; and the public out of doors has bestowed on the subject a degree of attention seldom extended to anything connected with foreign politics. This is highly creditable to us as a people; and we trust the press will not desist from urging the consideration of the question on the world till the Government of Naples shall be compelled to abandon the disgraceful persecution which it is now carrying on against all that is virtuous and noble in the land.

The general picture of Neapolitan atrocity is drawn by Mr. Gladstone with a vigorous hand, and in startling colours. He says:—

‘The difference between the faintest outline that a moment's handling of the pencil sketches, and the deepest colouring of the most elaborately-finished portrait, but feebly illustrates the relation of these vague suppositions to the actual truth of the Neapolitan case. It is not

mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe ; it is incessant, systematic, deliberate, violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine ; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the main-spring of practical progress and improvement ; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law under the stimulants of fear and vengeance ; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately, by the immediate advisers of the Crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and even if not by capital offences, the life, of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined, of the whole community ; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral, as well as in a lower degree of physical torture, through which the sentences extracted from the debased courts of justice are carried into effect.'—P. 8.

That such a system should continue long in operation without thoroughly alienating the minds of the people, is obviously impossible. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Naples, though generally restrained by fear from the utterance of any opinion, were not able to conceal from their visitor the light in which they regarded it :—

' I have seen and heard (says Mr. Gladstone) the strong and too true expression used—" This is the negation of God erected into a system of government." '—P. 9.

To rouse and justify public sympathy in this country, it would be sufficient to prove that even one man was suffering, in any neighbouring state, a cruel and unjust persecution. If, for example, we knew that on the other side of the Channel, within sight of the English shores, a distinguished political prisoner, equally remarkable for his private virtues and his attachment to public liberty, now languished in a dungeon, denied the solace of conversing with his family and friends, chained to a thief, a housebreaker, or a murderer, and scarcely supplied with sufficient nourishment to sustain life, our indignation would know no bounds. What shall we say, then, when not one, or ten, or a hundred, but upwards of twenty thousand are thus suffering in Naples ? But even this is not all. In addition to this immense multitude confined in the various prisons of the kingdom, there is at least an equal number of political victims living in conceal-

ment, in the houses of their friends, in the solitude of the mountains, or in exile in distant countries. Nearly all these may be said to belong to the middle classes, not numerous in the kingdom of Naples; and when we add, that their property has, in many instances, been confiscated, we shall be able to form some faint idea of the poverty, distress, wretchedness, and crime occasioned by the attempt to keep Ferdinand II. on his throne. Forty thousand men, many of them fathers of families, in prison or in exile, with all those who depended on them, reduced to beggary or to vice!

To render credible so extraordinary a state of things, Mr. Gladstone alludes, in his first letter, to the system of instruction pursued under the direction of the Roman Catholic clergy in the kingdom of Naples, and in his second letter, prints some extracts from a philosophical catechism, which it is compulsory on all schoolmasters to make use of. We know that in Austria, from the beginning of the present century, the sources of knowledge have been systematically poisoned; that the testimony of history has been perverted for the inculcation of doctrines at variance with truth; that facts have been omitted and fictions substituted in their place; and that in this way the minds of youth have been debased and corrupted to further the designs of despotism. Naples being one of those political satellites which revolve about the Austrian empire, we experienced no surprise on meeting the following passage in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet:—

‘But why should it seem strange that the Government of Naples should be at open war with those classes? In the schools of the country it is, I have heard, compulsory to employ the political catechism ascribed to the Canonico Apuzzi, of which I have a copy. In this catechism, civilization and barbarism are represented as two opposite extremes, both of them vicious; and it is distinctly taught, taught therefore by the Government of Naples, that happiness and virtue lie in a just *mean* between them.’—P. 10.

In his second letter, Mr. Gladstone speaks of this catechism as one of the most singular and detestable books he has ever seen; and whoever considers carefully the purport of the passage he quotes will probably be of the same opinion. The Canonico Apuzzi, supposing him to be the author, will acquire an unenviable celebrity, so that, though far superior in ability, he may come to be classed for sentiments and opinions with Mr. Charles MacFarlane. This ingenious ecclesiastic would seem to have been a student of Sir Robert Filmer, whose sophisms and fallacies have been so ably exposed and ridiculed by Locke.

‘And now I shall continue to translate. The whole matter will repay perusal, and it will be seen that the express and not mistakeable

features of the Neapolitan case are carefully described and fully met in the abominable doctrines here inculcated:—"S. If the people in the very act of electing a sovereign shall have imposed upon him certain conditions and certain reservations, will not these reservations and these conditions for the constitution aid the fundamental laws of the State? M. They will, provided the sovereign shall have granted and ratified them freely. Otherwise, they will not; because the people, which is made for submission and not for command, cannot impose a law upon the sovereignty, which derives its power not from it, but from God.—S. Suppose that a prince, in assuming the sovereignty of a state, has accepted and ratified the constitution, or fundamental law of that State, and that he has promised or sworn to observe it, is he bound to keep that promise, and to maintain that constitution and that law? M. He is bound to keep it, provided it does not overthrow the foundations of sovereignty; and *provided it is not opposed to the general interests of the State*.—S. Why do you consider that a prince is not bound to observe the constitution whenever this impugns the rights of sovereignty? M. We have already found that the sovereignty is the highest and supreme power, ordained and constituted by God in society for the good of society; and this power, conceded and made needful by God, must be preserved inviolate and entire; and cannot be restrained or abated by man, without coming into conflict with the ordinances of nature, and with the Divine will. Whenever, therefore, the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty, and whenever the prince may have promised to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null; and the prince is not bound to maintain a constitution which is in opposition to the Divine command, but is bound to maintain entire and intact the supreme power established by God, and by God conferred on him.—S. And why do you consider that the prince is not bound to maintain the constitution, when he finds it to be contrary to the interests of the State? M. . . . Suppose a physician to have promised, AND SWORN to his patient, that he would bleed him, should he become aware that such letting blood would be fatal, he is bound to abstain from doing it; because, paramount to all promises and oaths, there is the obligation of the physician to labour for the cure of his patient. In like manner should the sovereign find that the fundamental law is seriously hurtful to his people, he is bound to cancel it; because, in spite of all promises and all constitutions, the duty of the sovereign is the people's weal. In a word, an OATH never can become an obligation to commit evil; and, therefore, cannot bind a sovereign to do what is injurious to his subjects. Besides, the head of the Church has authority from God to release consciences from oaths, when he judges that there is suitable cause for it." And now comes the keystone of the arch, which makes the whole fabric consistent and complete, with all the consistency and the completeness that can belong to fraud, falsehood, injustice, and impiety.—"S. Whose business is it to decide when the constitution impairs the rights of sovereignty, with a view to its good order and felicity? M. It is the business of the sovereign; because in him resides the high and paramount power, established by God in the State with a view to its good order and

felicity.—*S.* May there not be some danger that the sovereign may violate the constitution without just cause, under the illusion of error or the impulse of passion? *M.* Errors and passions are the maladies of the human race; but the blessings of health ought not to be refused through the fear of sickness."—P. 50, *et seq.*

We have judged it prudent, in laying before our readers the doctrines and principles of the philosophical catechism, not to attempt giving them in our own language, because we might possibly have been suspected of colouring them by our interpretation. Mr. Gladstone felt himself to be in the same predicament, and, consequently, instead of embodying the ideas of the Canonico Apuzzi in his own phraseology, he has simply translated the writer's expressions. It will now be interesting to examine a little into the fruits of the system, in order that we may learn what effects are sure to be produced by the consistent and persevering corruption of the public mind.

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's arrival at Naples, he heard, in society, a man of eminent station accused, with much bitterness, of having maintained that nearly the whole parliamentary opposition were in prison or in exile. He, naturally enough, supposed that there must be much exaggeration in such a statement. But not being content with supposition, he betook himself to inquiry, which brought him acquainted with facts and circumstances infinitely more startling and portentous than any Neapolitan politician, however liberal, would have ventured to allude to. The Chamber of Deputies at Naples consisted of a hundred and sixty-four members, elected by the suffrages of one hundred and seventeen thousand voters. But of the members thus chosen, only one hundred and forty ever reached Naples. They reached it, however, in a majority of cases, to their serious detriment, for in November last, seventy-six of them, or an absolute majority, were in exile or in prison, besides several individuals who had filled high offices under the Government.

According to the law of Naples, even before the establishment of the constitution, personal liberty is inviolable, except under a warrant from a proper court of justice. But how is this law observed by Ferdinand II. and his ministers? We give the answer in Mr. Gladstone's words:—

'In utter defiance of this law, the Government, of which the Prefect of Police is an important member, through the agents of that department, watches and dogs the people, pays domiciliary visits, very commonly at night, ransacks houses, seizing papers and effects, and tearing up floors at pleasure under pretence of searching for arms, and imprisoning men by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, without any warrant whatever, sometimes without even any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman; constantly without any statement whatever of the nature of the offence.'—P. 12.

Persons thus arrested and confined are not at the outset charged with having committed any offence. They are simply suspected of being inimical to the king's government, so that it is considered possible they may be led to conspire against it. By way of precaution, therefore, they are deprived of their freedom, and often at the same time of their property, because confiscation or sequestration in many cases accompanies arrest. The second step in the process is to discover or manufacture proofs of guilt. To assist in accomplishing this, a man's books and papers are seized and carefully examined, in order that from the tenor of his studies or his writings his political bias may be conjectured. Should the scrutiny of things actually existing prove fruitless, the Neapolitan police are still not without resources, for they fabricate letters and documents, and attribute them to the unfortunate individuals whom it is the wish of the Government to destroy. Upon the strength of papers so forged, numbers of persons are now confined in dungeons, laden with heavy irons, and subjected to every insult and cruelty which the malice of priests and courtiers can invent. When the prisoner's own correspondence is thought susceptible of being turned to account, it is subjected to the most rigid examination, and he himself is examined upon it. But in what spirit? Not with the design of discovering the truth, of punishing him should he prove guilty, of acquitting him if innocent, but with a fixed determination to wreak upon him the vengeance of his enemies. The whole affair is conducted in secret; he is allowed to hold no communication with his legal adviser, or to make use of any assistance whatever; and, as Mr. Gladstone adds—

‘He is not examined only, but, as I *know*, insulted at will and in the grossest manner, under pretence of examination, by the officers of the police. And do not suppose this the fault of individuals. It is essential to the system, of which the essential aim is to *create* a charge. What more likely than that smarting under insult, and knowing with what encouragement and for whose benefit it is offered, the prisoner should for a moment lose his temper and utter some expression disparaging to the sacred majesty of the Government? If he does, it goes down in the minutes before him; if he does not, but keeps his self-command, no harm is done to the great end in view.’—P. 12, *et seq.*

Our readers, accustomed to the operation of the Act of Habeas Corpus, will naturally conclude, that however atrocious these proceedings may be, they cannot keep the unfortunate victims long in suspense. But the Neapolitan Government is not content with simple oppression. It luxuriates in the infraction of the law. The men now in the ascendant came possibly into contact in 1848 with their present victims, and may have been worsted by them in argument, or have been offended by their frank ex-

pression of opinion. The opportunity of revenge offering itself, therefore, they deem it far too precious to be wantonly thrown away; and so make the most of it, and push to the utmost the enjoyment of that satisfaction which base and cruel wretches feel in triumphing over the ingenuous and the noble. Apprehension being entertained that through some luckless accident the accused, if brought to trial, might possibly escape, care is taken that they shall be punished sufficiently beforehand, so as to provide against the contingency. Accordingly, prisoners are confined for periods varying from two or three months to two or three years, though generally, as Mr. Gladstone observes, for the longer periods. No prescience is exercised. Without any regard to the future, these Epicurean tyrants resolve to make the most of the passing hour, never reflecting that should a great political change take place, they have supplied forty thousand men, besides the whole body of their families and connexions, with the most unequivocal grounds for retaliation. Cruelty, however, like love, is blind, especially when united with royal authority, or found in the worthless instruments by which it usually wreaks its vengeance.

No expressions of disgust or detestation we could employ, however, could produce an equal effect with the statements of an impartial eye-witness; and Mr. Gladstone, we repeat, is impartial, all his prejudices being rather in favour of established governments than otherwise. When his pamphlet reached Naples, the Government, in the first paroxysm of fury, determined to publish an answer to it. But reflection suggested a more prudent course. It was felt that his facts could not be denied, and that without the power of such denial the liberal employment of assertion and abuse would be of no avail. Accordingly, it may now be assumed that the Neapolitan Government entirely acquiesces in the correctness of Mr. Gladstone's letters, for the ridiculous attempt at refutation made by poor Mr. MacFarlane is undeserving of the slightest notice. Two or three other efforts have, indeed, been made by anonymous correspondents, to throw doubt on the existence of the horrors disclosed by Mr. Gladstone, but without the least result; for, after various bravadoes and flourishes, the authors, in utter hopelessness, have abandoned the undertaking, and left Mr. Gladstone's charge in all its original hideousness. Confident, therefore, that we are treading on firm ground, we proceed with the accusation against Bomba and his associates.

'I do not scruple to assert, in continuation, that when every effort has been used to concoct a charge, if possible, out of the perversion and partial production of real evidence, this often fails; and then the resort is to perjury and to forgery. The miserable creatures to be

found in most communities, but especially in those where the Government is the great agent of corruption upon the people, the wretches who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow-subjects for gold, and to throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the executive power, to depose according to their inventions against the man whom it is thought to ruin. Although, however, practice should by this time have made perfect, these depositions are generally made in the coarsest and clumsiest manner; and they bear upon them the evidences of falsehood in absurdities and self-contradictions, accumulated even to nausea.'—P. 12, *et seq.*

'But what then? Mark the calculation. If there is plenty of it, some of it, according to the vulgar phrase, will stick. Do not think I am speaking loosely. I declare my belief that the whole proceeding is linked together from first to last; a depraved logic runs through it. Inventors must shoot at random, therefore they take many strings to their bow. It would be strange, indeed, and contrary to the doctrine of chances, if the whole forged fabric were dissolved and overthrown by self-contradiction. Now, let us consider practically what takes place. Suppose nine-tenths too absurd to stand even before the Neapolitan Court; of this portion, some is withdrawn by the police and not carried into the trial at all, after they have been made aware, through the prisoner's or his counsel's assistance, of its absurdity; the rest is overlooked by the judges. In any other country, it would of course lead to inquiry, and to a prosecution for perjury. Not so there; it is rather regarded as so much of well-meant and patriotic effort, which, through untoward circumstances, has failed. It is simply neutralized, and stands at zero. But there remains the *one-tenth* not self-contradicted. Well, but surely, you will say, the prisoner will be able to rebut that, if false, by counter-evidence. Alas! he may have counter-evidence mountains high, but *he is not allowed to bring it*. I know this is hardly credible, but it is true. The very men tried while I was at Naples, named and appealed to the counter-evidence of scores and hundreds of men, of all classes and professions—military, clergy, Government functionaries, and the rest; but, in every instance, with, I believe, one single exception, the Court, the Grand Criminal Court of Justice, refused to hear it.'—P. 13, *et seq.*

The fact ought not to be overlooked, that when the forged testimony has been obtained, the act of imprisonment is legalized. But leaving out of view for the present the question whether the *detenuti* are lawfully confined or not, let us look at the places in which they are kept, and the manner in which they are treated. Considering the baseness and the barbarism of the Court and Government of Naples, it would be unreasonable to expect that its prisons should exhibit any tokens of the presence of civilization. They are, in fact, worthy to form part of a system in which King Bomba, his ministers, judges, and police, make so prominent a figure. The Canterbury sophist, MacFarlane, attempted, with the aid of Mr. Bailie Cochrane, to throw dust on this point

in the eyes of the public, but without the least success—the evidence of his only witness going directly in the teeth of his assertions. Here again, therefore, we are compelled to accept, without reserve, the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, which shows the need, in that part of Italy, of another man like Howard, who, backed by the force of an unimpeachable character, possessing fortune, station, the countenance of his Government, and the profound esteem of all Christendom, might penetrate into the recesses of every hideous prison, and disclose the harrowing secrets of its interior to the civilized world.

From time immemorial, the Neapolitan kingdom has been infamous for the places in which it confines political offenders, or, more properly speaking, the persons whom it dreads or hates. When the secret society of Carbonari was persecuted and broken up, all such of its members as could be seized were plunged into the most loathsome dungeons, some of which are situated in the Lipari Islands, considerably below the level of the sea, dripping on all sides with moisture, pervaded by the most noxious effluvia, and filled with abominations so horrible that language refuses to describe them. Here thousands of individuals, in many cases, it is supposed, perfectly innocent even of entertaining a liberal opinion, wasted away their lives, and perished in complete oblivion. No friend or relative was ever able, by the most diligent inquiry, to ascertain their fate, or discover where their bones were laid. Possibly their end may have sometimes been hastened by the aid of that Italian physic, of which Fra Paolo so often speaks, and in some cases recommends. At any rate, we must entirely lose sight of these transactions when we venture to sit in judgment on the dark ages, and to boast of the refinement and civilization of our times.

Mr. Gladstone, who either did not think proper to visit, or was not admitted into, the worst prisons of Naples, speaks of their noisomeness and filth as still proverbial. Of this our readers may themselves judge when they are informed that prisoners, 'with death in their faces,' are compelled to toil up long flights of stairs to consult the gaol-doctors, those gentlemen not being able to breathe the atmosphere prevailing in their dungeons. This happens in the Vicaria, an edifice which wears an exceedingly agreeable aspect, at least externally, according to Mr. MacFarlane's view of things. To be sure, he may be suspected of being somewhat prejudiced by the impression he falsely labours under, that the building was erected by the Spanish viceroys. But, whoever were its founders, he says:—

'It is pleasantly situated, near the Capuan Gate; the air is good and free; and I scarcely know a prison in Europe that has more of the out-

ward and visible signs of salubrity and comfort. Within, no doubt, there is still room for improvement.'—P. 13, *et seq.*

But what says the other itinerant apologist, Mr. Bailie Cochrane? Against his evidence Mr. MacFarlane will certainly not be able to plead, since it is he himself who assures us that this gentleman 'had the most ample means of ascertaining the truth, and the whole truth;' and that 'his testimony is not to be assailed by doubt or suspicion.' (P. 7.)

Well, what is the character of the Vicaria according to his testimony? Why this: 'It is situated in the worst part of Naples, near the filthy, debauched quarter called the Porta Capuana. When we arrived there, a sleety rain was falling, and the outside, with its massive walls, treble bars, and dirty aspect, conveyed most painful sensations of misery and wretchedness.' (See Bailie Cochrane's 'Young Italy,' p. 268.)

Having thus cleared the way, we come to Mr. Gladstone's account. He says:—

'As to diet, I must speak a word for the bread that I have seen. Though black and coarse to the last degree, it was sound. The soup, which forms the only other element of subsistence, is so nauseous, as I was assured, that nothing but the extreme of hunger could overcome the repugnance of nature to it. I had not the means of tasting it. The filth of the prisons is beastly. The officers, except at night, hardly ever enter them. I was ridiculed for reading with some care pretended regulations posted up on the wall of an outer room. One of them was for the visits of the doctors to the sick. I saw the doctors with that regulation over them, and men with one foot in the grave visiting them, not visited by them. I have walked among a crowd of between three and four hundred Neapolitan prisoners—murderers, thieves, all kinds of ordinary criminals, some condemned and some uncondemned, and the politically accused, indiscriminately: not a chain upon a man of them, not an officer nearer than at the end of many apartments, within many locked doors and gratings between us; but not only was there nothing to dread, there was even a good deal of politeness to me as a stranger. They are a self-governed community, the main authority being that of *gamorristi*, the men of most celebrity among them for audacious crime. Employment they have none. This swarm of human beings all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light, except from a single and very moderate-sized grating at one end. The political prisoners, by payment, had the privilege of a separate chamber off the former, but there was no division between them.'—P. 15, *et seq.*

The readers of the above passage, considering what efforts have been made to improve the condition of prison-life in this country, will experience much surprise, and probably some indignation. But we are as yet only on the threshold of Neapolitan atrocities. Against political offenders, the vindic-

tiveness of Bomba knows no bounds. To have been attached to the constitution, is in his eyes a crime which no length of time or extremity of suffering can expiate.

'From the 7th of December last to the 3rd of February,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'Piroute, who was formerly a judge, and is still a gentleman, and who was found guilty on or about the last-named day, spent his whole days and nights, except when on his trial, with two other men, in a cell at the *Vicaria*, about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which they could not see. Within the space of these eight feet, with the single exception I have named, Piroute and his companions were confined during these two months; neither for mass were they allowed to quit it, nor for any other purpose whatsoever!'—P. 16.

If such things take place in the capital, where the presence of strangers acts as some check on the Government, what must be the cruelty perpetrated in the obscure prisons in the provinces, or on those lonely islands scattered along the coast? The Neapolitan apologist, instead of denying Mr. Gladstone's facts in connexion with this part of the subject, only insinuates that his interference will do the accused no good, since, in his opinion, the king and his ministers, not being able to wreak their vengeance on the English traveller, will turn with characteristic humanity to the unfortunate prisoners in their power, and endeavour, by increased barbarity, to make them feel the depth of their guilt in having excited the sympathy of a British statesman. We might easily go on multiplying examples. For instance, there is the Baron Porcari, accused of having taken part in the revolt of Calabria, but not tried, who, while waiting the decision of the judges, was plunged into the dungeon of Maschio, in the island of Ischia, twenty-four feet (or palms) below the level of the sea. This place he was never suffered to quit for any purpose, and no one was permitted to visit him, except his wife once a fortnight.

We now come to the case of Carlo Poerio, with whom Mr. Gladstone strongly sympathizes, because, in the first place, he is a gentleman and a scholar; and secondly, because in politics he has been all along remarkable for his attachment to constitutional principles. At the beginning of his imprisonment, therefore, he was not a Republican; but it would be rather too much, perhaps, to expect that, after the experience that has been forced upon him, he should still persist in clinging to his old political creed. When the revolution, which Mr. Gladstone prognosticates and desires, occurs in Naples, Poerio will probably be found to have made considerable progress in Liberalism. His case, however, hard as it may seem, is not equal in severity to that of Settem-

brini, who, with forty others, was involved in the same infamous prosecution. Confined in double irons, on a remote and sea-girt rock, it is reported at Naples, and believed by Mr. Gladstone, that he is there subjected to actual torture, by having sharp instruments thrust under his finger-nails.

Omitting all other cases, we shall confine ourselves to that of Poerio, which may, in some sort, be regarded as the pattern after which the Neapolitan Government works. He had been one of the king's ministers, was favourable to the Sicilian union, supported the war of independence, and appeared to be so much in favour with Bomba that he was consulted by this personage even after he had retired from office. But, as might have been anticipated, this was only for the purpose of ensnaring him to his ruin. The night before his arrest, he received an anonymous letter conceived in these words :—

‘Fly; and fly with speed! You are betrayed! The Government is already in possession of your correspondence with the Marquis Dragonetti.—From one who loves you much.’—P. 19.

As it was not, of course, intended he should escape, the attempt to fly, in which he would have been inevitably detected, would have been adduced as undeniable proof of his guilt. Knowing there was in existence no such correspondence as that alluded to, and fully confiding in his innocence, Poerio did not stir. However—

; On the nineteenth, about four in the afternoon, two persons, presenting themselves at the door under a false title, obtained entry, and announced to him that he was arrested in virtue of a verbal order of Peccheneda, the Prefect of Police. He protested in vain: the house was ransacked; he was carried into solitary confinement. He demanded to be examined, and to know the cause of his arrest, within twenty-four hours, according to law; but in vain. So early, however, as on the sixth day, he was brought before the Commissary Maddaloni; and a letter, with the seal unbroken, was put into his hands. It was addressed to him, and he was told that it had come under cover to a friend of the Marquis Dragonetti, but that the cover had been opened in mistake by an officer of police, who happened to have the same name, though a different surname, and who, on perceiving what was within, handed both to the authorities. Poerio was desired to open it, and did open it, in the presence of the Commissary. Thus far, nothing could be more elaborate and careful than the arrangement of the proceeding. But mark the sequel. The matter of the letter, of course, was highly treasonable; it announced an invasion by Garibaldi, fixed a conference with Mazzini, and referred to a correspondence with Lord Palmerston, whose name was miserably mangled, who promised to aid a proximate revolution. “I perceived at once,” says Poerio, “that the handwriting of Dragonetti was vilely imitated; and I said so, remarking that the

internal evidence of their forgery was higher than any amount of material proof whatever." Dragonetti was one of the most accomplished of Italians; whereas this letter was full of blunders, both of grammar and of spelling. It is scarcely worth while noticing other absurdities—such as the signature of name, surname, and title in full; and the transmission of such a letter by the ordinary post of Naples. Poerio had among his papers certain genuine letters of Dragonetti's; they were produced and compared with this, and the forgery stood confessed! Upon the detection of this monstrous iniquity, what steps were taken by the Government to avenge, not Poerio, but public justice? None whatever: the papers were simply laid aside.—P. 19, *et seq.*

But, upon this failure, was the prosecution abandoned? Far from it. Other forgeries were had recourse to, the determination having been formed at all events to find Poerio guilty. An individual named Jervolino, who had once asked the former minister a favour and been refused, was selected to facilitate the vengeance of Bomba. He is one of those persons of easy conscience, who, finding existence agreeable, are resolved to prolong it, at all hazards to others in this world, and to themselves in the next. Provided they find themselves comfortable here, on this bank and shoal of time, they are ready, like a more celebrated villain, to jump the life to come. This Jervolino accused Poerio of belonging to a Republican secret society called the 'Unità Italiana,' which may be regarded as a sort of mythical association existing only in the imagination of the Neapolitan Government and its agents. Upon information furnished by this ruffian, Poerio

'Went from one prison to another. He was confined, as he alleges, in places fit for filthy brutes rather than men; he was cut off from the sight of friends; even his mother, his sole remaining near relation, was not permitted to see him for two months together. Thus he passed some seven or eight months in total ignorance of any evidence against him, or of those who gave it. During that interval, Signor Antonio de' Duchi di Santo Vito came to him, and told him, the Government knew all; but if he would confess, his life would be spared. He demanded of his judges, on his trial, that Santo Vito should be examined as to this statement: of course, it was not done. But more than this. Signor Peccheneda himself, the Director of the Police, and holding the station of a cabinet minister of the king, went repeatedly to the prison, summoned divers prisoners, and, with flagrant illegality, examined them himself, without witnesses and without record. One of these was Carafa. By one deposition of this Carafa, who was a man of noble family, it was declared that Peccheneda himself assured him his matter should be very easily arranged, if he would only testify to Poerio's acquaintance with certain revolutionary handbills. It could not be: and the cabinet minister took leave of Carafa with the words—"Very well, sir; you wish to destroy yourself; I leave you to your fate."—P. 20, *et seq.*

This Peccheneda has long enjoyed at Naples a reputation for similar achievements, and is suspected also of being acquainted with Mr. MacFarlane. Indeed, it may very fairly be presumed it was this minister who furnished our hyperborean sophist with the police reports of which he has made so clumsy an use in his pamphlet. Others also were found to accuse Poerio, and one of these one Romeo, a printer, whose evidence, moreover, flatly contradicted that of Jervolino. But this did not signify, the object of Bomba and his ministers being to ensure a hostile verdict at any rate: 'all proceedings went on the principle that the duty of Government was to prove guilt, by means true or false, and that public justice has no interest in the acquittal of the innocent.' (P. 21, *et seq.*) Other witnesses, suborned or not, were brought forward against Poerio; but as they all broke down in the attempt to criminate him, Government was at length compelled to place its sole reliance on the redoubtable Jervolino, upon whose testimony one of the most distinguished men in Naples, a few months previously one of the ministers of the crown, was brought to trial for his life. Jervolino deposed—

'That, having failed to obtain an office through Poerio, he asked him to enrol him in the sect of *Unità Italiana*. That Poerio put him in charge of a person named Attanasio, who was to take him to another of the prisoners, named Nisco, that he might be admitted. That Nisco sent him to a third person, named Ambrosio, who initiated him. He could not recollect any of the forms, nor the oath of the sect! Of the certificate or diploma, or of the meetings, which the rules of the sect when published (as the Government professed to have found them) proved to be indispensable for all its members, he knew nothing whatever! "How did he know," said Poerio, "that I was of the sect when he asked me to admit him?" No answer. "Why could not Nisco, who is represented in the accusation as a leader, admit him?" No answer. "If I, being a minister of the crown at the time, was also a member of the sect, could it be necessary for me to have him thus referred to one person, and another, and a third, for admission?" No answer. "Why has not Ambrosio, who admitted him, been molested by the Government?" No answer. "Could I be a sectarian when, as a minister, I was decried and reviled by the exalted party in all their journals for holding fast by the constitutional monarchy?" No answer. Nay, such was the impudent stupidity of the informer, that, in detailing the confidences which Poerio, as he said, had made to him, he fixed the last of them in May 29th, 1849; upon which Poerio showed that on May 22nd, or seven days before, he was in possession of a written report and accusation, made by Jervolino, as the appointed spy upon him, to the police: and yet, with this in his hand, he still continued to make him a political confidant.—P. 22, *et seq.*

As we have remarked, Jervolino was one of those adventurers

who, finding themselves by accident in this world, resolve at all hazards to make the most of it. Having for a long while led the life of a beggar, he now found himself, by the help of a little perjury, elevated to the condition of a gentleman, on good terms with Mr. MacFarlane's friend Peccheneda, and not many removes from the familiarity of Bomba himself.

The history of these atrocities becomes at this point so complicated, that it is difficult to follow the thread of it. Almost every sentence discloses some new form of infamy. The chief judge appointed to try the prisoner was one whom they were accused of an attempt to murder; and this man Navarro, another of Mr. MacFarlane's friends, after exhibiting a slight fit of coquetry, planted himself boldly on the judgment-seat, confessing it to be the ruling principle of his conduct that all persons prosecuted by the king's Government ought to be found guilty. Mr. Gladstone says he had been told that Poerio would have been acquitted by a division of four to four, such being the humane provision of the law in case of equality, had not Navarro, by the distinct use of intimidation—that is, of threats of dismissal, to a judge whose name has been mentioned—procured a number necessary for a sentence.

As these facts must, sooner or later, become known to the people of Naples, it is only fair to presume that when they next take up arms, their leaders will not fail to recapitulate to them daily the events and circumstances of the last few years: how Ferdinand II., whom they familiarly denominate Bomba, from the bomb-like shape of his face, affected cheerfully to adopt the constitution, in the beginning of 1848; how, with more than regal facility, he swore to observe it; how he invited several distinguished men to form part of a constitutional administration; how, in spite of his affected enthusiasm, he lost sight of his oath, and became a perjured despot; how, in conjunction with the Pope, he betrayed the cause of the independence of Italy; how he goaded the inhabitants of Naples into insurrection; how he seized upon the men whom he had betrayed into a profession of liberalism, and plunged them chained and half-famished into dungeons; how, by terror and cruelty, he forced vast multitudes of his subjects to expatriate themselves, that he might basely sequester their property; and how, by these means, he excited the universal disgust of Christendom, until his very name became synonymous with meanness and treachery.

In conclusion, we recommend all persons to read attentively the two letters addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Aberdeen. Bomba's poor friend Mr. MacFarlane will not have succeeded in diminishing by one iota the disgust inspired by Mr. Gladstone's statements. The British public entertains no respect for plead-

ings based on information furnished by the Neapolitan police. Peccheneda's authority is small in Great Britain, as well as that of the high-minded judge Navarro. Neither is Bomba himself regarded with a friendly eye, so that the revelations we have been now examining will, we feel assured, be thought fully to justify an insurrectionary movement in Naples in the interest of humanity, justice, and freedom.

ART. VII.—1. *Five Speeches on Ecclesiastical Affairs, delivered by Edward Horsman, Esq., M.P., in the House of Commons, in the Sessions of 1847 and 1848.* London: Seeleys.

2. *The Debate in the House of Commons on Church Extension, July 1st, 1851.*—‘*Daily News*,’ July 2nd.

3. *Why should the Bishops continue to Sit in the House of Lords?*
By George Anthony Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent.
Second edition. London: Masters. 1851.

THERE is an ancient legend, that on the day on which the Emperor Constantine committed the most fatal of all imperial mistakes, by endowing the simple institutions of the Christian religion with the wealth and patronage and delegated power of the State, a preternatural ‘warning voice’ was heard in the air, exclaiming, ‘This day a poison is infused into the Church.’ Ecclesiastical history, from that hour to the present, has only been one lengthened confirmation of the truth which is said to have been thus enunciated. We are not quite sure that a belief in the old story itself would argue a superstitious credulity. The maxim of the heathen Horace—

‘Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit’—

seems to affirm the principle which has actually been observed by the Divine Being in all his sensible manifestations to mankind; and it certainly admits of a query, whether the establishment of that alliance, which in all succeeding ages has proved the source of woes, nameless, numberless, and unexampled, was not a crisis worthy of such an interposition.

However that may be, the effect of the act is patent and indisputable. It was to transmute Christianity from an individual to

a corporate concern—to erect a nominal Christendom on the ruins of personal religion ; and while ostensibly exalting the temporal condition of the Church, to pollute it with secularity and corruption, to fit it to be the tool of tyrannical governments, and to alienate from it the rational homage of mankind.

The necessary tendency of this unspiritual organization is, to exhaust religion of its vitality, inducing formalism and superstition in its stead ; and to substitute for Christian faith and worship, a noisy and obtrusive imposture, savouring little of ‘the kingdom which cometh not with observation.’ It is true, that both in the Anglican and Romish Churches there have been found individual exceptions to this law ; but these retain the excellences for which their names are memorable, not by aid of the system with which they were identified, but in defiance of its cramping and torpefying influence, and by virtue of rare and glorious gifts, which could

————— ‘ Disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.’

The necessary and pervading tendency of the system is what we have described. It was manifest throughout the dreary ages that separated the times of Constantine from the revival of letters ; it supplies the key to ecclesiastical history since the rise of the Protestant Reformation ; and never was more conspicuous at any former period than it is at the present hour.

If the Church of England were the only exponent of Christianity in this country, we can readily believe that the recent exhibitions of clerical rapacity would have produced amidst our population that scepticism which overspread France when, nearly a century ago, a few lawless intellects threw their dry light upon the superstitious impostures of their day. We refer, first, to the acts of the Ecclesiastical Commission ; and secondly, to the disclosures respecting episcopal incomes and capitular property and management which have been incidentally made through the investigations of that Commission. It is the purpose of this article to exhibit the main facts which have been thus substantiated, together with some of equal interest which have recently been elicited from other sources ; dealing, at present, only with the conduct of the Commission and the intrigues of the bishops, and reserving for another opportunity a similar investigation with reference to deans and chapters.

A volume which should develop fully and statistically the history of the Ecclesiastical Commission, would be unsurpassed alike in its piquancy of personal interest, and in its relevancy to the requirements of the present age. This body was appointed in

1836, to receive what had been determined upon as superfluous revenues, accruing beyond all reasonable proportion, to certain episcopal sees and obsolete sinecures, and for the allocation of these funds to augment the revenues of poorer sees and benefices, from the benefit of which arrangement the curates—that is, the working clergy of the Established Church—were altogether excluded. The last-mentioned preliminary arrangement gives an insight into the spirit of the entire scheme, and may prepare the reader for a few of the facts which we shall select from the numerous parliamentary, and other authentic publications, which lie before us. A careful digest of only one part of the evidence adduced has been made, from which we take the following statement of facts. In referring to the Ecclesiastical Commission, Mr. Horsman stated, in 1847:—

‘ That up to that time they had received 351,000*l*. When the Commission was established, there were in England and Wales. 3,508 livings, with incomes under 150*l*. ; and 4,606, without fit residences for the clergy. The Commissioners had augmented just 636 livings, at an expense of 126,684*l*. (averaging 54*l*. to each), and defrayed *half* the cost of erecting 69 parsonages, amounting to 40,637*l*. ; while in providing, erecting, altering, and embellishing the palaces of eight bishops, they had expended 143,014*l*., being 16,330*l*. more than had been applied to the augmentation of poor livings, and 82,081*l*. more than had been shared among the 3,508 poor beneficed clergy! If a poor parson builds a house for himself, he must borrow on the mortgage of his living, and pay the interest out of its proceeds. So once was it with the bishops; but *they*, being members of this same Church-Reforming Commission, have scorned to resort to so vulgar an expedient, and have had recourse to the surplus episcopal revenues instead. The following are the sums which have been lavished on the estates and palaces of the bishops:—

	£		£
Bishop of Lincoln . .	52,708	Bishop of Worcester . . .	7,000
„ Rochester .	25,527	„ Oxford	6,469
„ Gloucester .	22,897	„ Exeter	3,500
„ Ripon . . .	13,689	„ Bath and Wells	4,000

In the first two of the above dioceses alone there were at the time 315, and in the eight dioceses 502 benefices worth less than 100*l*. a-year, and no less than 85 clergymen whose incomes were under 50*l*. a-year, or less than three shillings a-day, eight of the number receiving as little as thirteen-pence, and one actually but *sixpence-halfpenny* a-day!’

In confirmation of these statements, we may remark, that we were ourselves intimately cognizant of the case of a clergyman of great learning and excellence, who held the curacy of a large parish in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, of which university he was a distinguished member. The possessor of the living, a pluralist of great wealth, allowed his laborious curate 30*l*. a-year; but after some years, insisted on his occupying an ancient and

ruinous house adjoining the church, for which he could get no other occupant. For this he charged a rent of 22*l.* per annum, leaving to a man whose distinguished merits have since attracted the attention of the Government, a stipend of *eight pounds a-year!*

The recklessness of the Ecclesiastical Commission has been quite on a par with their extravagance. Thus, when the residence of the Bishop of Rochester was changed, the old palace at Rochester was sold at one-half its notorious value, while 25,557*l.* was given for an estate and house at Danbury, the highest estimate of which is 17,400*l.*, and the lowest, 10,000*l.* The wasteful management of the Commission in the case of the diocese of Lincoln, is thus detailed by the 'Daily News':—

'The Rishborn estate consisted of about 1,500 acres; it was offered to the Commission for 62,000*l.*, who refused it at that price; on their refusal, it was bought by the very servants they employed; and by those servants one-third of it was re-sold to the Commission for 40,000*l.* Nor was this waste of money all. The Order in Council authorizing the purchase by the Commission of one-third of the estate at this extravagant price, stated that in the opinion of the Commission the purchase would be beneficial to the see, because there were on the property *house, offices, and out-buildings, which would afford a fit and convenient residence for the Bishop of Lincoln and his successors.* Yet no sooner had the purchase-money been paid, than the Ecclesiastical Commission found out that "the house, offices, and out-buildings," were unfit for a bishop! Nay, more, they actually spent 13,302*l.* on them, of which they paid 5,000*l.* out of the episcopal fund! First, they paid 40,000*l.* for the estate, because it had a fit house on it; then they spent 13,000*l.* because it had not a fit house! And all this selling and buying of estates, pulling down and building up, was notwithstanding the fact that there was in the city of Lincoln a bishop's palace, a running lease of which might have been had for 1,500*l.*, and that a small expenditure on it would have made it an excellent residence even for a bishop!'

In a word, we find that within the last fourteen years, there has been abstracted from the fund available for the support of the poorer clergy, and raised by the alienation and sale of the permanent property of the sees, no less a sum than 140,400*l.* This has been expended solely on the palaces of the bishops. Every one knows the difficulty of getting at the whole truth on any matter of ecclesiastical finance, and it is, therefore, possible that the figures before us may represent only an approximation to the reality. Among the items, however, we find, in one diocese, 52,194*l.* for a new palace and demesne; in a second, 7,000*l.* expended in *alterations*; and in a third, 800*l.* on the *stables!*

Yet, when the Commission was established, there were in England and Wales altogether—

Benefices	10,553
Of these without any residence upon them	2,878
Without fit residence	1,728
Total without fit residence	4,606 or two-fifths of all the parishes in England.

The income of these 10,553 benefices was 3,055,441*l.*—averaging 285*l.* per annum. Of these there were—

Under 50 <i>l.</i> per annum	297
From 50 <i>l.</i> to 100 <i>l.</i> „	1,629
From 100 <i>l.</i> to 150 <i>l.</i> „	1,602
From 150 <i>l.</i> to 200 <i>l.</i> „	1,355
From 200 <i>l.</i> to 300 <i>l.</i> „	1,978
So that there were—	6,861

Under 300 <i>l.</i> per annum	6,861 benefices
And under 150 <i>l.</i>	3,528 „

The expenditure, therefore, of the Commission, in favour of bishops on the one part, and, on the other, of poor livings, the startling statistics of which we have given in the gross, and the pitiable details of which may be left to the imagination of the reader, would stand thus—

In augmenting poor sees from 1837 to 1843 .	£40,664
„ „ from 1843 to 1847 .	65,724
On episcopal residences	143,014

Total	£249,402
On poor livings	£167,321

Leaving a balance in favour of the Episcopal body £82,081

Now this, it must be recollected, is in addition to the enormous wealth allowed by the Legislature to the bishops, and to the immense sums by which episcopal rapacity contrives *per fas et nefas* to augment them to an amount that would be incredible, were it not ascertained, and that, probably, only in part, by public documents which are clearly indisputable, *as far as they go*.

Before passing on to the next branch of our investigation, we will present the expenditure of the Commission on the splendour of the ecclesiastical bench in one other point of view. In the eight dioceses on which it was lavished there are no less than 502 benefices under 100*l.* a-year; of these there are—

Under 10 <i>l.</i> a-year	1
10 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i>	8
20 <i>l.</i> to 30 <i>l.</i>	10
30 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i>	18
40 <i>l.</i> to 50 <i>l.</i>	48

Total under 50 <i>l.</i>	85
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‘That is to say, there were in those eight dioceses, where the enormous sum of 143,000*l.* has been expended on episcopal residences, no less than eighty-five clergymen of the Church of England—gentlemen and scholars—receiving as their pay less than 3*s.* a-day, which is below the wages of the masons employed on those buildings. Eight out of the number were receiving as little as 13*d.* a-day; and one actually receiving 6½*d.* And, strange to say, by a still more unhappy coincidence, the greater the parochial necessities of the diocese, the larger the episcopal outlay. In Gloucester, where 23,000*l.* has been laid out, there were 97 benefices under 100*l.* a-year. In Lincoln, where 54,000*l.* has been expended, there were 218 benefices under 100*l.* Now, a sum of 65,000*l.* would, by the commissioners’ own tables, have raised every poor living (and there were no less than 1,442) to 200*l.* a-year, leaving an average of 9,000*l.* to be expended on each palace. What has actually been expended in augmentations in those sees?

On residences, as we have seen	£ 143,000
On augmenting poor benefices	5,259
or one twenty-eighth of the whole.	

And when we consider that these pauper clergymen, as we may term them, are men as well born as the bishops—as well taught—having gone through the most expensive process of education—and that their influence depends on their maintaining the position of gentlemen—(on 6*d.* a-day!!!—less than the earnings of their poorest parishioners!—it would be ludicrous if it were not horrible!)—I am compelled to ask the question once before put by a witty divine,—“Why is the Church of England to be nothing but a collection of beggars and bishops?—the right reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?”—*Mr. Horsman’s Speeches.*

We turn now from the expenditure, permitted by the Ecclesiastical Commission for the increase of episcopal luxury and splendour, to the disclosures which the reports of that Commission have made touching the exorbitant incomes of the bishops, and the illegitimate sources from which they are derived. As these disclosures exhibit a degree of malversation, the parallel to which can only be found in our criminal records, we shall endeavour to make them comprehensible to all our readers.

It will be recollected that the business of the Ecclesiastical Commission was to ascertain, as best they might, the actual revenues of the bishoprics, and to readjust the distribution of these funds with a view to the nearer equalization of the value of sees, and the augmentation of poor benefices. It will be further recollected that the Primate of England was at the head of this Commission, together with so large a number of bishops as to give an absolute preponderance to the episcopal interest. The Commission proceeded to assess, under the special guidance of the prelates, what income was suitable and adequate to each see

respectively. This arrangement involved, for common decency's sake, a considerable diminution from the present receipts, and the first act of rapacious and incredible selfishness on the part of the bishops was to evade this diminution, which they themselves sanctioned, and to cause it to take effect on the next avoidance of each see! The *morale* of this arrangement is thus happily depicted by Mr. Horsman:—

‘The Archbishop of Canterbury steps forth and makes this proclamation:—“I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Ecclesiastical Commission, having for its object to improve the efficiency of the Church, declare it my opinion that the present income of my see is a great deal too large—I recommend its reduction to 15,000*l.*,—in my opinion (and I speak with the confidence of long experience), that is quite enough.” How does he go on? Does he say, “I prove the sincerity and disinterestedness of my opinion by relinquishing, for the Church, the superfluity which I acknowledge I possess?” By no means: but he proceeds thus:—“Having given this opinion as to the rule to be applied to others, I don’t intend it to touch myself. I admit that I have a great deal more than I require, but I insist on being permitted to retain every farthing.” And so, in his turn, says another prelate. “I,” says the Bishop of London, “am most decidedly of opinion that 10,000*l.* a-year is an ample income for my see. The surplus bestowed on poor sees would promote the comfort of my indigent brethren and be a blessing to the Church: nevertheless it is a blessing which, as far as I am concerned, must be postponed during my life; for when I said no Bishop of London should have more than 10,000*l.* a-year, of course, according to immemorial usage, I meant the present company to be excepted.” Now there has always been to me, and I know it has also struck others, something perfectly incomprehensible in this. I could understand a good man saying, “I don’t think my means too large; and if I am in a minority at the Board, and outvoted on that point, I will at least give no facility for carrying out what I entirely disapprove.” But to go out of his way to declare “I have too much, but will relinquish nothing—I make a law for others, but spurn it for myself—I proclaim my superfluity of wealth only to make my retention of it more notorious;” this, to take the lowest view of it, is the most wanton and unprovoked blunder in common policy or morals which clever men ever made.’

But it should further be recollected, that the funds to be thus managed were strictly trust funds, and that the commissioners thus appointed were literally trustees who had undertaken the most sacred obligations that could attach to such an office. The violation of such a trust, especially by parties who had a beneficial interest in such violation, is obviously an offence of the highest magnitude which can be committed against the rights of property—a crime which, under ordinary circumstances, is known to the law as embezzlement, and punished by transporta-

tion. The reader shall judge how far the proceedings of the dignitaries of the Church partake of this character.

Our figures are taken from the published speeches of Mr. Horsman, a zealous Churchman, who professes to draw every statement from the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commission, accredited by the signatures of the very bishops whose conduct he impugns.

We commence with the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the year 1830, it was stated in Parliament by Dr. Lushington, as the advocate of the archbishop, that the income of the see was only 32,000*l.* a-year; yet in 1831, the average returned to the Commissioners was a gross income of 22,016*l.*, and a net income of 19,182*l.* This may well appear as sufficiently unaccountable; but the return further said, that 'the future income' must be reckoned at only 17,060*l.* The Commissioners wrote it down at that sum accordingly; but strange to say, when the average income of the see for the seven years ending 1843 was published, instead of having fallen to 17,060*l.*, it still yielded to its possessor 21,000*l.*

It will be observed, that the difference between the gross and the net income of the see of Canterbury, returned to the Commissioners as above stated, amounts to nearly 3,000*l.*, and the reader may perhaps be curious to know what are the items that account for this discrepancy. The Commissioners do not attempt to lift the veil which overhangs this mystery; one or two hints, however, may aid and direct our conjectures. We find, for example, among the archbishops items of deduction, 'for parliamentary and other expenses, 137*l.* per annum; visitations, confirmations, &c., 251*l.*' The latter of these items was presented by every bishop as an allowance to be made by the Commission; and it is at least one redeeming act of the Commissioners, that they most properly refused them in every instance. We further find, out of an income of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds a year, a proposed deduction of 45*l.* (!) for the Lambeth Palace library; but whether this munificent sum was allowed or not, we are not in a position to say. A further light, however, is thrown upon this subject by Mr. Horsman, in one of his most instructive speeches. In noticing the difference between the gross and net returns of the various sees, he says—

'I confess, that the enormous discrepancy between these, in the tabular statement of the seven years' average income of bishops, is to me perfectly unintelligible. It amounts to a sum of no less than 50,000*l.* a-year. This cannot proceed from any fixed or permanent charges or deductions, since the variation is so great from year to year. To take a few examples: in Durham, the difference between gross and net income was in—

	1837 . .	£14,000	Lincoln.	1837 . .	400
	1840 . .	15,000		1838 . .	700
	1841 . .	16,000		1839 . .	400
St. Asaph.	1837 . .	1,300		1840 . .	900
	1843 . .	2,300		1841 . .	2,200
Ely.	1837 . .	1,800	Norwich.	1837 . .	300
	1839 . .	2,300		1843 . .	1,200
	1840 . .	3,300			

Exeter, by the original return in 1831 the income was 2,734*l.*, but the difference between gross and net in 1843, 751*l.*, or 300 per cent.

It would be satisfactory if we knew exactly what the Commissioners admitted as legitimate deductions from the gross income. Taking the last case I have mentioned, for example, what deductions can be mentioned that will make a difference of 300 per cent. between the gross and the net income? I remember an anecdote, which may perhaps illustrate this point, of a gentleman who was known to have two livings of the value of 1,500*l.* a-year, but he returned them to the Commissioners as of the gross value of 150*l.*; and on being examined by the Commissioners, the account he gave was, that his two parishes were at some distance from each other, so that he was obliged to deduct the expense of the horse which conveyed him between them; that his wife was not in very good health, so that she was obliged to drive to church, which obliged him to deduct the expenses of the carriage: that a man in his station could not but send his children to a fashionable school, so that when every necessary expense was deducted, the net income remained at 150*l.* a-year. Now, suppose a bishop were very litigious, and had, in consequence, many law-suits with his clergy—suppose that he was rather eminent as a literary character, and composed a great many pamphlets, which were distributed through his diocese, or that he wrote long letters in the “Times,” addressed to the Prime Minister, would the Commissioners admit that all the expenses of these things, which are not included in his official functions, were proper and legitimate charges to be deducted from his own gross income? I can account on no other grounds for the difference between the gross and net incomes that appear upon the face of the returns.’

After this explanation we come to the see of York.

‘The return of income for that see was 13,000*l.* gross, and 12,000*l.* net, and it was remarked that a decrease of 20 per cent. must be expected. Accordingly the Commissioners wrote down a decrease of 20 per cent., and 10,000*l.* a-year was the sum put down as the income in expectancy; but by subsequent returns it appeared strangely enough that, instead of falling, the income had risen to 14,550*l.*, and that instead of a decrease of 20 per cent., there had been a positive increase of 40 per cent. over the sum calculated.’

But, perhaps, the most astounding case is that of the Bishop of London. Dr. Blomfield gave his income at 13,000*l.* net, and stated that a decrease from fines of 1,725*l.* a-year must be ex-

pected, and a further decrease on account of augmentations. The Commissioners, therefore, put down the future income as he had calculated it, 12,204*l.* a-year; but upon the next return it appeared, by some means or other, this income had risen to 14,552*l.* a-year. But this is a trifle compared with what remains to be told. Already, the immense returns of the Paddington estate loomed before the eyes of the Bishop of London; already a private act had been obtained granting his lordship the power of making leases and contracts for one of the richest properties in the metropolis; even in the report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, dated March 17th, 1835, the same prospect of loss and diminution to the see of London was again expressed, though the mansions constituting Hyde Park Square, Hyde Park Terrace, Westbourne Terrace, and Kensall New Town, down to Oxford Square and Cambridge Square, were already built, and beginning to be inhabited.

'Squares and crescents,' says Mr. Horsman, 'were rising up in every direction, and at the very moment at which loss and decrease were spoken of, contracts had been signed, houses half built, and a mine of wealth had been secured to the future Bishops of London, of the amount of which I am afraid to make any estimate, but which persons, better competent than myself, have calculated cannot eventually amount to less than 100,000*l.* a year. And yet, in making his return to Parliament, this enormous wealth, which was not merely in prospect, but had actually begun to accrue—for which the way had been paved by an Act of Parliament, followed by all the troublesome minutiae of signing contracts and letting leases—so likely to impress it on the mind—had so completely escaped the recollection of the right rev. prelate, that in making his return to Parliament, he seems to have fancied himself, as to worldly means, an ill-doing man, rather going down in the world than otherwise. But this is not all; I wish it were; but the greatest wonder yet remains behind. The whole story of this Paddington estate is so remarkable that one surprise has no sooner subsided than another succeeds. It is strange, certainly, that in 1831 and 1835 there should have been no glimmer of foresight of the enormous increase about to take place; but what can be said of the extraordinary fact that, after the increase had actually taken place, the right rev. prelate appears in the next return none the richer for it? If honourable members will look at the return in 1843 of the average of seven years' incomes, they will find that the income of the Bishop of London in 1843, after all these buildings had been erected, was actually less than it had been in 1831, when not a single stone was laid. In 1831 the income of the bishop was 13,929*l.* In 1843, by his own return, it was 12,400*l.* Now, upon this point I should like to have some explanation. How comes it that after the erection of such an extent of handsome, and apparently profitable buildings, covering an extent of 400 acres, the right rev. prelate having signed about 2,000 leases—and those not let upon fines, but upon a steady and permanent rent, increasing as the buildings themselves increased,—how happens

it, I ask, that in the case of episcopal estates, the ordinary rules of cause and effect are completely reversed, and a town property becomes less valuable the more it is built upon; and that, when a large tract of land is turned from a waste into a city, and its value calculated by the square foot instead of the acre, the income should fall as the rental increases? I cannot explain it.'

A large number of men of business, and men of integrity, who are members of the Established Church, and partizans of the prelacy as it now exists, will read these statements. To deny, or even to question them, is impossible; they stand out upon indisputable documents. What will they—what can they say to them? The New Testament seems to be insufficient to convert them from the State-church *régime*. Will *these* facts be lost upon their minds unless they regard the ledger as a romance, and surrender their faith in the commercial transactions by which they live? If they are still incredulous we will ply them with a little more evidence, and take next the see of Durham.

The Bishop of Durham gave his gross income at 21,000*l.*, and his net income at 19,000*l.*; a discrepancy for which we have already afforded the reader the means of accounting; but he adds:—

'No correct judgment could be formed of its future value, as the profits depended upon mines, and augmentations had been granted to the extent of 1,170*l.*, which would diminish the future income. The Commissioners accordingly put down the future income of the see at 17,890*l.* Now it appears that the net income, instead of falling to 17,000*l.*, had risen to 22,992*l.*, and the gross income to 26,401*l.* For one year the Bishop of Durham, whose future income Parliament set down at 8,000*l.*, netted no less than 26,000*l.*'

Thus, Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, has, in fourteen years, actually received 191,658*l.*, whereas he ought to have received only 112,000*l.*; making an excess which is, in fact, a robbery of the Church funds of 79,658*l.* Sir James Graham has, indeed, told us that other arrangements have recently been made which will preclude the recurrence of such an abuse, and has deprecated all reference to what is past; and we learn from Lord J. Russell that Dr. Maltby has determined henceforward to pay 15,000*l.* a-year into the ecclesiastical fund, instead of 13,000*l.* that is to say, to keep the surplus of nearly 80,000*l.* which he has already pocketed, and to content himself in future with 13,563*l.* a-year; when it is not disputed by any one that *every* penny of that surplus ought to have been employed in *the* relief of spiritual destitution, and that Bishop Maltby ought to have received hitherto, and to receive in future, but 15,000*l.* a-year. But even this is not all. A considerable portion of the wealth of the see of Durham consists in minerals; and an avaricious prelate may easily despoil his successors by working these

minerals out in order to increase his own immediate receipts, and so long as he is allowed to appropriate all that he can make out of the revenues of the see, over and above a fixed payment to the Commissioners, it is probable that he will do so; nay, after reading the above details, will any man of common sense doubt that it has already been done?

A careful scrutineer of the Parliamentary evidence observes on the case of the Bishop of Durham:—

‘Some of the items of annual expense of the latter look rather oddly in the same page. Thus, gamekeepers and watchers on the moors, 610*l.*!! Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge (seven), each, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (two), each, 5*l.* 5*s.* The whole amount of charitable outgoings of this bishop, which he claims to be allowed as part of the expenses of his office, stand as follows:—Schools, 342*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Societies, 105*l.*; Infirmarys, 75*l.*; Miscellaneous, 145*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*—Total, 667*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* A trifle more than his gamekeepers and watchers!’

The case of the Bishop of Winchester is not dissimilar to his more fortunate brethren: the income of this see was fixed at 8,000*l.*† per annum; within the last fourteen years he has received, according to the *approximation* of Parliamentary documents, 151,166*l.*; showing an increase over the stated income of no less than 53,166*l.*

We now come to a case which has recently engaged a large share of public attention—we refer to that of Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. And here we waive for a moment a comparative view of the legal and the actual income of the see; and present a brief statement of the now notorious facts respecting the Horfield estate; introducing as our authority Mr. Horsman, who, though a zealous Church Reformer, is so far from leaning towards the views of Dissenters, as to show no appreciation of the results of the Voluntary principle. In the report of his speech on the motion of the Marquis of Blandford, in favour of Church extension, July 1st, 1851, we find the following statement:—

‘The estate of Horfield, near the city of Bristol, was let on a lease of three lives in 1817 by the then Bishop of Bristol. Two of the lives dropped in the time of Bishop Grey, who did not renew them. When the first life dropped, he attempted to renew, but not being able to come to terms with the lessee, he gave up all idea of renewing, and declared his intention to leave the estate to fall in for the benefit of the see, instead of his own family. Bishop Grey died, and Bishop Allen succeeded in 1834. Bishop Grey’s determination respecting Horfield having been made known to Lord Melbourne, his lordship, on appointing Bishop Allen, told him that two lives in the Horfield lease had dropped, and that only one—an old man—remained, and that his predecessor had resolved to let the lease run out for the benefit of the

see. Under these circumstances, Lord Melbourne stipulated that Bishop Allen should not renew the lease. . . . In 1836 Bishop Allen was translated to Ely, and the dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol became an united see, held by Monk. Matters remained in this state until 1842, when the old life, Dr. Shadwell, was taken ill, and then it began to be rumoured abroad that the Bishop of Gloucester meant to renew the lease. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were alarmed, and caused their secretary to write to the bishop, alluding to the rumour which had reached them, and expressing a hope that it was not correct. The bishop wrote a reply, in which he said he felt insulted at the suspicion entertained of him—that if he were to renew the lease he would do something unbecoming a bishop which would leave a lasting reproach on his family. . . . The Commissioners, on the receipt of the bishop's letter, desired their secretary to write to him again, expressing sorrow for having wounded his feelings, and stating that they were much comforted by the assurances contained in his epistle. In 1847, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had to make a new arrangement respecting the income of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, it being found that the see was richer than was necessary to secure the payment of 5,000*l.* to the bishop. It was accordingly decided that certain payments should be made to the episcopal fund, and the Commissioners, at the same time, determined to take possession of the estate of Horfield, and they passed an order in council vesting it in themselves after the next vacancy. Under these circumstances the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were surprised at the commencement of 1848 by receiving a communication from the Bishop of Gloucester, stating his intention to renew the lease, and giving them the refusal of it for the sum of 11,500*l.* The Ecclesiastical Commissioners desired their secretary to write to the bishop, reminding him of the moral obligation he was under not to renew the lease. The bishop answered, that he knew nothing of moral obligations; that he had a legal right; and, if the Commissioners did not choose to pay him 11,500*l.* he would renew the lease and alienate the property from the Church. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners—influenced, no doubt, by the best motives—agreed, most improperly, to deal with the bishop, and to pay him 11,500. They, however, endeavoured to carry the arrangement into effect, not openly and in public, but by private transfer with the bishop. The deed of transfer was submitted to their solicitor, who, however, refused to incur the responsibility of being a party to such a transaction. He told them they must prepare a scheme and an order in council. These instruments were prepared and laid before the Attorney-General, and those instruments were within twenty-four hours of being ratified, when the circumstances became known, and he questioned the Attorney-General on the subject, without succeeding in obtaining a very clear answer. He then appealed to the noble lord at the head of the Government not to sanction the order in council until he had read the evidence bearing on the point. The noble lord promised he would not, and whether he had read the evidence or not, the Government had refused to ratify the scheme. The worst was yet to come. Last year Dr. Shadwell died, and it was in evidence, in a return, that the Bishop of Gloucester, by his own act,

had renewed the lease of Horfield, his own secretary being the lessee, and, as he (Mr. H.) was informed, his own children being the lives put in the lease.* Was there any other public department in which such a transaction would be permitted? Would any man, except a dignitary of the Church, dare to carry out such a transaction, and show his face as an honest man in public? He (Mr. H.) had not yet been able to obtain any explanation of the terms on which the renewal of the lease had taken place; but he knew that Mr. Finlayson calculated that the three young lives put into the lease depreciated the value of the property ninety per cent.'

In reply to these allegations, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has published a letter, insisting on his *legal* right (the moral right being held *sub silentio* alike by himself and his parliamentary advocates) to dispose of this large property at his own option—at the same time declaring his intention of appropriating it to the benefit of the diocese. After the details we have given, the reader will judge of the degree of confidence to be reposed in his lordship's intentions.

In 1836, this same Bishop Monk calculated, before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the future income of his see at 3,125*l.* per annum. After this will the following demonstrable facts be credited? The average revenue of the see for fourteen years subsequent to this computation has been 7,282*l.* In 1838, it amounted to 11,107*l.*, and in the fourteen years the excess was no less than 34,398*l.* *over the bishop's own estimate!* Time would fail us to pursue these investigations through all the dioceses of England and Wales; in almost all of them, however, the result would be similar; and in most cases so much of concealment and chicane is exhibited, as to leave us in a very uneasy state of doubt as to whether we have got nearly to the bottom of these scandalous transactions. As a gross result, however, we may state the astounding fact, that the bishops have unjustly appropriated to their own aggrandizement, and that from a fund applicable to the supplementing of the poorest benefices, a sum of *between five and six hundred thousand pounds*. How, we are tempted to exclaim, could this occur under the eyes of a Government Commission? The answer is obvious—half the bishops on the bench were members of that Commission! Could the ointment of the best apothecary be odorous, with so many dead flies in it?

We rise from the inquiry of which we have thus presented a few of the results, with a predominant feeling of commiseration for the luckless class of Church Reformers. To attempt the

* This appears from subsequent explanations to be slightly inaccurate; as it is said that the substituted lives are the three eldest of her Majesty's children.

reformation of such a system is purely chimerical. Here is an Augean stable to be cleansed, and instead of a Hercules, we have two street-orderlies, the members for Cockermouth and Marylebone, each with his brush and dustpan.

But these laborious enthusiasts have received a reinforcement from an unexpected quarter ; and this accession constitutes a most significant sign of the times. We refer to the pamphlet recently put forth by George Anthony Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent, entitled, 'Why should the Bishops continue to sit in the House of Lords?' This publication, emanating from such a source, is certainly a great curiosity. It reminds us of the Pythoness unconsciously uttering truths under the spell of an irresistible compulsion. We cannot afford space for Mr. Denison's reasoning ; its object, however, shall be stated in his own words :—

'I am well aware of the obloquy I must incur, but I do not hesitate to declare that the position of the bishops, as peers of Parliament, appears to me to be, in these days, incapable of defence.

'This, then, is the conclusion which I propose to establish. The main propositions to be proved are in brief:

'I. That the Church of England, *AS A CHURCH*, has only a limited hold upon her members, whether clergy or people.

'II. That her principal hold upon her members depends partly upon a false view of her office and essential character, and partly upon her accidents.

'III. That the position of the clergy being, in many respects, secular and unreal, is one principal hinderance to the more just and extended appreciation of the office and essential character of the Church.

'IV. That in particular, the position of the bishops as peers of Parliament is secular and unreal.'

These positions we do not hesitate to say Mr. Denison has conclusively established. One or two isolated sentences must suffice as illustrations of his sentiments.

'Of all ways,' he says, 'of crippling and weakening the Church of England, and of exposing and perpetuating her weakness, I know of no one so certain and so effectual, as defending her by Act of Parliament.'—P. 14.

'Is the Church of England content to abide in her present position in respect of the appointment of her bishops? *then* is she content with an unreality in religion, and does not shrink from a perpetual mockery of God.'—P. 28.

'It is curious to remark, that no profession appears to have so much time at its command for the general business and amusements of life, as the profession of holy orders in the Church of England.'—P. 26.

In one word, Mr. Denison sees, probably by the light of such facts as we have now laid before the reader, that the Church of England, as by law established, is the grand sham, the crowning

imposture of the day ; and we trust that he will shortly be prepared to place himself at the head of a numerous class who are prepared honestly to come forward and declare that they will no longer disguise the fact, or consent to be actors in the farce.

We stop the press to notify an important event in connexion with the subject of the foregoing article. This is the promulgation of an order in council, which provides that all bishops appointed subsequently to the year 1847 shall be compelled to deliver half-yearly accounts of all monies received by them in respect of their see, and to hand over the surplus, or receive the balance, as the case may be. It further ordains, that henceforth the bishop shall not be permitted to renew leases where the fine exceeds 100*l.* without the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commission ; and if the fine equal a certain amount, the bishop is not to be trusted even to receive the money, but it is to be paid directly by the lessees to the commissioners. So far this provision is as proper as it has been proved to be necessary. But why, the country will indignantly ask, is this to be confined to the more recently appointed bishops, and not extended to the whole bench ? Is it that the peculations of the older prelates are not yet sufficiently demonstrated, and the amount of plunder sufficiently enormous ? And why, again, if the renewal-fines are not to be suffered to pass through the viscous palms of the prelates, is the making-up of the accounts of surplus income to be entrusted to them, and the amount which they may choose to confess to, to be received from such hands ?

The order in council clearly implies the judgment of the Commission and the Crown that the bishops, as a body, are not to be trusted with even the temporary custody of money that does not belong to them. Why, then, will not the Whig Ministry for once take action openly and honestly on this conviction ? The only way (and they know it) in which they can save the ecclesiastical funds from wholesale embezzlement is, to suffer none but the commissioners to be either the receivers or the paymasters. Meanwhile it is absolutely disgusting to see the most plethoric of the bishops invested with a life-interest in their illicit but enormous gains. ‘ We do not envy,’ says the ‘ Times,’ of September 25th, ‘ the feelings of the man who can contentedly pocket, year after year, thousands of pounds which it was never intended he should possess, which he is abstracting from the most beneficial objects, and the retention of which is reprobated by the dictates of morality and honour, and visited by the disapprobation of the public and the implied censure of the most respectable members of the Church. We have, however, little doubt that this system will continue till the course of mortality restores to the Church the funds she should long since have received’ !

Brief Notices.

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The Southern Districts of New Zealand. A Journal, with Passing Notices of the Customs of the Aborigines. By Edward Shortland, M.A. 12mo. Pp. 315. London: Longman and Co.

THE author of this volume was employed by the Colonial Government of New Zealand as Protector of the Aborigines; and in the course of his official duties, kept a journal, from which the present publication has been compiled. His engagement required him to visit various parts of the colony, and brought him into frequent contact with its inhabitants, which afforded good opportunities of observing their condition and habits. Of these opportunities he was well qualified to avail himself, and his Notes are, in consequence, worthy of attention, and will amply repay the time and labor employed in their investigation. 'It is hoped,' he tells us in his preface, 'that the anecdotes and other matters illustrative of the habits of the aboriginal population of the country, which have been occasionally introduced, will prove instructive as well as entertaining.' This is certainly the case, as any attentive reader of his volume will admit. Its general characteristic is that of being valuable rather than attractive. There is not enough of adventure to meet the taste of some readers, nor is the interior of New Zealand life painted with such minuteness and graphic skill as to place it vividly before the eye. There are, however, other qualities which fully compensate for the absence of these. Mr. Shortland writes like a man of sound judgment and of upright purpose, who had ample means of noting what few Europeans see, and who honestly reports his observations for the benefit of others. The geographical information of his volume is considerable; the light which it throws on the views and customs of the Aborigines is exceedingly valuable; while the details furnished respecting the whaling stations on the coast, entitle it to be consulted on all points connected with the fisheries of the colony.

We are glad to find our author an opponent of the views recently broached respecting the rapid decrease of the native population. He deems such views erroneous, and sets forth some strong reasons in support of the opposite opinion. We are inclined to think him right, and shall rejoice if further inquiry confirms his representation. We thank Mr. Shortland for the service he has rendered, and recommend his unpretending but valuable volume to our readers.

1. *The Church Described by its Friends. A Debate in the House of Commons on Church Extension, July 1, 1851.*
2. *The Trusteeship of the State-church. An Inquiry into the Management of the Episcopal and Capitular Estates.*
3. *Sydney Smith and the Bishops. A Sketch of the Dignitaries and Subordinates of the Church of England.*
4. *The State-churches in British Guiana.* By W. G. Barrett.
5. *The Public Right to the Universities.* By a University Man.
6. *The Spiked Cannons. An Account of the Repealed Penal Statutes affecting Liberty of Conscience.* London: British Anti-state-church Association, 41, Ludgate-Hill.

THE Anti-state-church Association acts wisely in throwing its strength, for a time, into its publishing department; for, from the interest which the public are now taking in ecclesiastical questions, numbers are prepared to read with avidity what they would once have turned from with indifference or disgust. The perusal of the pamphlets before us, all of which may be had for a few pence, can scarcely fail to awaken in serious Churchmen feelings of the deepest concern, and to inspire Dissenters with a stronger determination to root out the evil the varied forms of which are so graphically described.

The church-extension debate, the *exposé* of the mysteries and iniquities of church leasing, given in 'The Trusteeship of the State-church,' and the famous Canon of St. Paul's lively but pungent denunciation of abuses and anomalies, which, low as his views were, his strong sense would not allow him to tolerate, reveal an amount of greediness, of unscrupulousness, and of faithlessness, such as we hope can be paralleled in no other Protestant community. 'The State-churches in British Guiana' exhibits the working of the Establishment principle, in the form of money-grants to various sects—a system originated, avowedly, to check the progress of missionary efforts among the negroes, who were 'becoming too religious and too knowing,' but which has become so ruinously expensive to the colony as to excite the indignation of the very class who are responsible for its introduction. The pamphlet on the Universities is deserving of a lengthened notice, for the importance of the questions on which it touches. The author writes with great moderation, but with decision as well as ability, and gives indications of thorough acquaintance with his topic. The 'Spiked Cannons' is a title derived from the practice adopted in war of disabling the enemy's guns; the pieces of ordnance thus deprived of power appropriately serving, says the writer, 'to call to mind those legislative enactments which once disgraced our statute-book, enforcing, as they did, severe penalties against all who did not accept the dominant faith—enactments which, by the progress of liberty, have been gradually annulled, and now lie before us the cumbersome and worthless relics of the folly and injustice of past ages.' We specially commend this tract to the perusal of the admirers of 'the most tolerant Church in Christendom.'

The Chronicle of Battel Abbey, from 1066 to 1176. Now first translated, with Notes, and an Abstract of the subsequent History of the Establishment. By Mark Anthony Lower, M.A., 8vo. Pp. 227. London: John Russell Smith.

THE appearance of such a volume as this is a good and healthy sign. It betokens an improved condition of the popular mind, and leads us to hope that we are escaping from the prejudices in which modern partizanship has too long bound us. Until recently, our countrymen have been content to receive their historical information at second-hand. Indeed, no other course was open, as the sources of our history were closed against them, either by the uncouth latinity in which they were entombed, or by their expensiveness. Happily a new state of things is now arising, of which the volume before us is both an effect and sign. The original manuscript is in the British Museum, and a copy of it was printed in 1846, by the Anglia-Christiana Society. This edition was restricted to the members of that society, and the work consequently remained unknown to the general public. The present translation, however, brings it within the reach of all historical students, who cannot fail to prize it very highly. It is in truth a very valuable piece of local history, and will be found to throw various and important lights on the views and fortunes of our countrymen at the time of the Conquest.

The Chronicle commences with the Norman invasion, and extends to 1176. The writer of it is unknown. He was evidently a monk of Battel, but whether he filled a subordinate or a prominent station, cannot now be ascertained. Amongst the subjects included in the Chronicle, are, the Norman invasion; the vow of Duke William to found a monastery on the field of battle; the privileges of the Abbey and its exemption from episcopal and civil jurisdiction; feudal customs; contentions with the bishops of Chichester; and anecdotes of Norman kings and other distinguished personages. It is without doubt a very valuable and instructive record, and its attentive perusal will do more to render us familiar with the *life* of our ancestors than the most elegant and graphic sketch which modern skill can draw.

The Restoration of All Things; or, A Vindication of the Goodness and Grace of God, to be manifested at last in the recovery of his whole Creation out of their Fall. By Jeremiah White, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. With an Introductory Essay, by David Thom, D.D., Ph.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

ABLER writers than White have succeeded him in the advocacy of his favorite dogma, but special interest attaches to this volume, from its having been one of the earliest defences of universalism published in this country. The author died in 1707, and his work was not issued till five years afterwards. In the history of religious doctrines it occupies an important niche, and should have the careful examination of ecclesiastical students. Beyond this class it will not secure much attention, nor is it written in a style adapted to engage the general reader, though it has qualities which will amply repay the labor of

perusal. Dr. Thom's 'Introductory Essay' is distinguished by earnestness and ability. It contains much which we admire, but its excellences are vitiated, in our judgment, by the unsoundness of its general principle, and the erroneous view in consequence taken of some parts of the divine revelation and government. It displays an extensive acquaintance with church history, and a thorough sympathy with the views of the author.

Journal of a Residence in Norway during the years 1835 and 1836; made with a View to inquire into the Moral and Political Economy of that Country, and the Condition of its Inhabitants. By Samuel Laing, Esq. New Edition. Pp. 306. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume forms Parts Six and Seven of 'The Traveller's Library,' and is issued at the exceedingly low price of two shillings. We need say nothing in commendation of Mr. Laing's work. It has been before the public some years, and is highly valued for the sterling, as well as novel, information it contains. It is unquestionably the best book on the subject which our language contains, and its publication in so neat and cheap a form is matter of gratulation to all who are concerned for the diffusion of sound and healthy knowledge. We have heard those who have visited Norway speak of the work as accurately descriptive of the social and religious condition of the country. The Messrs. Longman have exercised sound discretion in incorporating such a work in 'The Traveller's Library,' and we shall be glad to find that its circulation equals their largest anticipations.

The Structure of Prophecy. By James Douglas, of Cavers. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1850.

THIS charming treatise has been on our table many months, and we have delayed noticing it until we could enter somewhat fully on the expression of our views of prophecy. Our respect for the venerable writer, and our admiration of these lectures, are so profound, that we can no longer defer an earnest recommendation of them to our readers. 'The object was, to give a rapid and general outline of the structure of the prophetic writings. The author has only to add his fervent wish and prayer, that a writer might speedily be raised up to give the world a standard work on the whole of prophecy, where the comment might be fully in accordance with the divine text; and partaking of the permanence of the original, might endure to all generations.' In this wish we join. Many qualities must meet in such a writer—a large acquaintance with the Oriental languages and literatures; a deeply poetical genius; a large catholic soul, sympathizing heartily with man in all the phases of his history, and reverently with God in the sublime righteousness and mercy of his dispensations; a thorough knowledge of history in its widest sense; breadth of understanding; a discriminating and uncontroversial perception of what is true, and appreciation of what is precious, in the *ancient* interpreters as well as in the modern; freedom from ecclesiastical prejudices and strong political theories; a

pre-eminently devout spirit ; a very humble heart, ~~clearness~~ clearness and simplicity of expression ; and strong, practical, good sense. We need scarcely say, that the greater part of writers on prophecy have been defective in one or other of these qualities. As a general rule, our own observation leads us to declare that the value of such productions as we have read is generally in the inverse proportion to their pretensions and their confidence, and their scornful assumptions of superiority to those who differ from them. We have no hope of the study of prophecy ever becoming comprehensive, exact, and subservient to the spiritual purposes of revelation, until the path is laid open by such a 'standard work' as that which we concur with Mr. Douglas in desiring.

Protestant Dissent Vindicated. By J. G. Rogers, B.A. London: Green.

THE simple, vigorous tone of this pamphlet deserves a word of hearty commendation. It is as manly and clear a vindication of the duty of Dissent, and as effective a refutation of the old hackneyed charge of schism, as we have in our Nonconformist library. Drawn forth by local attacks on our position, it deals with principles, not with the special circumstances that occasioned it. It may, therefore, be, and should be, widely circulated.

Counsels to Christian Parents, regarding the Education of their Children. Prepared by a Committee of the United Presbyterian Synod. Glasgow : Dunn.

AN excellent manual of parental duty, the extensive circulation of which will be productive of much good. Few topics are so important, yet it is impossible to enter many houses without perceiving that it is sadly overlooked. The opposite extremes of severity and indulgence are too frequently visible, and the domestic circle consequently fails to exhibit the repose and loveliness for which we look. This little tractate is drawn up in the knowledge of these evils, and contains much judicious counsel directed to the preparation of childhood to discharge the duties of advanced years. If parents duly considered how intimately their own happiness and that of their children was bound up with the wise culture of the latter, they would be vastly more attentive to this department of their duty. Considering how children are frequently trained, it is matter of surprise that they do not turn out worse than they do.

Æternitas ; or, Glimpses of the Future Destinies of Man. By William Bathgate. London : Ward and Co.

THIS book is not meant to be controversial, nor to dwell much on the accidents of a future ; but to state the great broad outlines of the Scripture teaching about Eternity. Establishing the fact of the immortality of the soul, it then adds to that immortality the idea of opposite moral conditions, and thence proceeds to very clear, powerful chapters on the destinies, and grounds of these destinies, of the saved and the lost. We can only express here our high admiration of the

clear, argumentative progress of the book ; it is all ' co-operant to an end ; ' every section is in its place, and tells ; it is a building—not, like too many of our modern books, a heap. But the logical is by no means the exclusive faculty of the author's strength. He writes with such earnest, solemn power, keeping at the same time so far from coarse declamation, with such profound reverence for God's future world and God's word—such a deep sense of what a man's soul is, and may be—as will, we cannot but think, ensure great good.

A Grammar of the French Language: comprehending New and Complete Rules on the Genders of French Nouns. By Isidore Brasseur. Eighth Edition. London: Relfe and Fletcher. 1851.

THIS is one of the best practical grammars for schools with which we are acquainted. Its Rules on the Genders of French Substantives are remarkably clear and useful.

A Selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son on Education; with the most Idiomatic Expressions given in Notes, to assist the Learner in Translating them into French. To which is added, a Selection from Cowper's Letters. For the Use of Schools. By Isidore Brasseur. Second Edition. London: Relfe and Fletcher. 1851.

THIS book supplies a want which must have long been felt by both teachers and learners of the French language in England. We wish for it the wide success which it so eminently deserves. Besides being valuable as school-books, M. Brasseur's Grammar and Selection will be found of great service to the private student and the traveller on the continent.

Divine Providence considered and illustrated. By Charles Hargeaves. London: Ward and Co.

THERE is little attempt here at thorough discussion of the great subject chosen, but, as a collection of narratives tending to illustrate it, the work may be of interest to young readers. This is all the writer professes, and this he has done.

Douglas's English Grammar. Edinburgh: Black and Co.

WE recommend Douglas's English Grammar to the notice of teachers, whether in families or schools. It is plain, complete, and well arranged. The rules are clear ; the explanations are brief and pointed, but satisfactory. The whole is admirably adapted for the purpose of instruction. On the whole, we know of no better grammar. We should mention, that Mr. James Douglas has long been eminent as a teacher in one of those educational institutions for which Edinburgh is celebrated.

Review of the Month.

THERE IS A LULL IN IRISH AGITATION, and, whatever it may portend, we rejoice in the fact. Notwithstanding past experience, we are willing to hope that our fellow-subjects across the Channel will avail themselves of the interval, to review their position and to re-arrange their measures. They will be wise to do so, for there are limits beyond which the most generous forbearance cannot go. The great meeting at the Rotunda, for the inauguration of the 'Catholic Defence Association,' was sufficiently characteristic to pain their best friends, and to re-awaken the hopes of hereditary opponents. Should they persist in the policy of that meeting, the Imperial Government will have no alternative. Law must be enforced; and Dr. Cullen and Mr. Reynolds, and other would-be martyrs, may rest assured that all classes, save their own, will rally round the Premier in maintaining 'The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.' The language adopted at that meeting, and the tone of insolent defiance which marked the publication of its minutes, will find no support in this country. The organs of the Catholic body have gone even further than the speakers of the Rotunda. With a frankness for which we thank them, they have disclosed what more politic advocates concealed. Their language is unmistakeable, and its logical sequence from the premises assumed cannot be questioned. The following, taken from the 'Tablet,' needs no comment:—

'He (Dr. Sumner) is himself one of that class of heretics called Protestants, and the persons over whom only he has any rightful jurisdiction are Protestants also. Hence we may call him a "Statutory Superintendent of Protestants." But not of all Protestants. His headquarters are in Canterbury, and the circle of his lay functions extends over a district which it would be base flattery to call a see, and which, indeed, since the late Papal rescript, has absolutely ceased to be a see for anybody to claim, but which we may rationally call the "Canterbury District." When we mean, therefore, to speak of the individual in question, apart from his office, we shall designate him—and we beg our correspondents to designate him—as Mr. Sumner. When we mean to speak of his office, we shall style him "Statutory Superintendent of Protestants in the Canterbury District"—or something to that effect. In like manner we have Mr. Whately in the Dublin District; Mr. Blomfield in the London District; Lord John George Beresford in the Armagh District; Lord Robert Ponsonby Tottenham in the Clogher District; Mr. Stopford in the Meath District; and so on. We hope our readers will follow so good an example, and will help us to preserve strict truth on these mighty questions by correcting us whenever inadvertently we fall into a mistake.'

To talk of a religious crusade against their Church, of coercing their conscience, of reviving the age of pains and penalties, is sheer nonsense. There is nothing of the kind in the legislation of last session.

and we are not wanting in candor when we affirm that the chief actors in this drama know that there is not. We trust that the Rotunda meeting has sufficed to let off the pent-up wrath of Mr. Reynolds and his associates. Should it prove so, her Majesty's Ministers will do well to take no notice of the vamping there indulged in. If the fire is burning out, let no fresh fuel be supplied; but if otherwise—if the agitation is to be continued—if the vehement threats uttered are to be put in force—then the Government will owe it to itself, and to the people which reposes in its fidelity, to enforce, at every cost, the penalties that have been enacted. To coerce conscience, is impiety towards God as well as injustice to man; but to restrain priestly assumption, is a solemn duty enforced alike by political expediency and by religious faith. To the one we are determinedly opposed; and to the other, whether in the case of Papists or Protestants, we are ever ready to lend our zealous and unbought support.

THE COUNTRY IS WAITING TO LEARN WHAT THE REFORM BILL OF 1852 IS TO BE.—As yet, no token has been given; scarcely a feeler has been put out. We are not surprised at this, nor do we complain of it. Ministers must be too glad to be relieved from attendance at St. Stephen's to betake themselves as yet to the labor of preparing for another session. Holiday is a new thing, and we are content to let them play a little longer. It will be wise, however, soon to look the matter in the face, and to bethink themselves gravely of what they are to propose. Their reputation suffered much last session by the immaturity of their plans and their consequent vacillation. It will be difficult to recover the ground they lost; but should they blunder again, they will be gone beyond redemption. The times are eminently favorable to them just now. The people are in a mood to accept fair terms, but there must be no juggling, no attempt at delusion, no strengthening the oligarchy under professions of zeal for popular freedom. Two points, at least, we deem essential—a large extension of the suffrage, and the ballot. Without these, all else will be nugatory, *nor must they be separated*. To concede the one and to refuse the other, will be to trifle with the forbearance of the people, and to insure, at no distant period, an imperative demand for much larger and more sweeping changes. We cannot imagine that the 'Globe'—ministerialist though it be—is an exponent of the views of Government in this matter. Should it prove to be so, Lord John may calculate on a burst of indignation before which even his courage will quail. But we will not anticipate this. We do not believe of his lordship anything half so treacherous and suicidal. Should his political opponents suggest such a scheme, his good sense, to say nothing of his patriotism and past professions, would instantly and indignantly reject it. We wait the revelation that must speedily come. The people want something tangible about which to rally. Should the oracle, when heard, speak in clear, unmistakable, and popular terms, the heart of a great nation will leap with joy, and hundreds of thousands will rally to the standard which their former leader has unfurled.

THE ACCOUNTS RECEIVED FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE are far

from being flattering to our statesmanship or military prowess. A more iniquitous or unproductive war than that now waged against the Caffres has rarely been undertaken even in our most distant dependencies. Artifice and brute force—chicanery proper only to a gamester, and insulting menaces specially exasperating to uncivilized tribes—are the weapons on which Sir Harry Smith and the Colonial Office seem solely to rely. The Caffres have lost, and righteously so, the last vestige of confidence in our good faith. In the presence of their chiefs, as if to add insult to wrong, our representative is reported to have torn to pieces the treaty in which they confided, and to have cast its fragments to the wind. *The Colonial Office is aware of this fact*, yet Earl Grey continues to denounce the *barbarians*, and to uphold the conciliatory and equitable Governor. The truth is—and the country should speak strongly on the point—Sir Harry Smith is utterly unfit for his post. We say nothing against his military qualities; for aught we know, these may be first-rate. But as a civil officer, as the administrator of a colony in such condition as the Cape, he is clearly incompetent, and ought to be immediately recalled.

For some months past we have been told, that he waited only for reinforcements to execute a movement which would terminate the struggle. The reinforcements have arrived; the movement has been executed; but so far is the struggle from being closed, that it never wore so threatening an aspect before. In the latter part of June, the Governor, in concert with General Somerset, carried the Caffre fastnesses in the Amatola Mountains. The assault was completely successful, and upwards of 2,000 head of cattle, besides horses and goats, rewarded the victors. But what was the result? The Governor himself, in his report to Earl Grey, July 3rd, says, 'The success in the Amatolas has had no perceptible effect as regards the termination of hostilities.' So far on the one side—but now on the other. The natives were too well aware of European superiority to waste their time and numbers in a struggle with our troops. They therefore dispersed, gained the rear of Sir Harry, and threw themselves on the colony as a devastating pestilence. They are reported to have swept away 20,000 sheep, 3,000 head of cattle, and 300 horses. Such is the issue of the movement which was to close the struggle. How long is this to last? That the courage and discipline of our soldiery may ultimately prevail, we do not question: but are we prepared for the cost and sacrifice of life which this involves? *The Caffres have with them substantial right*, and we are, therefore, specially indisposed to pay the required price for their subjection. In the name of justice, and on behalf of our country's honor, we earnestly advocate an immediate and peaceful settlement of this disgraceful contest. The Caffre question is complicated by the policy of Earl Grey towards the colonists. If his lordship persists in his obstinacy, he must be discarded by his associates, or the colony will be lost.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOSEPH JOHN FREEMAN, at any time, and under any circumstances, would have been matter of regret. His personal worth, official position, and various labors, attached more than ordinary value to his life, but at the present moment the event is

specially to be deplored. Mr. Freeman's intimate knowledge of the Caffre question, his acquaintance with the Cape, in which he has recently sojourned, his sound judgment and transparent rectitude, rendered him a witness of the highest worth. Just returned from the colony, he was enabled to speak with authority on the state of parties; to refute the calumnies industriously propagated against the aborigines; to point out their grievous wrongs; and to invoke on their behalf the justice and generosity of the British people. Others might be like-minded with himself; but his personal knowledge of the native tribes, the intercourse he had held with many of their chiefs, the scenes he had witnessed, the complaints and the prayers with which he was charged directly from themselves, gave him an immense superiority to which no other man amongst us can lay claim. But the Supreme Disposer of events has withdrawn him from the field of labor, for which he was so eminently fitted; and while we do honor to the dead, we must prepare ourselves, as best we may, to supply his lack of service. Mr. Freeman was not gifted with genius. He had no pretension to this quality, nor to the intellectual superiority which ranges next to it. His talent was thoroughly respectable, but not first-rate. It was practical rather than speculative, and occupied itself with the furtherance of human interests rather than the dogmatic and theoretic views in which some men dream away their lives. His convictions were strong, his spirit was catholic, and his demeanor urbane and gentlemanly. If in any point of his public life he were deficient, it would seem to us to have been in the want of that moral courage—we use the word in the absence of a better—which prompts the utterance of an unpleasant conviction in the presence of those who are esteemed and beloved. Take him all in all, we have known few such men, and his loss at the present moment is a calamity which the Church may well deplore.

Mr. Freeman was born in 1794; was educated at Hoxton Academy; and after having been engaged for some years in ministerial work in England, repaired to Madagascar in 1827, where he labored with fidelity till the close of 1835, when he was driven by persecution from the island. For some time he remained at the Cape, whence he returned to England in 1841, and was appointed one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society. His subsequent labors are well known. Having recently visited South Africa, in order to inspect the Society's stations, he first published a letter to Earl Grey, on the struggle now pending in Caffraria, and since then a volume descriptive of his *tour*, which we purpose noticing next month. To the general observer his health appeared sound, but those who knew him more intimately were aware that its state was not satisfactory. In the hope of improving it, he went to Homburgh, in Germany, from whose mineral waters benefit was anticipated. In this, however, his friends were disappointed. The hardships of his African tour had worn out his strength, and rheumatic fever supervening, he rapidly sunk, and departed to his rest on Monday, the 8th of September. His loss will be severely felt by the society he served, and specially by the native tribes of a distant colony, whose character he

had studied, whose wrongs he proclaimed, and to whose service he had dedicated his remaining strength with a simplicity and earnestness characteristic of his integrity.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION has been holding a series of meetings in the North of England, which has been attended with triumphant success. On Wednesday, the 19th, a conference and public meeting were convened at Leeds, at which a Board was formed for the county of York, and various arrangements were agreed on for the establishment of district committees. The conference was attended by ministers and laymen from Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Sheffield, York, Hull, and other places, and the warmest attachment was expressed to the cause of voluntary and religious education. The public meeting was one of the largest ever held in the town, and the disgraceful effort made to misrepresent the movement proved conducive to its success. 'The effect,' says the '*Leeds Mercury*,' 'was most beneficial, for the spacious chapel was filled to overflowing.' An admirable paper was read by the Rev. G. W. Conder, on 'Voluntary Education—its position and prospects;' and the spirit which pervaded the gathering was one of cordial harmony and entire confidence. The opening *statement* of Mr. Edward Baines, chairman of the public meeting, established the fact of a rapid advance in the educational statistics of Leeds, and thus proved the competency of the Voluntary system, and the utter groundlessness of the assertions hazarded by the would-be educationists of the day.

But the success of Leeds, though signal, was outdone in Manchester, where a large conference of Sunday-school teachers was held on the 16th; and a more general meeting of the friends of the *Congregational Board* was summoned for the following day. We have not space to enter into details. Gentlemen were present from Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, as well as from Lancashire; and Mr. Morley, the Treasurer of the Board, having reported that 3,000*l.* was required to complete the purchase and fitting-up of Homerton College as a training school, Mr. George Hadfield, with his accustomed large-heartedness, instantly responded to the appeal by offering 500*l.* towards this amount. His noble example was followed by other gentlemen, and more than the required sum was then and there promised. Never was a more signal proof afforded of the power and elasticity of the Voluntary principle; and the tone of the meeting was as good as its liberality was large. We have been specially gratified by the close adherence to principle which was displayed. Voluntaryism was not mistrusted, much less disparaged, as it has sometimes unhappily been by men bearing our name. It was regarded with a generous and confiding trust, which we deem one of the most hopeful signs of the times. We should be glad to specify the names of those with whose speeches we have been particularly pleased, but where all is so excellent it would be invidious to select. We may be allowed, however, to congratulate Mr. Morley and Mr. Baines on the triumph achieved. To them it must be pre-eminently gratifying, and they well merit the reward. What has occurred at these meetings, deepens our regret that there should be any division amongst the friends of voluntary

education. Why is this? We see no good reason for it, and should cordially hail their union under some general designation.

THE BRITISH ORGANIZATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE has recently held a Conference in London, at which were present many gentlemen from various parts of Europe and America. The proceedings of the Conference, which lasted nearly a fortnight, will, we presume, be speedily published in full, and we defer till then any extended notice of them. Our object now is simply to note the fact of such meetings, and to record a cheerful acknowledgment of the many excellent things which were said, and of some admirable papers which were read. Whatever opinion we may hold respecting the constitution of the Alliance, we doubt not, that its influence on some minds has been beneficial; though, in other cases, we fear it has been injurious. In the partial reports already given to the public, we observe with pleasure the fearless expression of individual opinion on the part of some members. We were even glad to find that Dr. Baird was listened to with respectful silence, when he lectured the Alliance on the subject of American slavery; though we should have been glad, and think the Association owed it to itself, to follow up his speech in a different tone from that of Mr. Noel and Mr. James. An error, in our judgment, was committed by these estimable men, which may be productive in America of other consequences than they anticipate. It was right to hear Dr. Baird; but having done so, *the whole truth* should have been stated, so that there might be nothing equivocal, nothing that could possibly be wrested to the injury of abolitionism in the proceedings of the Assembly. That such was the case, we have our fears; and we wait for a fuller report, to see whether it was so or not. We have no sympathy with Mr. Garrison, in the views and measures which separate him from many sound Abolitionists; but, under the circumstances of the case, and as a sequence of such a speech as Dr. Baird's, we would not have repudiated the mission of Mr. George Thompson. Had we done so, our repudiation should have been connected with an emphatic and unmistakeable condemnation of many American churches in the matter of slavery.

A VACANCY HAS OCCURRED IN THE REPRESENTATION OF BRADFORD, YORK, and the circumstances which mark the pending contest are sufficiently important to merit a passing notice. At the last election, Mr. Busfield, a Whig, and Colonel Thompson, something more, were returned, by a union of the two sections of the liberal party. The decease of the former gentleman has now created a vacancy, and we are glad to find that the more advanced section of reformers are disposed honorably to fulfil their engagement by concurring in the return of a gentleman, who, while thoroughly liberal, does not in all points come up to their standard. This is as it should be, and we record the fact for the imitation of other constituencies. In Colonel Thompson, Bradford already possesses a veteran reformer, who has faithfully carried into St. Stephen's the principles avowed at the hustings, and has done noble service in trying times and amidst adverse circumstances. At a numerous meeting of electors, it has been resolved to invite Robert Milligan, Esq., to stand for the vacant post, and a

more fitting man, under all the circumstances of the case, could not have been selected. Mr. Milligan is at the head of one of the most respectable firms of the town; has been long and intimately connected with the liberal interest; as a financial and free-trade reformer, he will usually be found beside Messrs. Hume and Cobden; and on ecclesiastical matters his votes will be in harmony with an enlightened and scriptural voluntarism. He is a Dissenter who knows his principles, and will abide by them. As such he was at the Manchester educational conference, and contributed 500*l*. Mr. Milligan will probably be opposed on the Tory side by Mr. Wickham, a gentleman of considerable local influence, and of much personal worth. So far the contest is a fair one, and will be conducted, we hope, in good temper and with manly forbearance. But another candidate has presented himself in the person of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, who has attained an unenviable notoriety as the author or editor of some of the most noxious cheap publications of the day. Mr. Reynolds assumes to stand on the Chartist interest. He has not the slightest chance of success; but whatever votes he gains, will be subtracted from those of Mr. Milligan. His presence, therefore, is a decided gain to the Tories, while no principle is vindicated, nor any interest, social, political, or religious advanced. The return of such a man, could it be effected, would be a reproach to Bradford, and a serious detriment to the reform cause.

CUBA HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF A SANGUINARY STRUGGLE. A large body of American citizens, in defiance of the prohibition of their own Government, and in open contravention of the law of nations, landed on the island, for the purpose of revolutionizing its political institutions by dis severing it from Spain. The pretence for this invasion was as hollow as the means employed were nefarious. The grossest misrepresentations were circulated, and the wildest passions of an untamed democracy were unscrupulously appealed to. General Lopez, who commanded the expedition, was the soul of the movement, and has now paid dearly for his crimes. From the first, it was apparent that his only chance of success was founded on an extensive revolt of the Creole population. Nothing of this kind, however, occurred, and the invaders consequently met the fate which, as pirates, they had braved. As the 'Times' justly remarked, 'Men who deliberately embark in such enterprises are, by the consent of all nations, placed beyond the protection of the law. They are enemies of the human race; they transgress at one and the same time the laws of their own country, which prohibit and condemn such conspiracies, and the rights of the country they wantonly and desperately invade. They deserve the terrible fate they have encountered as much as the burglar who is shot in attempting to break into a house.' The first prisoners taken by the Spaniards were shot as pirates; and by the intelligence just received, we learn that Lopez himself was arrested on the 29th of August, and two days afterwards was executed by means of an iron collar placed round his neck, which was gradually tightened until death ensued. Of the indignities offered to the corpses of the dead—if such occurred—there cannot be two opinions. The mind turns from the contemplation of such a spectacle with disgust and

loathing. We are very sceptical, however, on this point, as credible witnesses deny the fact. We regard as perfectly chimerical the fears expressed on some hands as to the effect these proceedings may have on the relations of the United States with Spain in the first instance, and with England and France in the second. To adopt the cause of pirates would be to cover themselves with an infamy from which American statesmen will doubtless shrink.

KOSSUTH AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS ARE, AT LENGTH, FREE. We need not say how heartily we rejoice in the fact. In common with all classes of our fellow-subjects, we regard his deliverance from Austrian and Russian intrigue with unmingled delight. It is as though some member of our own family—a brother, whom we loved, had escaped from a peril which we deemed fatal. He left the Dardanelles on the 7th, in the *Mississippi* for America, where his residence, we hope, may be brief. In common with vast numbers of our countrymen, we hope to see the illustrious stranger, on his passage to the New World. But in this we may be disappointed. We rejoice in his escape from Kutayah, and trust he may yet live to witness the independence and constitutional freedom of Hungary.

ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE THERE IS LITTLE TO CHEER. France, or rather her government, continues a retrograde policy, with a recklessness which must issue in another revolution. Untaught by past experience, unmindful of solemn obligations, Louis Napoleon is urging on a crisis, at which thoughtful men tremble. A more flagitious instance of ingratitude, a baser return for misplaced confidence, has never been exhibited. The severity of his measures—successful for a moment—is hastening his reward; and when it comes, no honest man will pity the fugitive sufferer. The prosecution of the press is followed up with greater eagerness than in the days of Louis Philippe. It was thought that power had done its utmost, under the Orleans dynasty, to suppress the freedom of political discussion; but the President of a Republic shows an inveteracy of hate, far exceeding his monarchical predecessor. One journal after another has been condemned, while full license is given to Legitimist, Bonapartist, and Catholic organs, which virulently assail the Republican form of government. Two sons of Victor Hugo are in prison—one for writing against capital punishments, and the other for denouncing the Absolutist doctrines of a Ministerial journal. But we must not descend to particulars. The day of retribution cannot be far distant.

A new Alien Act has also been promulged, commanding all foreigners, suspected of disaffection, to leave France at twenty-four hours' notice. The consternation created by this edict of the Minister of the Interior cannot be overrated. The outcry is universal and intense; but so infatuated is the government, that upwards of twenty extra clerks have been engaged, in order to facilitate the issuing of passports. The origin of this movement is notorious. The President is the tool of the Northern Powers, and it remains to be seen whether the French people will permit their ruler to be the executive of Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

AUSTRIA HAS AT LENGTH THROWN OFF THE MASK.—For a time

she was content to play the hypocrite, to make professions she did not cherish, and to be liberal in promises she never intended to fulfil. The farce, however, is now at an end. She has cast away the flimsy veil, and stands out in the nakedness and deformity of despotism. Letters were issued, signed by the Emperor, in August, notifying the abrogation of the constitution of March, 1849, and setting forth that the sovereign is the exclusive depository of power, to whom all functionaries are henceforth to hold themselves solely responsible. We rejoice in the frankness of this avowal. It has the merit of honesty, whatever else it may lack. The spirit of the Schwarzenberg Cabinet has long been known, and it is well that Germany should see what is the faith and policy of the Emperor. The 'Times' is compelled to express 'considerable regret;' and if we do not greatly err, the year 1851 is not the era for such claims to be ultimately ceded. Let the Germans have faith in peaceful and constitutional measures, and they will yet wrest from their reluctant rulers the liberties now threatened.

PRUSSIA IS PLAYING A SUBSIDIARY PART IN THE GAME OF DESPOTISM.—Its feeble and vacillating monarch is now emulating the zeal of his associates in his onslaught on the press, and on religious liberty. For a time, his policy is triumphant. The work of reaction is carried on most vigorously. The popular pulse has, apparently, ceased to beat. There is the silence, if not the torpidity, of the grave; and the silly monarch is probably felicitating himself on the ease with which his end is accomplished. But, in the meantime, there is a terrible preparation going on. The materials of a volcano are gathering, and when once the eruption comes—as come it assuredly will—who can say what dynasties will be overthrown, what institutions will be levelled with the dust. May the rulers of the earth learn wisdom before the pent-up wrath of their people forces for itself so destructive an explosion.

THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT has at length, it would seem, prepared a rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's Letters. In this a great point is gained. The mere fact of their pleading at the bar of Europe, is indicative of the mighty revolution which has taken place. Kings and statesmen cannot now maintain the reserve which was formerly their strength. They must speak in self-defence, and we sit in judgment on their performance. The channel through which the rejoinder has reached us is too doubtful to allow of our deciding on its character. We wait for fuller information, and will merely remark at present, that something more than denials required to unsettle the judgment which has been pronounced.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Church of England in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Pre-Raphaelitism. By the Author of 'Modern Painters.'

God's Mercy Man's only Ground of Hope. A Sermon on the Death of the late Mrs. Spalding, wife of Thomas Spalding, Esq; preached in the Congregational Church, Kentish-town. By William Forster.

Paul's 'Man of Sin' identified with Papal Antichrist. By John Morison, D.D., LL.D., of Brompton.

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The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture. A Lecture, delivered on behalf of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, on Wednesday, May 28, 1851. By Rev. Charles Kingsley.

THE

Eclectic Review.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

- ART. I.—1. *Seventh Annual Report of the Executive Committee, with the Minutes of the Meeting of the Council, May 7, 1851.*
2. *The Church of England in the Reigns of the Tudors. With Preliminary Notices of the Ecclesiastical History of our Country from the earliest Times.* Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 252.
3. *John Milton: A Biography. Especially designed to exhibit the Ecclesiastical Principles of that Illustrious Man.* By Cyrus R. Edmonds. Pp. 251.
4. *The Church of England in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.* Pp. 126.
5. *The Test of Experience; or, the Voluntary Principle in the United States.* By John Howard Hinton, M.A. Pp. 124.
6. *Footsteps of our Forefathers; what they Sought and what they Suffered.* By James G. Miall. London: Albert Cockshaw.

THE *British Anti-state-church Association* is now in the eighth year of its existence. It is no longer a thing of to-day, starting suddenly into life, and destined as speedily to expire. It has survived the prognostications of opponents, has endured through evil report and through good report, has gathered strength from year to year, and is now more complete in its organization, and more ready to discharge its mission, than at any former period. We need not advert to the circumstances

which marked its origin in 1844, or to the numerous predictions which its career has falsified. It is enough that it remains in vigor and fruitfulness, and is preparing, as the *Report* before us shows, for other and additional departments of service. The mere fact of its having survived longer than any other organization with which it can fairly be compared, ought to command the respectful attention of candid men. Had it been the creation of a momentary impulse, the growth of a temporary excitement, it must have perished long since. The fever of which it was the symptom having subsided, it would have fallen into decay through the indifference and hostility with which it was regarded. Denounced by Churchmen and mistrusted by Dissenters, it would be known only as a warning to short-sighted and dreamy enthusiasts. Such, however, is not the fact. It lives and thrives, and is progressive. Our readers are aware of this. The Christian public admits it, and the general aspect of ecclesiastical affairs gives an importance to its career, from which the most prejudiced can with difficulty escape. The proceedings of the Association through seven eventful years, place us in a position highly favorable to an enlightened estimate of its character. Those proceedings are now before us. They have been detailed from year to year in the society's reports. Nothing has been concealed. There has been no attempt at clap-trap; no making up of a case; no concealment of adverse, or exaggeration of favorable, circumstances. We know enough of the history of the Association to speak confidently in this matter. In point of integrity, it may vie with any of its contemporaries. Its annals are open to public inspection. Its deeds may easily be known. Its constitution is definite and clearly avowed; and the end at which it aims, so far from being shrouded in mysterious speech, is set forth in terms so simple, that 'he who runs may read.' We are more free to make these remarks, as our position is that of an independent and, as we believe, impartial judge. We are not, and never have been, an organ of the Association. Approving its constitution, and believing its modes of operation to be sound and useful, we have, from the first, given it our cordial support. Nothing has occurred to alter our views; and in conformity with our annual practice, we now invite our readers to a review of the character and position of the society.

Before doing so, we take the opportunity of remarking on some cognate topics which have been mooted, partly by friends and partly by opponents. The ground will thus be better cleared for the consideration of our main subject. It is impossible, then, to shut our eyes to the fact, that the *constitution of the society* has been impugned by sound and able voluntaries. The number

of such impugners has not, indeed, been great. For the most part, the plea is advanced as an excuse for doing nothing. It is most frequently on the lips of those who withheld their aid from other, and more exclusively religious, organizations; men who are disinclined to any practical enforcement of dissenting *principles*; who would pass through life having as little collision as possible with those forms of error which secularize the Church by substituting Cæsar in the stead of Christ. In a few cases, however, it is otherwise. Men, whose voluntarism is undoubted, and who never shrink from its avowal, entertain the objection, and, of course, act upon it. Such a plea, coming from such a quarter, is entitled to much respect, and has led us again and again to review our own conclusion. As the result, we are compelled to hold by our original conviction, and will briefly state our grounds for doing so. The objection respects the admittance of other than professedly religious persons into the society. In the cases to which we refer it springs from the best motives, betokens a jealous supervision of the means employed for the accomplishment of a religious end, and is associated with a kindred scrupulousness in other departments of labor. We, of course, believe it to be unfounded. Still we respect the plea, or rather the persons by whom it is urged. The end aimed at, they allege, is religious, being none other than the emancipation of the Church of God from secular control. With this end none can sympathize who are not spiritually-minded; and hence the conclusion is drawn that, to allow others to take part in the direction of the society's affairs, is to admit an element of discord which, sooner or later, will produce disorganization and secularity. The evil of such associations, it is urged, is visible in all the measures adopted, more especially in the absence of those devotional exercises which ought to precede and accompany every consultation for a religious end.

The objection, to state it fully, goes further than to men avowedly irreligious. It respects the admittance of non-evangelical professors of Christianity equally with those who are obviously 'living without God in the world,' and would confine the machinery of the society within the same limits as the Church of Christ. Now, we shall not boast our attachment to what is popularly termed Evangelical Christianity. On this point we have our views, and they are strong ones, and on all fitting occasions we are prepared to state and enforce them. The scriptural soundness of the belief entertained is no matter of indifference in our judgment; and could we see that the wide basis of the Anti-state-church Association involved anything of the kind, we should instantly proclaim our conviction, and withdraw from its fellowship. Nothing, however, appears to us to be

farther from the truth. The objection, as we view it, is founded on a partial, and therefore erroneous, view of the case. The end contemplated by the society is partly religious, and partly political. It is the former, inasmuch as it respects the purity of the Christian Church; it is the latter, inasmuch as it contemplates the removal of those political evils which a State-Church inflicts on the community. Under the one aspect it is spiritual; under the other it is secular. Moreover, though the religious end contemplated is, the purity and growth of the Church, the means to be employed for the attainment even of this are necessarily political. A State-Church is a political creation; it has its origin in Parliamentary statutes, and must continue or cease according as the Legislature maintains or repeals its former *Acts*. Now, how is this to be done, but by political action? Supposing the Legislature to be agreed on the point—the Queen, Lords, and Commons, to be of one mind concerning it—still, though in its simplest form, the act repealing existing statutes would be a political agency, and the repeal itself the decision of a political body. But we need not say how far our supposition is from being correct. The large pecuniary interests involved, render the State-Church as ‘the apple of the eye’ to a considerable portion of the Legislature. It is not that they care about religion—their own lives disprove this—but they do care, and that most intensely, about the revenues of the Church; while the social influence of its clergy—constantly, by the by, becoming less—is an object of much solicitude and forethought to the Administration of the day. Divest the hierarchy of its wealth, and the aristocracy, who now swear by it, would treat it with neglect. Its revenues, and not its sanctity; its sees and prebends and rectorships, not its purity of doctrine or heavenly-mindedness, are the objects of their idolatry. There are exceptions we know, and we freely admit them—men who love the truth that is in the hierarchy, and for the sake of that truth sustain it. Alas! however, that they should be so few, and that their integrity in this matter should be so ill-sustained as, in our judgment it is, by the views they hold on the constitution of the Church, and the best means of advancing its triumph.

As a general truth, our statement is not overcharged. The Legislature is wedded to our vicious ecclesiastical system, and will be brought most reluctantly to its abandonment. The Houses of Parliament have too deep a stake in the Established Church readily to vote its abolition; and even some members, from whom better things might have been anticipated, can contemptuously speak of ‘the Saints,’ and have been known to leave the House when an inquiry into episcopal misdeeds was about to be brought on. With a few exceptions, the

Lords and the Commons are arrayed against us. Nay, so universal and so bitter is their feeling, that no topic awakens such tokens of impatience and hostility as any approach to voluntaryism; nor could any member of either House take more effectual means of damaging his reputation than by submitting a motion on its behalf. Such, then, is the body from which the emancipation of the Church in these realms must proceed. It is not simply disinclined to the task. It is inveterately hostile, and its hostility is made up of selfishness and morbid enthusiasm—the lowest and the most frenzied passions of the human mind. How, then, is this hostility to be overcome? By what force may we hope to subdue the opposition arrayed against us? That it must be subdued before our purpose can be accomplished, is obvious; but how is this to be effected? Such is the practical question claiming solution, and in relation to which the *constitution* of the Anti-state-church Association must be regarded. Its framers evidently had in view the reluctance of the Legislature to concur in any measure for the withdrawal of State interference with the support and control of religion, and wisely sought to array, on behalf of such withdrawal, the largest amount of influence which could be commanded. Two classes were interested in the question, whom, for convenience sake, we may term the religious and the non-religious. Each had its own ground of action, but both were united in the object sought: the one being principally, though not exclusively, moved by religious zeal, and the other by a sense of the social and political wrongs with which the existing union is fraught. Separately, neither could hope to accomplish the end; but, unitedly, they may be successful. Supposing that a strictly evangelical basis had been formed, the numbers combined could never have attained such magnitude and power as to constrain a reluctant Legislature. The movement would have been dwarfish and feeble, and could not fail to have been regarded as the onslaught of one religious body on the privileges of another. Denominational rivalry would have been the motive assigned; and our statesmen, always disinclined to the consideration of such a topic, would gladly have availed themselves of this plea to discredit the movement. Do not let us mislead ourselves in this matter. There is something exceedingly taking to the pious mind in a strictly religious organization arrayed against an irreligious body; and could the matter be reduced to this simple form, our view would be greatly modified. But such is not the case. Nay, it is far from being so. By no stretch of imagination, by no want of candor, can the question be so put. A vast amount of the religious sentiment of the nation is arrayed against us. Thou-

sands, of undoubted piety, whose religious attainments are considerable, and whose 'good works' are seen of all men, are wedded to the system we oppose. They stand forth as its defenders, plead for it as the bulwark of evangelical Protestantism, and associate with its maintenance the highest interests and best hopes of the human family. We, of course, deem them mistaken in all this; but our estimate of their views and position does not alter the fact of the case. Our movement, therefore, would be that of one class of religionists against another, and we need not say in whose favour our statesmen would exert their influence. The records of history, not to mention the secularity of the human mind, preclude the necessity of one word on this point. Our religious teachers are already regarded with suspicion; but were they to take part in such a movement, this suspicion would be vastly increased, and, in a majority of cases, it would avail to nullify all they could urge, and to induce the Legislature promptly to reject their prayer. It is our wisdom and our duty to divest our procedure of all class features; and it is only as we do so that we shall consolidate a power sufficient to emancipate religion from the meddling politics of this world.

The question is, in truth, a national one. It is not sectarian or Dissenting. It belongs to the whole community, and its satisfactory settlement will be deferred till the great body of our countrymen are made to feel—whatever be their differences of character and position—that it depends on them, and is prepared to receive from each his measure of aid. Every member of the British empire is interested in it. All are entitled to have their opinion, and to give it utterance; and it is only by combining those opinions, and giving them constitutional expression in the two Houses of Parliament, that we can hope to achieve the triumph of our cause. The hostility of the Legislature will never be overcome save by a national demonstration, and this can not be accomplished on a narrower basis than that of the Anti-state-church Association. The following is the distinctive principle of the society, and its founders were, in our judgment, wise in making it the only term of fellowship. The prominence given to religious conviction, while compatible with a due regard to the views of others, is illustrative of the spirit in which the organization was framed. Around such a standard the nation may rally, and when it does so, the end of our labors will be speedily attained.

'That all legislation by secular governments in affairs of religion is an encroachment upon the rights of conscience, and a usurpation of Divine authority; and that the application of the resources of the State to the maintenance of any form of religious worship or instruc-

tion, is unsound in principle, hostile to liberty, and opposed to the word of God.'

In such a constitution there is nothing inimical, or in anyway inconsistent, with the devoutest exercises of a pious mind. The religious man, supremely concerned about the spiritual bearings of the case, will naturally invoke the Divine benediction. To him the mission of the society will wear the aspect of a higher economy than that over which kings and princes reign. His faith and hope will give an unearthly character to his movements, rectify his passions, and shed over the whole sphere of his labor the benignant temper of his Lord. We confess that there is nothing at which we have so much marvelled, nothing which has seemed to us so indicative of defective charity, nothing which has disclosed more painfully the ignorance, pharisaism, and injustice which live amongst us, than the reflections uttered by some on the religious character of those who have taken prominent part in this movement.* It is not for us to judge. To his own Master each must stand or fall; but it would be well for such accusers of their brethren to bear in mind, that what they deem carnality and undue zeal may possibly arise from a yet deeper solicitude than they cherish, for the purification of the Church and the exclusive sovereignty of her Lord. We say not that it is so, but the bare possibility should make them more charitable in their judgments.

But exception has been taken to the spirit of the Association as well as to its constitution. This has been represented as assumptive, uncandid, and intolerant, as dealing largely in imputations, and denying to others the right of free thought and action. So far as the society itself is concerned, such objection admits of easy reply. Its constitution is plainly written, and we appeal to it, without fear or misgiving, in disproof of the charge. There is no one element in that constitution which yields the slightest support to it. If there be, let such element be pointed out, and we shall be amongst the first to denounce it. But if the objection respects, as it probably does, the temper and language of those who have been prominent in the service of the Association, then we freely admit that some things have been said not to our mind; that reflections have been uttered

* We remember, sometime since, hearing, with no little surprise, of an insinuation of this kind made at a ministerial association by one whose own foibles have been matter of common remark. Whether the speaker has attained the greater satisfaction he then desired, respecting the piety of 'the leaders' of the society, we know not, but for his own sake, and for the sake of the circle over which he has influence, we hope he has imbibed more of that charity which 'vaunteth not itself' and 'thinketh no evil.'

which we believe to be unjust and pernicious; and claims been preferred to which we should be sorry to attach our *imprimatur*. We have no notion of the society comprising all the sound-heartedness and intelligent conviction of the Voluntaries of these kingdoms. The supposition is preposterous, and any approach to it ought to be discountenanced. There are thousands of men, 'good and true,' who have never given in their adhesion. We regret this, but the fact is notorious, and ought not to be overlooked. The sincerity of their attachment to a simple and free Christianity is as manifest as that of the society itself; while their earnestness in prosecuting such measures as they deem befitting is an ample guarantee that they would be found in its ranks if they thought it incumbent or useful to be so. What may be their special motive for standing aloof it is not for us to say. We deplore the circumstance, and believe it to be fraught with evil. To themselves, however, it doubtless appears right and wise, and it betokens more of pride than of righteous zeal to impugn their integrity on this account. But while we say thus much, let us, on the other hand, do justice to the men who have conducted this movement. Allowance must, in all fairness, be made for the difficulties of their position. Misunderstood, misrepresented, and cavilled at, it is no marvel if they have sometimes spoken with irritation, and cast about them reflections unworthy of their position and views. No great cause has ever been carried through its early stage without something of this kind. We say not this to justify what we regret; we adduce it only in mitigation, and shall be glad to find that those who avail themselves of the plea give to this fact the attention which it rightfully claims. It is our honest conviction, founded on a somewhat extended observation, that there has been a remarkable abstinence from violence and acrimony in the proceedings of the Anti-state-church Association. Considering the circumstances of the case, we appeal to the meetings and publications of the society, as affording an honorable example in this respect. We do not mean that perfection has been attained, but we do affirm, without fear of contradiction from candid men, that the society has earned for itself much respect and goodwill by mastering the temptations which lay in its way, and confining itself to a simple, yet earnest, prosecution of its one great object.

But it is urged that Evangelical Churchmen have been estranged, and 'many established Dissenters have had their minds exceedingly grieved,' by the tone of the society's advocates. That such has been the case we do not doubt; and to whatever extent it has resulted from the admission we have made, it is a matter of regret. In the great majority of cases,

however, we are persuaded that a far different origin must be assigned. The object of the society, *distinctly stated and earnestly enforced*, is sufficient to account for the estrangement and grief alluded to. However calm such statement may be, or temperate the spirit in which it is urged, the thing itself is so objectionable, as to raise much clamor, and to lead Churchmen and many nominal Dissenters to prefer heavy and grievous charges. It is 'a hard saying, who can bear it?' is the language with which Church reformers have been met in every age. It was so with Erasmus in the case of Luther; with the early Puritans respecting Cartwright; and, subsequently, with the Presbyterians concerning the Separatists. The mere fact, therefore, of offence being taken, is no proof of wrong having been committed. The fault may lie with the very persons preferring the charge; and in the present case, we believe it does so in the great majority of instances. Such parties cannot be conciliated but by abandoning the object sought; and it is, therefore, worse than idle for persons professing our principles to attribute the clamor that has been raised to our modes of action rather than to the end we seek. To listen to such counsellors would be to surrender the citadel entrusted to our charge.

Again, it has been alleged, that the course recently pursued by the society in the case of *The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill* is seriously objectionable, and in itself sufficient to destroy public confidence. It will not do to reply that this is the allegation of opponents; a mere artifice employed by indolence or hostility to justify itself. It is nothing of the kind, and it must be met in a far different manner. We deny *in toto* the truth of the charge, and claim on this simple ground a verdict of acquittal. The society has neither expressed, nor has had any opinion, on the subject in question. From the first its members were known to be divided on the point, and it was, therefore, wisely resolved not to take action on it. On this subject the language of the Report before us is explicit, and was fully borne out by the silence of the *Council* at its annual meeting in May last.

'To that topic,' says the Report, 'which has lately engrossed both public and legislative attention, to the exclusion of all others, it is not the purpose of the Committee to make more than a brief and general reference. *The creation by the head of the Romish Church of a hierarchy in England* similar to those already in existence in Ireland and in the Colonies, involves both political and religious considerations which the constitution of this Association places beyond the cognizance of its Committee, while a natural diversity of opinion on collateral points has variously affected the expressed sentiments of those who have been engaged in the public advocacy of the society's principles and object. But on certain points closely connected with the desires

and designs of Anti-state-churchmen, there has been a unanimity of feeling of deep significance.'

Any other course would have been fatal, as may readily be learnt from the recorded opinions of some of the earliest and most active members of the society. We doubt whether a majority of such did not deem the case which has recently arisen one that justified and called for parliamentary interference. Whether they were right or wrong on this point we do not now stop to argue. We note simply the fact, in explanation of the neutrality adopted by the society. But we may be asked, if such is the case, how has it happened that so general an impression exists, of the society having been hostile to the general feeling of the community? That such an impression exists we admit, nor are we much surprised at it. The fact has deeply pained many members of the Association, and has operated against it in various parts of the kingdom. Its solution, however, is at hand, and we feel no delicacy in giving it. That solution is found very mainly in the position taken up by the 'Nonconformist.' The zeal, earnestness, and talent with which our contemporary has uniformly advocated the interests of the Association, has naturally given it an official position in the estimation of the public. Though disavowing the character of an organ, it has been practically so regarded; and thousands, therefore, have looked at the society through the medium of its columns. There has been no fault in this, so far as the 'Nonconformist' is concerned. It has been the unavoidable result of the continuous and unflinching service which that journal has rendered. It was not, then, unnatural, when the editor recorded strong convictions condemnatory of the policy of his brethren, that the public should suppose such convictions to be shared with the society he advocated. It could not well be otherwise, and the services rendered might outweigh a more serious penalty. The 'Nonconformist' was clearly entitled to express its own opinions, and whoever has marked its course, must be assured of the fearlessness with which they would be formed and uttered.

So far no exception can be taken. In no sense is our contemporary the organ of the society, and the public are, therefore, mistaken in attributing to the latter what may appear in the former. Differing so materially from the 'Nonconformist,' on the matter in question, we feel it but just to say thus much. We cannot, however, entirely acquit on another point, though aware of the difficulties with which it is encompassed. The sentiments avowed on the platform of the society are naturally regarded as implicating the society itself. Especially is this the case, where the speaker is prominent in its councils, and

is known to take a leading part in its management. Considering, therefore, the neutrality agreed on, we cannot but think that more reserve should have been observed on some occasions, or, if otherwise, if the conviction entertained were too strong to be suppressed, a very clear and emphatic distinction should have been drawn between the views of the speaker, and those of the organization advocated. That there has been any intentional lack of this we do not for one moment imagine. All we allege is, that occasion has thus been given for a misconception which it was most desirable to avoid, and that some cordial friends of the society have thereby been pained. It would have been well to avoid this, and we think it might have been done.

But there is another consideration, which goes further to account for the impression that is abroad, and we must look at it fairly, in order that the whole case be understood. If it was incumbent on the society to observe a neutral position; the same obligation obviously rested on its officials. No words are needed to prove this. The one necessarily follows from the other, and its absence would render that other both inoperative and ridiculous. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We have nothing to do with the opinions which may be entertained by the officers of an Association on any questions which arise in the course of its procedure. To those opinions they are of course entitled, and any attempt to overrule them ought to be met by prompt and vigorous resistance. All we require is, that their opinions be not expressed on such occasions, and in such a way, as give to them the appearance of being the *dicta* of the society by whose officer they are uttered. Within these limits the freest expression of opinion may be indulged; but the moment they are trenched on, the will of the society is overlaid, and grievous wrong is done. Has this obligation, then, been discharged in the case before us? We fear not. From personal observation we know nothing; but we have heard strong complaints from different parts of the country, and from the inquiries made, we fear they have not been groundless. It is within our knowledge, that some of the warmest supporters of the Anti-state-church Association have been sorely grieved by the manner in which the recent Papal aggression, and the conduct of some Dissenters in relation to it, have been referred to in the lectures and speeches of some of its officials. We have no wish to dwell on this point. A bare reference to it will answer our purpose. It is so manifestly opposed to the equity of the case, that the slightest consideration must suffice to prevent a repetition.

Of the present condition of the society—for we must hasten to notice this—we shall speak but briefly. Its modes of action

are not such as enable us to gauge with minute accuracy the measure of its success. Nothing is easier than to ask, what Churchmen have been converted? What members of the Legislature have been induced to adopt our principles? What Dissenters have been introduced into Parliament? Such questions might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and they all display the family likeness of the old query, 'Have any of the rulers believed on him?' Such things were asked in former days, and betokened then, as they betoken now, a gross misapprehension of the end sought, and of the expectations of those by whom it is prosecuted. So far as we understand the Anti-state-church Association, its mission respects a future object, which may be more or less distant, according as Dissenters are aroused to a sense of their responsibility; or are content to allow their Master to be wronged, and his Church to be polluted by the presence of human passion and intrigue. The society aims at the inculcation of principles rather than the production of organic change.

The one, indeed, leads inevitably, though slowly, to the other, and the society is content to wait. Princes and senators may not rank amongst its converts; Churchmen may not hasten to throw down their wall of separation; nor the half-hearted, and the timid, and the secular amongst ourselves, to enforce with earnestness the self-denying spirituality of the gospel; but if the signs of progress are abroad—if the public mind is arousing itself from the indifference of ages, and pressing inquiries which were formerly deemed sacrilege—if the unity of the Church is at length seen to be discord, its quietude a Babel, and its boasted purity a nest of unclean things—if the hollowness of a State-Church is becoming daily more visible, and men are learning that there is something in Christianity higher than forms, something more precious than gold, then the members of the Association may well be content. The waters are rising, the tide is evidently on the advance, and though its waves may sometimes retire for a moment, it is only that they may return in greater force and volume. It may not be easy to say how much of all this is attributable to a particular agency. We know there is much occasion for self-control in such matters, lest vanity prompt us to attribute to our own measures what may bear only a slight, if any, relation to them. But, notwithstanding this, and after giving, as we believe, due weight to such considerations, we are free to avow the conviction, that much of what we see in Parliament and out of it, the searching inquiries which are being instituted, the fearless expression of opinion now made, the universal conviction that some great change is needful, and the illustration of the tendency of Church principles in the secession of many from the English to the Papal Church, are attributable in

part to the indirect influence of the Anti-state-church Association. For seven years it has been scattering seed; and though its labors were derided and its hopes scorned, we learn from what is taking place about us that it has not spent its strength for naught. Had not the Association been formed in 1844, we do not believe that the *Regium Donum* would have been disavowed in 1851; or that Mr. Horsman and Sir Benjamin Hall would have succeeded in dragging to light the episcopal enormities with which they have recently astonished the empire.

But there are points on which a more definite and exact opinion may be formed, and to these we turn for a moment. The income of the society is the first that presents itself, and the facts of the case will speak for themselves. That income has been steadily progressive, as the following figures, taken from the treasurer's reports, will show. These figures, it must be borne in mind, do not include contributions to the Conference of 1850, or to the publication fund more recently formed:—

1848	£1485 10 10
1849	1660 11 3
1850	1792 11 11
1851	1791 0 11

The trifling difference between the receipts of 1850 and 1851 is not worth noticing, and has to be placed against a credit of 59*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*, acknowledged in the treasurer's report, on account of the publication fund. We admit at once that this income is far below what it ought to be, and that its limited extent proves that our more wealthy men stand aloof from the organization. These facts lie upon the surface, and we are not surprised at Church advocates making much of them. Still we maintain that this income *is very much larger* than that of any other Dissenting organization which has preceded it. The *Ecclesiastical Knowledge Society*, the *Voluntary Church Society*, and the *Evangelical Voluntary Church Society*, has each had its day, and ranked amongst its members some of our most affluent and able men; yet neither of them—nay, we believe not all three together, had such an income as the Association in question. So far as Dissenting objectors are concerned, this reply is sufficient; and to others we may say, that organizations of the kind are not regarded as requiring large pecuniary contributions. This error—for such it is—operates extensively, and goes far to neutralize the society's usefulness. The inculcation of sound principles is unquestionably the object sought, but how this is to be accomplished without a large outlay we cannot divine. That the general income of the society has been sustained—all things considered—is matter for congratulation, but that this should

have been while a special fund was formed, to which several hundreds have been contributed, may well strengthen confidence in the vitality of the Association. There must have been much activity on the part of the committee, and a large measure of zeal on that of the public, to insure this. That such an organization should have been maintained is a great thing. All that is now needed, is, that the more wealthy classes should give it the benefit of their aid. Immediately that this is done, the *Anti-state-church Association* will stand out as a 'great fact,' commanding the respect of politicians, and giving promise of an early accomplishment of its sacred mission.

The public meetings of the society constitute another test of the activity of its executive, and of the favor of the public. Respecting them, we are told:—

'The committee are happy to report that the *public meetings* held, and the *lectures* delivered, during the past year, have been as numerous, and have been attended by audiences as large and as enthusiastic as on former occasions.* As no part of their labors has engaged more of their attention, so there is none which has better served as a test of the state of public opinion, in relation to the cause which they are designed to advance. No object which was not felt to be of great moment, and of growing interest, could have collected so many large assemblies as have been gathered together, not once only, but again and again, in the largest edifices, in the largest towns in the kingdom. But cheering as are these meetings, as popular demonstrations of interest in a great truth, they possess a value of a higher kind. They afford opportunities for fixing the public eye on events illustrative of the real character of the State-Church, for holding them to view in the light of sound principle, and for pointing to conclusions which journalists and speakers too generally either conspire to avoid, or lack courage to enforce. Tens of

* The following are the places to which deputations have been sent, and we subjoin the list for the information of our readers:—Taunton, Chard, Braintree, Ipswich, Billericay, Rivenhall, Debenham, Framlingham, Colchester, Coggeshall, Woodbridge, Wickham Market, Diss, Harleston, Dereham, Lynn, Downham, Northwold, Feltwell, Thetford, Barton Mills, Lowestoft, Bury St. Edmunds, Norwich, Yarmouth, Sheffield, Hull, York, Leeds, Darwen, Blackburn, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Brentford, Luton, Aylesbury, Hemel Hempstead, Wakefield, Beverley, Darlington, Stockton, Sunderland, North Shields, Hartlepool, Newcastle, Carlisle, Kendal, St. Helen's, Romford, Gravesend, Bedford, Hitchin, Merton, Ampthill, Roade, Clipstone, Market Harborough, Rugby, Northampton, Daventry, Greenwich, Boston, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Worcester, Stockport, Rochdale, Bolton, Ashton, Oldham, Staleybridge, Rusholme, Coleford, Cirencester, Ebley, Bridgewater, Glastonbury, Reading, Chelmsford, Rotherham, York, Cheltenham, Nailsworth, Gloucester, Stroud, Brighton, Lewes. Wales—Rhyl, Llangollen, Bangor, Port Madoc, Bala, Newtown, Carnarvon, Dolgelly, Llanfyllan, Monmouth, Cardigan, Chepstow, Cardiff, Merthyr, Hirwaun, Aberdare, Swansea, Carmarthen, Haverfordwest, Milford Haven, Pembroke Dock, Llanely.

thousands have thus been stimulated to inquiry on a topic, the discussion of which it has been customary to discourage or to evade, and information has been communicated, against which most of the ordinary channels of intelligence have been carefully closed.'

The importance of such meetings cannot well be overrated. They are a sign of the times, the growth of the present century, a mode of popular instruction which all have adopted, and from which the largest and most beneficial results have been found to spring. If they terminated in themselves we should demur to the wisdom of the expenditure they involve. But such is not the case, and their value is derived from the relation they sustain to the end sought. They are means to that end, and the large scale on which they operate, and the powerful impetus they are adapted to give the popular mind, render them second to none amongst the agencies employed. Discrimination is, no doubt, requisite in estimating the value of popular gatherings. Mere numbers is not the only element to be considered. The object proposed, the means employed to convene such assemblies, and the tone and general character of the speeches delivered, must all be taken into account. Where these are high-minded, in good taste, and at once intelligent and earnest, we have no scruple in attaching great value to assemblies of the people. They scatter far and wide the seeds of truth, quicken what is inert, give wise direction to inquiry and influence, and constitute the form of coming events. Their importance is estimated in all departments of human labor, whether political or religious, and few things so readily awaken suspicion, as the language of disparagement, whether applied to the one class or the other. What would be the amount of popular support given to our Missions and Bible Societies, our schools and tract organizations, if public meetings were discontinued, and derision cast on their conductors? We need not reply to such an inquiry, but we may ask, on what possible ground it can be alleged that such meetings are desirable and important in the cases referred to, but are valueless, nay delusive, in that of the Anti-state-church Association? We have attended many public meetings in our day, some political, and others religious, and we are free to confess that we have seldom brought away with us entire satisfaction. Many foolish, some erroneous, and a few positively pernicious things, are frequently heard on such occasions. But what then? Have we on this account decried such meetings? Nay, verily, we knew better. The things alluded to were but as chaff to the wheat, exceptions to the rule, words to be forgotten, while the counsels of wisdom, the broad views of genius, the pleadings of honest zeal, were cherished and reduced to daily

life. And why should it be otherwise with the meetings of the Anti-state-church Association? So far as our personal knowledge extends, they have been remarkably free from most of the evils alluded to; and, if occasionally there has been something of censoriousness and acrimony, the use of banter rather than of logic, of hard words more than sound arguments, the good sense and right feeling of the audience have usually availed to check the propensity, and to confine the speaker within the limits of honorable debate. Such has been our observation, and our readers, therefore, will not be surprised at our estimating somewhat highly the character and influence of these meetings.

But we must allude briefly to the publications of the society. From the first it was contemplated to address the public mind through the press, and numerous pamphlets and tracts have accordingly been issued. These have been circulated in large numbers, and there is reason to believe that they have done good service. We have noticed them from time to time, and hope they will still be furnished to an inquiring public. The ecclesiastical questions which are daily mooted require elucidation, and the society will do well to keep attention fixed on them. Such topics awaken deep feeling at the hour, and the interests of religious liberty will be advanced by their being employed to illustrate the working of a State-Church, and the necessity for immediate and earnest effort in order to its overthrow. The committee, however, has wisely resolved not to restrict itself within such limits. For a season they were content to do so, but the time has now arrived for the preparation of a higher and more elaborate series. We are consequently told in their Report that,

‘They have had under consideration the possibility and desirableness of diffusing their principles by the publication of works of a different and of a higher character. It must be evident to the least careful observer that the spirit of our general literature has always been more or less unfriendly to such sentiments as those inculcated by this Association. It has either altogether ignored the existence of any reasonable ground of opposition to the principles of a State-Church, or it has treated such opposition with bitter scorn, as associated with irreligion, disloyalty, and violence. Histories and narratives for the young, and works of instruction or entertainment for those of maturer age, too frequently either keep certain important principles altogether out of view, or, assuming the truthfulness of the present system, distort facts, confirm misconceptions, and pander to prejudices in order to maintain unimpaired its ascendancy over the popular mind and in our political institutions. Of late, the spirit of propagandism which has sprung up within the Church of England has pressed new literary weapons into the service of the Establishment principle, and novels,

tales, ballads, and sentimental effusions, have been skilfully adapted, not only to enlist the tastes of the young and the ardent in favour of a mystic ritualism, but to throw blandishments around the daring pretensions of priestly power.'—Pp. 8, 9.

The carrying out of such a plan obviously requires larger resources than are furnished by the ordinary revenue of the society. A special appeal has, therefore, been made, and nearly 1,300*l.* have been subscribed. So far we congratulate the committee; but let them not deceive themselves. Judging from the tone of their 'Report,' we fear there is danger of this, and we, therefore, take occasion to say, that their project cannot be carried through with less than the 2,000*l.*, for which they originally asked. This is the lowest capital which the experiment requires; and if they attempt it with a smaller sum, their proceedings will soon be crippled, if the scheme itself be not abandoned. Few branches of commerce are more speculative than the book trade, and in the case of the Anti-state-church Association there are special obstacles.* They have to create the demand on which their book department is dependent, and must, therefore, reckon on a large capital being converted into stock before their returns will be sufficient to sustain their operations. No time, therefore, should be lost in filling up their subscription-list, and we respectfully counsel the committee to give this matter their earliest and best attention. Now is the time to urge the appeal. To be successful, it must be made before difficulties are experienced. The slightest rumor of their occurrence will render the most strenuous efforts hopeless.

In the volumes before us, we have specimens of what the Association contemplates, and we proceed briefly to notice them. They bear the appropriate title of 'The Library for the Times,' and promise to supply a desideratum much wanted. As yet, the volumes bear distinctively, and by avowal, on the ecclesiastical objects of the Association. This was to be looked for, as such topics would naturally, in the first place, suggest themselves, and their preparation would be most easily provided for. We hope, however, that a wider scope will speedily be taken, more particularly in the direction suited to the requirements and taste of the young. A good reading-book for our schools and families is much wanted, and ample materials are at hand. Extensive

* We have reason to believe that the publications of the Association are excluded from the stations of the North-Western and other Railway Companies. The directors are not, of course, responsible for this. It rests with the parties who have taken the contract to supply such stations with books, and is one amongst many illustrations of the obstructions which lie in the way of the society's publications.

reading, combined with discriminating judgment, would readily bring together a mass of extracts culled from our best writers, which might serve at once to refine the taste, rectify historical misconceptions, and confirm every enlightened and virtuous habit. The history of our own country, to say nothing of others, presents also an inviting field, which the Association would do well to occupy. Hitherto we have been content to allow our young people to be misled on a thousand points of history and literature, absurdly relying on their future investigations to correct the errors into which they have been early led. A more foolish and cruel procedure cannot easily be imagined, and it is quite time that we altered our course. A history of England—and the same applies to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland—popularly written, brief in compass, scrupulously faithful in the statement of facts, and free from the prejudices and taint of party, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or popular, would be one of the best and most useful books in our language. To its preparation the committee should immediately direct itself, and no pains or expense should be spared to render it worthy of the state of our historical literature. But we have to deal with the books before us, and as our space is limited, we must restrict ourselves to them.

‘The Church of England’ under the Tudors and the first two of the Stuarts, though complete so far as it has proceeded, is obviously designed to embrace subsequent portions of our ecclesiastical history. Some of these are rich in materials, and very inviting, and we shall be glad to find that they are presented in a truthful and graphic style, which, while preserving accuracy of detail, will convey a vivid though rapid outline of the current of events. The history, so far as it is yet given, consists of three parts, of one shilling each, the first and second of which form a volume. The narrative betokens extensive reading, and is distinguished by calm and dispassionate comment rather than by any of the higher qualities of historical composition. Considerable use is made of the labors of others, but without any attempt on the part of the author to appropriate to himself their honors. The work is, in fact, a brief compilation, suited to such as are ignorant of the main points of our history, but deficient in vividness of style, and, what is of much greater importance, in that philosophical spirit which analyzes events, traces them to their origin, and from the complexity of human affairs seeks to deduce principles of universal and permanent obligation. The work, however, improves as it proceeds, of which the following passage, forming its close, affords good evidence:—

‘It is not surprising that the Church and the monarchy perished

together in this terrible convulsion. The one had become a coarse tyranny, without the informing spirit of a constitution; the other a worthless husk of external observance, without the vitalizing element of religion. The one had lashed the people with whips; the other with scorpions. Taxes without the consent of Parliament had goaded the nation to madness against the one; a persecution of unexampled cruelty had embittered them against the other. A monarch had, in the deliberate view of an irritated people, become the recognised symbol of perfidy, tyranny, and all the variety of social wretchedness and wrong. An established Church came to be regarded as a mighty machinery for the suppression of true religion, and for the infliction of humiliations and miseries which made submission a crime. Happily, under the providence of God, a justifiable rebellion against political despotism turned to the search after a deeper piety and a purer form of religious observance; and the cruel imposture of Laud perished in the storm which wrecked the monarchy of Charles. The reign which we have thus briefly traced to its disastrous conclusion, affords another illustration of the eloquent reflection of Robert Robinson, in his *Ecclesiastical Researches*, with reference to a passage of foreign history:—"It is glorious to see how nature triumphs over art. The artificial religion of creeds and rituals withers in the hands of the most absolute monarchy and the most subtle priesthood; while the simple practice of piety and virtue lives with the poor through successive generations. Penal statutes to repress it, resemble penal statutes to cleanse the world of violets. Fashion may banish them from the burgomaster's garden; but the heavens will conspire to nourish them in the shade of a nettle, or at the foot of an oak."—Pp. 125, 126.

'John Milton' is a work of higher order, and will answer a very useful and important purpose. Mr. Edmonds has rightly estimated his task, if we may call that such which has evidently been a labor of love. We have many *Lives* of Milton, so that little is now to be learnt concerning his biography, or the resplendent qualities of his genius. But it is only recently that the prose writings of the author of 'Paradise Lost' have been looked into, and even now their unequalled majesty is but partially known. As a poet he has long been the pride of his countrymen, and those who are versed in the history of his day, are aware that much of the honor pertaining to the foreign policy of the Protectorate, belonged in truth to Milton. Little, however, was known of his ecclesiastical views. His political associations betokened their general complexion, but there was an utter absence of minute and definite information. This was the more to be regretted, as history records few instances of men so profoundly versed in the sacredness of conscience, and the doctrine of religious freedom. A large field was, therefore, still open, and Mr. Edmonds has skilfully occupied it. 'It is the purpose of the following pages,' his preface tells us, 'to present Milton afresh to the public as the champion of political, and especially of reli-

gious liberty ; and, while delineating the few incidents of his life, to present such passages from his prose writings, especially on ecclesiastical subjects, as may invite the attention of the public to the whole of those much neglected but immortal productions.' This passage betokens a right appreciation of his object, and it is not too much to say, that the plan is worked out skilfully and with much success. Great use is made of Milton in the illustration of his own views. We can scarcely admit the possibility of quotations being too numerous or extended from such productions, and yet we are inclined to think that something of the kind is chargeable on our author. We know the ready reply and feel its force. The mine, it may be said, is so rich, that too much ore can scarcely be extracted from it ; the passages adduced are so beautiful, so radiant with the higher qualities of genius, that the greater their number the more valuable will be the volume in which they are found. But the quotations needful to illustrate the *ecclesiastical* views of Milton, rendered it advisable to be very abstemious on other points, and on some, to refrain altogether. The same remark applies, of course, with greater force, to quotations from other authors, and is confirmed by the fact, that where Mr. Edmonds does speak in his own person, he leaves nothing to be desired or supplemented. Profound admiration of the genius and virtues of Milton, deep sympathy with his views, earnest appreciation of his patriotism, and, what falls to the lot of few, the power of giving 'meet utterance' to a warm and enlightened veneration, are conspicuous throughout the volume. He has imbibed much of the temper of his hero, and has happily succeeded in placing him before the public eye in more distinct and attractive features than any previous biographer. What he has done is executed so well, that we have occasionally been disappointed on other witnesses being brought into court. The position of Milton's mind with relation to his age, and the motives with which he entered on the great ecclesiastical controversy of his day, are thus happily described :—

'The convulsion of the times, which was now approaching its crisis, withdrew the mind of Milton from its cherished object—the pursuit of poetry and literature, and impelled him to the front ranks of that controversial fray which, in the then unexpected result, proved to be the all-important and decisive conflict. The contest between Charles and his people—the history and sequel of which will be memorable so long as the greatness of human nature shall rise against political and spiritual despotism, and so long as the infirmity of that nature shall allow of the pitiable sequence of reaction—was the battle not of powers, but of principles. And while Milton never doubted of the prowess or the success of the forces banded against the tyrant in the field, he felt that the opposition was directed against the palpable, material results of those

principles, which were themselves but scantily understood. His sagacious mind foresaw that while the external machinery was removed, the motive power might remain; and that one engine of tyranny might be displaced, only to make room for another, which, veiled under an illusory name, might be mightier for mischief. Hence his great purpose was to avail himself of the position he held in advance of his age, in order to prepare his countrymen for the future, and to enable them, by a wise cognizance of the signs of the times, to evade the perils of the storm without splitting on the rocks that beset the harbour.'—P. 41.

We can find room only for one more extract, and that must be brief. We give it as a specimen of the philosophical spirit which pervades the volume, and greatly adds to its worth. Referring to political revolutions and standing armies, Mr. Edmonds says:—

'All history instructs us, and political philosophy is at no loss to account for the fact, that revolutions, commenced in deliberation and carried out by the pacific force of public opinion, subside after temporary turmoil, and precipitate their elements, which crystallize into the regular forms of constitutional government: while those which are engendered and conducted by the brute force of arms, issue appropriately in a military despotism. This is either rendered temporary, by the energies of civilization and public virtue, or, failing those only resources, all that is pure and precious in human society perishes for an extended period, under its inorganic and torpefying pressure. The latter was the sad alternative which was witnessed in England in the year 1660. The army had virtually dissolved one Parliament, and reconstituted another, and this also owed its extinction to the same unconstitutional influence. The very theory of a standing army is embarrassed with a dilemma, which is not the less deserving of attention because it is not glaringly obvious. If ill-disciplined, it is ineffacious for any purposes save those of feverish irritation, and plethoric expenditure; if highly disciplined, it is the mechanical engine of a few minds who may constitute it a despotic *imperium in imperio*.'—P. 215.

'The Test of Experience,' constituting one *Part* only of 'The Library for the Times,' and published at one shilling, is just such a book as was needed, and as we should like to put into the hands of every candid Churchman. It does not affect originality, though possessing it in a high degree. Indeed, its chief value consists in the lucid arrangement of facts gathered from various sources, and the calm temper and precise logic with which they are used. The volume presents, 'in a small compass, and at a cheap rate, information gleaned from many and more expensive volumes.' The scope of the inquiry instituted is thus stated by Mr. Hinton. 'Under all possible advantages they (United States) adopted and acted upon the principle of compulsion. They have, however, relinquished it; they have adopted in its place the voluntary principle; and now it cannot be either

unfair or uninstructive to ask, How does it work?' Our space precludes quotation; in which, indeed, we should find some difficulty from the very nature of the work. We, therefore, content ourselves with saying that Mr. Hinton brings to his argument all the historical and statistical information it requires; that he never diverges from his course; that the chain of his reasoning is uninterrupted from the commencement to the close of his volume; and that his style is as clear and compact as his logic is severe. The work approaches as near to demonstration as the nature of the case permits, and ought to be read attentively by every intelligent and thoughtful Englishman.

'The Footsteps of Our Forefathers,' by the Rev. J. G. Miall, is designed to exhibit the interest attaching to various British localities from their connexion with those struggles for religious freedom, and those sufferings for conscience sake, which cause the history of the Tudors and the Stuarts so strongly to contrast with the brighter annals of the present dynasty. In these pages we are familiarized with the haunts of Wycliffe, Bunyan, Baxter, Cromwell, and not a few less notorious names among the 'good distressed, the noble few,' who founded the still unfinished fabric of religious freedom. It is pervaded by a thoroughly catholic and unsectarian spirit, and is illustrated throughout by engravings, which aid a graphic style to place the reader within sight of the scenes and events delineated by the author. It is written with much vivacity of style, and supplies a great desideratum by its adaptation to interest the young in the portion of ecclesiastical history to which it refers. The elegance with which it is got up entitles it to a place on the drawing-room table, and constitutes it a suitable present, especially to youth.

In closing, we have only space to urge our readers to lend their prompt assistance in promoting the circulation of the 'Library for the Times.' Each of them may do something in this matter, by taking in the series himself, or by recommending it to his friends. In many cases both may be done. The Anti-state-church Association is doing its part in issuing such volumes, and it is for Dissenters in the first place, and for the general public in the second, to say whether the project shall meet with success or failure. It is every way worthy of the former, and a lasting disgrace will attach to British voluntaries if the latter be permitted to befall it.

ART. II.—*Voyage au Ouadêy par le Cheykh Mohammed Ibn-Omar el-Tounsi, traduit de l'Arabe par le Dr. Perron.* Paris: Benjamin Duprat. Pp. 756.

THE names of so many Englishmen are connected with African discovery; there are so many reasons which make this country interesting—our own possessions, the earnest desire of France to own Northern and Central Africa, the slave-trade, the efforts made to extend commerce into the heart of this great continent, the mystery which hangs about its interior countries—that any new information must always be gratefully received. At this moment, the melancholy death of Dr. Richardson, and the renewed efforts being made to put an end to the abominable traffic in negroes, gives practical importance to the materials which, thanks to Dr. Perron and M. Tomard, of the Institute, are placed in our possession. Before the days of Burckhardt, nothing was known of the Wadêy but the name, while the details given by him simply awoke our curiosity. Browne, Hornemann, Seetzen, Lyons, Denham, did not very materially add to our stock of knowledge, and yet its history, manners, and customs, are deeply interesting, while it ultimately will be a great commercial station.

Sheikh Mohammed Ibn-Omar el-Tounsi, as Dr. Perron calls him, is chief revisor of the Cairo Medical School, and is already known as the author of a very excellent account of Dârfour. To him we now owe an admirable description of the kingdom of Wadêy, which for some years has been the competitor of Dârfour, ever since Mohammed Ali all but annihilated the commercial relations between Egypt and the latter country. Wadêy before was thought too distant to enter upon trade with the coast countries, but during the present century it has opened a way for its caravans to Fez, Tripoli, and Benghazi. Much of the present position of Wadêy is owing to a somewhat remarkable Prince, Sabou'n (Abd-el-Kerim), a descendant of the first sultan of the country, who, in 1804, first introduced Islamism, and hereditary power. With many of the other qualities of Mohammed-Ali, his contemporary, he had also his violence of character, cruelty, and despotic spirit. He was a great warrior and a clever administrator. One of his sons is still a pretender to the throne now occupied by his uncle, and is pretty familiarly known to those who take an interest in African discovery by the publication in 1830 of the 'Story of Ja'far, son of the Sultan of Wadaï.'

Wadêy is variously known as Szelêh, as Saley or Mobba, Bergamo, names given to it by its neighbour and inhabitants. But, though in the country it is called Saley, it is best known as

Wadêy. Its exact position is unknown, there being, as yet, no correct longitude or latitude, and the map given by Dr. Perron only pretends to be approximate. We know that it is on the confines of Dârfour, and that its waters belong to the basin of lake Châd, falling into the Nile about $9^{\circ} 30' N$.

But before entering into any general considerations with regard to the effect of the rise and progress of Wadêy on the commerce and general discovery of Africa, let us follow the worthy Sheikh in the narrative of his journey and record of manners, &c., which is but a continuation of his travels in Dârfour. He tells us, in the outset, that he remained in Dârfour seven years after the departure of his father, collecting all the information he could with regard to that country. But suddenly he was summoned by his parent to join him in Wadêy, with a view to a journey to 'Tunis. He started; but war breaking out between Abd-el-Kerim and the sultan Fadhl, the latter detained our Sheikh a prisoner, and treated him with considerable severity, forcing him to sell a slave to live, and putting him in a position by which he lost a beautiful female slave, and other attendants. He informs us that of all his harem, only a one-eyed concubine, once his uncle's, remained faithful, and she at last fled. At length, he started, after long troubles, minutely related, for Wadêy, and on reaching that country, found the entrance within its territories far from easy. At last, however, he reached his journey's end. It was too late. His father had left for 'Tunis.

Admirable is the reception which the Sheikh receives from the hospitable sultan. Food, shelter, beautiful female slaves, and a parcel containing the value at least of two slaves, 'a piece of English calico.' But for four months he never saw him. At last, however, an accident occurred to the Sheikh, which brought about a personal interview. After giving the particulars of it, El-Tounsi thinks the opportunity an excellent one for narrating the history of the sultan Séleih, founder of the dynasty from which Abd-el-Kerim descended. But we have no space to enter into historical details. We prefer examining what the country is like, what are its resources, manners, &c., and what commercial relations we may hope to establish between it and Europe.

It is, says the Sheikh, like a rose in a garden, a lovely land where Providence has exhausted itself in varied blessings. Pure and limpid waters, delicious gardens, admirable plants, and an abundant flock of birds, 'rejoice the heart and charm the soul;' it is as far superior to Dârfour, as 'the sun is to the moon,' abounding in rivers, richly fertile, and everywhere wells, trees, and fields. The fact that its population is dense is presumptive evidence in favour of our Arab's high-flown descrip-

tions. The capital, Warâh, is admirably situated, surrounded by hills, with two narrow gulleys only by which it can be approached, capable of being defended, one by ten men, the other by two. The soil around is excellent, the houses are built of stone—in Dârfour they are chiefly made of reeds, and where wood is used, it is admirably worked.

The inhabitants of Wadêy are divided into several tribes: the Makalât, the Mymehs, the Dajos, the Kachmérehs, the Gôrans, the five primitive tribes, and the Kookahs, Jenâkherahs, and Berguids. The Makalât inhabit the provinces of the west (Dâr-es-Sabâh), two days' march in width, and eight in length. The people are very dark, and of middle stature. Their country is composed of plains. The regular Wadêyans dwell in the centre of the kingdom. Ministers and soldiers are chosen among this race, who are mountaineers. The Kachmérehs dwell four days' march from Warah, in the delicious and well-watered valley of Botaya, where they produce pepper, coriander, garlic, and onions. They are prosperous, rich, and simple. The Kookahs are celebrated for their beautiful female slaves, who are taken as concubines by the Wadêyans. The enthusiastic Sheikh speaks of them rapturously. They have large villages and splendid pasture-lands; are fine, vigorous, and healthy men. The Gôrans, to the north, are rich in flocks, horses, and camels, are small in stature, very dark, and have also beautiful women, but too pale and white to please the Wadêyans. The Dajos are very dark and wild; the Jenâkherahs were formerly slaves; the Berguids are the brigands of the land, brutal and treacherous thieves, says El-Tounsi, and from them are taken hunters and workmen in iron. In addition to these, on all sides lie Bedouin Arabs.

The Wadêyans acknowledge no sultan in the world but their own; they speak a language peculiar to themselves, though Arabic is familiar. But a little while back they were savage and barbarous: like the Chinese, they excluded all the world; or if a stranger entered their country, they never let him leave—they kept him there all his life. This lasted until the days of Sultan Sâleh. He seems to have been a wiser man. Some merchants ventured into his country, they sold at a profit, and he let them go. From that moment caravans have not ceased to visit Wadêy, and the land has prospered. El-Tounsi cries this monarch up a little too much, and one of his principal causes of approval is that adultery in women is punished severely, as well as drinking wine. He was learned, and patronized learned men.

In Dârfour the houses are elegant; in Dar-Wadêy they are solid. At Warâh, the capital, the sultan has a palace of cut stones, with a mosque beside it. A row of trees faces the outer

gate, under one of which the king sits every Friday, to review his troops and hear complaints; near at hand sit the *kadis*, the *ulemas*, the *cherifs*, and near a third row, the tribunal of the *Kamkolaks*. A number of huts lie all round, inhabited by the *ozban*, or night guard, who are also his body-guard and executioners. A thousand of them watch the palace at night. This is outside the outer wall. There are special guards at the second wall, formed of *touayrâts*, or pages. A third wall contains the iron gate, within this live the eunuchs, and the younger *touayrâts*; and a fourth, a brazen gate, which no man ever passes. It leads to the harem.

The laws of the Koran, and the customs of the Arabs, cause, in this country, and everywhere in the centre of Africa where Islamism prevails, all the cruel modes of punishment of this benighted creed to be adopted. In Wadêy, the Koran is the law, but the sultan decrees the mode of putting a man to death. He is in general knocked on the head with a blow from an iron-pointed club. Beating with a stiff thong of rhinoceros' hide is common; while a man condemned to imprisonment has his legs passed each side of a tree, and is then tied there, or with his feet in a piece of iron. At other times, he is chained by feet, hands, and neck, and put in a hut without roof.

'The most singular detention is that of the *khatt*, or line. This is how it is done:—You say to the man to whom you wish to apply the *khatt*, 'The sultan detains you here,' that is, on the spot where you meet the person. He stops and stands still, without bond, without guard, and remains there until delivered. The *khatt* is prescribed for slight faults, and for debt. When a creditor has several times met his debtor and asked him for his due, and the debtor, while recognising the debt, puts off payment, the creditor can, at discretion, stop his man, make him sit down, and then with the point of his lance he traces on the ground a circular line, saying: "In the name of God and the Prophet; in the name of the sultan and the mother of the sultan! in the name of the *téna*" (a particular office), "supporters of the State, thou shalt not leave this circle until thou hast paid thy debt." The debtor is obliged to remain enclosed and sitting in his *khatt* until some one intercedes with the creditor, and he consents to release the prisoner. If the creditor remains inflexible and inexorable, the prisoner must remain in his *khatt* until he pays his debt. If breaking the bounds he crosses the line, and the creditor complains to the sultan, the fugitive is pursued, taken wherever he is found, and severely punished.'—Pp. 328, 329.

The commerce and trade of Dârfour and Wadêy are very similar. They export slaves, gum, elephants' teeth, tamarinds, *habbet-el-ayn*, known in Egypt as *chichm*, a kind of black grain, with bulls' hides and ostrich feathers. The imports are of little value in themselves. In the first rank stand *khazar*, or glass

beads, &c., for female dress. The best of these *mansous*, No. 1, is dear, and worn only as necklaces by the great; No. 2, by a class below royalty and aristocracy, and so on. There are other glass ornaments known as *raych*, *soumyt*, &c., exported from Galilee, *rougâd-el-fâgah*, mangoûr; the two last worn by the women under their clothes with a view to attract notice by the sound. There are hosts of others. Tarboushes (red caps), calicoes, muslins, *ilâguch-kéçâouy*, a kind of coarse stuff made of silk and cotton, *châtter*, a coarse kind of cloth, worth ten shillings a piece in Egypt (in Wadêy six, sometimes three, pieces buy a slave); the thick red stuff bought by the poor in Egypt, in Wadêy and Dârfour by kings; asses, prized in Dârfour, despised in Wadêy; nard (*spina celtica*), *maktad*, a kind of almond, cloves, coffee, soap, old red copper, broken copper, which fetch a high price as a material for bracelets, &c.; brass for harness ornaments, wire, tin as money, *khaddoûr*, other glass beads, used in Dârfour and not in Wadêy; *keuhl*, or sulphate of antimony, needles, of which one thousand will buy a slave; razors, Turkish saddles in Dârfour but not in Wadêy, writing-paper; above all, Spanish dollars, coral, sulphur, calicoes, sabres, Musulman law books, the Hadyth, or traditions of the Prophet. These are the great imports.

Most goods reach Wadêy from Fez, some by way of Dârfour, but of all the articles of commerce above mentioned, red copper is the most in demand. It is worth almost its weight in gold. They make from it armlets, anklets, rings for the nose. All these are brought by caravans; other articles of commerce are supplied by the neighbouring tribes of Arabs, as melted butter, oxen, cows, leathers, and honey. Salt is a great article of local trade. It is principally brought from the Well of Zaghâouy, and is very dear; the rich alone can purchase it. El-Tousni says:—

‘The salt of Mydaûb is reserved specially for viziers and great men. The salt of Zaghâouy is about the worst to be met with in the world; it is mixed with a great deal of earth. The superior classes, before they use it, throw it in water, let it melt, and draw off the water when the earth has settled at the bottom; then they allow the water to evaporate, and the salt remains clear. If the Fezians could see salt like that of Rosetta or Tunis, they would fight for it. In certain localities they use a salt called *falgo*, which is cut up and used as money. . . . In general, none but the rich can procure salt. The poor savour nearly all their food with water, in which they have washed cinders. They cast the cinders into a vase with little holes at the bottom, over this they throw water, which dribbles through. This filtered water, called *kambo*, is the salt of the poor, and serves to prepare their food. I have tasted this limpid salt; it has a sickly, bitter flavour, perfectly disgusting, which makes you sick.’—Pp. 352, 353.

Industry is very backward in Central Africa. In Dârfour and Wadêy, there are no arts beyond those of the weaver, the blacksmith, the agricultural labourer, the spinner, and the armourer who makes bows, arrows, and lances. They tan hides well, make water-skins, and even certain parts of horse furniture. They have no barbers, they shave one another; they have no builders, the neighbours come in when wanted, and for a dinner and supper build a house; they have no undertakers, they bury one another, and the nearest friends attend to the matter without remuneration.

‘The women are not habituated to the domestic labours of civilized countries. The daughters of the rich pass their time in adorning themselves, in rubbing their bodies over with butter and their hair with grease, in putting *kohl* to their eyes, in perfuming themselves, and curling their hair. This done, they occupy themselves with household duties; then they weave *bouch*, or fine mats from the leaves of the daüm, which they dye red, black, green, and yellow. These mats are light and very pretty; they offer a charming *coup d’œil*, and seem to invite those who see them to sit or lie upon them. Even in an elevated station, the Forian woman prepares food for her husband, and for any guests who come to the house. At the period of agricultural labours, the women of the poor labour with their husbands, sowing and reaping corn and cotton; at other times, they lay in fruits and wild grains. Thus, when the fruit of the *héglyg* (*balanites Egyptiaca*) of the *nabk-karnau* is in maturity, they pick it for the whole year. The same with rice, *defré*, *koraib*, the fruit of the *andourâb*, that of the *ardâb*, or *tamarind*, that of the *mokhait*. . . . Women work also, in the season, at harvesting water melons. In the country, they work in the fields with their husbands. They cut grass. The girls, as soon as they are big enough, accompany their parents to their rustic labours; until then they keep the flocks in the pastures. In the evening, on returning from the fields, they bring home a load of wood and dry grass, to cook their food and serve for light at night. . . . The poor are completely without property, and in the most awful misery. Without ceasing, they suffer from the tyranny of their governors. Their life is a life of slaves.’—Pp. 357—360.

If we turn to the government which allows this state of things, we of course find it purely despotic—a state of things which may appear admirable in theory to El-Tounsi, but which his facts prove to be an unmitigated evil. None can be chief of the state or sultan in Wadêy but a prince issued from a mother of noble origin, whose nobility is pure and positive; that is, she must be one of the privileged tribes. The son of a sultan born of a slave, were she a descendant of the Prophet, could not reign. After the sultan come other high officers of state. First are the *kam-koluks*, four upper and four lower. The former form a legal tribunal, and decide, without reference to the sultan, in all

ordinary cases. The sultan never reverses their decisions, but remonstrates with them if he thinks them in error; and a second time the same thing occurring, dismisses them, though their sentence is still carried into effect, if not flagrantly unjust. In this case he remits the cause to the kadi. The next dignity in the hierarchy is that of *momo*, held by the queen-mother; then the aguis or governors of provinces, viziers, the *kâmnahs*, and, lastly, the *turquenaks*, or executioners. Below them are the *mouloûk-el-jebâl*, or kings of the mountains, &c.

'The respect and veneration of the Wadâyans for their sultan is almost adoration. Never do they present to him any affair of importance until they have recited before him the *Fâtihah*, or initial invocation of the Koran, without having asked of God to grant to their prince victory over all his enemies, and long days. What is common and ordinary they keep for themselves; all that is superior is for the sultan; rich clothes, high-priced ornaments, are for him and his women. No vizier, no grandee, however great his functions or high his rank, even when next to the sovereign, has a right to wear silk about his person, or even on his horse. He cannot even have a saddle covered with cloth, much less a gilded saddle, embroidered in gold, or garnished in silver, nor gilt or silvered spurs. At most, they can have saddles covered by red leather, called in Wadéyan, *kouloudou*. The highest and the lowest bow to this law. More than this, none dare sit on carpets, great or small, even inside a house. No Wadéyan can have any jewels of gold, nor fan himself with a fan of ostrich's feathers, nor even with a paper fan from Europe. . . . The breaking sumptuary laws is punished with death. . . . Water for the sultan's drinking can never be taken twice following from the same place. The water carriers of the palace come suddenly, when least expected, towards one of the groups of wells round Warâh, driving away all whom they find with whips, and keeping everybody at a distance during the operation. Any one approaching would be beat. . . . One law of etiquette is, that no one enters dressed, or with shoes or turbans, before the sultan in the interior of the palace. Whoever wishes to reach the sovereign, must, at the first door, take off his shoes, and enter barefooted; at the second door, if he has a turban he takes it off; at the third, he must take his blouse from his right shoulder and put it on his left; at the fourth, if he has a tarboosh, off it comes; at the fifth, which is the first of the place of reception, he ties his covering round his waist; at the sixth, his blouse falls off his shoulder to the waist; at the seventh, he ties up the part that hangs down round his haunches. Thus stripped and naked, except from the waist to the knees, he is allowed to speak to the sultan. . . . But the Sultan of Wadéy is never in direct communication with those to whom he grants an audience. There are always between him and the assistants a great veil, and he speaks from behind this.'—Pp. 372—375.

The inhabitants of Wadéy freely give up their daughters for the sultan's harem. In fact, the brutalizing influence of des-

potism and Islamism is felt everywhere. The sultan appoints officers only for two years, and they are submitted to what appears to be an admirable system of inspection. They are well off, well clothed, and surrounded by honours; but the people are wretched. No man in a respectable class will mount a donkey, this animal is reserved for the miserable man, workers, and hunters, the wretched pariahs of Wadây. All ranks view the sultan with terror; and El-Tousni tells a whole host of capital stories relative to the profound fear felt by the people, the despotism of the monarch, and the simplicity of certain Arabs who think the sultan able and willing to do anything for them. There is not one of these stories which are not worthy of being recorded, but we have only space for a brief extract:—

‘Some Wadâyans, insatiable smokers, had such a passion, such a love for the pipe, that they could not leave it a moment. It was a habit which had become a want, a kind of violent passion. One day when they had nothing left to buy tobacco with, and were lamenting and deploring their misery, they decided, after long deliberation, on going to the sultan, and asking him for tobacco, or the means of getting some. They went. Arrived in presence of the prince, they stated their request. The sultan became angry. “These people,” said he, “have no shame. They come and ask me for what? Tobacco! Well, I will give them some, and a good dose.” Then by order of the prince they made a kind of earthen vat, three yards high. They counted the solicitors. They were ten. The huge vat-pipe was filled with tobacco, upon which they laid hot coals. They made ten holes, in which they thrust ten long reeds. The sultan insisted on the ten smokers sitting round, and smoking until the tobacco was all consumed. Not one was to give up as long as a remnant of the weed remained. When all was ready, the coals were blown upon to light them well; our ten men sat down and entered upon their functions. They took a puff or two and were quite satisfied. They wished to rise and go. They were forced to continue, their heads began to whirl, and soon they fell senseless. Then only did the sultan let them go.’—Pp. 392, 393.

The Wadâyans wear on great occasions large turbans, in the house a cap called *arakye*, or *tâkyeh*, and the red tarboosh. Their clothes are loose like those of the women of Cairo. The colour is chiefly black. They wear swords and double-edged daggers, one at the wrist, the other at the elbow. They do not use music at festivals; they have the *baradyeh*, or shrill drum, cymbals of copper, tambourines, and long trumpets, but they are sounded only before the king. On their horses’ head they put a mask. The women dress very much like those of Dârfour. They do not wear side rings to the nose, but one in the centre. Their principal ornament is the *am-chinga*—a brooch composed of pieces of coral, silver, and beads, which is worn on the forehead

and the top of the head; it is worth as much as 8*l*. They put their heads through a hole in a large piece of stuff, which hangs around; they tie a cloth round the middle, and wear bracelets and armlets. They have beautiful teeth, and sweet-smelling mouths from the constant use of a piece of aromatic wood, which they use at all times save in sleep.

Young girls eat very little before marriage for fear of getting fat, and some live wholly upon *haryreh*, a kind of cream. Women, however, do very hard work. They go to market, they carry burdens; they sow, they reap, they dig the fields; they fetch wood and water. The men fight, weave, and sell important articles; they also hunt for slaves, and are always at the orders of the sultan; they also build. There is no separation of women and men, the harem being a luxury known only to the sultan. Debauchery and vice prevail to the last degree. The thousand wretched girls shut up in the sultan's harem like birds in a cage, beautiful, leading a luxurious life, one-half of them never even seeing their master, without any one idea in the world beyond their passions and appetites, spend their whole time in contrivances to smuggle in their lovers. This system of polygamy, abhorrent to religion and nature, has its usual results at Wadây as elsewhere:—

‘The old women employed by the wives of the sultan go to the young men who are to be introduced into the harem; they plait and arrange their hair like those of women, they adorn them with collars, bracelets, *periscelides*, clothe them altogether like the concubines, and perfume them, so that they easily deceive. These old women get over all the obstacles which prevent the entrance even of a woman into the harem; but the eunuchs kill without mercy all whom they find trying to penetrate into the harem.’—Pp. 403, 404.

It appears that in Wadây there are certain young men who, given up to pleasure, debauchery, and intoxicating drinks, become famous for their audacity and wildness. They are called *afrects*, or devils. If one of these gentlemen honour a lady with his regard, no other man dare look at her; and he marries her, if he pleases, against the will of herself and relatives. El-Tounsi tells a capital story illustrative of this custom, but it is too long for our pages. Though jealous of their mistresses, the Wadâyans are reckless about the chastity of their sisters, daughters, and even wives, even sometimes trafficking in their favours. In fact, vice is carried to its culminating point among these rude and slightly-civilized blacks; and we await with hope and impatience for the day when a noble and purifying belief shall replace the odious superstition, parent of crime and bestiality, called the religion of Mohammed.

The army of Wadây is extensive and warlike, but these people

of Central Africa have no muskets, cannons, or forts. The cavalier has the javelin and the sabre, while the foot-soldier has a lance or arrow. The horseman wears an iron helmet, a coat of mail, the *châye* (*σάγος* of the ancients) of quilted cotton; while the foot-soldier has a buckler. They keep to the general tactics of the ancient Arabs, and always divide their army into five divisions. The Sultan of Wadêy has thirty flags carried before him in battle, some red and some white. They are never lowered but when he is killed or taken prisoner, one of which events must follow defeat, as no man of rank dare run away. The night before a battle, all the different nations being black and dressed pretty well alike, they choose a sign to know their friends by, and when the contest begins, they sing some such verses as the following:—

‘O-nnas dio-ba-in kel boa !
O-nnas dio-keih kel-bo, yé !
Kel-bo !’

which means, ‘The word which you have within you, come speak it ! The word which you have within you, come speak it, ah ! Come speak it !’ The horses are protected by armour like the men, and very gaily caparisoned. They use a great variety of lances for horse and foot, but slaves only use the bow, which is very small, with short arrows, utterly powerless against the better kind of armour of men and horses. But they kill those who are not so well defended; and on one occasion, the sultan’s palace, attacked during a whole night by insurgents, owed its defence solely to the archers, who drove off the mob. They used at one time bucklers so large that they were carried to the field of battle on camels, but now they have introduced small shields.

The most valuable property of the Central Africans, is their horses. Amongst the highest prized, are those of Dârfour and Egypt. In the Wadêy, they are admirably trained by their grooms, in ways which other countries might imitate. The native horses are abominable, pot-bellied, vicious brutes, almost unmanageable. They care neither for whip nor spur, and on the field of battle often run away with their cavaliers. The best horses of all are those of the Arabs of the neighbouring desert, and yet El-Tounsi thinks the difference lies chiefly in the food and training. His chapter on this subject is singularly interesting, full of tales worthy of the Arabian Nights, though, generally, too gross for quotation. One anecdote, however, will not be out of place:—

‘Tyrâb, sultan of Dârfour, had a strong friendship for a *faguyh*, named Mooka-Taghâouys, remarkable for the *apropos* of his speeches, and the piquancy of his repartees, as well as by the fertility and ease of his conversation. The *faguyh* Mooka followed Tyrâb in his expedi-

tion against Kordofân. The detachment in which was Mooka, was put to flight. He mounted a horse with great black and white spots. Fearing to fall into the hands of the enemy, who might suspect from the remarkable appearance of his horse and its harness, that he was an important individual, the faguyh alighted, fled, and escaped the danger. The horse took flight, it arrived at the camp of Tyrâb; it was seized and taken to the sultan. "Here," said they to the prince, "is the horse of Mooka. It appears that the faguyh has been killed, since his horse has fled." Tyrâb, much moved, deplored the misfortune of the faguyh; then he ordered the horse to be tied up with his own, and awaited further news. An hour or two after the setting of the sun, Mooka came back to the camp. He immediately presented himself to the sultan. Tyrâb surprised, and glad to see him, asked him what had happened. "Yesterday," said Mooka, "I suffered and saw in the combat all that can be imagined as terrible and horrible. My black and white horse was killed, and if the hand of God had not protected me, I should also have been killed." Tyrâb smiled at this cunning speech, but did not allow it to be seen that he knew the truth. "Is that all?" said the sultan. "My dear Mooka, I will give you all you have lost again; you have shown too much courage for me to allow you to go on foot." Next morning, Mooka again presented himself before Tyrâb. The king asked after the health of the faguyh, and demanded some details of the battle. Mooka told his story, and did not fail to repeat what he had already related with regard to the dangers he had undergone. Then the sultan said to those around him, "Give one of my horses to the faguyh Mooka." Tyrâb had previously commanded that when he asked for a horse for the faguyh, they should bring him the black and white one. The horse was brought. Mooka recognised it, and, very much startled, cried to the courser, "In the name of God, animal! do you rise from the dead before the resurrection?" and the sultan and courtiers burst into a roar of laughter.—Pp. 460, 461.

The Sheikh gives a very interesting account of the abominable slave-hunts—hunts which are carried on on pretty much the same footing in every part of Central Africa, only in Dar-Sêleih the king appoints an agent with a regular troop of hunters, while in Dârfour, any person able to make certain presents to the king, can raise a body and go hunting. Having obtained a firman, and raised on credit, according to his celebrity, the necessary clothes, camels, asses, &c., he starts for the frontier, collecting as he goes a huge troop of adventurers, while his original band, divided into tens, go by other roads, collecting also recruits. When once they reach the general rendezvous, the leader takes the title of sultan, forms a court, and reigns supreme, sometimes over eight or ten thousand hunters. All slaves taken without resistance belong to the sultan, as also all sent him as presents, while he has a fourth, a third, or even, sometimes, half of those captured by his followers

—always the choice of the best. When the hunters surround a village of the unfortunate Fertyts, and they make no resistance, the chief is well treated, but all the young men and girls, all who can bear the journey, are driven off. The hunters also carry away their provisions. The Fertyts, however, usually hide their corn in thick and tufted trees, of immense size and width of branches, which abound in their forests. The Fertyts of the mountains hide away their grain in deep holes. Two-thirds, at least, of these unfortunate beings die from fatigue, or change of climate, life, and occupation. And yet El-Tounsi defends the system, on the ground that the tenets of the Koran are thus infused into the minds of idolaters. The Wadèy system is different. We have said that the chief of the expedition, the slave-sultan, is allowed to bear this name in Dârfour.

‘It is not the same in Wadèy. The sultan in all these points is severely jealous; he would never allow another Wadèyan to bear the title of sultan. As sovereign, he would fear by this to lose something of his dignity, and to tempt the person who had once taken the title of sultan to keep it, and create a party. So the custom of the Salatyeh does not exist in Wadèy. At the season of hunting, the Wadèyan sultan choses an aguyd, or kamkolak, gives him a body of troops, and sends him against the Ténakhérah. The envoy pillages, kills, takes slaves wherever he finds them, and nearly all belongs to the sultan. The aguyd, or kamkolak, has very little share of the booty; the soldiers have one-fourth of the slaves. All horses, harness, and arms, go to the sultan.’—P. 488.

All the slaves are idolaters, pagans, worshippers of idols, blocks of stone, &c. They believe in no prophet; and, what is very remarkable, says El-Tounsi, they do not allow you to marry either your sister or your daughter, or your aunt, or even your cousin. These slaves go all but naked, save a kind of waist cloth. And yet, miserable savages as El-Tounsi describes them, these prohibited degrees, strictly observed, show an amount of instinctive morality and religion which can scarcely be reconciled with the description of our slave-owning sheikh. The following extract also condemns of itself the abomination which El-Tounsi defends :—

‘All these people lead a poor and miserable existence. And yet the Fertyts, and all the blacks of the idolatrous Soudan, love their country, the place where they were born. If they leave their villages, their huts, for some journey, or if they be taken away as slaves, all their thoughts and desires turn towards their home. In their childish simplicity, the slaves often fly from their masters to return to their native villages, their miserable dwellings. As a general rule, when pursuing the fugitives they find them on the shortest road which leads to their country. On the other hand, these idolaters know well, simple

and thoughtless as they are, that every year from Dârfour, Dar-Wadêy, and the other Musulman states, are sent numerous slave-hunting expeditions; that these expeditions carry off all they can catch of men, women, and children; that they kill a great number, and yet their tribes always remain in the places where they first established themselves. Only at the arrival of the expeditions which attack them do these idolaters fly. Once the hunts over, all that escape return to these primitive dwellings. Amongst the idolatrous people of the Soudan, some, we have said, hide their provisions of grain in deep ditches, and others on trees. There are also some who establish their habitations on the most robust and thickly tufted trees. The chief of the family, after having adopted the tree which suits him, climbs upon it, cuts off the leaves and branches, and with these materials makes the platforms, one above his head, the other stronger.'—Pp. 482.

He allows that they have a marvellous talent in some arts. They make handles of lances and javelins of admirable beauty, polished like silver. They also make ebony stools, 'of an astonishing perfection of execution and polish,' equal to those in civilized countries. Altogether, he makes out a very bad case in favour of slavery, and is obliged, at last, to throw the onus of the affair on the Almighty. 'Glory be to the Eternal, who has distributed to societies forms of existence as he has pleased. No one has a right to ask him for motives: it is men who will answer for their works.'—P. 495.

On the arrival of El-Tounsi in Wadêy, he found that his father had left for Tunis, and he took up his residence in Warâh. His uncle Sarrouk had seized all his father's land, and Ahmed-el-Fazy, his father's enemy, was vizier in his place. El-Tounsi determined to start for Tunis. His account of his adventures to that place, and back to Warâh, is deeply interesting, but we have no space except for some general considerations.

It will be seen that Wadêy is a fertile, and, we are assured, a healthy, country. It wants but civilization and good government to be great and happy. This must come from without. The first step must be the abolition of Islamism, and the spread of Christianity. We must be the instruments, for no others are fit. Wherever we go we carry commerce with us—one of the great civilizing arts; the French carry nothing but the sword. The time is fast approaching when something serious may be done. We have the Cape of Good Hope; could we have Egypt, the civilization of Africa would be all but certain. France has her eye on Central Africa, and Wadêy, from its central position, its healthy climate, its rich and fertile soil, its firmly constituted government, is one point which its agents will probably select at an early period as the basis of their operations. It is highly important that England should be awake. It is probable that

Africa will have to submit to the mild rule of a great civilized and Christian state, before it can become itself civilized and Christian. What a glorious consummation! There can be no doubt that much good might be done by establishing friendly and social relations with this central power. We may soon begin to humanize these fierce populations by precept and example. We might, had we residents and missionaries, put a stop to the abominable slave traffic. But we must, at all events, consolidate our influence in Egypt first; we must endeavour to introduce some real progress into a country—one of the worst governed in the world—where, with a fertile and inexhaustible soil, with the finest canal in the world, with every material means of prosperity, the people are wretched, ignorant, miserable, from the rapacity, greediness, and despotism of the government. Let a mild and beneficent government be once secured in that country—let the people acquire property in their own land—let the traffic in slaves be here abolished, and the first great step will be made towards the civilization of Africa. Again, Egypt will weigh mightily on the destinies of the world. With Algiers, European and agricultural; with the Cape of Good Hope, a settled English colony; with Egypt, prosperous, well governed, and happy, all that would be needed to commence generally the civilization of Africa would be the selection of a central point towards which all efforts must tend. Wadây is admirably calculated to be this central point. It can be reached by the Nile.

The philanthropist, the Christian, the friend of good government, who has faith in religion, and the general progress of humanity, must look forward with enthusiasm to the day when the last hour of the slave-trade shall have been; when caravans of peaceful traders shall cross the vast African continent; when the desolating wars which annihilate whole tribes shall have ceased, and the millions of that great quarter of the globe shall cultivate more peaceful and humanizing arts than those of arms; when enlightenment, religion, and education shall chase idolatry, cruelty, despotism, wholesale murder, and rapine, from so vast and so fair a portion of the world; and when we shall have as easy relations with the sultans of Darfour, Dar-Séleih, and Timbuctoo, as we have with those of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Hanover. In a commercial point of view, the advantages would be prodigious. The day that the trade in man ceases, and the Africans learn new wants, that day they will seek to use their rich natural advantages, and add vastly to the wealth of the world. The political economist is deeply interested in the question. Here are millions upon millions to clothe, to make utensils of all kinds for, to supply with the necessaries and

luxuries of civilization. When all other markets are glutted, Africa affords an unbounded field.

The work of El-Tounsi is timely and useful, while it is deeply interesting. We have given but a faint outline of the rich materials to be found in a volume of 750 pages. The introductions of M. Jomard, and of Dr. Perron the learned translator, are eminently useful, and, altogether, the 'Travels in Wadây, by Sheikh-el-Tounsi,' are a rich and valuable contribution to geographical, political, and ethnological science; while, as a mere book for reading, they are singularly interesting, abounding in adventure, anecdote, and descriptions of peculiar manners and habits.

ART. III.—*Principles of Textual Criticism, with their application to the Old and New Testaments. Illustrated with Plates and Fac-similes of Biblical Documents.* By J. Scott Porter, Professor of Sacred Criticism and Theology to the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland. 8vo. Pp. 515. London: Simms and McIntyre.

THE history of Textual Criticism, in its proper limitation, as denoting the inquiry after the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration, may, with some exceptions in favour of Origen, Jerome, and the Complutensian editors, be said to date no higher than the era of the Reformation. Though that prolific age gave it birth, yet it remained long in the feebleness of infancy; and, having to struggle against many external disadvantages, as well as constitutional infirmities, its growth was slow and precarious. Even its youth was feeble and unpromising; and its friends and patrons sometimes seemed ready to listen to the advice of its enemies, by abandoning it to its fate, as never likely to repay the expense of rearing. But, notwithstanding its rickety constitution, its bad nursing, bad education, and other misfortunes, it has contrived to reach a goodly manhood, and is now amply repaying all the cost and anxiety of its first nursing and schooling.

Many excellent, though not very sagacious, persons, have wished—and far be it from us to doubt their piety towards God, or their reverence for his word—that the Reformers had contented themselves with the common Bible as they found it, without raising the question of the *originals*, or demanding evidence that the Latin translation, then sustained by the *dictum* of

infallibility, fairly represented them : then, no doubt, we should pleasantly and conveniently have escaped all these difficult problems of manuscripts, versions, recensions, various readings, and such like matters, which require memories as full of books as the Alexandrian Library, and judgments as finely balanced to the millionth part of a grain as the scales of a homœopathic chemist, to say nothing of eyes keener than any lynx's, and powerful as a microscope.

But the question of Papal authority to fix what were the words of God being once opened, the discussion of the true text, in all its extent, complexity, and minuteness, became inevitable. A knowledge of the circumstances connected with the history of the Church's own authorized version, from the labours of Jerome down to those of the Clementine editors, if it did not kindle, yet contributed to fan and feed, the flame of reformation. The men who had boldness enough to question the authority of the *Church*, presently proceeded to question the authority of the Church's version of the Bible, and to demand that both Church and version should stand at the bar of God's genuine and original word, so far as it was then, or might by research become, accessible. The honest confessions of all the parties who had contributed to bring the Vulgate to its state at that era, including Jerome, Alcuinus, and the Clementine editors, were substantially expressed in the words of Bellarmine :—'Some things have been deliberately changed, so also others that seemed to require change have been designedly left unchanged ; as well because St. Jerome has more than once recommended that it should be so done, to avoid giving offence to the people, as,' &c. And again :—'I beg you to understand that the Vulgate has not been corrected by us with perfect accuracy, for we have purposely passed over many things that seemed to require correction.' This alone was enough to excite the spirit of reformation.

It was, moreover, well known to learned men that there were very ancient manuscripts of both Testaments, as well as numerous versions, scattered through libraries, and treasured up in monasteries. These, indeed, were, for the most part, in the hands of the enemies of reformation, and could be consulted only partially ; but, for the nonce, it was found desirable to accept and use such as were at hand, and might be accessible, in order to meet the desire for the uncorrupted word of God which had been excited. It was soon discovered that the standard version of the Church had been frequently and purposely glossed to cover those very corruptions and errors which the Reformers assailed. To be in possession of the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration was, therefore, felt to be essential to the controversy. The Vulgate must be traced to its source, and compared with the

originals. To ascertain these, and to follow them back as far as possible to their fountains for the satisfaction of the learned, and to give them to the people in new and faithful translations, became the urgent and laborious occupation of the most able and far-seeing of the Reformed divines. It is not at all wonderful that their first attempts should have proved very imperfect. They set to work without adequate preparation. The kind of labour was altogether new. They were, in great measure, ignorant of the documents in existence, and they were often debarred from access to those with whose existence they were acquainted. Sufficient time could not be allowed for extensive inquiry and patient examination. The whole subject of manuscripts and versions had to be entered upon by men who were almost wholly unacquainted with it, and to whom it often proved an inextricable maze. There had been no adjustment of the relative value of the various documents to be compared. Nobody had attempted to arrange and estimate them as authorities. No canons of sacred criticism applicable to the whole subject had ever been laid down. The exclusive patronage of the one version by the Church had superseded all inquiry after the originals, or even after the various other versions which had been made in the early ages. This great and most important work was, therefore, commenced in haste, and under the pressure of necessity.

The Greek text of the New Testament was soon in the hands of learned men, and in a very tolerable state of purity. But even the best scholars of that period knew next to nothing of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament. Most of them were constrained to put up with the Vulgate, which Jerome had made from the Hebrew; or, at best, they had to consult the Greek Septuagint. Hebrew was almost equally unknown to the learned both of the Church of Rome and of the Reformation. Hebrew Bibles were scarcely to be found, and, indeed, were not in demand. The Jews had been too long and too generally despised and persecuted, to render it probable that they would be appealed to for the Hebrew text; their manuscripts were kept jealously concealed from the inspection of their enemies, lest they should excite a cupidity similar to that which had so often robbed them of their gold. There had been, however, after the lapse of ages, two or three editions of Hebrew Bibles; there were, also, some Hebrew manuscripts scattered through the libraries of Europe, though few scholars could read them, and none could decide their relative value as authorities for the text. Some little had been done just previous to the Reformation, which excited further curiosity, and served as a preparation for the learned men whom the Reformation and the revival of learning summoned to the great work of preparing the most accurate transcript possible of

the word of God. But it required a lengthened period and diligent research to ascertain the existence and value of manuscripts and versions. Innumerable libraries had to be searched, ancient writings to be deciphered, dead languages to be acquired, and neglected documents to be disintombed from the receptacles where they had been buried for ages.

Then, again, the whole question of authorities for the Hebrew text had to be undertaken; and no step of any value could be made good in this direction without the assistance of Jews in various parts of the world. But the spirit which the Reformation awoke and sustained braved all the difficulties of the enterprise. The originals of both Testaments were edited and published in many editions and forms, and vernacular translations given to the people. Perfect accuracy was not to be expected under all the circumstances of the case. Among the various readings discovered, criticism was as yet unable to decide which should be preferred. It has been a work of time, of wide research, and of careful judgment, to classify, estimate, and arrange in their natural order, the numerous manuscripts, codices, and versions which have been discovered. But the spirit which the Reformation evoked still lives, and has extended itself to many learned men of the Romish Church. Formidable obstacles have been surmounted, invaluable discoveries have been made, and, with all the advantages derived from the experience of three centuries, and the immense accumulation of materials constantly coming to light, in all the different departments of archæological research, it would be strange indeed if the present age had not attained to a degree of skill in the science of textual criticism which should place it far in advance of the past. Doubtless, there is yet ample scope for further enterprise and zeal, especially in reference to the Hebrew text; but the industry, skill, and perseverance of modern scholars, have placed the text of the New Testament in so high a state of accuracy, as to leave but scanty gleanings for those that shall come after them.

Lord Bolingbroke has observed, that *if the Scriptures had been from God they would always have been preserved in their primitive purity*. Like most objections raised by that class of unbelievers to which his lordship belonged, it showed more boldness of assumption than depth of reflection. If the great end proposed to be accomplished could be attained by that degree of accuracy which has been preserved, then there could be no absolute necessity for that higher degree which his lordship demands. Nay, the leaving of the originals to the ordinary lot of similar writings, or committing them to the custody of fallible mortals, may, for all his lordship has shown to the con-

trary, and for all that any man now can show, subserve the evidence of their inspiration quite as naturally and satisfactorily as the supernatural preservation of them, which his lordship makes a condition of his belief. The most diligent researches of modern criticism have shown, that not a single version or manuscript has ever so perverted or corrupted the sacred text, whether designedly or by accident, as to defeat the purpose of God in giving his word to mankind; so that, virtually, all that could have been accomplished, had this flippant and captious maxim been complied with, has been realized, without the miracle demanded—since miracle there must have been, and that, too, of the most astounding kind, to satisfy it. For let the maxim be understood, as no doubt was intended, to say that the Scriptures must exhibit a *literatim* and *punctatim* accuracy through all their transcriptions and versions, or they cannot be accepted as inspired, and then there are only two methods of fulfilling this requirement; either God must by his own hand produce every copy, or, if men are to be the copyists and translators from age to age and from nation to nation, then, in the very nature of things, errors could not have been prevented but by a perpetual and universal miracle, which would be a far greater miracle than the production of the sacred books at first. But God does not lavish miracles even for the sake of preserving his own word immaculate. Having given it to man, he leaves him to conserve it in its primitive state, according to the measure of the reverence he feels for it. Men are thus put upon a fair and reasonable exercise of their responsibility. High indeed it is, but in perfect analogy with its exercise in all other departments. What divine gift to man is not liable to abuse? It is surely enough that God has provided the means and the materials whereby men may assure themselves and their fellows that they possess, in the main, though at so great a distance of time, the words of divine verity. It is no light matter to find that where there is room to suspect an error or a corruption of the sacred text past all means of correction, we may content ourselves with the reflection that nothing essential is either lost or obscured. It is a just cause of triumph and confidence to the believer that, after examining, with the utmost care, this whole question of errors, he may legitimately reach the conclusion that neither lapse of time nor human infirmity has availed to rob him of one doctrine, one precept, or one promise. Thus neither the wisdom nor the goodness of God, neither the authority nor the integrity of his word, can be justly brought under any impeachment on account of the errors and corruptions which have crept into it; while those that have defaced it, though without impeding its usefulness, are in a fair way of removal by means

of that very human instrumentality which introduced them. Men were the first corruptors, and men will be the restorers of the "lively oracles," if not to a literal perfection, which is now an impossibility, yet to such an approximation as will leave little to be desiderated.

One observation, as to the general subject of errors and variations, it seems desirable to offer. Much has been made of their large number. Objectors have paraded these thousands of various readings as if they rendered the entire subject doubtful, and must inevitably confuse and confound the whole text; whereas, the numbers that are counted are derived from the whole mass both of manuscripts and versions. In any *one* the number is comparatively small, and when an estimate is made of the relative importance of these variations, it is found that none of them invalidate the doctrines or the facts, and that by far the larger proportion of them are of no importance whatever as to the reading of the text, its meaning being substantially the same whether they are accepted or rejected. We have frequently seen the question of various readings so misrepresented by infidel writers, so magnified in its importance beyond all truth and reason, that if any one were to attach credit to such statements, he would conclude that it was an utter impossibility to get at the sense of the original authors, and that the whole text of the Bible was thrown into confusion and doubt. Yet such writers never remind their readers that the writings included in the Bible are in a much more accurate state than any other ancient writings—that we possess ampler ground for believing in their genuineness and authenticity than we have for believing in that of Homer and the whole body of the classic authors; and finally, that the errors of transcription are fewer and of less moment than those found in any other ancient document of the same size. These are surprising and assuring facts, considering that the Bible in the early ages was multiplied, both as to copies and as to languages, incomparably beyond any other book then in the world. That there should be errors found in those remains of these early documents which have come down to us, when they are all compared together, is not wonderful; neither is it damaging to the authority of the book; but when the *number* of the documents is considered, and that all are *written*, it is wonderful that the blemishes are so few, so trivial, and so easily accounted for.

It is no unusual mistake in these days to represent the Christian religion as primarily based upon the New Testament. But this is frequently an artful concealment of historic fact. The documents which now constitute the canon of the New Testament were not given to the world till there was a church to

value and preserve them ; nor were they withheld till there were no living witnesses to corroborate or confute them. The public preaching of Christ and his apostles took its materials and its principles from the existing documents of the Old Testament, and proceeded to identify the authority of the new dispensation with the former, and, indeed, to develop the old into the new. The new facts and new doctrines were thus based upon the old ; but they distinctly asserted similar authority, a renewal of the former inspiration, and a fuller development of the Divine scheme of redemption. These were the principal means of originating the Christian community denominated the Church ; and these were the means of its perpetuation through nearly a quarter of the first century, without any written documents save those of the Old Testament. It was not till the extension of the Christian community, and its growing necessities for government, for order, for documentary evidence, and for apostolic authority, gave occasion for the different writings contained in the New Testament, that they were prepared. And of these it is not a little remarkable, that apostolic letters should be the earliest written depositaries of Christian doctrine. It may startle some readers to state, that the first Christian Churches owed no portion of their faith to the New Testament. The substance of it was extensively known and believed before there was a word of it written. It was, therefore, not believed because it was written, but written because it was believed, and because those that believed and wrote it wished it to be both universally and permanently believed.

To human prudence it might have seemed best to make the origin of Christianity and the origin of the New Testament synchronize. Modern rationalists sometimes assume that it was so. But clearly it was the reverse. The Divine plan was to publish and attest Christianity first, then to record its facts and doctrines. Strauss has seized this fact as affording him an opportunity for setting up his theory of myths. But his eagerness to set aside the supernatural in Christianity, betrayed him into a most unnatural blindness to the law which has regulated the growth of all other myths. They cannot obtain credence either at the time the facts transpire, or so near to that time as to enable every one to detect their fabulous exaggeration of the reality. In that case, instead of being believed, they must be despised. To secure belief, they must either be purely fictitious, and pretend no connexion with facts already believed, or they must refer to things at so remote a distance that no one shall be able to deny or refute their assertions.

Now the wisdom of the Divine arrangement in the establishment of Christianity, before the appearance of its documents,

appears in this: it precluded the possibility of any mythical histories of Jesus Christ being accepted instead of the simple truth already known and believed, by the spread through all the Christian communities, over a wide extent of territory, of all the principal facts and doctrines, which had been universally taught by a great number of persons, some of them without connexion with the rest, before a single Gospel was written. The publicity of the real facts of the case, whatever these were, and that, too, commencing at the very scene of their occurrence, and under the jealous eye of Jewish prejudice and opposition, supplies the guarantee for strict accuracy at the outset. Myth could not have exaggerated the first statements that were orally made, because Jewish opposition would immediately have been aroused. Myth could not have raised itself in distant places with success, because reference was easy, and must have been made by inquirers, to the living witnesses at Jerusalem. One story could not have been told there, and a totally different and much exaggerated one at a distance, because this would have produced confusion, diversity of opinion, and ultimately rejection. During the twenty years that Christianity depended upon verbal testimony, that testimony must have been credibly uniform over the wide extent of territory that it covered, otherwise it could not have withstood Jewish opposition, or braved Grecian prejudice and Roman persecution. Above all, with a variable and conflicting story, it never could have achieved those triumphs which history attributes to it in the most celebrated seats of learning and science. Supposing, then, that this testimony had been consistent with itself, and uniform through this considerable period, without a written record, was it probable, or was it possible, that a totally different, a highly distorted, and purely mythical account could, after that, obtain credence, and perpetuate itself—an account utterly absorbing the original statement, and causing it to disappear; while as yet multitudes of persons, both friends and enemies, must have survived, who could have exposed and exploded the whole fiction? This is a most fundamental and important question to be considered in connexion with the Straussian speculation of myths. It must assume that the evangelists published abroad a totally different tale from the innumerable preachers who had so successfully propagated the simple facts of the case. It also assumes that their surprising success had all been gained without the aid of any statements involving supernatural facts.

This theory, then, in the first place, shows no motive for this sudden resort to exaggeration and fable; but supposes a set of men, whose cause had hitherto succeeded beyond their expectations, and was at the achieving the most astounding

triumphs, through the simple means they had hitherto employed, of stating the bare facts of their Master's history, and while enforcing everywhere the most sacred obligation of adhering to the truth, suddenly becoming the fabricators of the most extravagant fables, and passing them off as worthy of all acceptance. This is hard and unnatural enough; but the next step is still more difficult to get over. If the evangelists, more than twenty years after the first simple narrative had gone abroad, had come forward with so totally different a tale of Christ's life, death, resurrection, and ascension, as the mythical theory supposes, a sensation must have been produced which would have convulsed all the Christian churches, and terminated, either in the rejection of the fabulous Gospels by all honest Christians, and their resolute adherence to the primitive narrative, or a death-blow must have been given to the future success of the cause by this singular exaggeration of all that had been formerly believed concerning Jesus, coming with the authority of those who knew him intimately, and two of whom had been his chosen and commissioned apostles. How any man can bring himself to say to the world, that he believes the narratives did set forth such a gross and hateful distortion of the simple truth, and did succeed in persuading men to accept it as credible, without laughing in one another's faces; and further believe that, notwithstanding this sudden change in the whole aspect of the story, it still went on without interruption, gaining cordial belief, and daily multiplying its triumphs everywhere without check and without exposure, utterly transcends all ordinary power of comprehension, as well as all possibility of explanation.

This theory of myths, therefore, is encumbered with these difficulties, which cannot be thrown off, as well as a host of others, which we shall not attempt to set forth, because they would lead us away from the question of the text into a field of discussion incompatible with our limits, and because they have been adequately stated in various publications. The theory, as attempted to be applied to the Gospels by Strauss and others, utterly fails. It is, in this case, a baseless speculation, wholly irreconcilable with the unquestionable facts of a historic church and faith, antecedent to the Gospels, but strictly harmonious with them. Myths are uniformly the ornaments with which fiction surrounds and obscures facts, when, through lapse of time, it has become impossible to separate between the truth and its exaggeration. This is admitted by the advocates of the mythical theory, and it is the only plausible ground on which the doctrine of myths can stand. Hence, its utter inapplicability to the Gospels. The myth cannot come into existence, cannot be credited in the same age, with the simple fact. It is both an after growth

and a gradual one. It never was believed, and never can be believed by the same persons as knew and believed the unadorned facts. But the Gospels were written by those who had for years been the propagators of the simple narrative, and for which they had gained such extensive, earnest, and resolute credence, that no power could expel it from the faith of their disciples. Either, then, the abettors of this speculation must adopt the alternative of affirming, that the myth commenced, and in its full-blown state, with Christianity itself, and before there were any written Gospels, and so set down the whole matter as a fable, a conscious fable, for which the apostles and their disciples were willing to die; or, if they maintain that the myth first came in with the written Gospels twenty years after, then they have to reconcile this with the previous belief, and with the subsequent triumph of Christianity, which they have never done; or, the last thing left to their adoption, and which we recommend to them as the best, if they hope to maintain any character for sense and candour, is to abandon the mythic theory in its application to the New Testament, as wholly untenable and absurd.

But, lest our readers should charge us with detaining their attention too long from the immediate subject of this article, we shall here terminate our introductory remarks, and present to them such observations as are suggested by a perusal of Mr. Porter's work, and by a comparison of it with what others had previously done in the same line.

The author starts with the proposition, that the scientific study of the sacred Scriptures should proceed in the following order: *first*, the Criticism of the Text, by which he means the ascertainment of the genuine text; *secondly*, the Interpretation of Scripture; *thirdly*, the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Books of Scripture; *fourthly*, the Credibility of the Scripture. He follows in this arrangement the opinion of some other writers, and insists that it is the natural order of our thoughts, as well as the most advantageous. It is, however, liable to some strictures, which we refrain from stating; because the work before us is limited to the first branch of the whole subject, and is complete in itself. With the scientific study of the Bible, beyond the question of the mere letter of the text, the author does not professedly intermeddle, and we shall, therefore, confine our reader's attention to the one subject of the volume. It is divided into three books. In the *first*, the general principles of textual criticism are stated and briefly illustrated. In the *second* book these principles are applied to the text of the Old Testament; and in the *third*, they are considered with reference to that of the New.

‘In each of the latter two divisions, the method pursued is as follows:—1. An Outline of the History of the Text. 2. An Account of

the MSS. Versions and other authorities, available for the verification or correction of the text: and 3. An examination of the readings of some passages which, from their nature or peculiar circumstances, possess an especial interest in connexion with the object of this work.

In the *preface*, some matters are introduced which first deserve attention. They excited in us no small degree of surprise. The author says:—

‘The object of the present work, is to furnish to the student of sacred literature a hand-book of textual criticism, in a moderate compass, and at a moderate price, wherein the most important principles by which a critic must be guided, shall be briefly investigated—the main facts relating to the text both of the Old Testament and the New, shall be accurately stated—the mode of applying these facts and principles, for the correction or verification of the text, illustrated by a few interesting examples—and reference given to the chief writers who have treated on the science, and in whose works more complete information may be procured.

‘Humble and unpretending as this volume is, a work upon a similar plan would have been of essential service to me, when I began to turn my attention to the subject of which it treats. It would have removed many a perplexing obstacle—saved much time and labour, and prevented many disappointments. I am not without hopes, that others who may have experienced similar difficulties in the outset of their critical studies may derive benefit from my humble industry; that many persons who may wish for a concise view of what has been ascertained by the labours of scholars and critics upon the biblical text, may find these desires gratified by the perusal of the present volume; and that some may be induced, by the facilities which it will afford for the systematic study of the science, to apply themselves to the earnest investigation of those sacred records, which so many most laudable efforts are daily made to disseminate, both in our own country, and in foreign lands, but which, there is much reason to fear, are far too seldom made the subject of diligent, thoughtful examination, such as their acknowledged importance to the human race and to individuals would justify us in expecting.’—P. iii.

‘It would have been in every point of view more desirable, had a scholar, well accomplished in these branches of learning, assumed to himself the task which I have here attempted; but having waited for years in vain to see such a work as the present from some able pen, I have thought it better to offer my own contributions to the science of theology, than to linger in the expectation of seeing that performed by others, which no other appeared willing to undertake.’—P. iv.

This made us pause *in limine*. It wears the appearance of great modesty, generosity, and self-sacrifice, to step forward in such an emergency to supply the grievous lack of information which poor students are supposed to feel upon a subject which, it is assumed, no competent scholar has treated. Now is

this fair and honourable? Has no work of the kind ever appeared before? What theological student of a year's standing, could be found ignorant of the existence of 'Horne's Introduction,' and of Dr. Wait's translation of 'Hug's Introduction,' which have been in the hands of English students for many years? If these works are not precisely upon the plan of Mr. Porter's work, yet they contain a very large portion of the same information, and with several others ought not to have been thus slightly passed over, as if they had never appeared. But what will impartial readers think of Mr. Porter's treatment of a work dated from the very same town of Belfast, precisely nine years before the appearance of his own, upon the very same subject, containing a very considerable portion of what is contained in his? If Mr. Porter was ignorant of the existence of Dr. Davidson's Lectures on Biblical Criticism, then he cannot be a very competent guide in such matters; or, if he knew of their existence, of which his own work bears ample traces, then it was not very honourable thus to ignore them, and assure his readers that had anybody else written upon the subject, he should gladly have withheld his labours. It may have appeared very desirable to Mr. Porter, that the students of the non-subscribing Presbyterians of Ireland, otherwise known as Unitarians, and whose teacher he is, should have an Introduction to Textual Criticism adapted to Unitarian views, and harmonious with Unitarian criticism in general; it may have been deemed perilous to leave such students to collect their information from such English authors as Horne and Davidson; but it would have been far more honourable to say so, than to lead the general reader to believe that his own is the first work that has been written on 'Textual Criticism—that he has 'waited for years in vain to see such a work from some able pen,' &c.

It may be that Mr. Porter's arrangement of his work is more systematic and simple than that of his predecessor of Belfast, but it is very clear that if Dr. Davidson's work had not amassed the materials, Mr. Porter's would not have improved their order.

But we must notice another matter more important to the student than his ingratitude to his predecessors. Mr. Porter says:—

'It has been to me a cause of continual anxiety and watchfulness, to prevent the admission of any errors respecting matters of fact by which the reader might be misled. Such minute care and vigilance would be less needful in a work designed for the eyes of the learned, whose previous knowledge would enable them, without difficulty, to detect the writer's mistakes, and would prevent them from producing any

injurious effect upon their minds; but in a book intended as a manual or introduction to the science, incorrectness in any important particular might be of pernicious consequence, because, from the nature of the work, it may, and probably will, fall into the hands of many persons who may have access to no other sources, and who might, therefore, by such inaccuracies, be permanently led astray. . . .

'Those who have paid minute attention to the science of textual criticism, will, however, perceive that, in all instances, I have availed myself of the latest and best investigations which have appeared.'

—P. v.

Had such been actually the state of the case, we should almost have felt disposed to overlook Mr. Porter's disrespectful treatment of previous writers; but this is really past bearing. Every part of the subject shows that Mr. Porter is not in possession either of the latest or the best investigations. His information is far behind the times, and, in consequence, his inaccuracies are numerous beyond any author who has recently written upon the subject. For any man to prepare a work upon Textual Criticism who is not a master of German, and extensively read in German works upon the subject up to the day, will, we believe, be pronounced presumption by every competent judge. Now we do not say that Mr. Porter is ignorant of German, but we do say that he evinces no knowledge of it, and of its ample stores upon his chosen subject. The consequence is, he has adventured upon many statements which he would not and could not have made, if he had been aware of what learned men have written upon the subject. We should certainly not have felt so much disposed to note his deficiencies and blemishes, if he had not slighted his predecessors, to whom he is deeply indebted, and made bolder and louder claims than most others to be received as an authority, whereas his mistakes are great and numerous. But, to substantiate these charges—let the reader take the following instance, in which Mr. Porter has closely copied Dr. Davidson, in a statement or explanation which we believe was never given either in Latin or English, before it appeared in Davidson's Lectures. At page 45, referring to the change in the Hebrew letters, which is usually supposed to have taken place after the Babylonian captivity, Mr. Porter says:—

'The Babylonish Talmudists, with Jerome and Origen, attribute the change to Ezra; but neither in the book of Ezra nor in Josephus do we find any mention of such a transaction: and the story seems only a hypothesis invented to account for the great difference which the Rabbis observed, when they compared together the modern and ancient copies of their Scriptures. Finding the mode of writing to be dissimilar, and thinking it needful to have an authoritative sanction for every change, it was natural for their thoughts to turn to the great restorer of their civil and religious polity. It is much more proba-

ble that the most ancient books of the Old Testament were originally composed in the old Phœnician alphabet, of which vestiges have been found in various parts of Western Asia and Northern Africa; and which in some respects resembled the inscriptions upon the ancient coins of the Asmonean princes.'

The reader may compare with this the following passage in Davidson's Lectures, published nine years before, and which Mr. Porter, in his Preface, totally ignores:—

'It remains for us to consider the well-known tradition, that Ezra, after the return of the Jews from captivity, wrote out the Old Testament Scriptures in the Chaldee character. In whatever way we explain such a legend, its truth cannot be maintained. The posterity of the captives of Babylon used the old Hebrew characters upon coins several centuries after the return of their fathers; and at the time they were thus inscribed, there is every mark of their having been the usual written symbols of ordinary life. The introduction of the square character by Ezra, instead of the Samaritan, must have been a conjecture of the Jews to account for a phenomenon which they were unable satisfactorily to explain. The conjecture soon passed into a current tradition, obtaining, in the progress of time, all the authority of a historical fact. Even in the time of Origen, we find that this tradition existed. What is related by him as a common saying among the Jews, is mentioned by Jerome as though it were an undoubted truth. The later Jews attributed too much to Ezra, regarding him as the author of all the external alterations which the text of the Old Testament underwent; and their successors were not disposed to question the truth of those obscure traditions, which were handed down to them in so great abundance. It is highly probable that the word *sopher*, applied to Ezra in the sacred writings, was misinterpreted by the early Jews. Looking for an explanation of the difficulties which presented themselves in regard to their alphabet, they remembered that this term was applied to Ezra. They saw the square character used in all biblical MSS. after Christ, and they could neither harmonize it with the old Hebrew letters found on the Asmonean coins, nor with the various accounts respecting their ancient forms. Thus they knew by tradition that *tau* had the figure of a cross; and they could not account for the total alteration of its shape. In this dilemma, they did not resort to history for an explanation of the changes which their alphabetical characters had undergone. But they recollected the term applied to Ezra, and abiding closely by the etymological signification of *writer* or *scribe*, they conjectured that he had received this honourable appellation because he had written out their sacred books in a new character so different from the ancient. The true meaning of *sopher*, viz. a person learned or skilled in the law, was thus entirely overlooked, whilst a close adherence to *etymology* misled its admirers. Such is the most probable explanation of the origin of the mistake.'—*Davidson's Lectures*, pp. 306, 307.

Mr. Porter makes a sort of general apology for not acknowledging his obligations, and offers an explanation which, however valid as to many classes of works, is by no means applicable in

his case. Such a work, above all others, requires references to authorities. They may be very troublesome to an author; but they are of essential service to the reader, and are far enough from wearing the appearance of ostentation or pedantry, when they substantiate the information conveyed, and assist us to acquire more. The following passage seems to imply something more than a modest concealment of his learning, lest he should appear pedantic:—

‘I have not thought it needful to load my margin with copious references to the writings of authors who have discussed the subjects on which I have found it necessary to touch. A numerous array of such references to preceding authorities is by some looked upon as necessary to establish the author’s own diligence and learning. To me, however, and I believe to many others in these kingdoms, it wears the air of an ostentatious parade of extensive reading, which I could not, under any circumstances, bring myself to make; still less would it be becoming, when I feel that I have no just pretensions to the character for extensive learning which I should thereby appear to assert. In order to make such references of any real utility, they ought to be minute in specifying, in every case, the work, the volume, and the page referred to; and this would occasion more trouble than I am willing to undertake, or than the object to be gained appears to be worth; for I believe that an ample list of such notes—appealing to a great number of various, and often heterogeneous, authors—so far from being useful to the incipient critic, may tend to perplex and confuse his ideas, and may tempt him to a bewildering and unprofitable course of inquiry. Moreover, if such references be exhibited in any considerable number and variety, common justice requires that each statement be assigned to the writer who first had the merit of discovering the fact or principle in question; and this would, in many cases, be matter of great difficulty; for I am sufficiently familiar with the writings of several eminent critics to perceive that they have not scrupled to borrow from each other, either without acknowledgment, or with only a general one, such statements as they believed to be true, and found suitable to their purpose. In many cases, the original author could not be discovered without an expenditure of time and labour which could be much better, because more usefully, employed. I have, therefore, been sparing in citations. In many cases, I have dispensed with such references altogether; in a few instances, I have admitted them, but have always made it a rule to introduce as few as possible, and these chiefly to works which are accessible to persons acquainted with the English and Latin languages merely. Those who have paid minute attention to the science of textual criticism will, however, perceive that in all instances I have availed myself of the latest and best investigations that have appeared; that I have not servilely copied the arrangement, nor adopted the sentiments, of any preceding writer, but have endeavoured to exercise an independent judgment on each case; that although I can neither delude myself nor my readers with the hope that I have been successful, at all times, in my endeavours to avoid mistakes, I have yet taken much pains, exer-

cised many precautions, and employed all the helps within my reach, to ensure accuracy as far as was possible; and, especially, that I have been careful to distinguish fact from conjecture—established truth from matter of opinion merely.'—Pp. iv. v.

This, after all, is a very lame apology, in a work which does make very numerous references, and acknowledges obligations to some authors for very trivial assistance, while others, to whom the writer is much more deeply indebted, are never mentioned, except to have a thrust at them for some real or supposed error.

We have above exhibited one instance in which Mr. Porter was, in our judgment, indebted to Davidson's Lectures; let the reader who may possess the two works turn to the account of Kennicott's and De Rossi's labours upon the text of the Hebrew Bible, at p. 64 of Porter, and at pp. 224, 225 of Davidson. The chief difference is, that Davidson's is more complete. We do not say that the former might not have been written without any knowledge of the latter; but it does not seem likely, considering that the two authors were fellow-townsmen, and that the one wrote nine years before the other. The coincidence of nearly all the facts stated leaves little doubt that the one was the pattern of the other; and yet, we are told, that *this work would never have appeared if any competent person had stepped forward in times past to perform it.* We could add a long list of parallels which would show that, if Dr. Davidson's work has not been copied, it has, at least, supplied us with all the information years ago.

Let the following places be compared:—Porter, p. 69, the sentence beginning, 'The Samaritan Pentateuch is not a version,' &c.; and Davidson, p. 97, at the beginning. Again, Porter, p. 114 (what is said about the Fathers), with Davidson, p. 57. Again, Porter's last sentence of principal paragraph in p. 115, with the first sentence of Davidson, in p. 58, relating to the Greek version of Aquila. Again, see Porter, p. 169, relating to Exodus xii. 40, &c., compared with Davidson, p. 110; the observations on Scholz by Porter, p. 262, and those by Davidson, p. 248. Compare the last sentence of p. 357, Porter, with the last sentence in p. 66 of Davidson. Compare p. 476 in the second note (Porter), beginning, 'Wetstein includes in this list,' &c.; with p. 177, paragraph marked '3rd.' of Davidson. Again, Porter, p. 480, at bottom, compared with Davidson, pp. 178, 179, bottom and top.

Dr. Davidson's was the first and only work of the kind in which the text of disputed passages is separated from the general discussion. In this he is followed by Mr. Porter, but again without the slightest reference to his predecessor of Belfast, who, in this particular at least, sets a new example. Upon one

of these discussions in Mr. Porter's work, we feel tempted to offer a few strictures. It occurs at p. 482, and relates to 1 Tim. iii. 16—'And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness,' &c. The *data* on which his reasoning rests appears to us, in some respects, decidedly false. Thus as to the reading of the Codex Boernerianus in this passage, if the *fac-simile* published by Matthæi, at the end of the first volume of his Greek Testament, possesses the slightest pretensions to accuracy, then Mr. Porter's statement (p. 484, *note*) about the *c* having been stuck in small and in a corner because there was not room for a large *C*, must be erroneous. Le Clerc, to whom Mr. Porter refers, was mistaken concerning this manuscript. He thought that *δ* must have been the original reading, because the Latin has *quod*. Moreover, what Mr. Porter could mean by the *fresh colour of the ink*, is inconceivable, for he supposes that the addition was made in the ninth century. He ought to have given his reasons, or withheld his assertions. But to blame Griesbach, who acted upon Matthæi's *fac-simile*, is clearly unjustifiable. Is Mr. Porter prepared to say, that Matthæi's *fac-simile* has misrepresented the manuscript? If not, then he must be himself mistaken. There is clearly room enough between the *ε* and the *ἐφανερώθη* for two letters at least, instead of the *sigma* being cramped into a corner; and, besides, there is no trace of its standing up higher than the other letters, or of its being smaller than the writing in general.

Mr. Porter repeats, what many have said without sufficient evidence, that the *Codex Augiensis* is a transcript of *Codex Boernerianus*. But this is a mistake. They are both copies in their Greek text of the same manuscript, and there are points proving that neither of them could be a copy of the other, but that both were distinct copies of another. Wetstein collated the *Codex Augiensis* so superficially, that he left unnoticed just as many readings as he extracted.

The evidence as to the readings of this passage would be well and fairly stated thus:—

θεος supported by &c.

A relative supported by &c.

Then distinguish the claims respectively of *ε* and *δ*, so far as that can be done; for the mass of the versions prove a *relative*, but do not determine which it should be. This fact destroys the greater part of Mr. Porter's reasoning.

His difficulty about the MS. 173 (p. 498), on 1 John v. 7, would have vanished, had he used Birch's 'Variæ Lectiones.'

At p. 109, he states that the fragment of Jeremiah, chap. ix. 17, to xiii., published by Mingarelli, at Bologna, is a specimen of the Sahidic version; but it is a specimen of the Coptic or

Memphitic. Mingarelli published in the Sahidic version Jer. xiii. 14, and xiv. 19. Engelbreth also published some parts not noticed by Mr. Porter. At p. 122, Mr. Porter says, 'The best edition of this Targum is that of Wilkins, Cambridge, 1717, 4to.' The Targum, on Chronicles, was published at Amsterdam, 1715, from a Cambridge manuscript.

In speaking at p. 117 of the 'Versio Veneta,' he says: 'The translator had a good knowledge of the Greek. . . . He seems to have used an exemplar very closely conforming to the Masoretic standard, although it was either unfurnished with points, or the translator neglected, or perhaps did not understand them.' This is totally wrong. His exemplar was certainly a *Masoretic pointed copy*. At p. 57, Mr. Porter says: 'R. Jacobben-Chajim first printed the Masorah in Bomberg's Rabbinical Bible (4 vols. fol. Venice, 1525-6).' But it was first published in the Rabbinical Bible by Bomberg, at Venice, 1518. Its editor was Felix of Prato, or, as he is commonly styled, *Pratensis*. At p. 267, he speaks of the 'Preface' to Lachmann's edition of the Greek Testament. The fact is, it has none at all. He gives Scholz's critical edition of the New Testament as published at Berlin, instead of Leipzig. But we must dismiss these corrections, and bring our judgment of Mr. Porter's labours to a close. We do not charge him with negligence, or with more frequent instances of inaccuracy than may be found in other works of this kind, and are common in human performances. He has improved, in some respects, upon his predecessors in the same line, and has brought into a small compass, and into commendable order, a large mass of valuable information, which would have been far more cordially and gratefully received by us if he had given honour to whom honour was due, and had not represented himself as the first English writer upon the important subject of textual criticism.

The *fac-similes* are admirably executed, and do great credit both to the artists and the printers. There is a tolerably long list of *corrigenda*, but it contains not half the real number.

ART. IV.—*Songs and Poems by Robert Gilfillan.* Fourth Edition.
 London: Simpkin and Marshall. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THOSE who think it an easy thing to write a song, said Robert Burns, should set themselves down and try. It is, indeed, a great thing to write a good song. How very few have ever achieved it! In the languages spoken in the British islands, how many songs are there which have hung on the lips of the people for two or three centuries? A careful perusal of our English, Irish, and Scottish anthologies, will answer this question in a way that will surprise those who believe good songs to be as plenty as blackberries, and song-writing an inferior branch of poesy.

Of the three united kingdoms, Scotland is *facile princeps* in the lyric art. Perhaps, indeed, no nation, ancient or modern, can for a moment compare in music and song, that is, in pure vocal melody, with Scotland; yet how few have been even *her* distinguished lyric poets! How easy to count up the whole of those whose names are known. A small select band!—to belong to which must needs be a high honour; and to Robert Gilfillan, by the universal suffrage of Scotland, and thousands of English and Irish lovers of the Scottish lyric, that distinguished honour belongs.

These statements seem very sweeping, but we think they will be found, on consideration, to be correct. That Scotland has struck the lyre with bolder and defter fingers than either (or both) England and Ireland, few who are acquainted with the subject will deny. Ireland and Wales had, like the Celtic races in the North and South Highlands of Scotland, their national melodies; but while the Welsh airs have never yet been married to immortal verse, stamped with the Welsh national character; and while, until the time of Moore, the same may be said of Irish melody; there has never been a time in Scotland, since the era of tradition, since the date of the 'grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,' that the melodies of Scotland have not been wedded to national words, circulating through the voices of the whole Scottish people, from the palace to the bothy, a truly national chorus of melody and song. And, extending our view beyond Great Britain, what nation, ancient or modern, has produced such a system of national and social song as Scotland? The songs of the Greeks, or what took the place of songs, were single verses, often vile enough and barren enough, the very existence of which among so refined and polished a

people shows how utterly destitute these ages must have been in true social lyric sentiment. We know little or nothing of the social songs of the Romans; from an expression here and there in the odes of Horace, it seems probable that some of them were occasionally sung, but we can as little comprehend how their wit and elegance could supply the place of the broad floods of merriment and pathos contained in Scottish song, as we can believe that the wits of the Eternal City, reclined luxuriously on their curved couches at their nights and suppers of the gods, could feel the tumultuous emotion, or even indulge in the passionate gestures, which a genuine Scottish song, sung at the witching hour of night, is wont to produce. Then, though music is more woven into the daily life and conversation of the Italians, Germans, and French, than of the Scottish people, no one, we presume, will think of comparing the love, war, or drinking songs of these peoples with the lyrics of Scotland. The Northern nations have long possessed grand ballad literature, and it seems probable that some of our finest Scottish ballads have come down to us, as well as those of Germany and Spain, from the ancient Norse fountains of song; but even the old ballad, which may be said to be the mother of the modern song, has it not, too, like

“The oak, and the ash, and the bonnie ivy tree,
Still flourish’d best at hame in the north countrie?”

All the best of our ancient ballads belong to the border. Twenty or thirty miles on either side the Tweed, the vales of the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Nith, the North Tyne, and a few of the neighbouring vales, contain more of the lyric ground than all England and Scotland besides, and the dialect in which these antique poems are written is essentially Scottish. In these old ballads may be found the germs of most of our best modern Scottish ballad songs; the stories, many of the sentiments, nay, many of the turns of expression, even in Burns, may be found scattered among the fragments of the ancient minstrelsy.

This is not the place to enter into any lengthened proof or illustration of the truth of these observations. We must take it for granted, that many of our readers know well that Scotland is eminently distinguished among the nations by the possession of a glorious national vocal melody, and proceed to give briefly some account of one of the choral band—Robert Gilfillan—who has just finished his song, and departed into the eternal silence.

It is not necessary to dwell long on the accidents of his birth, station, or other circumstances of his outward life. His parents were humble, but highly respectable; he was brought up to a

handicraft trade ; afterwards filled various situations of trust with credit, and suddenly died in December, 1850, at the age of fifty-two. Those who desire (and what lover of Scottish songs will not ?) to learn the details of his life, will find in the memoir prefixed to the fourth edition of his Songs and Poems, just published by Messrs. Sutherland and Knox, the simple narrative well told. One or two circumstances only, bearing upon the formation of his character as a poet, may be here alluded to. The first is, that, though he was born and lived much in the old historic town of Dunfermline, in whose abbey sleep seven Scottish monarchs, one of whom was Robert the Bruce, his native place never called up a song of liberty or patriotic rage such as we can imagine Burns would have written ; but he ever dwells upon it with fondest affection, forgetting all its national glories in the tenderness of his filial feelings. This was characteristic of his mind and heart. Though a genuine patriotic Scotchman, his passions did not 'boil up in a spring-tide flood' at the name of Wallace ; nor did we ever hear him say that during any of his visits to the tomb of the Bruce in the kirk of his birth-place, he kneeled down, as Burns did, in a transport of enthusiasm, and kissed the sacred stone. We can imagine Burns, with bonnet reverently doffed at the shrine, and knitted brow, brooding over the past, and muttering,

' By oppressions, woes, and pains ;
By our sons in servile chains ;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !'

while Gilfillan wanders out among the haunts of his boyhood, his heart warming to every bosky dell and sunny knowe, or melting over the remembrance of departed friends.

' The bonnie woods are waving green,
An' flowers are blooming, just as fair,
As if the simmer age had been
Sin' last I took my fareweel there !

* * *

The burnie rins as blythe along,
As it was wont in days bygone,
An' hark ! there's still the blackbird's sang ;
But ah ! I'm listening till't my lane !'

A yearning love of home, and old times, was his characteristic sentiment ; from his mother he inherited this ; and hers, too, was the mournful regretful tone in which he dwelt on past times—a tone which, from first to last, pervades all his best poems. He cannot think, therefore, of

" Dunfermline town, wi' woody braes,
And wee burns wimpling to the sea,"

except as the spot where he spent 'the happy days o' youth,'
and from which the glory of the earlier day had departed.

'The braes whaur waved the yellow broom,
And wild flowers grew in beauty fair,
I clamb wi' those, then in their bloom,
That now, alas! I see nae mair!

The bank, the bower, the streamlet clear
We wandered by the lee lang day,
Ner thought the time would bring the tear
For friends departed, years away!'

And 'the abbey wa's,' time-honoured now,

'Clad wi' the climbing ivy green
In mouldering ruin,'

remind him only of the departed years and friends of his boyhood.

From the first the master-note of his melody was mournful,
and his best songs are just the utterance of a regret.

'O the happy days o' youth
Are fast gaun by!
And age is comin' on
Wi' its bleak wintry sky.'

And,

'O thou broom, thou bonny bush o' broom,
Thou bonnie, bonnie broom!
I maist could weep o'er the days that are gane,
When I think on days to come.'

And the much-admired emigrant's song,

"O why left I my hame."

Indeed, most of the songs he liked best to sing, and those by which he will be longest remembered, are illustrations of our remark. The first of his letters we place our hands upon, dated 1845, contains the same sentiment:—'Your kindly note came this morning, and brought with it the recollection of the days of other years. Days when hearts were high, hopes bright, and evenings redolent of song. Since the sad event, which occurred shortly before you were here,* I have lost all, or nearly all, relish for my wonted studies. What use of writing when those are away whose approbation was fame? And in the literary circles, too, how are the ranks thinned! The Shepherd, Allan,

* He alludes to the death of his mother, a blow which quite stunned and benumbed him for a long time. We have seldom seen any one more thoroughly penetrated by any sorrow, from whom the life of life seemed more completely fled, than Gilfillan, when he lost his mother.

Motherwell, Millar, . . . Malcolm, and last on my list, Allan Cunningham, besides several others, all laid low. But the subject is a painful one, and since life is a warfare, let us fight it out with fortitude and patience; we can no more recall the friends we mourn, than we can bring back the happy hours we spent with them.' The same letter contains a little lyrical poem, which he had written the night before, 'when all our folks were out,' so characteristic of the man, that we copy it here, from his first rough draught.

MEMORIES.

I.

'Oh for the songs of other years
 When life and joy were young;
 When nought but gladsome tales were told,
 Or mirthful strains were sung!
 Or at the festal board high healths
 Were given with cheerful brow;
 Our cups, alas! in silence pass—
 We've nought but "memories" now!

II.

The loved, the kind, the good, the true,
 In many a toast were given;
 Those who, though knit to us on earth,
 Yet raised our hopes to heaven!
 Who, when in childhood's helpless days
 Around our couch did bow;
 A mother's name, no more gives fame—
 We've nought but "memories" now.

III.

Oft in the stormy sea of life
 Our bark by tempest driven,
 Full dashing on the shoals of fate,
 With cords and canvass riven!
 A mother's word—a mother's love,
 Like angel at the prow—
 Would cheer us to the haven of health;—
 We've nought but "memories" now.

IV.

Youth's days are fled, and in their stead
 Come sorrow, grief, and tears;
 And for the sunny morns of song
 We number heavy years!
 Fond friends are gone, and we alone,
 Beneath affliction bow,
 Time was when we gave happy healths
 We've nought but "memories" now!

Our readers remember James Montgomery's fine verses, comparing Burns to the various birds:—

'What bird in beauty, strength, and song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet and soared as high
As e'er did bird of air?

* * *

The linnet for simplicity,
In tenderness the dove;
But more than all the rest was he
The nightingale in love,' &c.

Many years ago, in reference to this plaintive tone of Gilfillan's music and mind, we remember quoting this poem to him, and saying (with no great approval on his part), that if he were to be classified among the song birds, his name-sake the Robin would be his best type and resemblance: a bird with a song for almost every day in the year,—no very great compass of notes or dash of execution, but a sweet ditty, with a tender home feeling in it that every one loved, whether cheerful or plaintive, and ever the sweeter the more mournful. And this half-serious, half-jesting criticism, after twelve or fourteen years' familiarity with his songs and himself, is as applicable as any thing we can say. During the latter years of his life he did not willingly set down his feelings in song; and in almost every case wherein the sentiment was too strong for suppression, it has been a mournful one. The fine poems on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, his mother, and John Wilson, the vocalist, are among the best he ever wrote, because they are wrung out of his heart by sorrow. And, if we go back to his earliest songs, we find the same plaintive sentiment continually appearing; so that even in his more cheerful—nay, in his very 'cantiest' ditties, we recognise the well-known mournful tone. Even when he was little more than twenty, he was already singing,

'We canna love as we hae loved,
Nor sing as we hae sung,
Yet wha wad care for turning auld
When nae friends now are young?'

And in 'the Days o' Langsyne,' an early poem, among more proud and cheery recollections, the characteristic note—the 'owerword' of his mind, is heard again and again.

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

'In the day's o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, an' brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill,
O! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

THE BALLAD POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea.
'To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
And where battle raged loudest you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high on the wind !

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang ;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
And the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine ;
O where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne ?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale ;
And ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain,
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again ?

In the days o' langsyne, there was feasting and glee,
We' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk e'e ;
An' the auld, 'mang the happy, their eild seemed to tine,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn it was mine :
O ! the days o' langsyne,—O ! the days o' langsyne.'

The affectionate tenderness of his nature, well known to every one who was familiar with Gilfillan's hospitable fireside, finds vent in a pleasant lyric poem, which he calls a song, addressed to one whom, as a child, he used to call his 'wee wifie;' a term of endearment which he uttered to her after his first shock of paralysis on the morning of his death. The poem may be seen at p. 377 of the fourth edition of his poems, 'My own, my true-loved Marion.' Gilfillan was never married; his heart seemed so satisfied with the love he cherished for his mother and her family, that he never seriously thought of leaving them. He has many humorous and bachelor-like allusions to matrimony in his songs—

'Awa' ye henpeck'd husbands, what happiness hae ye?
Instead o' freens an' whisky punch, ye've cookies, care, and tea.'

The above, however, was one—the chief reason for his own celibacy.

In all his love songs there is a quietness which shows that his passions never, like those of Burns, 'rag'd like so many devils, till they got vent in verse, and then crooning over his rhymes soothed them like a spell.' He is better in describing the droll results of love in the manly bosom—

'I whiles think my heart's gaun to break, but I find
It's only my waistcoat grown straiter behind.'

'To sing, oh ! maiden ever fair,'

is all that his passion utters; and though he has many love songs equal to, and not very unlike, Allan Ramsay's, the warm, tumultuous melody of Burns is never heard in his strain. He has been more successful in painting the forsaken maiden, and uttering her plaintive regrets, than most of his brethren. We give, as an instance, the following song often sung by himself:—

THOU WEARY MORN.

Tune—‘Good nicht and joy.’

‘Thou weary morn, when wilt thou dawn ?

And yet nae gladness comes wi’ day ;

But day and night, I mourning sigh

For loved hours fled an’ joys away.

My laddie was the kindest swain,

An’ sought my heart wi’ a’ his skill,

An’ yet I’ve tint that lad sae true

Wi’ woman’s pride an’ woman’s will.

It wasna but I lo’ed him weel,

It wasna but I thought him kind,

But just that silly pride o’ heart

That lovers shouldna ever mind.

He tauld me that my heart was proud,

An’ what he said was maybe true ;

But little does my laddie ken

How humbled low that heart is now !

At kirk I keekit aff my book

To see if he would look at me,

But ne’er a blink gat I frae him,

Although the tear stood in my e’e.

An’ when the preachin’ time was done,

Ilk lassie had her lover gay,

While I gaed dowie hame alone,

An’ O ! it was a weary way !

But the lav’rock sings high in the lift,

Although his nest’s deep in the glen ;

Sae, though my withered hopes are low,

They maybe yet will rise again !

The sun behind the clouds does shine,

Although his face we dinna see ;

Sae my dear lad may yet prove kind,

Although it a’ seems dark to me.’

The tenderness and kindliness of his nature were often, both in his songs and his conversation, clothed in humour as well as in sadness, though, of late years especially, the latter sentiment predominated. Humour and pathos, the constant accompani-

ments of social lyric genius, are, as Thomas Carlyle says, of very different qualities, the upper side and under of the self-same coin—convertible substances—and Burns, Hogg, Tannahill, Henry Scott Riddell, and Gilfillan, are all endowed with them both, though their developments are different as the genius of the several men. ‘Peter M’Craw,’ ‘Duncan Grey,’ and ‘The Laird o’ Lemington,’ offer very different and very characteristic examples of the humour of Gilfillan, Burns, and Hogg.

The other circumstance connected with Gilfillan’s family history we wished to mention, was, that like many other distinguished men, he owed much to his mother, to the sensibilities and mental powers he inherited from her, and to her early training. As in the case of Burns, Hogg, and Leyden, Gilfillan fed upon the store of ballads and songs which his mother possessed, and probably his genius derived its bent to the lyre from having taken its first lessons in this poetical infant-school.

Gilfillan’s mother was a remarkable woman, of the genuine Scottish type of the old school; pious, clear-headed, prudent, industrious, most affectionate, pleased with and proud, with the heart’s pride, of her son’s poetic talent, yet far too sensible ever to discover any vain-glorious feelings on this account, as weaker mothers so often do about less worthy sons.*

Robert had his gleaming, deep-set, earnest eyes from her, his sympathy with the past and the sad, the mournful tone of his voice under the common griefs of life, and that thrilling tone of sentiment which gave to his singing of many of his own songs—although he neither laid claim to a musical voice nor much knowledge of music—so potent a charm. Many a time have we seen a large assembly thrilled to the heart’s core by some simple words of Gilfillan’s, sung, in no very musical strain, but only with an air and voice of deep earnestness and feeling, by himself. His manner in singing his own songs was indeed very singular and effective. No pretty affectations, nor dallying with wine-glasses or gold spectacles, nor strumming on pianos with shoulders shrugged up, and whites of the eyes rolled round in hackneyed rapture—as so many of our mahogany vocalists do;—with Gilfillan song was an earnest business, whether pathetic or humorous; and, wringing the fingers of his left hand with his right, or grasping his rolled-up pocket handker-

* Allan Cunningham’s description of the mother of Burns might stand, word for word, for the mother of Gilfillan. ‘She was blest with a singular equanimity of temper, her religious feeling was deep and constant, she loved a well-regulated household, and it was frequently her pleasure to give wings to the weary hours of life by chanting old songs and ballads, of which she had a large store. In her looks she resembled her eldest son; her eyes were bright and intelligent, her perception of character quick and keen.’

chief as if he would wring the very heart's blood out of it, and now and then lifting up his hand, and swaying his head up and down with deep dreamy eyes and rapt features, he sang his song, evidently really feeling—often *lost* in, the sentiment he was uttering. This was the secret of his success—his sincerity, his reality, the genuine embodiment in his eyes and features of the verses he ‘crooned.’ For, after all, it was but *crooning* in the simplest fashion, and not singing in any artistic fashion at all. Many of his friends will remember his usually beginning thus, one of his early and favourite songs, ‘Glenyalvin, wi’ thy valleys green;’ and, above all, his strange touching manner in singing ‘The happy days o’ youth,’ a song which, sung in his own simple way, has many a time moistened every eye in a previously merry circle—

‘ Mine eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.’

As many of our English readers may not have seen this popular song, we quote it in full. It was the first song which gave Gilfillan a right to stand among the chiefs of the Scottish lyre, and it is familiar in every city, and almost every glen north of the Tweed :—

‘ O! the happy days o’ youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi’ its bleak winter sky;
An’ whaur shall we shelter frae its storms when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o’ youth are flown awa’ ?
They said that wisdom cam wi’ manhood’s riper years,
But naething did they tell o’ its sorrows an’ tears;
O! I’d gie a’ the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morn o’ bonnie lang syne.
I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an’ love was on the tongue,
An’ mirth on ilk a face, for ilka face was young.
O! the bonnie waving broom, whaur after we did meet,
Wi’ its yellow flowers that fell like gowd ‘mang our feet,
The bird wad stop its song, but only for a wee,
As we gae’d by its nest, ‘neath its ain birk tree.
O! the sunny days o’ youth, they couldna aye remain,
There was ower muckle joy, an’ ower little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days, and fareweel youthfu’ glee,
The young may court your smiles, but you’re gane frae me.’

These are simple, and may, to some of our Southern readers, seem uncouth words,—but we have often seen them draw sighs

from hearts that seldom sighed,—we have seen tears stealing silently over aged cheeks at their touching allusions to childish joys ; and sobs have started from the heart of the strong man, as a vision of his boyhood passed before him, and he thought of the hopes that had fallen like the golden blossoms of the broom.

It was this remarkable manner of his, too, which caused him to be generally called ‘ Gilfillan the Poet.’ There was no other Gilfillan when we first knew him, for whom he might have been mistaken (for the Rev. George Gilfillan had not then written any of those pleasant, fearless, eloquent books of his), and it was simply because every one who had been in company with Robert Gilfillan felt that the poet was the man.

He was a person of good common sense, of business habits, when occasion required, and he had other qualities of ordinary men in their average measure ; but through all the rest of his character, in business, in conversation, at the festal board, above all, in the atmosphere of song, he was the child of nature, sentiment, and impulse, and *looking* all this more than he even had the power of expressing it in words (though of that expression, too, no feeble power was given him), he was called among his friends in Edinburgh and elsewhere, ‘ Gilfillan the Poet.’

But we must bring our remarks to a close. If it is difficult to form a correct judgment of a volume of songs from reading them, it is quite a hopeless task to give any idea of them in a ‘ review.’ How much does a lyrical sentiment or turn of language owe to the music, bright eyes, and dancing hearts which listen ! How flatly does a volume of songs *read* ; the very songs which, set to sweet melody, and sung at proper seasons, fill us with rapture ! Gilfillan’s best songs were best fitted for the social circle and the festal hour. They have many a hundred times thrilled, and will probably long thrill, the hearts of large circles of men, of very various kinds of hearts indeed. For as the songs to which we more particularly allude have nothing strained, local, or conventional, in them, but are simple, sweet, pure, and melodious as the voices of nature herself, in the birds and the streams, we believe that they will long remain among the popular songs of Scotland. And when we look back, and consider how very, *very* few of the songs even of the great masters of Scottish song remain in our collections, or are sung at our firesides, this must be a proud reflection to the friends of Gilfillan. His Bacchanalian songs, many of which are very popular, are never purely drinking lyrics ; like ‘ Wine, rosy wine,’ or ‘ I maun hae my cogie, sirs ! I canna want my cogie,’ or ‘ Jolly good ale and old.’ Friendship and love always share with the ‘ toddy bowl or claret cup’ in the inspiration of Gilfillan’s festive songs. He sings,—

' Let the wine mantle high in a goblet of joy,
 Be it Alicant bright or Burgundy famed,
 O ! my soul, like the cup, to my lip shall spring up
 When friendship and thou in a bumper art named !

As the Arab, while wandering the desert along,
 Forgets half his toil if a streamlet he find,
 So in life's dreary waste, fill a cup deep and strong,
 And sorrow and care we shall fling to the wind.'

However, there are some of Gilfillan's Bacchanalian ditties less likely even than this to be sung at a teetotal *soirée*.

His poems, not lyrical—or rather not intended to be sung (for everything he wrote had a lyrical cast)—are few in number, but some of them are very beautiful. In the following melodious fragment the reader will recognise the sorrowful note Gilfillan so often utters ; it is pathetic and tender, like the brief winter song of the russet bird to which we have compared him.

SONG.

Tune.—' I have seen, in the calm dewy morning.'

' They will come ! they will come ! the bright flowers
 In sunlight and beauty all gay ;
 But they bring not the fond happy hours,
 Nor music of years past away.

The spring time ! I hailed it with gladness,
 Its songs and its sweet flowery bloom ;
 But now I behold it with sadness—
 It wakes not the sleep of the tomb !

They are gone ! they are gone ! the light-hearted,
 That gladdened life's blithe early day—
 The young and the gay have departed ;
 The loved and the leal are away !

Oh ! spring flowers are sweet, softly waving,
 And summer has blossoms in store ;
 But rather the wintry winds raving,
 When friendship and love are no more !'

During the last years of Gilfillan's life, the few lyrics which he wrote were, as we have said, of a mournful, and, more than before, of a serious nature. In 'the Death of the Infants,' he has caught the wild, tender, mystic tone of the old ballad,—such as we see it in the Ettrick Shepherd's 'Kilmeny.'

' Oh ! many a sigh came frae the heart,
 And tears fell frae the e'e,
 When the bairns took flight to the world of light,
 Where tears can never be !

The sun shone with his fairest beam,
 To light them on their way;
 And the lav'rock high, with notes of joy,
 Attuned his sweetest lay.

"Sweet birdie say—which is the way
 That we'll gang through the sky!
 We left an earthly hame to-day
 For a heavenly hame on high."

The bird up flew on soaring wing
 Till near the hour of even,
 When the bairnies heard the angel's song
 At the portal gates o' heaven!

"Gang down! gang down! sweet bird, gang down,
 Nae farther maun ye flee;
 For these are sounds ye maunna hear,
 And sights ye maunna see."

The birdie turned him to the earth,
 The bairnies to the sky,
 While the seraph strain awoke again
 To welcome them with joy!

'The Stanzas written among the Ruins of a Village Church,'
 'The Poor Man's Grave,' and the 'Song of Peace,' will show the
 reader, what his personal friends well knew, that on the most
 momentous subject Gilfillan's affections became rightly and deeply
 set.

With our bard, in one of his later poems, we are disposed to
 fear that

'The halcyon days of song are fled,
 And may not come again.'

Burns, in his single person, effected more for Scottish song
 than all that have gone before or come after him, gathering up,
 as he did, all the gems of the old minstrelsy, and weaving them,
 among the rich jewels of his own genius, in the lyric crown
 which he wears. There would not, perhaps, be more difficulty
 in finding another Burns, than another Burns would himself
 experience in establishing a reputation like his own, now that
 he has appropriated, or rather gathered up, and fitly set, all those
 antique lyrical gems—those fragments of melody—beautiful old
 starting lines, and dancing choruses, which Burns found lying
 about neglected, or 'evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of
 a barbarous age.'

It seems but the other day that Gilfillan was lamenting for his
 old friend the Ettrick Shepherd,

'All mournfully, all mournfully, we bore the bard along,
 And laid him in the narrow house, where lives no voice of song;'

and now of himself we must say in his own words, on the death of Sir Walter Scott,

‘ The minstrel sleeps ! the charm is o’er
The bowl beside the fount is broken ;’

and in reference to the remarks we have just made on the decay of song, we may add, from the same beautiful poem,

‘ The mantle fallen is folded now,
And who may it unfold again ?’

ART. V.—*Golden Dreams and Waking Realities ; being the Adventures of a Gold-seeker in California and the Pacific Islands.* By William Shaw. 12mo. Pp. 316. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE intelligence recently received from Australia gives a special interest to this volume, and renders us doubly solicitous that its warnings should be extensively circulated. It seems probable, that in that distant colony similar scenes will be enacted to those witnessed in California—not on the same scale, it may be, nor affecting so widely the interest and fortune of the civilized world ; but like them in character, and equally disastrous to the great majority of the parties concerned. The passion for gold is one of the most general and potent to which our nature is subject. It is perfectly insatiate, growing with its indulgence until it becomes a solitary dweller in the heart, having banished thence not only every virtue, but all the ordinary susceptibilities and social affinities of our nature. It was so in the days of Spanish adventure, when South America was first thrown open to European enterprise. Whatever was high-minded and chivalrous in the Spanish character sank before its corrupting influence. The soldiers of the peninsula became the robbers of America ; and after having been corrupted by the passions which were engendered, brought back—when they chanced to return—the vilest passions which can debase the heart, or disorganize a social fabric. The present condition of Spain speaks volumes as to the degradation which follows the national indulgence of this ignoble passion.

California has witnessed in our own day scenes of a similar character. With the details of such scenes we are unacquainted. Their predicted results only are known, and these have been viewed through a distorted medium, which has served to conceal

what was repulsive, and to give an exaggerated appearance to what might be beneficial. The civilized world has rung with the report of a new El Dorado, in which the elements of wealth were profusely scattered, and lay ready to the hand of the visitor. An immense tide of emigration has in consequence set in for California. The needy, the restless, the spendthrift, the gambler, and the outcast, have resorted thither in immense crowds, allured by hopes never to be realized, and prepared for every crime which consists with the maintenance of any kind of order. Americans and British, French and Germans, have hastened to the land of promise. The ordinary avocations of life have been abandoned. From the remotest of our colonies, from the farthest States of the Union, men have journeyed to the region of gold, and on the countenance of all, one master passion has been depicted. Incredible hardships by sea and by land have been endured; a corroding selfishness has settled on the heart; prudence and economy have been cast to the winds; and the demon of avarice, the greedy passion of gain, has blinded its votaries to the fevers, murders, and, with few exceptions, unutterable wretchedness which lay in their path. Until very recently, a dark veil has been drawn over these tragedies. We have heard of a golden harvest, the wealth rapidly accumulated by a few fortunate adventurers, but the thousand instances of disappointment, the haggard forms, the worn-out spirits, the recklessness of despair, have not met our eye. The groans and the curses which betokened at once the misery and the guilt of the adventurers have not reached our ear, and we have in consequence been speculating on the effect to be produced on the currency of the world, when we ought to have raised a loud and indignant protest against the hot bed of iniquity which has been formed.

Happily the truth is beginning to dawn upon us, and we trust that the fever has attained its height. Experience is correcting false hopes, and the jaded forms and woful tales of those who return—alas! how few—are serving to arrest the expatriation of others who were preparing to sacrifice the blessedness of home, without the slightest chance of an equivalent. The lesson received in California is adapted to mitigate, though it may not wholly prevent, the recurrence of similar casualties and crimes in the Australias. It is with this view especially that we call attention to the volume before us, which is presented as ‘a vivid and faithful picture of the vicissitudes and privations experienced by gold-seekers.’

Having chosen the sea as a profession, Mr. Shaw sailed for India as a midshipman in 1845, but being desirous of visiting other countries, he left the service in 1848, and proceeded to

Adelaide. Not finding there the opening he anticipated, he resolved on returning to England, when the report of vast wealth to be gained in California induced him to sail thither. The result of his observations is now given to the public, in the hope of dissipating 'the golden dreams of others,' without their having, like himself, to experience the disagreeable 'waking realities.' Mr. Shaw left Adelaide for San Francisco in the *Mazeppa*, a small clipper-built ship of 170 tons register, and his voyage was attended by more than the usual amount of inconvenience. The following brief extract will sufficiently reveal the discomforts of the passage:—

'After leaving Port Nicholson, we encountered heavy weather, and took a northerly course, sighting Pitcairn's Island. On entering the tropics, we felt in full force all the inconveniences of our confined berths and the proximity of the Malay crew: from whom we were only separated by a thin partition. The effluvia from colored people, always disagreeable, and odious when aggravated by heat and uncleanness, now became intolerable; and, to add to our disgust and discomfort, cock-roaches and other vermin swarmed everywhere. The ship had formerly been sugar-laden, which accounted for the quantities of cock-roaches; the filthy habits of the Malays generated the smaller vermin: scarcely any of the Malays had a change of clothing. The fore-castle, what with the exudations, the heat, and the vermin, exhaled the most noisome odours that ever steamed from a heap of putrescence. Our small steerage acted as a safety valve for the escape of foul atmosphere from the fore-castle, which, together with the nuisance of rats, in addition to insect vermin, rendered the deck the only tolerable sleeping place: the rats bit us in our sleep, and one of us was awake by a rat browsing on his eyebrows.'—P. 4.

In the beginning of September, the *Mazeppa* entered the bay of San Francisco. The adventurers had now gained their starting point in the region of gold, and their anxiety became intense. Their hopes were soon to be tested. A few weeks, or even days, might prove their folly or their wisdom, in having journeyed so far and submitted to so many discomforts. Were those hopes to be realized? Were the visions which had gleamed before them to be followed by wealth and happiness, or were they to prove the delusions of an over-wrought imagination? Such were the questions forced upon them by the sight of San Francisco, and all felt that the time was at length come when they were to be solved. It was not unnatural that the voyagers should begin, as our author tells us, 'to moderate their eager expectations, and duly consider the dangers and hardships likely to be undergone.' If such were the feelings with which their voyage was terminated, the scene on shore might well increase their anxiety. The town itself consisting mainly of tents, canvass booths, and

other rude temporary dwellings, is built on a succession of elevations, and the *city*, which forms the central and most densely populated part, is composed of wooden-frame houses. On the beach, 'where filth of every description, and stagnant pools beset one at every stride,' was a vast collection of tents, in which was congregated the refuse of all nations, crowded together in an incredibly small space. 'Scenes of depravity, sickness, and wretchedness, shocked the moral sense, as much as filth and effluvia did the nerves; and such was the state of personal insecurity, that few "citizens" slept without fire-arms at hand.'

We need not wonder at the atrocities which were of daily occurrence. Every man looked to himself for protection, and nearly all were prepared to take any advantage of others, which could be made to consist with their own safety. Law was impotent; government was a name; mere force was the divinity before which all bowed. 'Steel and lead were the only arguments available for redress, and bystanders looked on unconcernedly at acts of violence; the cause of the dispute, or the justice of the punishment inflicted, being seldom inquired into.'

The motive which draws men to Francisco from all quarters of the globe, prevents surprise at our author's account of the gaming-houses which abound there:—

'It is very exciting (he says), to enter these Pandemoniums: loud music resounds, amidst which is heard the chinking of money, and the place is redolent of the fumes of wine, spirits, and tobacco. These houses are the favourite lounge for those who seek shelter from the dust of summer, the mud of winter, or the ennui of idleness. Day and night these hells swarm with people, of all grades and nations; the heat and odours arising from the motley crowd, mingled with smoke and gas, render the temperature very oppressive; and the foul atmosphere seriously affects the nerves and lungs of frequenters of the tables, as their sallow and harassed countenances testify.

'Every device likely to beguile the stranger is resorted to, regardless of cost; gamblers being well aware that the force of example is apt to induce those who only entered as casual spectators to stake money. From the twanging of guitars and scraping of violins, to clashing of cymbals and banging of drums, musical sounds of all kinds attract the ear of the passer by: in the *Aguila D'Oro*, a band of Ethiopian serenaders beat their banjos, rattled their "bones," and shouted their melodies. But the most successful decoy has been the introduction of women: in some gaming-houses fascinating belles, theatrically dressed, take their stand at roulette tables, purposely to allure men to play; and, there being a scarcity of the fair sex in this country, these syrens too often prove irresistible.

'Rouge et noir, *faro*, roulette, and *monté*, are the general games. At each table sit two bankers, *vis-a-vis*; the centre of the table is piled with doubloons, gold eagles, and dollars. The bankers play to each other, presenting two cards, upon either of which the player stakes his

money; the result depending on the card next drawn from the pack. The game being simple, there is little opportunity for deception: but the bankers are generally successful. If the player continues, fortune may favor him for awhile; but the resources of the bank, however heavy the stake, are generally adequate to the demand, though I have seen banks broken. While the players are eager and excited, the pale countenance of the banker maintains its serenity, not the movement of a muscle indicating what is passing within. Very few know when to play, and have sufficient presence of mind to leave off. When successful, the infatuation of gambling chains them to the table; and when reverses occur, still hoping fortune will turn, some play on till they lose all they possess; then beggared and dejected, they rush out to seek anew the means of obtaining or terminating existence.

'In some rooms, loaded revolvers garnish the table on each side of the banker; he generally, however, secretes a small one in his breast. On the slightest disturbance, the rigid countenance of the banker becomes agitated, and without inquiring into the cause of tumult, the ring of a pistol ball commonly suppresses confusion. At night, it is by no means safe for a winner to return home; for outrages have been committed in the very heart of the town. I have seen a winner at some tables peremptorily called back; the banker insisting on his continuing the play.'—Pp. 42—46.

In company with the second mate of the *Mazeppa*, whom he designates Mac, our author proceeded to the 'diggings' in the *Diana*, a cutter, of twelve tons only. At Stockton he landed, and began to make preparation for the overland route. 'Stockton has a more primitive appearance than Francisco: there were comparatively few wood buildings, the stores and taverns being mostly of canvass nailed on to frame-work; and the want of stowage was very evident in the quantity of goods everywhere exposed. The greatest bustle and activity prevailed, however; a large amount of business seemed to be transacted, and gambling was carried on more extensively, and money more recklessly squandered, than I had hitherto seen.' A Chinese, with a Malay boy and Mac, determined on accompanying Mr. Shaw. On inquiry, they found twenty adventurers bound for the mines, whom they joined. The party was under the direction of two guides, who had charge of five mules loaded with provisions for the storekeepers at some remote diggings. Fastening their blankets on the mules, each carried on his back a week's provender. Their guns were strapped on behind, and pistols and bowie knives graced their belt. The company, exclusive of our author's party, consisted of Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, and two Cornish miners, and their track at first lay through a park-like country, the herbage of which was parched, and cracked like glass beneath their feet. On the evening of the first day, they met a company of fifty

American overlanders, who 'were sadly emaciated and way-worn, with haggard eyes, long matted hair, and beards of two months' growth; their forms seemed to have shrunk, for their clothes hung loose on their attenuated frames, like rags on scare-crows.' They were the remnant of a party from the back woods of Illinois, and had lost several of their companions in their route. Our readers will not be surprised at this, after reading the following account of the sufferings of Mr. Shaw and his associates:—

'We came to no water that day, but were told that we should find some the next morning. At dusk we squatted down in the sand, covered with dust; being without wood, we could not light a fire. For the first time for months, I denied myself a pipe, lest it should increase my thirst; taking a slight draught of water, being too exhausted to eat, I fell asleep, oppressed with fatigue; but was continually awoke by the howling of wolves, which hovered around. I was aroused at break of day by Mac belaboring me; and at first felt glad, but soon recoiled at the prospect of such another day's journey; the day being as hot as the preceding one.

'We hastened onward, but the water-hole on which we relied was dried up; in vain the earth around was scooped out, it yielded nothing: never shall I forget the consternation and dejection pictured on men's countenances as we gazed at one another. During the night, in expectation of speedy replenishment, the water-vessels of some had been emptied; I thought of the parable of the foolish virgins, as I looked on the flushed faces and glazing eyes of the unfortunates. Their case was truly pitiable: they at least expected commiseration, but the harsh summons of the muleteer cut short any considerations of humane sympathy. "Onwards, men! onwards! Forty miles off is the Stanislaus! Each man for himself, I say: I've darned little to spare."

'Onwards we went. Fain would I have swallowed at a draught the small remainder of our supply of water, my vitals seemed on fire; but the Malay boy's life and my own depended on it. Overpowered with heat, exhausted by exertion, burnt up with thirst, those without water to moisten their parched lips and throat could with difficulty keep pace with us. By degrees they divested themselves of their burdens and their clothes, which they left strewed on the plain; each mile they became more enfeebled; in vain they beseeched us to halt: our lives were at stake. Two of them actually licked the bodies of the mules for the sake of the animal exudations, to relieve their thirst; but a thick coating of dust prevented their deriving any beneficial effects. One man in his desperation seized hold of the water-skin hanging to the mule. "Avast there, stranger!" cried the muleteer, and a loaded pistol intimidated the sufferer. . . .

'In the afternoon, those without water, who had with difficulty kept pace with us during the day, having become almost delirious from imbibing brandy, finding that they could not proceed further, or excite our compassion, determined, if left behind, to keep together; four of them did so. Never shall I forget their imploring looks of despair,

and the imprecations following our departure. This desertion appears cruel, but our hearts were hardened: self-preservation, that most imperative of nature's instincts, prevailed over all other feelings. Had we stayed we could have rendered them but temporary service, and our own lives depended on our speed. The unfortunate men in all probability soon became insensible, and fell a prey to wolves or Indians: both equally on the alert for helpless stragglers.

'The prospect of speedy relief made us almost disregard our sufferings, and walking fast, we halted at dark about twenty miles from the river. No wood was to be had, so we camped without a fire: chewing tobacco for the moisture it excited was resorted to by some; and the majority having finished their water at supper, the probability of an attack being made on those who had any left, was hinted at by the muleteers. We were too fatigued to watch, but to guard against an attack we slept together rolled up in our blankets, with pistol in hand, and the water bags attached to us. During the night vigils the wolves again visited us; but the imploring cries, irritated exclamations, and angry discontent of those without water, were far more distressing than the howling of wild beasts. As we could find little repose, some of us started before day-break; those who remained behind proposing to follow us at leisure.'—Pp. 69—73.

From this state of terrible exhaustion they were relieved by gaining the banks of a river, into whose cooling stream mules and men rushed indiscriminately. At length they gained the object of their search, and on entering the *camp* of the diggers—there were no houses—they were assailed with questions respecting the quantity and kind of provisions brought. The settlement now gained was situated at the foot of the mountains, and consisted of numerous tents, the smaller ones belonging to the diggers, and the larger ones being used as stores. Having fixed on a locality for their operations, they erected a bush-tent of the most primitive character, and immediately began their labor, the mode of which is thus described:—

'Commencing within a few feet of the water's edge I handled a pick and spade, shovelling out the earth to Mac, whose shoulders were best able to carry a burden; he delivered the soil to the Celestial, who stood in the water shaking to and fro the rocker; he then handed the auriferous sediment to the inspection of the sharp-eyed Malay boy, who washed it in "Mambrino's helmet" till nothing but pure gold-dust remained.

'The rocker in shape and size resembles a child's cradle; about six inches from the top is a drawer, the bottom of which is made of tin or iron, drilled with holes like a cullender; into this drawer the earth is thrown, water being plentifully applied to it, so as to loosen the substance. By shaking the cradle backwards and forwards the earth becomes slimy, and sinks through on to a tray below, placed in a slanting direction with a ledge at the end; by constant rocking, the particles of earth are held in solution by the water and wash out into the river,

while the mineral, from its superior specific gravity, sinks on to the tray, where the ledge arrests it. The upper drawer containing the large stones and fragments of rock being removed, the under tray is then taken out, and the results of the washing are seen near to the ledge, where minute particles of gold-dust, grit, and some grains of black sand are usually observable. The gold and refuse mixed with it are then put into a baking tin and rewashed carefully; the black sand being usually abstracted with a magnet, or blown off sheets of paper by the breath; some who work on a larger scale use a more economical but expensive apparatus of quicksilver; which, by the force of attraction, separates the refuse particles without the slightest loss of the precious metal.

'The arduous labor very sensibly affected our limbs for the first few days; but when we became more accustomed to our tools, it wore off. Unremitting labor from sun-rise till sun-set was necessary; our very existence depending on the day's produce. Indeed, but for the excitement and the hope of great gain, gold-digging might be pronounced the severest, and most monotonous of all labor. We changed our digging occasionally, but we generally obtained sufficient gold-dust to procure us the necessities of life. 'Twenty-five dollars' worth was the most we ever secured in a day, and that only on one occasion; from fifteen to eighteen dollars seemed to be the usual average of daily findings, not only with us, but most others; and our station seemed to be considered by old hands as prolific as any other.'—Pp. 81—83.

The cost of provisions and tools was enormous, so as to exhaust all their gains, and to leave them at the close of each day with the bare means of subsistence. Viewed in relation to the price of such commodities in this country, our author and his companions might appear to be in the way of amassing wealth: but when a loaf of bread was sold for six dollars, and other things in proportion, we can readily understand the necessity which existed for continued toil. An enemy, however, was advancing for which no preparation had been made, and whom they could not resist. Their labor was exhausting even at the best, but was absolutely destructive as winter approached.

'In California the year is divided into a wet and dry season; the wet season is from November to March, during which period foggy weather and chilly south-west winds prevail; while arid north-east winds blow in the summer, or dry season. We had hitherto been subject to intense heat, sufficient to scorch us up; the sight of everything parched affecting the senses almost to giddiness. Now we experienced the reverse; about three weeks after our arrival rainy weather set in quite unexpectedly; we had made no provision for it; our hut was ill adapted for bad weather, and the rain pouring through our frail habitation perfectly deluged us. Our first consideration, therefore, was to make it more tenable, which we partially effected by fastening blankets around the interior; but nothing could withstand the violence of the weather: the rain pouring down continually, and with irresistible

force, our temporary protection soon gave way ; torrents of rain poured incessantly. Vegetation seemed to shoot out suddenly, verdure appearing almost instantaneously on every side. At mid-day it was a July heat, of an evening and morning the chill of January.'—P. 89.

Still they labored on, but the terrors of ague, rheumatism, fever, dysentery, and other accompaniments of a Californian winter, soon foreshadowed their approach. Their hut was demolished by wind and rain, the river rapidly flooded, the Malay was attacked with spasms, the Chinese with fever, and Mr. Shaw and Mac experiencing 'a shivering sensation,' began to fear that their own health would give way. 'The thoughts of sickness,' he says, 'depressed us more than all ; for we knew that few in California were disposed to be humane. However, we determined to hold out as long as we could against the inclemencies of the season, watching its effects upon our dependents, whom we could not desert in their present state. Our illness increasing, it was with the greatest difficulty we could exert ourselves sufficiently to keep the fire alive and cook food, for the pains in our limbs made moving a labor ; while the dismal moans of the others were distressing, and filled us with alarm.'

The general state of things was similar to what existed in our author's tent.

'In the morning (he says) I took a stroll around the tents ; a most ominous silence prevailed : of the busy crowds not one was to be seen at work : all was as still as an hospital : we had not been the only sufferers ; sickness universally prevailed ; seeming as infectious as the plague. In every tent lay sufferers in various stages of disease ; out of two hundred, at least twenty had died, and not more than sixty were able to move ; those convalescent would be seen gathered together in the stores.'—Pp. 97, 98.

The monotony of the scene was broken up by an eruption of the Indians, who destroyed two men in one of the outermost tents. A party instantly proceeded on their track, and took summary vengeance, which is coolly detailed, in a style that painfully indicates the brutalizing influences of a gold-seeker's life. Worn out at length, his means exhausted, the Chinaman and the Malay delirious, and near death, and Mac, his 'last and best shipmate,' too enfeebled to journey, Mr. Shaw determined to retrace his steps, and, if possible, return to Francisco. It was a perilous enterprise. Two hundred miles of wilderness lay before him. The Indian and the beast of prey would be on his path, but the love of life was strong, and he resolved on the attempt. It was his only chance for life, and though filled with danger, he wisely undertook it. Twelve yards of jerked beef dried in strips, six pounds of biscuit, one of

beans, and two of flour, filled his knapsack ; while blankets, a water-bag, a pair of pistols, and a large bowie knife, completed his equipment. We are not surprised to learn that on ascending the first steep mountain, he gave a last 'long look at the diggings,' and thought much, and in very bitterness of heart, of the rude manner in which his golden dreams had been dispelled. The hopes which had prompted him to visit the region contrasted mournfully with the poverty and wretchedness that marked his departure. Imaginary wealth had lured him on, but the struggle now was for existence simply. The brilliant fortune which imagination had depicted, had burst like a worthless bubble, and he sought, a solitary traveller, to find his way back to the dwellings of civilization and good faith. It was a bitter lesson he had learnt, one which thousands are now conning, and which will yet give a melancholy hue to the experience of many laborers in the same field.

Mr. Shaw's journey from the 'diggings' to Stockton was both perilous and exhausting. The wind and rain blew mercilessly in his face, the track was obliterated by recent rain, and the more prominent features of the country were his only guide. Indians and grizzly bears were the chief sources of his anxiety, and a river occasionally crossed his path which it was necessary to ford. On one of these occasions he seems almost to have abandoned hope, and in a fit of despondency, which we are unable to estimate, 'he sat down to ruminate.' What followed affords a partial view of the perils of his journey:—

'I had not progressed (he says) more than half the distance from the mines ; the state of my provisions would not admit of delay ; sickness, starvation, and ridicule at the diggings, would probably attend a retrograde step. Hope urged me onward, and summoning up my courage for the task, I resolved to run the chance, and cross the river at all hazards ; so, unbuckling the burden on my shoulders, holding it by a slender cord with one hand, my gun above my head with the other, and my knife between my teeth, I cautiously entered the water. On gaining the middle of the stream, I felt with painful anxiety the water rising higher and higher ; and the current nearly carrying me off my legs, compelled me reluctantly to use the gun as a support and sounding rod : the general depth averaged from my waist upwards to the neck ; for a minute I was immersed over head, but regained a footing without sacrificing my pack ; and succeeded in crossing safely.'—Pp. 129, 130.

His next attempt at fording was more eventful. Carried away by the stream he would unquestionably have perished, but for a party of Mission or Catholic Indians, who rescued him from his peril. 'On recovering my senses,' he tells us, 'I found myself lying on my back, with a ponderous and excessively ugly squaw laboring to pump the water out of my

mouth by kneeling on my chest with a heavy pressure sufficient to break my ribs. The violence of her exertions had disordered her long hair, a mass of which hung over my mouth and face, smelling strongly and odiously of tallow and fish. She seemed exceedingly gratified when my eyes opened, and uttering a loud exclamation, which was caught up by a dozen others, a crowd gathered around us with torches which dazzled my eyes.' The Indians treated him kindly, supplied his wants, restored his equipment and gun, and parted from him with regret. He arrived at length at Stockton, and in the absence of better accommodation, settled himself to sleep beneath a waggon, when he was suddenly aroused by a shriek of pain and horror from a neighboring sleeper. The cause of this interruption, unfolding another of the many perils of the region, is thus detailed :—

' He was a hale, gigantic man, of about thirty, who had been stung by a venomous insect, peculiar to that country, the sting of which he knew to be mortal; a convulsive tremor shook his frame, and the perspiration dropped from his brows, as he stood before a large fire with his hands clasped, exclaiming, "The Lord have mercy on my soul!" Various remedies were proposed, but he shook his head: "No," said he, "die I must," and thus philosophically he resigned himself to his fate. He had been a volunteer in the American army, and with several comrades, had returned from the mines to winter. Intelligence of this disaster had a startling effect on most of the sleepers. I, as well as others, from a morbid curiosity, watched the gradual working of the venom. The doomed man, with the equanimity of a Socrates, joined in conversation, but kept drinking large draughts of brandy; violent spasms soon came on, and he shouted for more liquor; his features seen by the lurid light of the fire were horrible to contemplate, and it was not without violent struggles that he gave up the ghost.'—P. 143.

From Stockton Mr. Shaw returned to Francisco in an open boat, with five sailors, whom he fortunately met with at the former place, and who were induced by one of their number, bearing the somewhat equivocal name of 'Cockney Bill,' to receive him to their mess. Of the hardships he endured on the passage we cannot speak, nor of his miserable experience in this 'ungodly city, where savage acts of lawless violence were perpetrated with impunity.' He finally quitted Francisco in the same vessel as had brought him thither, and on his way to Sydney touched at the Sandwich and Navigator Islands. The general tone of our author's narrative does not warrant much confidence in the candor of his strictures on the operations of the missionaries in the former of these groups. We are not, therefore, surprised at the disparaging character of his report. It is just such as might have been expected, and as we are now accustomed to. What occurs at home is frequently misunderstood, and consequently

misrepresented ; and we need not, therefore, wonder that casual visitors in distant lands, who look at missionary procedure from a distance, and through a distorted medium, should make reports respecting it which are alien from the truth. The legitimate fruits of Christian teaching are so repugnant to the tastes of a large majority of men, that we should be prepared to have our good evil spoken of. It has been so in all ages, and amongst all people, and the tendency to this evil is in proportion to the alienation of an observer from the purity and saintship of God's family. We are not disposed to maintain that missionaries are immaculate, but we do say that their integrity and usefulness have been made apparent in proportion as their labors have been sifted, and the facts of their history known. Our author deals in general statements, which it is difficult to meet, but there is an *animus* conspicuous throughout the whole, which is far from adding to the weight of his testimony. Notwithstanding this deduction, however—which we much regret—we commend his volume to our readers. Its details are deeply interesting, and in the way of warning have much value, while his crimination of the American brethren—for to them we suppose he refers—may serve to prompt an investigation, out of which may flow results analogous to what has been elicited in other and similar cases. If in any instance the civil power has been employed to aid religion, a serious blunder and crime has been committed, and the sooner it is known the better. As yet we are unconvinced, but let evidence of the fact be adduced, and we will be amongst the first and the most earnest to denounce it.

ART. VI.—1. *A Tour in South Africa, with Notices of Natal, Mauritius, Madagascar, Ceylon, Egypt, and Palestine.* By J. J. Freeman, Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society. London: Snow. 1851.

2. *Cape of Good Hope. Journals of Two Visitations in 1848 and 1850.* By the Right Rev. Robert Gray, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cape Town. London: Rivingtons. 1849 and 1851

FROM the sanguinary scenes recorded by general history, piety turns with grateful joy to the triumphs of religion. These are of a different order, and issue in a more glorious result. They have to do with the territory of mind, the conquest of the heart, the victories of Christ. Their object is to compel (by a moral

influence) every man to be a conqueror of himself, to elevate degraded humanity to the summit of all possible excellence, and thus to promote the glory of God. They aim not to sweep away political dynasties, or to destroy the partitions or landmarks of the earth; but to erect the empire of truth and happiness in the human soul, upon the ruins of idolatry, superstition, and depravity.

In the accomplishment of these important purposes, the providence of God has employed a missionary agency. In itself it may appear feeble, so that the worldly-wise and learned have sometimes deemed it infatuation and laughed it to scorn. But out of weakness God has elicited strength, uttering his own voice through human organs, and smiting the most towering prejudices to the ground, by what seemed outwardly the least adequate and efficacious instrumentality. From the very beginning of Christianity, and, in fact, as an essential part of its systematic operations, 'it has pleased God by the *foolishness of preaching*'—that is the world's estimate—'to save them that believe.'

Mistaking the character of the gospel, and in reality ignorant of its true design, the Jesuit missions, to promote their own proselyting politics, endeavoured to render Christianity more palatable to the heathen by perverting its statements and stripping it of its grand peculiarities, that it might assume no ignominious or offensive aspect; and their signal failure has been a memento of their folly and wickedness, while it has strengthened the confidence of the Protestant world in the 'simplicity that is in Christ.' The plain preaching of the gospel is that penetrating energy which divine wisdom has prepared, and which divine grace will bless to deliver man, in whatever region, from the depths of apostasy and moral ruin.

The largest portion of a century has elapsed since the commencement of modern missions, and we are now in the position to ask, with some intelligent apprehension of the subject, what has been done, what is doing, and what may yet be attempted? These three questions we cannot, indeed, at present fully investigate; but we will venture to offer a remark or two on the first of them as introductory to the notice of the volumes in hand.

In the first place, in looking at the labours of sixty or seventy years, during which so much time, property, and life have been expended, while so many prayers have been offered, so many societies formed for the evangelization of the heathen, and so many expectations have been raised, we have a right to think that something, and something considerable has certainly been accomplished; otherwise God's promises respecting the success of his word must be supposed to have failed, or there must have been an essential error in the principle or mode of action. Our

attempts must have been undermined by impurity of motive, or thwarted by the improper methods of our zeal. Success, however, has been granted, and is visible to every one who takes even the most cursory glance at the missionary field. Asia, Africa, and the islands of the distant sea attest it. Many converts have been won from heathenism; many barbarous customs in various places have been discontinued; many prejudices in yet unsanctified minds have been subdued; many hostile tongues have been silenced; many languages have been made to express the sentiments of Christianity, and to convey its Bible to some of the remotest corners of the globe; and many temples of worship scattered through the desert places of humanity, are occupied with the assemblies, and resound with the songs, of Zion.

In the next place, it is to be fairly presumed, nay, we have abundant evidences of the fact, that much more is actually accomplished by missionary agency than meets the eye. Perhaps, it may even be said, that the superficial effect is inferior to what may be termed in a sense its subterraneous influence. It is beautiful to trace the meanderings of the general stream of life along the vales of public and obvious operation; but meanwhile various and distant places, hidden recesses, or wide-spread plains are irrigated by the little rills of individual activity, which shall hereafter manifest their efficiency, ever working but greatly concealed, in the springing up of a spiritual vegetation that will turn the wilderness into a garden of the Lord. We might cite many instances already occurring in the field of missionary labour of this kind, and we particularly suggest the idea, as tending to enable us to appreciate correctly the character of many pious and indefatigable servants of God, who may have been comparatively overlooked or undervalued, and whose labours have been ignorantly depreciated and disesteemed. A missionary, for example, goes into a place that is unpromising or of difficult cultivation. It shall not, we suppose, be an unpeopled region, or say that it is even a large and populous city. There he labours amidst idolatries, discouragements of various kinds, and perhaps of dangers too. The impression produced in ten or twenty years of assiduous effort may be apparently very insignificant. He has some converts, he forms a small church, it fluctuates in numbers, suffers greatly from the wastes of mortality; may even be visited by divisions, and sometimes diminished by false profession, and only survives in the persons of fifteen or five-and-twenty members. And what are these, it is said, in such a world of heathenism? Is this all, after years of toil and a vast expenditure? Is this handful the only harvest from the seed that has been profusely sown? In reply to these questions many considerations might be advanced. The Saviour did not

despise his 'little flock'—the measure of success is not the rule of duty—prosperity to a remarkable degree has not unfrequently ensued upon self-denying and almost solitary labours, which has been traceable to the silent and secret influence of the past, as preparatory to the future, more than to immediate and present effort—the effect of character in an individual missionary upon the minds and habits of those who, nevertheless, stand aloof from his direct operations, and especially, what is now in our view, the usefulness arising from the multiplication of agency beyond his own sphere, and yet by his means. In the course of time, many who have been converted by his instrumentality, are dispersed among other and distant tribes. Each becomes in his place an antagonist of heathenism, a light in some dark and unknown village, the originator of another Christian society, which, but for his primary connexion with the small and possibly dwindling community, whence he came in the spirit and power of the gospel, might never have existed. Thus, though the church in question may be small, the members of that church, dispersed by various circumstances, may have a wide and powerful influence, commissioned by Providence or driven by persecution, as in the first days of Christianity, into other regions.

Further, on the other hand, we must not, in estimating justly the present result of missionary undertakings, be disregarding the fact, that, in some respects, less may have been accomplished than we have been led to suppose, and that disappointments with regard to progress have been the consequence. Men of different temperaments view the general state of things and their own labours differently. As they are themselves of a slow or sanguine cast, as they are naturally cautious, timid, and self-suspicious, or ardent, bold, and confident, their communications will partake of the particular hue of their own minds. Some will deal more in naked facts; others, in imaginative descriptions; the pages of the one will be colourless, those of the other glowing with enthusiasm. It is not every one that can write with frigid exactness; nor, in fact, every reader or every society that is susceptible of a precisely accurate impression, where their own prepossessions and calculations have disposed them to hail every indication of even the smallest success. But, although exaggerated statements (with no purpose, however, of deceiving) and exaggerated estimates (still with no intention of deducing false conclusions) may have somewhat affected plain historical realities, and for these, on every ground of justice and kindness we must make due allowance, yet there is enough in every field of missionary operation to encourage hope, to justify perseverance, and to inspire a prayerful reliance on Divine promises.

Again, there is another point to which we would just refer, though it is of a nature to require a larger space for discussion than can be now devoted to it—perhaps the subject may be hereafter resumed—we mean, the tenacity with which particular stations are frequently retained, and the generally centralizing character of missionary enterprise. With regard to the former, have we not our Master's authority for the relinquishment of unpromising localities, so that if not received or encouraged in one place, should not societies adopt and our agents proceed to others? And with regard to the latter, it may be inquired, is the course which our Saviour has so emphatically required, really pursued, to go forth into all nations, and preach the gospel to every creature? We fix a missionary here and another there; we not only form churches, build chapels, and contribute large funds to aid the proceedings of missionaries in their chosen and often limited spheres, but keep them there; sometimes, perhaps, in defiance of circumstances, and amidst the loudest calls of Providence for a more wide-extending itinerancy. Even at the hazard of some decay from abandonment, though this we verily believe by proper management would be seldom, it might be wise, useful, and scriptural, to break up the fallow ground in other places of spiritual destitution, and go forth like the sower from land to land, till the whole world shall be cultivated.

Two circumstances have contributed, since the establishment of missions, materially to aid their advancement, in a manner which may be termed indirect. The first of these arises out of an evil. Unceasing toil, continued for years, and in climates unfavourable to European constitutions, has rendered it absolutely necessary that missionaries should, from time to time, return to their native land for the restoration of health. Some have persevered too long in nobly carrying out their conscientious sense of duty, in occupying their chosen spheres of exertion, and perished on the field. Over these we have wept with the profoundest sympathy; and cherish their memories as heroes encircled with a halo of glory, however, for themselves, and for the general cause, perhaps somewhat mistaken in their decision. Others, assured that they must either die or for a season return, have obtained the sanction of their directing body for the latter alternative. The result has proved every way beneficial. They have not only been renewed in vigour, but while regaining that vigour, and before expatriating themselves once more, have become exceedingly useful in promoting the missionary cause, by communicating important information, reviving and extending the missionary feeling at home, and enabling their friends and supporters to take a more distinct and definite view, and, therefore, to cherish a deeper interest in

particular localities and particular men. Erroneous conclusions have thus been corrected, facilities or difficulties in the propagation of the gospel in various directions have been better understood, a power of realization has been created, and the expiring embers of missionary enthusiasm, in some cases, have been rekindled.

The second circumstance is that of the respective societies engaged in missionary undertakings, sending forth individuals of known character and trustworthiness from their body, as deputations, to visit the various countries and localities where their agents have been labouring. By this means committees have looked as with their own eyes on these fields, and heard with their own ears, the sentiments of their expatriated brethren ; so that they have been able to comprehend their efforts and their requirements. Moreover, the missionaries have derived the greatest encouragement in their solitudes from this free and fraternal intercourse, the link of connexion has been strengthened between them and the parent societies, and they, too, have received details of information calculated to guide their judgment and regulate their communications.

We are thus brought immediately to the volume which stands first at the head of this article and its lamented author. At the very moment of writing the intelligence has arrived of his death : an event which the Christian world will deeply deplore. Mr. Freeman was a man of eminent qualifications for the work assigned him. He was amiable, ardent, intelligent, and undaunted. He was early imbued with the missionary spirit—had himself laboured diligently and successfully, amidst great difficulties, in the missionary field—was held in the highest estimation both at home and abroad, knew well how to give advice,—and how to look at political affairs in relation to the welfare of the Church and the world. His opinions were deliberately formed, and candidly, but with becoming firmness, expressed. He made the world of missions his own, dwelt in all its interests, and, while working effectually and specifically for one society, manifested a cosmopolite catholicity for all.

The Directors of the London Missionary Society, having numerous missionary stations in South Africa, in the autumn of 1848, requested Mr. Freeman to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of investigating their circumstances ; then to visit the island of Mauritius, and afterwards particularly to inquire into the state of the native Christians in Madagascar. Having accomplished this important task, he extended his journey to Ceylon, and returned through Egypt and Palestine to England, in the present year. Besides information of a strictly missionary character, he has introduced into the narra-

tive many incidental matters, especially in relation to the welfare of the Cape Colony and the Kaffir war.

In the first, second, and third chapters, we are furnished with an account of the various mission stations and institutions of the colony. Having quitted the Cape, passed through the large district of Swellendam, with its extensive flocks of fine woolled sheep, he proceeded to the institution of Zuurbraak, twelve miles in advance. Of this we have the following account:—

‘My impressions on entering the village of Zuurbraak, and passing through a portion of it to the Mission premises, were on the whole pleasing, and yet somewhat sombre. There are some signs of improvement. Some houses are rebuilding, but many huts yet remain. There are gardens, but they want enclosures. There is not all one wishes to see, as proof that so much has been done for the people’s improvement. Yet, when I compare what exists with the past, and think of two hundred families residing here, so far advanced as they are, I am grateful, encouraged, and even joyous. All are decently housed to what they formerly were,—in far better condition than the peasantry of England in the palmy days of Elizabeth, or the peasantry of Ireland now,—they are comfortably clad in fabrics of English manufacture; all are on the way to a higher civilization, and all enjoy the ordinances of religion.

‘Besides attending the usual public services on the Sunday, I went in the afternoon to the schools. The adults were in the chapel, the children in the school-room. Of the former I found one hundred and fifty men, and one hundred and twenty women in the classes; of the latter, about one hundred and forty. I heard most of the classes read a little. About twenty or thirty women read with very creditable facility; some of them with great ease. Some old persons are also doing their best, though evidently commencing rather too late in life to make much progress. But it is a sight worth looking at—spectacles employed to learn A B C. Cato began Greek at eighty.

‘After school a prayer-meeting was held. The natives conducted the devotional exercises; and I must say they did so with intelligence, simplicity, and apparent fervour. A native woman pitched the well-known tunes of Devizes, Derby, and Mariner’s, familiar to my ears from my youth upward. In the morning we had had the Old Hundredth, and Irish. The voice of joy and rejoicing is in the tabernacles of the righteous. It was often exhilarating, amidst African journeying, to hear the songs of Zion from musical native voices, to notes so jubilant in one’s own land.’—Pp. 19, 20.

Mr. Freeman complains, very justly, of the unmerited obloquy which has been cast upon the missionaries, to whose character and exertions he truly affirms the present advanced state of civilization amongst the Hottentots and coloured population is principally owing. The public are indebted to them for having, merely by their moral influence, without a shadow of legal

authority, saved the expense of institutions required for the assemblages of the people, and given that impulse to civilization which is observable in the erection of houses for themselves, and providing many comforts, under the most unfavourable circumstances, without any recognised individual right to the soil, or even their own capital, which they have fixed upon it. And much more might and would be done, if they were more encouraged by fair wages and kind treatment instead of threats and the lash.

Our 'traveller' visited, *en route*, the celebrated Congo caverns, in the district of George, which are said to be far superior to the caves of Elora and Elephanta, in extent and grandeur. The entrance he describes as vast and imposing; a porch befitting these subterranean and 'crystal' palaces. Many of the rooms are thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty feet in height, so large as not to be seen at one view, and filled with millions of stalactites, meeting the stalazma on the ground, in all variety of forms. You are transported into a region, with which nothing above-ground can be compared, and where you stand 'amidst the silent work of untold ages, perhaps thousands of ages;' and this process of crystallization is continually going on in those hidden recesses, which the light of lamps only discloses to the wondering explorer, who seems suddenly transported into a kind of new creation.

The remarks of our author on the preparation of a native agency, as the great desideratum in all Christian missions, are in harmony with the rising feeling now prevalent in perhaps every body of missionary directors. With whatever hesitation this subject was formerly regarded, it is now forced upon the attention and convictions of the most reluctant. It is perceived clearly that the immense expenditure both of men and money required to evangelize the world by a European agency cannot be provided; that it is difficult to maintain even the present limited scale of operations; and that a well prepared native agency is of all other methods the best adapted to supply the existing necessities, and in accordance with some of the earliest plans of propagating Christianity.

The fourth and fifth chapters relate to British Kaffraria and Madoor's country. They cannot be too often presented to the consideration of the people and Government at home; and we confess we read them with emotions of shame and indignation at the conduct of men in power. If one-tenth of the money, as our author remarks, expended in war with the Kaffirs during the last fifteen years had been expended on the agricultural improvement of the country, the other nine-tenths might have been spared. It is plain enough in one word that the

Kaffirs have been irritated into resistance and rebellion by oppression, and then robbed by armed injustice.

We do not accuse the Government of entertaining the monstrous notions which are held by some, but we have no hesitation in saying, that they have sanctioned proceedings of the most atrocious kind, and have winked at spoliation and injustice, practised, too, on their own confederates, whose loyalty has been their ruin; that they have indicated no small degree of liking to that territorial aggrandizement, which the history of all nations proves can only be accomplished by fraud, cajolery, and violence; that, under one futile pretence and another, they have contrived to deny constitutional rights to a people that are eager to possess, and would know how to use, them; and, finally, they are still pertinaciously pursuing a course which will, in all probability, end in disaster, and assuredly in dishonour. The history of poor Madoor and his people, the events connected with the excitement generally in the Kat River district, the Griqua wrongs, with the multitudinous miseries of the Kaffir war, arising out of the wretched system of the Colonial Administration, sufficiently attest these statements. Poor Madoor! He had even served the colony well, and had materially assisted to preserve that part of the border from invasion during the last war, had with his people served the Government for three years, and then, instead of recompense, his country was proclaimed to be British territory! Sir H. Smith, it was believed, promised to add this district, and also that of Tambookie, to the colony, in order to conciliate the Boers in the south. The touching appeals of Madoor, in two letters to the Mr. Freeman, one of which we transcribe, ought to make a deep impression:—

“ In the year 1837, the teachers and friends at Kat River brought us, by means of God's word, out of the ravines and rocks, and they collected us in this place. This word of God is received by many of my people. The people of Kat River have supplied us with ploughs and oxen, vegetables and clothing, sent to us in waggons; and some of these things even came from England. For all that which I possess, I am indebted to the gospel and the Government. Who had ever thought that Bushmen would learn and become civilized? but ‘God takes the poor from the dust, and sets the solitary in families.’ The Lord hath done much for us.

“ In 1846, the Government sought, through the medium of our instructors, that we should assist the English against the Kaffirs, and be united. We did so; we left our all, even without wages or clothing for our wives and children. We have for nearly three years served the Government, and the Government promised to do all that was right to me, and to secure my lands. But now, the Government has taken my land in [meaning, within the colonial boundary], without saying anything to me, and has, besides, imposed a tax of 1*l.* on every head of a

family, which sum is so great, that it will drive back again my poor people; because, as I have above 300 people under me, they would have to pay 300*l.* yearly. The Government cannot raise this tax among the Kaffirs, because it would stir up war; but we, and the Tambookies, and Fingoes, and Hottentots, who were on the side of the Government, and because we are mild, are made to endure the tax. I hope that you, sir, will lay to heart our circumstances, for the society is our father and special friend."—P. 120.

But, after recommending our readers to study attentively the fifth and sixth chapters of this volume, we quit this vexatious subject with one brief and general observation respecting the position of the Hottentots, from the pen of our author:—

'Even after the Kaffir wars of 1835 and 1846, the Hottentots had still to wage the old struggle against prejudice. In vain had they stood in the breach, and covered the colonists from many assaults. A powerful party hates them, and the Government still halts between two opinions respecting them. It dares not, and can hardly wish to countenance the avowed object of many to destroy their freedom, and directly make them drudges. But its acts tend to their ruin. It appoints over them magistrates who *must* side with their enemies—who are their enemies—and whom it rebukes too late when acting hostilely against them. A *vagrant* law—in effect, the old system of forced service—is perpetually asked for; which the Government encourages, by leaving the questions open to consideration, and by denying to the Hottentots the share of the public lands which is their right, and would effectually check vagrancy. The Government even encourages the foolish, wicked outcry against missionary institutions, by leaving their continuance open to doubt. Thus there has grown up an alarm in the minds of the Hottentots, productive of the worst effects; and that alarm is justified by the way in which they have lately been treated.'—Pp. 141, 142.

The account of the Bechuana country and Bechuana missions continued in the twelfth chapter, is highly interesting and important. Here our old friend and favourite, Mr. Moffat, comes upon the scene. From him and his wife, with other members of the Mission committee present, a cordial welcome, as might have been expected, was received at the village of Kuruman. The Mission premises there, with the walled gardens opposite to them, form a wide and long street. The chapel is an excellent stone building. Mr. Moffat's residence is near, and Mr. Hamilton's on the other side, now occupied by Mr. Ashton. The gardens are well stocked with fruit-trees and vegetables. Thus some few comforts are obtained by the mission families, not a little needed in these distant regions of South Africa. The chapel is spacious, the people comfortably dressed, the school prosperous, and the whole aspect of the congregation encouraging. The printing-office is in good condition. In future, Mr. Ashton will succeed Mr. Moffat in the superintendence of it, while the latter

will devote himself to the translation and revision of the Scriptures. Kuruman is the high road to the interior, and is a source of influence in numerous directions. In all probability, another missionary will be required there in five or seven years. Mr. Moffat accompanied Mr. Freeman on a long journey to Koloberg, through various places, where attentive hearers were gained; though, at present, little of Christian influence is to be seen. The character of the people, however, encourages hope. It might be a great benefit to Africa, if England would purchase Delagoa Bay from the Portuguese, and their whole line of coast on the east of Africa, including Mosambique. The effect would be to open a friendly communication with all the tribes in the interior of Eastern, Central, and Southern Africa. This communication might be extended to the Great Lake lately discovered, and tribes bordering on it. It would enable the British Government to exercise its influence and control over the emigrant Boers, who are spreading themselves over these regions, and destroying many native tribes. A vast field would be opened to enterprise, commerce, humanity, emigration, and direct missionary effort. This would, doubtless, be an extension of territory by *fair* means, and, in our view, were it thought of, chiefly hailed for the last object, the evangelization of the scattered tribes. At Koloberg, the chief Sechele has made an open profession of Christianity, and his dress is wholly European. Dr. Livingston commenced the station at this place, which is upwards of 200 miles northerly from Kuruman. In 1849 he made a tour to assist two benevolent travellers, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, to explore the unknown regions to the north, and reached a point 300 miles from Koloberg, and found a character in the people of the desert called Bakoba, inviting missionary effort. In 1850, Dr. Livingston performed a second journey, for the purpose of promoting missionary enterprise. There is a station at Mamusa, 230 miles south-west from Koloberg, where Mr. Ross labours among a population of about 4,000, consisting of four tribes. Borigelory is an out-station; and Lekallone is mentioned as a large and important field of missionary operation, supplied by Mr. Helmore. There is a population of about 1,200, and a congregation of 600, half of whom are communicants.

In the thirteenth chapter, Mr. Freeman furnishes an account of his visit to the Orange River sovereignty. In the fourteenth chapter, the Basuto country and French missions are described. His remarks on this subject are most striking. We must, under the constraint of space, pass over these, and the following chapter on Natal, only giving an extract, which contains a very remarkable statement:—

‘ It is an important feature in this mission station at Morija, that it possesses so much facility for village teaching. There are not fewer than 278 villages regularly visited by various members of the church. These visitors consist of twenty-two bands, and they have allotted to them so many villages as they can respectively undertake to visit. Usually the bands consist of about six members of the church. In fifty-three of the villages there are members of the church residing, some more, some less; most of the villagers, therefore, it is evident, are still *heathen*, though some among them occasionally attend the preaching. The population in the district thus visited may amount to about 12,000, and as these are brought within the sound of divine truth, through the medium of the station, it is obvious that a very large amount of moral influence is exercised in the country by this particular mission. A regular account is kept of the villages, the members, and the bands of visitors. There are 320 members in church-fellowship, and nearly 50 candidates. The station being farther from the seat of war, has not suffered so much deterioration as other stations.

‘ All the mission premises here were built by Mr. Maeder, and they are very neatly and appropriately constructed. His own house, and study particularly, are models of neatness, in a land so uncivilized. The present chapel is in the form of a T. It has an earthen pulpit, and there are a few earthen seats for the hearers; most of the people bring their seats with them, a very inconvenient plan. They are of all sizes and shapes; not a few are the stumps of trees, or roots, which have so grown and are so gnarled, that a person can just manage to sit on them without being tilted over or raised too high from the ground. Timber is obtained for the new chapel, and I presume there will be seats provided of a better kind; for though it is no annoyance or humiliation to a native to sit on the ground, it is opposed to “civilization” and improvement; it spoils good clothes, and makes the wearer less willing to use, or even to obtain them. The first step here in civilization seems to be, putting on European clothing; and the second step is, to sit on some kind of seat instead of the earth.’—Pp. 329, 330.

It appears from the sixteenth chapter, that Mr. Freeman, after returning for a short time to the Cape, left on the 13th of July, 1850, for the Mauritius, where he found the mission-stations both at Port Louis and Moka in a favourable state. In a conversation with Paoly, a native of Madagascar, who is employed by the London Missionary Society as an evangelist among his countrymen, he learnt that there were no fewer than *fifty* natives of Madagascar, resident in Port Louis, who, according to Paoly’s opinion, might be regarded as genuine Christians. Others also inhabit Moka, and different parts of the island. Three or four hundred, on the whole, are connected with the Christian congregations. Alas, for Madagascar itself! there seems no hope for it under the rule of the present queen. Were the young prince advanced to power, there is every reason to expect a change of policy. Recent intelligence is of an appalling nature. Oppres-

sion drives many of the Christians there to attempt an escape ; but when apprehended by the queen's troops, they have been sold as slaves to Arab merchants on the western coast, and some taken to Mohilla, where a few have been ransomed by the friendly chief, a daughter of the late Ramanetaka, cousin of the late Radama. From these natives information has been received of the sufferings of the Christians. In May, 1850, officers were sent to apprehend them at a distance from Antananarivo, where they were found assembled in a chapel for worship in large numbers. Four of the Christian nobles of the land were condemned to death at the stake, and fourteen Christians were thrown over the steep rock of Ampahamarinana. Being bound with cords, they were suspended for a time over the precipice, and asked if they would take the oath never to transgress again ; on their steady refusal, the cords were let go, and they were dashed to pieces. Penalties and punishments have been imposed on all the rest, whose total number amounted to upwards of sixteen hundred. Here was a display of character worthy of the noblest days of Christianity, and emulative of the glory of her most illustrious martyrs. *That* blood, however, is but a seed sown, which, we trust, will hereafter spring up in a luxuriant vegetation of Christian communities. The Head of the Church often works mightily by the sufferings of his saints, whose tales of woe shall not be recorded in the pages of history in vain, and whose names shall be had in everlasting remembrance ; and although we have not the grounds of certainty in such a calculation, yet the frequent appearances of Providence in past times on behalf of the depressed and persecuted Church, sustains the hope that Madagascar will eventually, and perhaps at no distant period, emerge from her heathenish thralldom into the light and liberty of the 'glorious gospel.'

We cannot follow Mr. Freeman, in his remaining chapters, to Ceylon, Egypt, and Palestine, but recommend our readers to do so. The volume is full of useful information. It is written with much simplicity and clearness ; and, without any apparent effort, places you everywhere on the very spot, and amidst the interesting associations described. The sound judgment of men and things, and the extreme candour which pervades it in admitting what is unfavourable, assures us of its absolute truth. It is a valuable legacy to the Christian Church, and a fine specimen-page for future missionary historians.

We are gratified to possess the means of comparing Mr. Freeman's statements with those which are given in the Bishop of Capetown's volume, named in conjunction with his at the head of this article. The former part of it consists of a journal of Dr. Gray's primary visitation through his diocese, published

by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, without any direct sanction from himself, but by permission of his family, to whom his private journals were communicated. The route he pursued was nearly identical in many parts of it with that of Mr. Freeman, and his observations on people and places, where peculiar prejudices do not interfere, exhibit a very satisfactory coincidence of opinion. In general, we may gather from both these travellers, that Southern Africa still presents a vast field of spiritual destitution, and in the disposition of the people many facilities for the spread of the gospel among them. They were welcomed with great kindness, and listened to with great attention. That the bishop as well as the Dissenting visitor proclaimed the simple gospel wherever they went, we have ample evidence, accompanied, however, by the former, with ecclesiastical proceedings to which, of course, we must object. Nor apart from these, can we feel well pleased with those lordly pretensions, which education and habit engraft into priestly minds, and which contrast most strikingly with that simple Christianity which reminds one of the bright and beautiful lily, blooming in a far-off wilderness. What shall we say to the following statement? In a conference with certain chiefs at King William's Town, the governor first endeavoured to impress on one of them with whom the bishop found him conversing, 'what a very great man a bishop is, and how much higher his office is than that of any other ministers of religion;' and afterwards, when the chiefs had spoken, the governor told them, 'that the Great Father of the Christians—the Lord Bishop—the chief minister in his land, of the church and religion of our queen, who was appointed to teach him and all in this land the way to heaven, and to whom all the Christians looked up as their great chief (Inkosi Inkulu) in religion, had ridden ninety miles yesterday from Graham's Town, to be present at this meeting—that he had come to ask them how he could do them good, and especially to see if he could establish schools amongst them, or send ministers to them, and that they must talk the matter over among themselves, and promise to help to support their teachers, by giving a calf or something else to feed them—and let him and me know in what way we could serve them. After this I addressed them to the same effect, assuring them of my earnest desire to see them become Christians, and of my readiness, in the name of the Church of England, to send them ministers of God to teach them the way to heaven. A female chieftain and umhala, both replied, saying, that they never had so great a man of God come before amongst them, and they knew not what to reply; but they wished for schools, and to be taught to know God.'

Now here is an avowedly Christian bishop, not only swallow-

ing the foolish flattery and ignorant nonsense of a worldly officer, using his rank and authority to cram these unenlightened men with wonderful ideas of the surpassing greatness of a bishop, but actually himself assuming the same strain, and not only speaking *ex cathedra*, but infusing into their minds the poisonous notion, that Church-of-Englandism and Christianity are the same thing. If this lord bishop or any of his brethren had been at Lystra with Paul and Barnabas, their principles would have been sorely tried, when the priest of Jupiter brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. We blame the system, however, even more than the men; a system which in the face of compulsory failures on the one hand, and successes in voluntary missionary operations on the other, is trumpeted forth as the *one thing* that is to ameliorate Africa, and save the world.

Notwithstanding, however, the classing together of 'Independents, Baptists, and Romanists, and some other *self-constituted societies and sects*,' as the 'most bitter' of his opponents, we will express an earnest and sincere desire, that the truth as it is in Jesus, communicated, though it be through episcopal channels, may have free course and be glorified in Southern Africa as elsewhere, and that its mighty energy, as displayed in converted millions, may purge itself of all the corruptions with which the folly and the wickedness of man have loaded and obstructed, while professedly promoting it.

But whatever the bishop may say of the bitter feelings of the sectaries, he is surely overlooking the beam in his own eye when, after stating that the inhabitants of the eastern province are crying out for a commission to inquire into the causes of the Hottentot rebellion, which he says is laid by them very freely at the door of the missionaries of the London and Glasgow Societies, he adds, 'the whole subject is at present involved in much mystery; but I cannot, for an instant believe that any missionaries would *deliberately* encourage rebellion, though I can easily understand that their *whole system and teaching might lead to it*.' A generous insinuation truly! This is the very echo of the old war-cry of the bigots and persecutors of the Nonconformists in by-gone times. Disloyal and rebellious forsooth! Yes, *disloyal* they are, and teach their hearers to be, to the prince of darkness, for the especial and avowed purpose of delivering whom from his dominion they have gone to distant and barbarous regions, to labour and to die in the cause of spiritual freedom; *rebellious* they are, and teach their hearers to be, at least we hope so, against every manifest encroachment, upon the rights of conscience, and the legislative authority of Christ.

The Bishop of Capetown evinced in every part of his tour an eagerness for the erection of churches, and a diligent activity in the promotion of his views of ecclesiastical discipline and doctrine. This proceeding we do not in the least degree censure, recognising a liberty in this respect which we claim for ourselves, and awaiting, without apprehension, the final triumph of pure and heaven-born truth in all lands, though for a time beclouded or resisted ; but what we complain of is misrepresentation and calumny, and what we mourn over is that a Christian bishop should even speak defensively, as he does, of the Kaffir war, and should seek the sanction and aid the political trickery of a man, who speaks soft words of peace and piety with the sword of extermination glittering in his hand.

Since writing the above, we have seen 'An Address to the Reformers of the United Kingdom,' published in 'The Weekly News,' of October 4th. The address bears the signature of 'An Old Cape Traveller,' and as we know something of the writer, we are strongly inclined to attach much value to his suggestions. There are few men in the kingdom better informed on the affairs of the Cape, or who are more entitled to speak respecting them, with authority. The territorial value of the Cape is greatly underrated. 'All are agreed that the sea-board must be kept, at any price, for the sake of the harbours, which make it an outwork of India, and the highway to the Eastern and South Seas.' But, in addition to this, the colony has great value, as may be learnt from the fact, that its exports of fine wool have increased in twenty years from 9,000lbs. to 5,000,000lbs. weight. The suggestions of the *Address* are, first, a return to the conciliatory policy of 1836, and, secondly, the employment of Sir Andries Stockenström to superintend its practical operation. The success attendant on this policy in the former case was remarkable. 'In spite of much virulent and insidious opposition, this reform gave extensive and daily increasing satisfaction, and the evidence is positive and complete, as adduced on the most unsuspected authority, that it produced a material improvement in the habits of the Kaffirs. It was based on the principle of recognising justly the rights of coloured people.' For nine years there was an entire cessation of border-marauding, and it was only when the Kaffirs saw that the colonial authorities had abandoned it, that they resorted to force. Having lost confidence in our justice they had no other resource than the sword. The beneficial result of this measure was owing to the ability and personal influence of Sir Andries Stockenström, whose evidence before the Parliamentary Com-

mittee of 1835, greatly contributed to the reforms then introduced. It is a singular fact, that this gentleman is now in England, and if his services be not immediately engaged, a heavy responsibility will rest on the Government.

‘An extraordinary coincidence,’ says the *Address* before us, ‘arising out of the measures taken by the Cape people to secure a constitution, singularly favours us at this moment in reference to the safe settlement of our great perplexities. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the successful Lieutenant-Governor under the reforms of 1836, who was in England when the Caffre war of 1835 broke out, arrived at the Cape in time to tranquillize the frontier from fresh convulsions under the local administration of the present Governor, Sir Harry Smith. The very same Administration has again raised the hurricane, and Sir Andries Stockenstrom is again in London, delegated by an immense majority of the colonists to lay their constitutional claims before the Government which removed him from office on account of his alleged unpopularity.’

Neither the ignorance nor the bad temper of Earl Grey must be permitted to prolong the present disgraceful contest. A more disreputable conflict was never engaged in, whether viewed in relation to our statemanship, our military skill, or our moral character. The sooner and the more peacefully it is terminated the better. It has already cost much both of life and money, and if continued longer, our prodigal expenditure must be fearfully increased. We, therefore, counsel the friends of humanity to communicate early with their representatives, in order that such a force should be arrayed against the present disgraceful policy of the Colonial Office, as will constrain the Premier to give practical effect to the speech on Colonial Reform, which he delivered on the 8th of February, 1850. If this be not speedily done, our colonial history will exhibit another instance of the folly and wickedness which formerly drove the States of America to throw off the supremacy of the British Crown.

ART. VII.—*Quakerism ; or, the Story of my Life.* By a Lady, who for forty years was a Member of the Society of Friends. Dublin : J. B. Oldham. 12mo. Pp. 400.

RELIGIOUS fiction, the fashionable literature of the day, received its first great impulse from the astounding success of the ‘Wandering Jew.’ That extraordinary work has been translated into most printed living language, and the editions in our own tongue are said to amount to sixty-five. It has been devoured

alike by the profligate and the austere ; by the profligate, for the very love of its profligacy ; by the austere, not because of its austerity, but because it told so forcibly against a society which is supposed to be exercising a subterranean power under all the world. As the mushroom creeps, silently and concealed, beneath the turf, by means of a mere thread, which, even when exposed, is perceptible only to the educated eye of the botanist, and soon appears, here and there, on the surface a perfect and suddenly-expanded plant, the growth of a night ; so, it is said, has Jesuitism crept noiselessly on its hidden way, until, rising suddenly, in some great city or baronial hall, it exhibits itself, fearlessly and ostentatiously, to the gaze of all. The Jesuit was in power, but no one knew the secret of his power ; the Jesuit was hated, but no one knew why he hated ; was feared, but no one could say why. Eugene Sue undertook to trace out the underground stem of the Jesuitical tree, which he represents as bearing deadly blossoms over the entire earth,—to show the poisonous nature of its fruit, and the intrinsic rottenness of its heart. He represents the Society of Jesus as daring everything, as accomplishing everything. Theft, adultery, murder, are held excusable (so he would have us think), when used as means to to so desirable an end, that desirable end being always money, and the power to which money leads.

The anti-Jesuit novels have the run of the entire world : the anti-Catholic novels are devoured only by Protestants ; the Catholics deny their truth when the cap happens to fit, and laugh at the bungling marksman when he shoots wide of the mark : the anti-Church novels have a restricted range ; they circulate languidly among Dissenters, a class that has little relish for fiction, even under the garb of religion.

The idea of an anti-Quaker novel seems, at first, preposterous. Who are to be the readers ? This is a question that the speculator is bound to consider. It would seem to us, shortsighted beings as we are, a most forlorn hope ; but it has proved otherwise : the book has been extensively read ; and the great majority of our reviewers seem to rejoice over this pretended exposure of Quakerism, as though Quakerism were a vast tyrannical power, under which the reviewers had lived in constant fear and trembling. Indeed, the *Io triumphe !* of the reviewers, the paean of exultation over its supposed extinction, is highly complimentary to Quakerism, as exhibiting the widespread and powerful influence exercised by a very limited and extremely retiring sect. But it may, perhaps, occur to some stubborn minds, that do not take everything for granted, to inquire whether these things are so. Sue gives us no clue to find out his heroines. The masculine nuns are, for the most part,

impenetrably veiled, and the assailants of Protestantism have never excited an inquiry; but here the veil is so thin, that it forms no impediment to our observing all that is behind. The calumniated are the members of a society remarkable for its quiet and unostentatious diligence in doing good; and the members selected for peculiar and especial opprobrium are, William Allen, the philanthropist; Elizabeth Fry, who has been appropriately called the female Howard; and Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, whose labours in the cause of Christianity are familiar to every educated man.

In the course of our brief life, the grave is continually closing over the remains of those whom we have regarded with esteem and veneration. But if we see this rudely re-opened; the dead exposed; their actions woven into a sort of pantomimic melodrama; their cherished names transmuted into opprobrious nicknames;* we find it extremely difficult to resist a strong prejudice against the writer, notwithstanding her solemn and repeated asseverations, that she is influenced solely by religious motives. The new names contrast unfavourably with the old; the new fictions with the old facts. Still, we will not venture to assert, that fair fame is to quash inquiry, or to be used as a cloak for evil deeds. Investigation inflicts no injury on the righteous. On the other hand, 'to err is human;' and to expose error—to dethrone those who have been undeservedly held up as objects of love and admiration—is a disagreeable, perhaps an ungracious, but certainly a justifiable, undertaking. But the hands for such a work should be of spotless purity: he who casts the stone should not only be without sin, but above all suspicion. Let us, then, candidly inquire how far Mrs. Greer† is fitted for the somewhat invidious task she has undertaken; and, in doing this, we will not stoop to become scandal-mongers or eaves-droppers, but mention nothing unless it be already thoroughly public, and made so, either by her own act, or by the act of those with whom she is united.

The first insight we obtain into the character of Mrs. Greer is at p. 9 of the story of her life, where lying and stealing are incidentally mentioned as habits of her childhood. The authoress is not particularly refined in her phraseology. These are her words:—'As it always did when I told a lie, or stole anything nice out of the closet.' Nothing comes of this; it illustrates nothing; it is merely a crumb cast upon the waters, and now

* 'Friend Stately,' 'Elizabeth Grill,' &c. &c.

† Mr. J. R. Greer, of Markstown, near Dublin, has, in a newspaper controversy, distinctly claimed the authorship of 'Quakerism,' &c., for his wife.

returning to her, after many days. While still a child, we find her reading novels by stealth. A female servant is said to have had 'an ardent love of novel-reading.' 'It was by chance,' says Mrs. Greer, 'I discovered this; and when I did, I bargained with her, that I would not tell on (*sic*) her, provided she let me read them.' It is but fair to add, that this story is intended to tell against Quakerism, by making out the servant to be a Quakeress; but which is the greater crime—the reading of a novel, or the systematic deception practised by a child, not yet in her teens? However, this flimsy subterfuge will not serve her; for, a few pages further on, where she records having carried the novel-reading propensity to school, she says:—'When reading it ["Ivanhoe"] in the arbour or in the study, I always took care to provide myself with either an Atlas or Sarah Grubb's Journal; and then, if either one of the mistresses or one of the spy-girls came in sight, the novel was popped under, and the Atlas or the Journal looked innocent or edifying.' (P. 55.) This is told as meritorious, and to show how little the authoress was under the influence of what she calls the 'slang language' of Quaker preachers. The same spirit peeps out in almost every page; and surely no one will regard it as a vantage-ground, from which the Society of Friends, or the memory of its brightest ornaments, can be assailed with success.

The character of the novelist further exhibits itself in her excessive vanity. She thus describes her *status* in society:—

'My father was a wealthy merchant, and an extensive landed proprietor. Our dwelling, a short distance from the town, stood in a lawn of about ten acres (!). The garden was large, and, as well as the conservatories and shrubberies, was always kept in the most elegant order. My mother had her chariot; we girls had a handsome open barouche; for my father's own use there was a stanhope; and there was the jaunting car for everybody. There were seldom less than six horses in the stable, and often more, for my brothers were fond of riding, and were first-rate horsemen.'—P. 3.

'My father bore a more than unblemished character. There was not a man in the city who stood higher in general estimation. Our bishop, dean, and the noble and learned representatives of both county and city greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand when they met.'—P. 4.

'My father's lofty descent, his wealth, liberality, education,' &c. &c. —*Ibid.*

'Six brothers and sisters of us sporting about our beautiful lawns, and surrounded with every conceivable comfort and luxury, with which my mother's care and exquisite taste had embellished our home,' &c. &c.—P. 5.

Passages like this occur over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. And next to this astounding vanity, is the inordinate love of talking

about eating and drinking; indeed, we think we should keep within the strict limits of truth, were we to say that half the book is taken up with the victualing department. Quakers are now generally known to be remarkably temperate. Among them are a large number of rigid teetotallers and strict vegetarians; and the body collectively is distinguished for sobriety and moderation in meats and drinks. But this is not the character Mrs. Greer is pleased to give them. She pithily asserts of a female minister, whose funeral she attended,

‘She lived in luxury and died of over-eating.’—P. 38.

Some pages further on, the lively and imaginative writer sums up the occupations of Friends when assembled under the pretence of holding religious meetings, in the following words:—

‘At these parties, the only occupation is eating, drinking, and talking. These were often indulged in to excess. I have seen the men reeling into the drawing-room, and heard them boast of each having got through fourteen tumblers of punch. I have seen some of these high professors indulge in unbounded gormandizing, and in eating, though happily not in drinking, some of the women rival the men.’—P. 75.

Notwithstanding the disgust which a lady would naturally feel at witnessing such orgies, she continues to attend them sedulously until turned out of the society, and thus deprived of the right to do so. Her chief object, however, does not appear to be religious instruction, but to observe and record the gastronomical proceedings. The reader will, perhaps, be as surprised as we were to find the charge of drunkenness and ‘unbounded gormandizing’ followed by such querulous passages as these:—

‘By very urgent entreaty, we accompanied a friend to his house to dinner that day. He was a very rich man, and had both a town and country house. He had often been feasted at our home, and now he set us down with a large company to eat potatoes and cabbage and fried liver, and nothing else. . . . We took an early leave of the party, and hurried to our hotel, where we comforted ourselves with a cup of tea and a mutton-chop.’—P. 114.

Here is another specimen of the gormandizing:—

‘A leg of mutton and potatoes and a red round of cold beef was all the dinner: not even a pudding; and when the cloth was removed, instead of wine, coffee was served up.’—P. 151.

The following passage is to the same purport. It seems that the novelist, together with her father and sister, were honoured, during their stay in London, with a general invitation to dine at the residence of Mr. Fry, the banker, in Mildred’s-court, Poultry. This, on account, we presume, of the lofty descent of

the father, they decline ; but, in course of time, a livery servant was sent, by Mrs. Fry herself, with a polite note, requesting the pleasure of their company to dine with her, in three days' time. The invitation was accepted: the party went, and appeared to think of nothing else but ridiculing all they saw. But we have only to do with the dinner.

'The fare at our table was only middling in quality and very scanty in quantity. Half a salmon at the head and a roast leg of lamb at the foot, a small dish of potatoes, and a large silver basket of cut stale bread was all provided for twenty-five people. . . . Our repast had been so very sparing that we complained of actual hunger to my father, who confessed to the same himself; and therefore we hurried to our own lodgings to get a bit of dinner. As we were going out of the house, we met three young men of our acquaintance and one lady. [the three young men and one lady, we presume, had also dined at a Quaker's: otherwise, there is no point in their requiring a second dinner], and said, "Where are you hurrying to? Come with us." They hesitated a moment, and then said, "The fact is, we scarcely got a bit of dinner, and we are going to a confectioner's to get something to eat." So finding we were all of the same mind, they came with us, and we had an impromptu dinner,' &c.

It may possibly occur to the reader, on perusing these extracts, that the unbounded 'gormandizing,' so elegantly described by the authoress, would not be unfairly laid at the door of those members of the Society of Friends who make two dinners in one day; although the frequency of the frugal dinners, which renders such double dining desirable, exempts the society at large from so disgusting a charge. We, moreover, very respectfully inquire of the 'lady,' what, but the taking too much thought about what she should eat and what she should drink, induces her constantly to introduce such paragraphs as those which follow; and, also, how they are intended to tell against Quakers?

'We went, by invitation, to dine with one of the head Friends of Dublin. There were about eighteen guests. Our entertainment was excellent, choice, substantial, and varied with most delicious confectionary and good wines.'—P. 140.

'We all hurried off to dinner. We found ourselves again in a large company, in which some English Friends were included. The dinner was a capital good one; fish, flesh, and fowl, and pies and puddings in abundance. . . . We went to another Friend's house to tea, and were entertained in the same way—plenty of tea, and cakes, and good things.'—Pp. 148—150.

We ask, How are such paragraphs as these intended to tell against the Quakers, because the lady fairly avers that her object is to expose that body—to strip the society of that flimsy

covering which has so long shrouded its workings?' We thoroughly believe every one of the passages we have extracted to be sheer fiction; but, in order to get at the meaning, if meaning there be, let us suppose them all true; let us take them all for granted, in spite of their startling incongruity; let us believe in the punch, in women eating themselves to death, in the rich Friend's cabbage and liver, in the mutton and potatoes, in Mrs. Fry's parsimony, in the delicious confectionary and good wines, in the fish, flesh, and fowl, tea and cakes;—what does it amount to? Simply this,—that Quakers have a diversity of tastes and a diversity of usages, and are remarkably unfettered by a uniformity of practice in their meals; and, surely, this is not a discovery worth publishing to the world with a flourish of trumpets. If the lady can see evil in all these phases of dining, she must be the very type of those bees of Trebizond, which can extract poison from every flower, while they neglect to store the honey contained in all.

Having shown *what* the Quakers eat, let us now proceed to a matter of no less importance; and that is, *how* they eat. The following is the novelist's version of a Quaker minister's mode of feeding:—

'He was placed at my mother's left hand, and the rest of us, two-and-twenty in number, took our places. Scarce were we seated, when Friend Flannil's tall, awkward form rose; he grasped the salt-cellar, stretched it half-way down the table, and threw it all about. He said, "I hate them buckets of salt. Mother, never put one near me again; mind, I hate salt." He occasionally used his knife and fork, but much more frequently his fingers. He called for coffee, which not being ready, he said, "Go get it; I'll wait for it:" and he went over to the fire until it was prepared. Then he came back to his seat, and ate fish in [with?] his fingers, and drank coffee, scolding and growling incessantly, and ordering "the mother" to get one thing or another. . . . He called for meat at tea, and eat slice after slice of cold roast beef in his fingers, as another person would bread and butter; and when going to bed, he said he must have something to eat at night; he ordered the parlour fire to be kept lighting [lighted?], and a tray of bread and cheese and porter to be left for him. . . . He disdained to use a spoon in eating eggs. . . . He snatched the leg of a turkey up in his fingers, and gobbled it up, before any one else at the table was helped, and then run out of the house.'—Pp. 106—108.

This is not related of a madman, or of a boor, but of a Quaker minister, whom the authoress describes as being highly esteemed. She gives him the nickname of Flannil.

The Friends have, in this instance, the decided advantage; for, supposing the story to be true, it is too broad a farce for any rational being to believe. We really feel that an apology is due

to our readers for dwelling so long on eating and drinking ; but the lady, to use a favourite expression of her own, is 'very large' on these highly-important topics.

Our readers will assuredly say, with Hamlet, 'somewhat too much of this.' Indeed, we feel that we have greatly exceeded the bounds of good taste, in dwelling so long on matters utterly unworthy of a Christian's thoughts ; but, without doing so, we could give no fair and faithful picture of the book itself ; and when we receive a volume, claiming for itself a high religious object, it were a dereliction of duty not to represent such a volume exactly as it is. On the same principle, we now proceed to investigate the charges against Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney, —charges exhibiting the most degraded state of feeling that it has ever been our lot to expose, and to condemn.

Although we contend that no sect is answerable for the acts of individual members, yet, as society consists of individuals, and a sect of its members, and, more especially, as Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney were eminent and prominent members of the Society of Friends, we are inclined to admit, that the showing these two individuals to be deserving of general reprobation and contempt,—the hurling them down from the pedestal on which mankind has placed them,—must deeply affect the society to which they belonged, and even make a marked impression on the entire religious world. Our authoress evidently thinks the same. The prolonged preliminary chuckle with which the subject is introduced, shows us, that here, at least, she is making a fatal blow. But let us inquire,—Do our readers know of whom we are speaking ? If not, let us inform them that the late Mr. Gurney was an eminent banker in Norwich, so extensively known and respected, that ten thousand people are said to have attended his funeral, and that the late Bishop of Norwich preached a funeral sermon on that mournful occasion. In addition to his private virtues and liberality (the latter was really on a gigantic scale), he was highly distinguished as a theological writer ; his 'Evidences of Christianity' being considered, among the members of all creeds, a masterpiece of inductive reasoning. That he was born a Quaker, and remained one throughout his useful life, is a fact none will dispute ; but he was no sectarian : his view of Christianity was the most enlarged and liberal that it was possible to take : a fact proved beyond question, by the tribute of respect paid to his memory by the prelate to whom we have just alluded. Such is the portrait of Mr. Gurney, accepted by the world as faithful ; but it is entirely ignored by Mrs. Greer : she represents him as gluttonous, fastidious, impetuous, dishonest, and altogether one of the most insignificant and contemptible characters that the imagination can picture. He

is first introduced upon the stage as wrangling with Irish ostlers, on the subject of horsing his own coach: the cause of dispute being this:—The ‘real gentry,’ by which term Mrs. Greer and party are intended, were stopping at an inn, when travelling in one of the grand carriages we have already had occasion to notice. Their horses were put to, and they were on the point of starting, when Mr. Gurney came up in his coach. It seems the landlord had but a pair of horses at command; so Mr. Gurney insisted on the ostler’s taking out Mrs. Greer’s horses, and putting them as leaders to the pair he had just hired. On this question the dispute arose, and, after raging through many pages, terminates, with poetical justice, in the ‘real gentry’ retaining their own horses. Mr. Gurney was, at the time in question, travelling with Mrs. Fry; but the novelist has written no part for this distinguished lady in the stable farce; however, she soon makes her appearance on the stage. And now let Mrs. Greer speak for herself.

‘A few days after, these same Friends [*i. e.*, Mrs. Fry, Miss Elizabeth Fry, and Mr. Gurney] arrived in our city, and lodged with my uncle. They arrived on seventh day afternoon. Their intended visit had been announced, and every preparation made, that the kindest hospitality could devise, to give them a cordial Irish welcome. My uncle was a widower, and, although his housekeeper was a clever young woman, and well skilled in the culinary department, still he felt greatly burthened with the honour which had been conferred upon him, in having to entertain these great Friends. At his request, my mother had been all over his house, to see that the accommodation provided for them was suitable. Beds of the softest down and sheets of the finest Irish linen, were prepared for them; and a double-bedded room for the two young men, whom they were in the habit of taking about to swell their train, and run of their messages. About seven o’clock that evening, we saw my uncle hastening up our lawn; and knowing, from his manner, that something had occurred to ruffle him, my mother went to meet him. “Oh!” said he, “what shall I do? after all, I have not got things right for the Friends, and I am come to thee to help me. They cannot drink anything but London porter, and Elizabeth has called for calf’s-foot jelly. I sent to all the confectioners’ shops, but there was none to be had; and Debby is kept running about waiting on them, so that she could not make it; and, beside that, the butchers have not got any calves’ feet. I sent round to them all to try. Friend John says he is quite distressed on account of his sister, as she requires those things, and that they quite expected to have them at my house, which makes the disappointment greater to them now.”

“‘Could thee get pigs’ feet?’” said my mother.

“‘Oh, yes, in plenty.’”

“‘Well, then, send me two sets of them, and I’ll make jelly; she will never know the difference. Thee shall have it by ten o’clock

to-morrow, and I would advise thee to tell the young men, and they will manage the porter for thee." . . .

'It was nine o'clock before the pigs' feet came, and then we set to work to manufacture them into jelly. My mother sat up all night, and had her task accomplished by eight o'clock in the morning, when it was sent down in a large cut glass dish; and she had, soon after, the pleasure of hearing that the English Friends said it was the nicest calf's foot jelly they had ever tasted.

'This was now first day; the Friends were to dine with us at three o'clock, and to have a meeting at seven, to which the town's people were invited. A dozen of our acquaintances were invited to meet the Friends at dinner; and it fell to my lot to stay from the Morning Meeting, in order to attend to the needful arrangement of this repast, which was as choice and abundant as could be provided on so short a notice. My sister had brought us word the night before, of the honour intended for us. The meeting was over at twelve, as usual; and at half past two, up drove the well-known coach, with its important burden. The ladies were soon seated in the drawing-room, the gentlemen strolled into the garden, and the other guests dropped in one after another. Scarcely had the clock struck three, when Friend John said to my mother, "Three, I think, is the hour for dinner; shall I ring the bell?" "Oh! no," she replied; "some of our Friends have not yet arrived." He sat down for about two minutes, and then began again. "My sister will, I fear, be annoyed; she quite expected dinner would be ready at three o'clock. We English Friends are accustomed to be punctual to time." "Dinner is quite ready to be served," said my mother; "but we must wait a few minutes for the guests we have invited to meet you." "Probably they will arrive," he said, "whilst dinner is being placed on the table. With thy permission, I will ring for it." And he rose and walked across the room, and rang the bell. The butler entered. "Let dinner be served," he called out. The man looked amazed, but withdrew. I went down stairs to tell my sister how the matter stood. She countermanded the order; and fearing that the Friends were hungry and suffering, called one of the "train-young men," and told him to hand them a glass of wine and a biscuit, to enable them to fast about ten minutes longer. "Ah!" said he, "there is not the slightest occasion; as soon as ever the meeting was over, they went home, and called for beef-steak and porter; they all three eat heartily of that, and jelly besides." Whilst we were speaking, Friend John himself joined us in the dining-room. "Really," said he, "I am annoyed. This want of punctuality is very trying. My sister's convenience is sadly disregarded."

'Ellen at that moment saw the gentlemen we were waiting for, entering the gate; and, at a quarter after three, Friend John and his sister were satisfying the desires of the inner man with much apparent enjoyment. As soon as the cloth had been removed, and the wines and fruits laid on the table, the Friends dropped into the well-known ominous silence; and one after another preached a domestic sermon. Then they regaled on the dessert, and when satisfied, requested to be shown to bedrooms, where they might "take a lay," to obviate any

tendency to drowsiness in the Evening Meeting. The ladies were immediately accommodated; but we were somewhat surprised when the gentleman required the same for himself. His wants too were supplied, even to a night-cap, and a shawl to throw over his shoulders; but ere he composed himself to sleep, he gave orders that tea and coffee should be ready for his sister at half past five o'clock. It was made ready as he wished; and then the three resumed their seats on the sofas, gracefully arranging the pillows and stools, and the ample folds of their drab dresses and shawls, so as to form a pleasing *tableau vivant*. There they were served with tea and coffee; and again we had the satisfaction of thinking their appetites were not impaired. A plate of bread and butter, cut, as we thought, thin, being handed to the little Elizabeth, she helped herself rather superciliously, and then remarked, "Ah! this may pass with me; but certainly it will not with my sister." One of the young people took the loaf to cut some thinner slices for the important lady; and whilst doing so, Friend John, leaning forward, said, "Dost thou not feel it a privilege to be permitted to cut bread for my sister?" We were all glad when the weary day was over; for though we fully appreciated the honour of having the company, under our own roof, of these celebrated Friends, still our feelings had been tried, by the manner in which they had received our attentions. —P. 168.

This is the picture, as drawn by the novelist. The narrative is bald, disjointed, and inelegant; but this is a matter of small moment: the facts, if not positively and intentionally false, are so distorted and burlesqued, the additions and omissions are so important, and so numerous, that no idea whatever is conveyed of the real facts of the case. It is the occasional custom of the ministers of the Society of Friends to visit distant parts of the country, or even foreign countries, under a conscientious belief that they are required to preach the gospel in those places. It is scarcely required of us to enter into a criticism on such a custom: its existence is all that we have now to deal with. Mrs. Fry, in company with her brother, the Mr. Gurney of whom we have just spoken, and her sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Fry, undertook such a journey, in the beginning of the year 1827, leaving London on the 4th of February. They landed at Dublin, and visited Armagh, Lisburne, Londonderry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and Cork, besides a great number of intervening places of less importance; all public institutions, as prisons, schools, and lunatic asylums, were assiduously visited; long and fatiguing interviews took place with all officials connected with such establishments; ladies' committees were formed in every part of the island, and their labours defined, and actually commenced, under the practised eye of the philanthropic founder, who, from morning till night, laboured in her Christian vocation. In addition to all this, she constantly held religious

meetings, and frequently preached to the audience for an hour at a time. It seems wonderful, that one of such gentle nurture as Mrs. Fry,—one who had enjoyed every luxury and every indulgence that could be devised, even from her very infancy,—should have undertaken and accomplished the almost Herculean labours she was now daily engaged in. At last, nature gave way. Let us consult her biographer, Mrs. Cresswell, as to her state at this period. ‘She was becoming worn and over-fatigued, and every day added to the difficulty with which she accomplished the work allotted to it. Happily, they reached the hospitable dwelling of John Strangman, at Waterford, before her powers completely failed her. It was on Friday, the 12th of April, when she arrived there, and for more than a week she needed all the care and close nursing which she experienced; then she gradually began to rally, and they pursued their onerous work.’* No one will entertain the slightest doubt of the truth of Mrs. Cresswell’s narrative. Even the ‘lady’ cannot impute the tortuosities of Quakerism to a member of the Church of England, who has not exhibited a single Quaker sympathy throughout the whole of her two bulky volumes. Mrs. Fry herself, in her private journal, has given the following touching account of herself at this period of her career:—

‘The great numbers that followed us, almost wherever we went, was one of those things that I believe was too much for me. No one can tell but those who have been brought into similar circumstances, what it is to feel as I did at such times; often weak and fagged in body, exhausted in mind, having things of importance to direct my attention to, and not less than a multitude around me, each expecting a word or some mark of attention. . . . I felt completely sinking, hardly able to hold up my head, and by degrees became seriously ill. Fever came on, and ran very high, and I found myself in one of my distressing, faint states; indeed a few hours were most conflicting; I never remember to have known a more painful time; tried without, distressed within, feeling such fears lest it should try the faith of others, my being thus stopped by illness, and lest my own faith should fail.’—*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii. p. 41.

We feel perfectly confident, that not one of our readers will hesitate to accept the statements of Mrs. Cresswell and Mrs. Fry as plain, unvarnished truth; and how widely are they at variance with Mrs. Greer’s gross and unmannerly burlesque of this visit to *her father’s* house! Yes; Mr. Strangman, the pious, hospitable, generous, noble-hearted, and gentlemanly Mr. John Strangman, was the father of the ‘lady,’ Mrs. Greer; and, perhaps, no greater contrast could be conceived than the

* ‘Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry,’ vol. ii. p. 40.

truly affectionate and tender care which the overworked and exhausted philanthropist received on the occasion of her visit to his house, and the rude, distorted caricature drawn of that visit by his degenerate daughter. The high fever, the illness, almost to the point of death, are entirely omitted: their introduction would have explained the requiring of calf's-foot jelly, the nocturnal manufacture of which, by the mistress herself, out of pigs' feet, was too clever a fiction, and too excellent a joke, to be omitted. It fully accounts for the additional trouble which her visit was very likely to occasion,—trouble of which the hosts were themselves proud; and the dwelling on which, after a lapse of twenty-four years, and when all the actors have long been resting in the silent tomb, is an instance of bad taste, of which we recollect no parallel. It will be of no avail for the authoress to attempt escape, by saying she alludes to some other visit of Mrs. Fry's to Waterford; the party which she has described were at Waterford but once. They were entertained at John Strangman's house; and Mrs. Greer, the authoress of 'Quakerism,' was then Sarah Strangman, and was residing with her father in that very house. Mrs. Fry came into that house, in a state of utter prostration of strength, and was nursed with the utmost kindness, through a dangerous, but brief, illness. Were it needful, we would appeal to her family for the truth of what we are saying; but published documents, of unquestioned authority, like those we have cited, will be amply sufficient to satisfy our readers.

We do, however, take some comfort in the reflection, that it is utterly impossible that such palpably false statements can, for a moment, dim the fair fame of Mrs. Fry, or in any way affect the respectability or worth of the religious society to which she belonged, although the 'lady' has the audacity to say that she has invoked a blessing on every page of the calumnious caricature.

We will devote a dozen lines to one more subject—the texts, preaching, and conduct our novelist records, as having fallen under her notice in Quakers' meetings. The first worth citing is a text. 'There was once an old horse, and he had a sore leg.'—P. 106.

Whether the following is a text or an exordium is not apparent:—'“ Good morrow morning, my fine first-day [Sunday] morning gallery bucks; what brings you here to-day? A light heart and a thin pair of breeches will carry you through, my brave boys.” ’—P. 111.

By a curious coincidence, both these jokes were let off long before Mrs. Greer's day, and flourished in print full sixty years ago; the only difference we can find, is the substitution, in one of them, of 'first-day' for 'Sunday.' The elegance and

feminine delicacy of the only other passage of the kind which we shall cite, proves its originality; we would not rob the 'lady' of a word of it. It is an imaginary colloquy, immediately following a discourse by Mrs. Fry. "I wish somebody would insense me into the meaning of what she was trying to say." "I'll tell you," said another voice. "The decent woman says she has her eye on you, and that you are a BIG BLACKGUARD, AND THAT YOU ARE GOING HOT-FOOT TO HELL."—P. 163.

Here we beg to observe, that the interlocutors are not stated to be Quakers, or to have any connexion with Quakers; and that the conversation has not the most remote bearing on what precedes, or what follows; and that it appears to be introduced simply to enliven the narrative, on the same principle that sailors shot their discourse with oaths.

Charges of the vilest description are brought against Quakers, in a style corresponding with most of the passages we have transferred to these pages; but these are always unaccompanied by names of persons or places, or by any other clew, by means of which their falsehood may be detected. At p. 358 we are told of 'two ministers, who, whilst sitting side by side in the gallery, clothed in all the paraphernalia of the society's most consistent costume, and for many years preaching to the entire satisfaction of the meeting, were yet during all that time living together a life of sin.' In all kinds of wickedness, the families of Quaker preachers take the lead. 'The most scandalous deeds I have ever heard of amongst Friends or among any people, immorality in its most hideous forms, licentiousness, and dishonourable conduct are in ministers' families.'—P. 88.

This conduct does not appear to elicit any censure, or to carry with it any punishment. Those in authority wink at every species of crime. 'I have seldom known an instance of a member being disowned for sin. But for being unfortunate, and for transgressing the rules of the society, paying tithes, marrying out of the meeting often, very often. But for sin never, unless compelled by publicity.'—P. 264.

In a word, the Friends are made out to be liars, swindlers, adulterers, drunkards, and gluttons. Words could not describe a set of more unmitigated scoundrels than they are here represented. So low are they fallen, that the authoress conceives it 'utterly impossible that Quakerism can survive this generation.' (P. 393.) We think the 'lady' is bound to explain why, under such flagrant circumstances, it has endured for two centuries.

This state of the society is traced to three causes, in as many widely-detached passages. First, to priestly domination. 'There is a great similarity between Quakerism and Popery. Both are

the religion of the priests, and the people are compelled to an outward conformity. The domineering influence of the Friends who take part in the discipline over the body, is exactly a counterpart of that which the priests exercise over their flocks.'—P. 127.

Secondly, to absolute infidelity. 'I have often met with open infidelity under the name of Quakerism, and a teacher in Friends' families, a pious man, has lately informed me, that with very few exceptions, the young Quakers, his pupils, are growing up infidels.'—P. 264.

Thirdly, to neglect of the Bible. 'I am persuaded that all the evils which now abound in the society have arisen from the neglect of the holy Scriptures.'—P. 398.

The eyes of the authoress were slowly opened to these important truths. She studied the subject most patiently and carefully.

'At length, and not without thought, and prayer, and research, and years of careful study, I am now clearly of opinion that Quakerism is not what it professes to be, a pure form of Christianity; but a deep and subtle delusion; where some truth is mixed up with great error,—where the most soul-deluding doctrines are clothed in the garment of superior sanctity,—where imagination is substituted for inspiration,—where spiritual pride assumes the form of mock humility, and external forms take the place of dedication of heart,—where the ignorant and the hypocritical take the lead, and where the substance—the life of religion—faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, is never mentioned.'—P. 110.

Mrs. Greer's own record of her childhood; her distorted account of Mrs. Fry's visit, and, indeed, every extract we have given, devoid, as it is, of all show of probability, must have prepared our readers for slanders such as these, unaccompanied by the slightest attempt at proof; but our readers are not prepared to learn, neither will they be able to imagine, why Mrs. Greer should have remained for forty years among so degraded a sect as she represents the Society of Friends to be; or why, when that society determined to shake her off, she resisted the attempt to the utmost of her power, and availed herself of every practicable mode of delaying, if not averting, the fiat which was finally to dis sever the bond of union between herself and Quakerism. On this struggle for the retention of membership, she dwells for more than fifty pages; and condemns, in the most unmeasured terms, the conduct of those officers of the society, who, at last, succeeded in completing her excommunication. Then, again, no sooner was the judgment issued, than she humbly entreats that it may be reversed. In a letter, addressed to the society, with this object, she states, that

'her heart is with her people,' and that it is her 'wish to continue the regular attendance of Friends' Meeting,' where, as we have just quoted, 'the ignorant and the hypocritical take the lead, and where *the substance—the life of religion—faith in the blood of Jesus Christ is never mentioned.*' And be it observed, this is not the hasty or inconsiderate act of childhood, but penned in mature, if not in declining, life, with a family grown up around her, and after she had devoted '*thought, and prayer, and years of careful study*' to the merits and demerits of Quakerism. In this letter of supplication for reinstatement, she goes on to state, that she 'highly values, and anxiously desires to retain her birthright in the society,' and claims, 'on behalf of herself and her dear offspring, not only the sympathy but the justice of her friends.' In this abject manner does this wretched woman pray that herself and her children may continue members of a society, which, according to her own account, is composed of swindlers, drunkards, and adulterers, and often of absolute infidels! and she herself a highly-professing Christian! She does not pretend that there is any pecuniary or worldly advantage in this retention of membership. She only pleads her attachment to a society, more deeply steeped in atrocity than any that novelist had previously dared to paint, and before which the semi-demons of Sue pale their ineffectual fires. Notwithstanding such atrocity, she tells us, 'I still had an unaccountable hankering after the silent meeting, an indestructible affection for very many of the Friends, and an intense anxiety to be a true spiritual worshipper of the Mighty God, who I knew was present everywhere that his Spirit was invoked.' (P. 373.) Yes, reader, the Mighty God present where '*soul-deluding doctrines are clothed in the garment of superior sanctity,—where spiritual pride assumes the form of mock humility, and the external forms take place of dedication of heart!*'

And here we take leave of a volume, which we have read throughout with unmitigated disgust. And, in all sincerity, we recommend Mrs. Greer to abandon a species of writing, for which she has no single qualification; and to conquer feelings, which are utterly incompatible with a Christian's duty to her God, to her neighbour, to her children, and to herself.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Moral and Religious Guide to the Great Exhibition.* By the Rev. J. Emerton, D.D. London: Longmans. 1851.
2. *The Great Exhibition Prize Essay.* By the Rev. J. C. Whish, M.A. Incumbent of Trinity Church, East Peckham. London: Longmans. 1851.
3. *The Great Exhibition Spiritualized.* By the Rev. Henry Birch. London: Snow. 1851.
4. *The Real Exhibitors Exhibited; or, an Inquiry into the Condition of those Industrial Classes who have really represented England at the Great Exhibition.* By the Rev. John Richardson, B.A., Incumbent of St. Barnabas's, Manchester. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1851.
5. *The Lily and the Bee. An Apologue of the Crystal Palace.* By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 1851.
6. *The West of England and the Exhibition, 1851.* By Herbert Byng Hall, K.S.F. With Illustrations. London: Longmans. 1851.

'THE GREAT EXHIBITION,' which has been famed throughout the world, which has been visited by six millions of persons from nearly all nations, and which has produced in fees for admission and separate privileges nearly half a million sterling, is now over. As we witnessed the royal spectacle of its commencement, we have joined in the hearty anthem at its close.

The number of visits to the Exhibition was recorded in an ingenious table, drawn up by two of the Sappers and Miners, showing the attendance each day, the holders of season tickets marked with one colour, and the sovereigns, crowns, half-crowns, and shillings respectively by others; and also, the particular hours of each day at which the largest number of persons was present. The greatest number in one day was on Tuesday, October the 7th, being 109,915; and during that day the largest number was in the building at 2 o'clock,—92,000. On the previous day the extraordinary number of 28,853 persons were admitted in *one hour*, between twelve and one o'clock. On the last day, the number of persons present at the close was above 50,000, about twice the number of those who attended the opening. As the hour of five approached, the nave and the

transept, and the galleries near the transept were crowded, with a constant pressure towards the fountain in the centre. The fountain ceased to play, a red flag was waved, and all the organs in the building struck up the National Anthem. Presently the crowds removed their hats, joined in the anthem, and at the close gave hearty cheers for the Queen, for Prince Albert, and then, in a straggling, undecided manner for less illustrious names. Every one must have felt that this informal and discordant procedure was unworthy of the occasion. On the next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the building was open to exhibitors and their friends. On Wednesday Prince Albert and the Royal Commissioners assembled in the centre of the transept, where Lord Canning presented the report of the Jurors, and, after a thanksgiving by the Bishop of London, the National Anthem was sung.

We hailed the beginning of the Exhibition, have watched it with deep and ever-growing interest during the months of its continuance, and we wish to leave on our pages some permanent memorial of its history and of its effects. By the common consent of nations, sects, ranks, ages, it has been the largest gathering of human beings on which the sun has ever shone. It calls up to the imagination the treasured memories of times gone by; and it fills the future with outlines of beauty which the fullest hopes of humanity, and the grandest anticipations of religion, have painted with their brightest colours. We propose to notice, with respectful brevity, the publications of which we have given the titles, and then to present such general views of the late Exhibition as have been suggested to us by all that we have seen and heard respecting it.

The first and second publications on our list are important, as serving to show the moral and religious views with which the Exhibition was contemplated in prospect. The third is a simple and pious attempt, not very powerful or brilliant, to graft on the Exhibition the ordinary topics of evangelical teaching. The fourth is a well-meant, though partially enlightened, endeavour to excite more general interest in the working classes of this country. The fifth, by Mr. Warren, is a singular production, highly imaginative, excursive beyond measure, full of learned allusions and poetic phraseology, loyal, devout, philanthropic, and highly moral in its tone. The writer has gained great popularity as a novelist, and his later compositions have been marked by earnest expressions of evangelical piety. A similar strain pervades this quaint little volume. While to some critics this feature is an objection which vitiates the whole, it will, to not a few readers, be a covering to the odd and fantastic style in which it is written. It must be read as a whole. We would gladly have given several extracts, but we are unwilling to do

the author any injustice, and shall content ourselves with one at the end.

The last work on our list has no connexion with the Exhibition beyond the fact that the writer took a journey into the west of England to promote its objects, which he has described with amusing vivacity, and with an exuberance of good feeling.

Before the Exhibition was opened, there were many forebodings of evil. Men said that it would injure the trade of our own country by opening our manufactures to the inspection of foreigners;—that other nations would thus benefit at our expense;—that, by extending the principle of free trade, it would bring ruin on the landed interests of England. Besides these secular apprehensions, there were dark sayings on the frightful political consequences of attracting the restless agitators of the continent to the heart of the British Empire, where they would have an opportunity of centralizing their revolutionary movements, and would give boldness and courage to the disaffected multitude among our own people. Not a few shrank with alarm from the contagion of the irreligion and vice which would infect the moral atmosphere of London, and spread its bane throughout the country.

On the other side, the friends of truth, freedom, religion, and humanity, looked forward to this great gathering of nations with the most sanguine expectations of good. They saw in it one of the most auspicious characteristics of the age. They believed that *the thing itself*—apart from all consequences—was essentially good, right, noble, worthy of the times, and an honour to our land. They, also, believed, that whatever of temporary and partial evil might arise from the acknowledged imperfection of all human undertakings, the evil would be infinitely overbalanced by the advantages of every kind which they foresaw. In their view, this grand exposition of the ingenuity and industry of universal man was to bring the inhabitants of distant countries to a closer acquaintance with each other, to a more just appreciation of their several excellences, to a more cordial feeling of brotherhood, to a clearer perception of their common interests, and to such a deep human sympathy one with another as the world had never witnessed. To them it seemed certain, that such a happy blending of remote peoples would do much to extinguish the hostile feelings which break out in war, and to strengthen in men's minds the convictions, the principles, and the practical alliances, which are the only guarantees for future peace. Many of us, looking to the spiritual well-being of the world, and earnestly desiring above all things the universal spread of the gospel of Christ, ventured to hope that the intercourse and transactions of the remarkable half-year which has

just run out would be found to conduce, in many ways, through varied agencies, and on a very large scale, to a wider and deeper impression of revealed truth on men's minds than had been made by the slowly developed events of long previous ages. We could not forbear to picture to ourselves the blessed effects of the great evangelic mission on so large and selected a mass of human beings met together at the very centre-point of the Christian operations which have the world for their circumference. We could not but be persuaded that a new and healthier throb of life would be felt in the heart of Christendom;—that a richer tone of earnestness would come upon our churches and religious institutions;—that a large augmentation of enlightened and practical energy would be awakened among the oral and the literary servants of our common faith;—that an impulse would be given to all that is true and divine among us, of which the happy results would reach the ends of the earth, and be felt in the spiritual history of all coming generations, and in the social improvement and material comfort of innumerable millions. Some of us may have been too lively, too eager, even impatient in our anticipations, expecting more of good than could issue from one single cause, however vast and imposing; while others of us may have erred on the other side,—judging of the future exclusively from the experience of the past; yet the majority of British Christians may be said to have been of one mind in devoutly calculating on the 'Great Exhibition,' as an event of happiest augury for the human race. It is too soon, of course, to form anything like an approach to an accurate estimate of the *real value* of this gorgeous and costly spectacle. We shall have to wait, we think, a long time for that. So far as we can now judge, however, it is the part of wisdom and of piety to use our best faculties, with the lights we have, in reporting progress, and forecasting probabilities.

The *design itself of having such an Exhibition*, attributed, justly we doubt not, to the illustrious Consort of the Queen, is worthy of all the laudation it has received. It was worthy of a mind well stored with knowledge, instinct with royal aspirations, and placed in a position the most favourable on earth for carrying out its thought, to suggest the desirableness and the practicability of so magnificent an undertaking. It was an undertaking that united the poetry of the imagination with the reality of a working world; the pomp of royalty with the toil of labour; the fascinations of genius with the enterprise of commerce; the rivalry of nations with the sentiment of peace. Then, to have this design so remarkably seconded by the felicitous conceptions of Paxton, the rapid combinations of Fox, and the magic-like activity which embodied both in that glorious structure so

capacious, so commodious, so brilliant, so strong, an Exhibition worthy of the time, the place, and the purpose. Our readers, we presume, have become familiar with the building, and have made themselves acquainted with its remarkable history. They have seen some of the beautiful engravings of this 'Crystal Palace,' which have displayed it with so much skill and taste in every aspect, under every light, and at nearly every point of view, whether from without or from within. They have read many descriptions of it in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and guides. They have compared their own recollections with those of others, and each one has pictured for himself, in his own imagination, this architectural marvel. Had the situation been more lofty, had a central dome surmounted the transept, had the plan admitted of more varied outline, no doubt the building would have been more imposing; yet, as it is, it has received a larger and heartier tribute of admiration than would suffice to gratify the most aspiring architect. The ready response of the nations proves, as Mr. Whish remarks, in his Prize Essay, 'that the note which was struck was in harmony with the state of the world.'

'Much as the beacon-fire calls forth a response from hill to hill, so did one nation after another, as if by premeditated agreement, consent to the proposal. France, Italy, Turkey, India, China, and so round the globe, wherever there was a settled civilization, and any possibility of joining in the generous emulation, all were anxious to do so. Since then, from night to morning, and from morning to night, wherever the sun has pursued his unceasing course, in one or another part of the world, have eager minds been pondering, and brawny arms and skilful fingers been working, to produce something worthy of a place in the Great Exhibition of Industry.'

It is interesting to observe the prodigious activity with which, in so short a time, not only so large a building was erected, but so many *minds* were studying how to render it attractive, and striving to bring every production of skill and labour to the highest perfection, under the pressure of a universal competition. To this activity of many minds, must be added the costliness of the preparations. In many instances which have come to our knowledge, the amount of money expended in drawings and models, and experiments, on some of the objects which, in such a crowd, can have attracted very little of the notice they deserve, would exceed the belief of our readers; and this, in many cases, where a return, in substantial value, was out of the question. Still further, we have to take into account the expense of conveyance from distant parts of the world, including the risks and anxieties, and what we may call the expenditure of feeling in the disappointments and vexations inseparable from an undertaking

so novel and on so great a scale. We have sympathized with the exhibitors as a class: for we had the impression all along that they were unjustly overshadowed by the officials, who owed all their temporary consequence to the very men whose interests they were neglecting. Still, we have pleasure in knowing that, on the whole, the exhibitors are satisfied that they have embraced the opportunity afforded for setting their productions forth more publicly than they could have been set forth in any other way. Assuredly, the public do them justice. Their works have been looked on with admiration, with interest, with sympathy, with some feeling akin to gratitude, by several millions; and we strongly hope that, eventually, none of the exhibitors will lose anything, but that all will gain much, in many ways, by the outlay they have made on this occasion.

We do not go along with those who affirm that the 'real exhibitors' in this collection have been the skilled, or other labourers, by whose hands the things exhibited have been produced. It is true, that without them and their labour there would have been no Exhibition; just as, if there had been no glass blowers, miners, ironfounders, carpenters, and painters, there could have been no Crystal Palace. But, then, of what avail would their labour have been, if their combined results had not been guided by the minds of others? The Exhibition has been the joint production of *every hand* and of *every mind* employed in producing each separate article, and in bringing it to the spot on which we have seen it; and also of all the ingenuity, expense, and labour, by which the plans have been matured and the arrangements carried out. Nowhere, perhaps, has the value of labour, skill, industry, and perseverance, been so largely illustrated as in the Exhibition. Yet nowhere has the natural alliance of these qualities with the higher attributes of genius and taste, and with the resources of capital and leisure, been so visibly demonstrated. Competition, too, has been the whole stimulus. It belongs to our nature to compete. Here the emulation is unselfish, harmless, eminently beneficial to all parties. It is not competition *opposed* to co-operation, but *harmonizing* with it. It realizes the advantages of both principles, without the evils attendant on the monopoly or the extreme of either. The many walkers along those crowded aisles and crowded chambers, amid the products of the mine, the loom, the anvil, the chisel, the needle, and the thousand tools of cunning art, may have learnt, if they listed, many a lesson of political economy which they would never have studied in the pages of Whately, or Senior, or Mill; without examining definitions, or threading the meshes of arguments, they might see before them the proofs that strength, skill, intelligence, taste, capital, and leisure, are distributed among

several hands for the benefit of all ; that it is a social *law*, not a social *wrong*, which makes them separate, yet mutually dependent ; that either to confound the classes created by civilization, or to permit any one of them to entrench on the province of any other, is to do that which tends to the dissolution of the whole fabric.

We would ever stand up for the political independence of every man, *as a man*, without reference to his social rank, and especially for the many and the poor, seeing that they are apt to be oppressed ; but, as we value that political independence, and because we look on it as a sacred right, we are on our guard against the sophisms which would destroy that right by confounding it with the plausibilities of communism. Therefore it is that we are as glad to have met the hard-handed sons of toil, looking with intelligent thoughtfulness on the marvels of the Exhibition, as to have mingled with the gayer visitants who ‘toil not, neither do they spin ;’ for, while the latter have been taught to respect the industry which produced these marvels, the producers have themselves been taught to respect the genius which invented them, and the wealth which gives them value. It is not easy to over-estimate the worth of human labour. It enters largely into the dignity of our life. It is closely associated with honesty, virtue, domestic purity, and practical religion ; and thus forms the real basis of national power, safety, and honour. But it is a perversion of the truth—like all other perversions, fraught with incalculable mischief—to put the labouring class into a state of hostile antagonism with other classes, whether this be done by pandering to the cupidity of the rich, or to the unreasoning discontent of the poor. We highly prize the Exhibition as a large, potent, undeniable, and most impressive illustration of this truth, inasmuch as it has placed it before the minds of the least reflecting observers, to whatever class they may belong.

Every visitor to the Exhibition must have been struck with the amazing *profusion* of materials and manufactures which the nations of the earth had poured into this great catholic bazaar. We had been accustomed to see large quantities of produce or of manufactures in the warehouses of traders, on quays and wharves, in the well-stocked shops of large cities, and at the fairs of country towns ; but, in this universal fair, or shop, or warehouse, it seemed as though the riches of the whole earth had been brought into one place. The total number of separate articles we have no means of enumerating ; but their estimated value we believe to have been many millions sterling. Vastness is an element of the sublime. We doubt not that the feeling to which we give that name has been awakened, in this instance, as much by the apparently endless quantity of produc-

tions as by the apparently boundless space of the edifice in which they were laid up. This feeling has increased upon us as we have repeated our visits. It was strong on the first day, became stronger as we went on, and was very decidedly strongest at the last. As we proceeded slowly in our analysis of these amazing piles of riches, classifying them in various ways to aid our intelligence and our memory—at one time according to the progress of art, and another time according to comparisons of different kinds of productions, and the progressive stages from the raw material to the highest finish of art, and then, again, according to geographical divisions so distinctly marked in the arrangements of the building—our sense of the largeness of the collection grew upon us; it seemed impossible in any other way to grasp the conception of the exposition as a whole. And thus we attained to a distinct method of contemplating the entire scene as one rising from the consideration of the several parts to the splendid *unit* of which they were the components. It was a kind of concrete logic, or tangible abstraction, the senses ministering to the intellect, the imagination rising step by step—as the traveller from one mountain-range to a higher and still higher till he gains the summit, whence he looks on all the landscape—to the apparently simple idea expressed in the simple words, ‘The Great Exhibition.’

The various *qualities* of this enormous collection will never be forgotten. Here we scarcely know where to begin or where to end. Raw materials from the shores of every sea and the banks of every stream; from the forest, the mountain, the plain; the animals of every region; the mines of every climate; the rocks of every quarry; crystals, ores, and extracts of every metal; the geology and mineralogy of the globe; models of workings, and machines used in them; the results of the chemical retort in their endlessly diversified applications to manufactures, arts, domestic uses, and medical remedies; all kinds of food, and implements and modes of cookery; anatomies of plants, preparations of vegetable substances, wax, hair, furs, wool, silk, flax, cotton, mosses, weeds, and the ingenious methods by which they subserve the uses of mankind; engines, carriages, railways, locomotives, steam-ships, life-boats, machines of all sizes and for nearly all purposes of agriculture and manufacture; light-houses, life-preservers, diving-bells, balloons, bridges; weapons of war, or sport; musical instruments; time-pieces; philosophical and surgical instruments; telegraphs; manuscripts, books, paper, binding; cotton-mills, pumps, printing-machines; toys; dyes, yarns, fabrics of cotton, linen, silk, velvet, lace, embroidery, artificial flowers, and fruits; all kinds of saddlery: tapestries, carpets, floor-cloths, paper-hangings, decorative

painting; tessellated pavements; clothing for all climates, conditions, and occasions; cutlery in all its useful and luxurious varieties; stoves, chimney-pieces; grates, fenders, fire-irons; hinges, locks and keys; wires, buttons, nails, brass ornaments; pens and pen-holders; papier-maché applied to delicate ornaments and to massive furniture; gold, silver, bronze, and electroplating in dazzling varieties; jewels and trinkets; glass, wrought into more forms and applied to more purposes than our ignorance could have imagined; earthenware from all the famous potteries, rivalling other arts, and other times; gorgeous specimens of all the sorts of furniture that luxury could use, displaying the utmost ingenuity and skill in carving, enamelling, inlaying, gilding, festooning, and we know not what beside; brushes, perfumes; soaps; confectionery; teas; cigars and tobacco in every state, and pipes of every form; snuff-boxes of endless varieties in material, shape, and embellishment;—but, we must stop, almost at the beginning of our enumeration. Every one will remember the statuary in the transept, in the English and Italian sculpture rooms, and through the whole length of the nave; the fountains; the ‘Mountain of Light,’ the Prince of Wales’s Shield, the Model of Liverpool, and other models; the gorgeous productions of India, Tunis, and Russia; the curiosities of China; the ingenious and elegant manufactures of France, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Germany, and every part of Europe *excepting Naples*; the interesting products of industry and skill from America, and from the British Colonies; the stained glass; the organs; the telescopes; the banners; the music; the thronging; the admiration; the rolling billows of strange faces; the hum of foreign tongues; the marvellous show which has cost *one shilling*.

It is for the several juries to award the prizes in each department, and we will not undertake to pronounce on the comparative merits of the several nations. We may say, however, that while we confess to our full share of national self-complacency in witnessing the unquestionable superiority of England in whole departments of the useful, and commercially valuable, and in knowing that, if it had been compatible with the plan of the Commissioners to make price an object in the Exhibition, the superiority would have been more apparent—we are not slow to acknowledge the superiority of other countries in many respects. We rely on our boasted love of fair play. The Exhibition *itself* was held out as a noble example of this quality in the British mind. We believe that the representatives of other countries partake of the feelings of our French neighbours and of ourselves; each believing that their own share of the Exhibition has been the best, upon the whole. *Ours* has been

the largest, and the world would have felt the disappointment if we had not excelled in our staple manufactures, and in our machinery, however inferior we may be in the lighter productions of ingenuity and taste. We have taught much. Perhaps we have learned more than we have taught. We have benefited more, in all probability, by the American reaping-machine, than even protectionists lament that we have lost by the abolishing of the corn-laws.

The interest felt in this gigantic undertaking has never been surpassed, whether we consider the extent of countries through which it has spread, the length of time it has lasted, or the manifold combinations and developments of feeling with which it has been associated. We count it no small matter that the simple idea, which was at first doubtfully received, should have been carried out so thoroughly, and with such entire success. Viewed as a pecuniary speculation, there was a time when it looked somewhat flat. People were not sure that the building was quite safe, though every inch of it was most severely tested. It was thought that the multitude of English people, in London and in the country, would not appreciate such a work, and would not spend upon it so large a sum as would cover the expenses. It was feared that the indiscriminate admission of such crowds would be attended with disorder. But, from the first day to the last, there has been a continual falsification of such apprehensions.

The building has stood the test, and tens of thousands have crowded the trembling and clastic galleries with a feeling as secure as that with which they tread the streets. Persons of all ranks and classes, from London, provincial cities and towns, villages and hamlets; princes, statesmen, priests and ministers of religion, judges, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, physicians, merchants, tradespeople, manufacturers, artisans, agricultural labourers, ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, paupers, and charity children, have mingled in one moving mass. The *shillings* have paid better than the sovereigns and the half-crowns. The behaviour of the multitudes has been uniformly quiet, courteous, and almost as reverential as that of congregations in a church. We believe that it would have been worth while to encounter all the expense, if it had been only for the purpose of bringing the people together and showing one another the respect which is felt to be due to man as man, irrespectively of his conventional distinctions. We have been delighted, over and over again, to see family groups of country people visiting the Exhibition in homely and decent garb, not always with very marked intelligence, yet with a broad stare of honest wonderment, and the smile of a new, undefined, and mysterious pleasure. At other

times, we have conversed with intelligent mechanics, and have been instructed by their observations, their comparisons, their criticisms, their shrewd confessions of previous ignorance, or their proud indications of previous knowledge. Then have we watched the keen accuracy with which some bearded foreigner has scrutinized the fabrics of the British loom, or the almost vexed surprise with which some thoughtful Englishman examined the colour, the texture, the exquisite devices, the delicate workmanship of some French, Swiss, or Italian production. We have wandered through the American department when it was scarcely visited by any but Americans themselves; and we have since been jostled in the very same department, *even on a Saturday*, since the reaping-machine has become famous, and the service of Californian gold has come over to represent the public spirit, the wealth, and the artistic genius of New York. Very pleasant has it been to see the lame, the invalid, the aged and infirm, drawn in easy carriages along those spacious avenues, and calmly sharing the world's wonder. Most beautiful has been the spectacle of our queen, passing through rows of regardful and silent spectators from all nations, in her many and wisely-timed visits. More than once we have encountered, in quiet corners, or in the thick of the crowd, peers of the British empire, eminent statesmen from France, and persons illustrious in various ways, freely mingling with the masses, and learning such lessons as the wise lay up for the instruction of many lands and of coming times. We have heard of few depredations. Only in one instance—and it is well that it should be remembered—has death occurred, and that suddenly, in the person of a gentleman advanced in years. Striking scene! death in the midst of so much life!

We have reason for thinking that the good effects expected to arise from this great experiment are already so decided and extensive, as to bear out our most cheerful anticipations. Many minds have perceived, as they had never done before, the riches of the universal Lord in the materials which man's device has wrought into forms so useful, or beautiful, or both. They have vindicated the hopes so pleasingly expressed in works which we noticed some months since, and which are thus expounded by Mr. Whish:—

‘For, what is each new discovery of science? It is not an act of creative power on the part of the philosopher or the artist. It is not that either he has added some new element to the construction of the world, with a view to man's service, or that he has forced into that service some hostile energy which he was never intended to benefit by, and which would obey him only on compulsion. It is only that he has

dived deeper than others before him into the benevolence of the Creator, as hidden in his works. It is only that he has traced out and laid open some fresh instance of the Divine power and wisdom, by which that benevolence was enshrined. We must beware that we do not praise such a benefactor as though he had bestowed the blessing itself upon mankind; his praise is that he has discovered it, and made it available. His position is precisely similar to that of the miner; he finds the precious metal, he does not make it. It is to the benevolent forethought and working of God, that we owe the gift itself. The whole earth is a treasure-house—a *mine*,* from which we may obtain inexhaustible evidences of the goodness of our Creator. It is the self-imposed and delightful task of the philosopher to search deeper and deeper still; and when he has opened and prepared the way, then all are glad to follow. But are we to gaze about upon the newly-unfolded treasures with a vacant stare of astonishment, without a thought of Him who spake the word and it was done? Or, are we bound to recognise the fact, that each fresh discovery is, as it were, an enlargement of the mirror on which we see reflected the various attributes of the Creator? An intelligent traveller, who lately ascended Mont Blanc, declares, that when he reached a certain spot, and from thence looked down upon the unspeakable grandeur of the scene before him, the thought that instinctively rose to his mind was this,—“O God! how wonderful are thy works!” Similarly ought we to be moved by each new conquest of the human mind over the inertness of matter, or the inscrutability of more subtle agency. We should view them as additional proofs of forethought and goodness in the working of Him who prepared the earth for the residence of man. Every event which helps to overcome the sloth and indifference of men’s minds, and to allure them to the careful consideration of such conquests, may well be expected to lead them to a more admiring and adoring love of God; at least, it gives them that knowledge which may become the foundation of that holy feeling.’—*Prize Essay*, pp. 15, 16.

Among the results of the Exhibition, we attach great importance to the stimulus which it has given to human ingenuity, in the invention or higher improvement of productions that largely minister to the safety, the comfort, the instruction, or the delight of mankind. The *proposal* to have such an Exhibition acted like a vital and diffused pressure on the human faculties throughout the civilized world. The actual sight of so many noble and striking applications of science, as have been exposed to view in this cosmopolitan museum, has given the pressure additional vitality and force. Some thousands of our own countrymen have visited the Exhibition, with the practical and wise intention of turning it to good account in this way. They have had the advantage, at a merely nominal cost, which only a command of

* ‘His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise: and there was the hiding of his power.’—Habbakuk iii. 34.

wealth and leisure beyond their reach could have afforded, of seeing with their own eyes the highest attained perfection of the particular art with which each of them has been most familiar ; and they have returned home with accumulations of intelligence, suggestions, plans, ideas, which, but for this Exhibition, it would have been utterly impossible for them to acquire. And from several countries of Europe the most skilful artisans have either come themselves, or sent their representatives, for this special purpose. Large orders for models and machines have already been given. A new impulse has been given to the emulation which is the very soul of improvement. And by the extension of this impulse to other nations besides our own, the general benefit is advanced without inflicting injury on any. The age of exclusiveness will pass more rapidly away. The artificial restraints imposed by ignorant legislation, and sustained by selfish prejudices, will yield to the over-towering mastery of freedom. Each nation,—as each individual man,—will give up the hopeless struggle of competing with others whose advantages in any one line of things are immeasurably greater ; and throughout the whole world, as well as within the limits of one country, all labour will be guided by knowledge, carried on with confidence, and remunerated according to its real worth. As England is the country in which this bold, but not ill-considered appeal to the safety of commercial freedom has been made, her example will be followed in proportion to the advances which are made in other countries towards political freedom ; while the visible superiority of our people, as a whole, in material comforts, is already giving new energy to the political aspirations of foreign patriots, and suggesting to them the most prudent and effective counsels for the accomplishment of their wishes. So happily has Providence distributed its blessings, that we are well assured the legislatures of the world could do nothing so politically expedient as following the laws of Providence in their enactments ; and the spread of information such as that which every foreign visitor to the London Exhibition will carry home with him and diffuse among his neighbours, will do more than political theories and popular harangues to increase in every land the number of those who, seeing the substantial benefits of the liberty of which they have dreamt and sung, are determined to be free.

Now, in our way of looking at these things, we see in the Exhibition much more than man's industry, and ingenuity, and taste, and energy ; we see the amplitude of the Creator's power and wisdom more closely and more fully ; we trace the minute and comprehensive illustrations of the plan, according to which HE is bringing out the capabilities of mind ; we catch a glimpse

of the methods of his procedure, in raising man from barbarism to civilization ; from slavery to freedom ; from sullen isolation and estrangement, to the perception of mutual dependence and the recognition of a common brotherhood. How remarkable it is, that, at the very time when men are brought together to learn or to teach these lessons so pregnant with all that is nourishing to our large and bright hopes for the future, the separation of our island from the continent may be said—in one important respect—to have been abolished by the submarine electric telegraph ! Men may now communicate their thoughts across the seas more quickly than along the streets of a large town. As the compass, the printing-press, the steam-engine, have already proved their large subserviency to the highest social interests of our race, so every new application of what men *know* to what they *do*, will remove another cloud of misconception, another burden on our industry, another impediment to freedom, another hindrance to the spread of truth, religion, love, and joy, over all the earth, which God hath peopled for the showing forth of his unutterable glory. The inventors and promoters of these humanizing improvements, may, possibly, be ignorant of the far-reaching effects of their labours ; and, it is but too true, that the majority of those who praise them and enjoy the benefit of these works, are so low-minded as to look no farther than to the immediate and merely worldly advantage ; yet we know that there are not a few, and their number is increasing everywhere, whose habit of thought it is to pierce below the surface, and to soar above the material, so as to behold the profound and spiritual manifestations of the Infinite God in the enlargement of man's intelligence, and in the march of general improvement,—who, besides the scientific, political, or philanthropic, have become devoutly familiar with the *religious* aspects of human progress, and have learned from the Supreme Teacher to use the objects of vulgar admiration as monuments of thanksgiving and as prophecies to hope. The more they see of what the elements of the earth can become under the processes of art instructed by the discoveries of science, the deeper is their reverence towards Him from whom all things come, who kindles every light of intellect, and who is the author of every kind of skill. As man rises before them in the dignity of knowledge, power, genius, and freedom, they have a clearer understanding of the sacredness of his destiny ; the dread responsibility that binds his freest actions to the throne of heaven ; the fearful havoc with which sin has darkened his history ; and the stupendous mystery of love by which his restoration is provided for, according to the history and the teaching of the gospel. In minds so contemplating man in his social aptitudes and ever-during capabilities, the

natural history of the world in which he lives, and his own progress upwards into the successive stages of his advancement towards the true knowledge and right use of everything around him, are themes for calmest meditation; and while these meditations are enriched by the brilliant and manifold foot-marks of universal progress on which their eyes have rested in that new meeting-place of nations, they are treasuring up within their 'heart of hearts' the divine thoughts by which, when soberly and seasonably uttered in fitting speech and deed, this world of ours cannot fail to be made better and happier than it is.

It is scarcely possible for even the coolest minds to avoid the conclusion, or the conjecture, or the hope at least, that the manly and hearty intercourse so eminently characteristic of the late Exhibition will do much towards preserving the peace of Europe, and preventing future wars. It may be difficult, indeed, to forecast the triumphs of liberty and good government over despotism and anarchy without force; this is a difficulty, however, belonging chiefly to the internal affairs of nations: even in this limited relation, it certainly appears to us that the difficulty is not so apparently insuperable as it has been at former periods: but, looking broadly on the entire civilized world, we think we are warranted in regarding the Exhibition as a result, an exponent, a proof of a totally different state of feeling in the *nations* towards each other. There is not the same amount of national ignorance, and of consequent national prejudice, that prevailed a comparatively few years ago. There *cannot* be among nations who have learned to appreciate one another more justly than they did, the blind and rancorous hostility to which their governments were wont to look for the means of settling their own disputes; we have innumerable testimonies to the contrary. But a stronger guarantee for peace is now discovered in the friendly and mutually interested relations in which commerce binds the people of separate lands. Even if men should shut their eyes so as to believe in falsehoods, and allow their passions to steel their hearts against their better judgments and more generous instincts, it is becoming less and less a likely thing, that the vine-dressers, the corn-farmers, the cotton-growers, the artificers, merchants, bankers, traders of the various nations, should be hasty to enter into bloody conflicts with those that take their several productions in exchange for others, and thus secure to them the means of living. Whatever their opinions may be, or their sense of honour, the men who do the world's work are usually slow in destroying of their own accord the sources of their livelihood. For this reason among others, we have ever advocated the policy as well as the morality of unrestricted commerce; and, without fearing to lay ourselves

open to the charge of rash speculation, or sanguine enthusiasm, we seriously avow our deliberate conviction, that the visitors we have welcomed among us have most of them gone home as advocates and hostages for peace, because, along with other motives and higher ones—which we do not think have ever yet received the consideration they deserve in any quarter—it is against the worldly interest of *the majority* in any one country to go to war with any other. We need not say that we do not rely on considerations of worldly interest as capable of supplying the place, or superseding the necessity of higher principles; and, therefore, we turn to that which we conceive to be the greatest of the good effects which we attribute to the Exhibition.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, whose interesting collection of the inspired volume in 150 languages and dialects arrested the attention of innumerable foreigners, made liberal arrangements for the supply of foreigners with copies of the Scriptures. The Religious Tract Society has issued large editions of 'the Palace of Glass and the Gathering of the People,' and 'The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry,' two interesting volumes, of which we gave brief notices when they were published, and to which we here specially invite the attention of our readers: besides great quantities of tracts bearing on the religious aspects of the Exhibition, adapted to varied degrees of intelligence and culture. It is well known that several of our London societies for promoting the religious welfare of foreigners, have been labouring industriously and with cheering success among larger numbers of foreigners than have ever been accessible before. The places of public worship in London have, for the most part, been thronged. Special services and unoccupied buildings have been truly consecrated to this holy enterprise. For five months the great room in Exeter Hall has been densely filled with attentive hearers on the morning and evening of every Sunday, so that the gospel has been preached in that one place to a hundred and fifty thousand persons. It has been a season of sacred *reunions*, in which the most experienced and spiritual persons of Europe and America have joined their prayers and their counsels for mutual encouragement in the great work of evangelizing all the nations. And now that the glare, the bustle, the excitement are subsiding into bright and tranquil recollections, it will be found, we think, that the progress of true religion has been accelerated to a degree that will touch the chords of many hearts, and make them vibrate with the melody of praise to God. And while fresh energy has thus been infused into our benevolent concern for others, and the same spirit has been quickened among our fellow Christians in other countries,

we have felt with renewed power the responsibility of caring for the religious character, the Christian reputation, and the spiritual culture of our own honoured country. We hope that our pages have not vainly appealed to the reader on behalf of the thousands of neglected ones that swarm in this metropolis; while similar scenes have come under our personal observation in the great towns, that are so rapidly thriving, in the commercial and manufacturing centres of our population. We have much to say respecting plans for 'overtaking,' as Dr. Chalmers so graphically and with such painful truth expressed it, the multitudes that lie beyond the range of our churches and our ministries, for whom new agencies are in requisition; but we defer this momentous affair to an early exposition of the views which we have been revolving much and long, in connexion with some practical experience of the way in which the masses of the English people can be reached by those who seek to save them through the gospel of the Son of God.

We cannot close our reference to this subject, without advertising, as we do with unfeigned satisfaction, to the peaceful demonstration which we have given to the world, of the power of voluntary agency, and of the safety of popular institutions. This unparalleled Exhibition has not been the work of government—has not been sustained by public revenues—has not been the result of political or party schemes. We rejoice sincerely in the favour it has received from royalty, and we are not loath, but glad to join the most loyal of our fellow-subjects in the heartiest congratulations on this account: we know nothing in the history of our monarchy, or of any other, so graceful, so endearing, so sure to win and to keep the love of a great and a free people, so likely to read a wholesome lesson to the princes of the earth, and to the heads of its republics, as the earnest and enlightened interest which her Majesty and Prince Albert have taken in this most popular affair. Nor have we any wish to throw a note of discord into the harmony of delight with which all ranks and classes have rejoiced to follow these illustrious examples. Yet we should belie our ripest judgment, and do violence to our most cherished feelings, if we were not to dwell, with all the strength of expression at our command, on the noble and affluent freedom which gave birth to such an institution, and which has nourished it so gloriously. It has been a specimen of what men can do, and will do, in England, but not in England only, *to educate themselves at their own charges*. Only let governments defend them while they keep the laws, and let parliaments take heed that the laws are wise and good, and let the honoured, and the wealthy, and the cultivated members of society discharge their duty as

examples to their obscurer brethren, and we have no fears lest any large proportion of the English people should long remain insensible to the benefits of education, or that they should be either unable or unwilling to remunerate the ablest teachers. We are not prepared to sacrifice the freedom which has spent millions of shillings on the lessons of that one public school, to any theories however plausible, to any schemes however beneficial, which should turn our population into either communists or paupers. We prefer the slow, yet decided improvements which have issued in the splendid holidays of this ever-memorable summer, to those which promise to be more rapid, but which are bound up—in our judgment—with centralization and corruption, with compulsory taxing and compulsory training, with the bigotry of religious opinion, or the worse bigotry of irreligious indifference, and with principles of social economy and national policy, against which our history has been a struggle from the beginning.

The 'festival of the civilization of mankind' was inaugurated with the solemnities of religion, and the Queen of England expressed her concurrence in the prayer, 'that by God's blessing, this undertaking may conduce to the welfare of my people, and to the common interests of the human race, by encouraging the arts of peace and industry, strengthening the bonds of union among the nations of the earth, and promoting a friendly and honourable rivalry in the useful exercise of those faculties which have been conferred by a beneficent Providence for the good and happiness of mankind.' It is our belief that these words were heartily uttered; and how beautifully have they echoed along every shore! how strong and general is the conviction, that the hopes thus royally expressed were well-founded! Time will declare it.

'Go, then, thou Grand One of the Present,
Grandly into the Past.
And for the Future
Leave no trace behind, but in the mind,
Enriched, expanded, and sublimed.
Only a noble Memory.
Be thou to sensuous eye,
Quickly, as though thou hadst not been.
Let the place that knows thee now
Know thee no more.
Let the grass grow again, where grew the
Grass so short a while ago.
Let the wandering winds blow freely o'er the
Site where shone so late
The gleaming wonder of the world.

Let world-wide pilgrims come,
 In all time hereafter, unto this sceptred isle,
 This little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,
 To that green spot :
 And, pointing to their sons, all grown incredulous, say,—
 Here It stood !'

The Lily and the Bee, pp. 204, 205.

Brief Notices.

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Sermons. By the Rev. George Smith, Minister of Trinity Chapel, Poplar. Pp. xvi. 444. London: Snow. 1851.

WE had hoped, ere this, to give a somewhat extended review of this volume, but having been disappointed in our arrangements for that purpose, we are unwilling to defer our notice of it any longer. Mr. Smith enjoys an honourable reputation as a preacher, and as an earnest and popular public speaker on behalf of our great religious and philanthropic institutions. We believe he has published ten or eleven discourses or lectures, delivered on several occasions, and now we are glad to have from his pen this noble-looking volume, with the simple and appropriate title of 'SERMONS.' We have no sympathy with the notion that a volume of 'Sermons' *as such* is unacceptable to the reading public, or with the stale device of smuggling pulpit discourses into the market under different names. If sermons are really good, well selected, and by a preacher who is known to be powerful and successful in the pulpit, they have an advantage over other religious productions in the fact that a larger number of persons are prepared to give them welcome, while not a few have associations with them, as spoken by the preacher, which are sacred and most

endearing. Such has been the case in the present instance. We have no hesitation in pronouncing these sermons to be instructive, impressive, embodying truths of the highest order in strong, flowing, and eloquent expression, and pre-eminently fitted to accomplish the author's end. They have been published at the request of the deacons of the church of which he is the pastor; and we think he has done well for them, and wisely for himself, in yielding to their kindness and urgency.

The topics of these sermons are,—The Spirituality of God;—The Exclusive Theme of the Christian Ministry;—The Doctrine of Justification by Faith;—Angelic Studies of Divine Wisdom;—Religious Decision;—The Neglect of Relative Obligations;—The Fire on the Jewish Altar;—The Apocryphal Saying;—The Father of Lights;—The Renovation of all Things;—Jesus Going to the Father;—Horeb, or the Manifestation of God;—Spiritual Things Prepared and Discerned;—Babylon, or the Punishment of Luxury;—The Going of a Man to his own Place;—Christian Views of Eternal Life;—God the Comforter of the Down-cast;—The Consequences of Despising or Honouring God;—The Claims of the Saviour on the Young;—Mutual Recognition in Heaven;—The Doctrine of Christian Assurance. From any one of these sermons we could give extracts which would fully bear out our honest and earnest recommendation of the entire volume. We have read it with much thankfulness. It is a fair specimen of the mode of handling sacred truths which is best adapted to secure the attention of hearers and to do them lasting good. There are no learned disquisitions, no philosophical speculations, no highly-wrought fancies, no meretricious attempts at rhetorical finery, but the clear and affectionate outpourings of pastoral solicitude and faithfulness. We cannot describe the volume better than by saying that it is a judicious selection of remarkably good sermons, which we advise as many of our readers as are able to procure and read.

Logic for the Million. A Familiar Exposition of the Art of Reasoning.
By a Fellow of the Royal Society. London: Longman and Co.

THE author of this volume rests his expectations of usefulness on two things—an entire discarding of the scholastic system of logic, and a large collection of examples from well-known authors. We do not know that either of these two features is so valuable as he supposes, even if cleverly carried out. If books on reasoning as an art are to be written at all, they will neither find nor make a more clear vocabulary than the wonderful systematizers whom the author means by the scholastics have given us; but may very easily, in discarding their system as an incumbrance, drop into a less orderly, less beautifully-developed, less satisfying classification of their own. The very purpose of such volumes is to name, to draw out at length the principles, and so to assist in correctly reproducing, at pleasure, the processes of reasoning, and we know no way of doing that comparable in point of precision, and all the qualities of a scientific statement of mental operation.

with the vilified scholastic system. Indeed, although this volume so reviles that system, and tells us that it matters very little what Aristotle says or thinks, all that is clear and natural in its classification comes from it, from him; all, we may say, not of that origin is worthless—as science, as exposition. We believe that a valuable compendium of logic might be prepared for general readers, with much discarding of technicalities, but such a book must have a lucid order rigidly adhered to, an unsparing exclusion of all irrelevant topics, and even of many relevant but unimportant ones, a clear comprehension of the subject, resulting in accurate definitions and concise sentences. In all these particulars, as it seems to us, the volume before us fails. Its second great peculiarity, the numerous examples drawn from common authors, which in moderation would be good, is carried to an extent (400 pages) that will suit neither the pockets nor the patience of the million. Such an over-illustration defeats its own end—it distracts instead of helping; you cannot see the wood for the trees. The book is amusing from the variety of topics that flash past one, but if the million want logic, they must go somewhere else to learn it.

Eight Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Rotunda, from November, 1849, to February, 1850. Dublin: Fannin and Co. London: Nisbet and Co. 1851.

WE are sorry to observe that all the lectures in this series were not prepared for publication. Those which are given are highly honourable to the ability, judgment, and good taste of the respective lecturers. We submit to Dr. Applebe that the word 'absolute,' in the beginning of his lecture, is not required, especially since he himself explains it away in the next paragraph. To Mr. Dill we would suggest, that the moral effects of the gospel ought not to be spoken of as miracles. Dr. Urwick has chosen a worthy theme—Sir William Jones—and he has handled it worthily. We are exceedingly delighted with the cautious boldness of saying, 'We should have been yet more gratified to have seen a man of his standing in scholarship and literature, as well as in civil affairs, coming out more plainly with a constant and free-hearted avowal that he counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.' The proposition illustrated so pleasingly in Mr. Craig's lecture—'Each believer, in his individual sphere, has a mission to the world'—is one which we are glad to find urged on the young men of Dublin. The passion for associations and organized action should have its limits. Its best use is, to prepare for something better in the individual action of the next generation.

Mr. Stroyan's lecture on 'The Disposition of Mind necessary for the Successful Investigation of Truth' is very short. We presume that much of the time was taken up by reading extracts, which are not printed. The lecture is so good, as far as it goes, that we regret the lack of greater fulness and elaboration.

Mr. Stephens's lecture on 'Christian Missions' is good, as a brief sketch of the history of missions. In urging his youthful audience to take 'a deep and abiding interest in the work of Christian missions,'

we are sorry that his views of that work should be bounded by 'the committee-room' and 'the platform.' Why should he not have set before them 'the work' itself of preaching the gospel to the heathen? This is one of the evils of the organizing spirit, to which we adverted in our remarks on Mr. Craig's lecture. The individual—the creature of God, is lost in the society—the creature of man. Mr. MacAfee's address is an ordinary sermon of the metaphysical cast, belonging rather to an age that has passed away than to the pressing wants of the young men of the age which is now passing. We hope it was not so dry when heard as it is in these pages. Dr. Power's lecture on 'The Importance of Mental Discipline in Young Men' appears to us to be too vague and miscellaneous, though it abounds in valuable instruction. We have taken the pains to examine these lectures, and our slight censure of particular parts is designed to convey our respect for the lecturers, rather than any abatement in our estimate of their general usefulness. They belong to a department of public teaching which cannot fail to do good when under the guidance of Christian and experienced men. We look to it for results of which the lecturers themselves may not dream, but of which we shall have much to say hereafter.

The Mountains of the Bible: their Scenes and their Lessons. By the Rev. J. McFarlane, I.L.D., Glasgow. Second Thousand. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

THE idea of this book is at once simple and sublime. A mind of ordinary capacity could readily have conceived the plan, but it required a combination of faculties which are rarely united to execute it with comprehensive, appropriate, and practical illustration. The Mountains of Scripture are so intimately associated with the most sublime and awful transactions of our faith, that few were honoured to witness the scenes realized on their summits, or to publish their divine manifestations. We are familiar with the descriptions of travellers who have visited these scenes, and discussed their exact realities. Nor are we strangers to poetic attempts which would fain decorate what stands unapproachable in the simple majesty of scriptural fact. But to unite the accurate research of scholarship and geographical detail with refined taste and eloquent theology, so as to invest the mountain-scenery of Scripture with all their appropriate grandeur and instruction, is an achievement of very rare and most difficult attainment. To affirm that Dr. McFarlane has perfectly succeeded in the effort, would be too much; but it is no mean praise to certify that he has produced the best series of discourses which as yet have been published on the subject. If he does not always equal the poetic beauty of Headley's descriptions, he excels him in theological illustration and practical appeal. Dr. McFarlane has been well known in Scotland and elsewhere as an accomplished orator and energetic philanthropist; but he has earned for himself a good degree in authorship both in this country and America, where the present work enjoys an honourable reputation, by his felicity of description, and facility of illustration, as well as by the fervour of his piety, and the power of his appeals.

The work is the production alike of an accomplished and devout mind; and there are few who can rise from the perusal of the work without feeling, that if their faces do not shine like Moses' when descending from Sinai, the 'Mountains of the Bible' have at least become, like Bunyan's 'delectable mountains,' beautiful to contemplate and powerfully attractive.

Hamon and Catar; or, The Two Races. A Tale. London: Simpkin and Co.

THE poet is at home everywhere, and in every age. It is his prerogative to behold things that are not, even though they lie across centuries, as though they were; but to fling himself into a period, of which the voice of history, that sounds on before the poet and guides his course, has nothing to say, is not to give free scope to, but, on the contrary, is to fetter needlessly his imagination. In such a choice of field, all but the very highest genius will merely reproduce the life that is around it, unchanged, but by the outlandish names that are coined; and the very highest will but produce a bare naked picture of the everlastingly correspondent inward life, which might hang in his gallery under any other name. Take as an instance of the latter, Alfred Tennyson's 'Ulysses.' Take as an instance of the former, the spirited tale before us. The scene is laid in the antediluvian city of Enoch; the narrator is Cain; and the main points are the history of one pair of lovers, made miserable by jealousy, murder, madness; and of another, whose life is wrecked by their difference of race; the one a descendant of Seth, the other of Cain. All these people show, not only the human nature which they as we had, but they are, in their manners, in their tones, in all, saving an occasional constrained effort to be antediluvian, good nineteenth-century Englishmen—a very noble specimen of the race it may be, and possibly a great deal better than the Cainites; but still, not exactly the sort of men that we expect to meet then and there. If the author, another time, will look for his subjects at his own door, and then save himself the trouble of dressing them up for the disguise of their origin, giving us instead people on this side the flood, at least, and the nearer to to-day the better, we predict for him not only much success, but growing power and usefulness. He is plainly a man of very considerable power. The present book abounds with passages forcible, brilliant, imaginative. Let him work himself a little clear, and not trust too much to 'strength,' nor seek only to produce 'effects.' He has stuff in him that we should be sorry to see spoiled.

My First Grief: or, Recollections of a Beloved Sister. By a Country Surgeon. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

THE deep feeling and the sacred sorrow in this little volume, preclude all other criticism than the expression of a wish, that the feeling had been so much deeper, and the sorrow so much more felt to be sacred, as to have shrunk from showing itself to an unsympathizing world.

The Bible Unveiled. London: Low.

THE modest gentleman who prefixes this title to a small volume full of the most unsifted madness, provokingly apeing the garb of reasoning, and abounding with illogical 'therefores' and 'becauses' leading to nothing, has a creed of which the following are a few specimens:—The English translation of the Bible is of Divine authority, being verbally inspired. There are two distinct gods in the Bible—the Creator, or Jehovah, or the Everlasting Father, or Jesus Christ; and the Eternal Spirit, or the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Christ, or the Father of our Lord. The visible manifestation of these is the 'Excellent Glory,' which is omnipresent, and composes the sun and stars. These are the Trinity; to all the name father is applied (the prediction, 'He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,' is quoted as proof), and the last is 'the father' of the Doxology. There is a great deal more stuff of the same kind, including a description of the Millennium, as precise and consecutive as if the gentleman had seen it already in his own parlour.

Tryphena, and other Poems. By J. W. Fletcher. London: Pickering.

How can we, or anybody else, characterise that which has no characteristics except having none? We can say of this little book, that it has a blue cover with gold ornaments—that inside it is a beautiful specimen of printing, with abundance of Mr. Pickering's pretty tail pieces—but that is all that can be given as distinctive. For the rest, there are a great many similes, a good deal of religious feeling—lines that do not halt, and the needful mixture of the gay with the grave—but we have not found anything like poetry. Colourless, respectable commonplace, is all.

Family Prayers, adapted to Portions of the Pentateuch, the Historical Scriptures, and the Holy Writings. By William B. Whitmarsh. London: Ward and Co. 3 vols.

So far as we have examined these three volumes, the plan on which they are written seems judiciously and devoutly carried out—that is, to present in the form of petitions the thoughts suggested by the portion of Scripture previously read in family worship. The adoption of such books, where forms of prayer are felt helpful, will much diminish the sameness that the use of other compilations involves. We need only add that these volumes are based on Scott's comments on the respective passages, and are pervaded by pious feeling and propriety of expression.

Home Truths for Home Peace; or, Muddle Defeated. London: Wilson.

A CLEVER and wittily-sensible book about trifles that make or mar the comfort of domestic life, especially addressed to young housewives.

The Land of Promise. By John Kitto, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

DR. KITTO'S indefatigable pen has here placed the common readers of Scripture on a level with the most recent researches. There is no book that can at all be compared with this for the fulness of its details and general adaptation to the wants of intelligent but non-professional people, who wish to have the names of Palestine something more than names. The plan adopted is to take all the more important towns in succession as centres round which short excursions are made. The whole ground is thus travelled over, and a sort of thread is provided on which to string what the reader learns. Considerable attention is paid to the physical geography, which adds to the vividness of the portraiture, and a beautiful map, by the celebrated Petermann, embracing sectional levels and other valuable facts, completes the appliances provided by this volume, as they have never before been, for the thorough knowledge of the Land of Promise.

Review of the Month.

WE DO NOT ENVY THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—She is in a most unhappy plight; assailed from without, and torn by intestine divisions. Her advocates have been accustomed to plead unity of sentiment, as one of the main advantages resulting from her constitution. Taking up the threadbare argument of the Papists, they have alleged that endless diversities of opinion could be prevented only by subscription to her Articles;—that sects and schisms would be multiplied indefinitely, if some authoritative standard were not adopted, to which all should pledge their assent. Such has been their theory; but what is the fact? The confusion of tongues at Babel was not more complete, than is the discord existing amongst Churchmen. Each day brings out some illustration of the fact, until the hierarchy has become a by-word and reproach. The differences of opinion are not trifling, but vital. They affect the essentials of Christianity, and ought, in common honesty, to be followed by large secessions. Neither are they held by obscure personages; on the contrary, they involve the highest orders of the clergy, and have already led to most uncanonical and contumacious procedure. The Gawthorn correspondence has involved the Primate, with several of his clergy, in a manner, of which the letters of Messrs. Palmer and Mayow furnish specimens. The Bishop of Exeter has openly denounced his superior, and the Bishop of London, true to himself, maintains an equivocal position, which causes him to be claimed by both parties. The movements of the Church Missionary Society are a further source of contention; and the bishopric of Jerusalem is condemned as a scandal by many zealous Churchmen. The Church Unions of the kingdom are forward in manifesting their zeal for clerical power, and in demonstrating to the common sense of the nation, the necessity of strengthen-

ing rather than otherwise, the restraints under which it is held. It is painfully illustrative of the low morality of the clergy, that while they fiercely contend about their orders, they are silent as the grave respecting ecclesiastical enormities recently brought to light. Priestism is surely in its last stage, when it babbles furiously about 'mint, anise, and cummin,' but is indifferent to the weightier matters of the law.

NO INTIMATION HAS YET BEEN GIVEN of the character and extent of the reforms contemplated by the Premier. We know not that such silence affords any ground for complaint. Many reasons may be urged for it, and it has the sanction of precedent. Still, we submit, it would be wise to let the thing ooze out, at least in part. It is the fault of Whig politicians to mistake a clique for the nation, and to imagine that the views of the one are those of the other. Hence the blunders they frequently make, and the discreditable modifications of their measures to which they are, in consequence, compelled to submit. They need more light, more knowledge of the people, more direct and respectful converse with them. For want of this, their reputation is often damaged, and it is difficult to trace the consistency of the speeches they deliver with the temporizing and unfinished schemes they propose. It would, therefore, be well that, in some mode or other, the Premier should elicit public sentiment on the reforms he contemplates before they are embodied in a bill and submitted to Parliament. This may be done in various ways, and upon it will greatly depend the wisdom and acceptableness of his measure. Should nothing of the kind be attempted, we fear a repetition of what was recently witnessed in the case of the Stamp Act, the Income Tax, and the 'Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.' Ministers have had sufficient time for recreation, and should now address themselves in earnest to the preparation of their measures.

But, in the meantime, what are the people doing? It is in vain to deny the fact that they have hitherto shown little interest in the matter; and this is, as we think, partly resolvable into two causes. First, the material condition of the community is good; and it is therefore difficult to engage any large measure of public sympathy on behalf of reform. Secondly, the leaders of the people have not spoken out. There is nothing definite and palpable before the public mind. For reasons which we need not specify, the 'National Reform Association,' does not command any great measure of popular confidence, and in Parliament it is still weaker. But what are the Humes, Cobdens, and Brights about? Surely they ought not to allow the recess to pass without some effort to ascertain the nature and measure of the public demand. The people are waiting for some distinct plan, and if this be not immediately supplied, Lord John Russell will have good reason for saying that he need not increase his perplexities by an attempt to redeem recent promises. There are rumors afloat of some plan being in course of preparation. We hope it is so, and will simply add, that no time should be lost in giving it publicity.

THE EXETER-HALL ENGLISH SABBATH SERVICES closed on the last Sunday in September, and are, altogether, worthy of note, and richly suggestive. They must not be confounded with the *foreign* services,

which were designed for a different class, were under an entirely distinct management, and in their limited attendance afforded a signal illustration of the different views with which our continental neighbours and ourselves regard the Lord's-day. The English services commenced on the first Sunday in May, and amounted to forty-two in number. The ministers who conducted them belonged to various bodies—Presbyterian, Congregational, Wesleyan, and Baptist; and the committee, by which the arrangements were made, was similarly composed. The attendance was uniformly good, frequently overflowing; and the great majority of persons was evidently from the provinces. We were present on one occasion, when the Rev. William Brock preached, and a more imposing spectacle we never witnessed. The great Hall was literally crammed in every part, and the deepest and most serious attention prevailed. We never saw anything like it in the way of religious assemblies, and were beyond measure pleased that so many had been brought within the range of so clear, direct, and effective a mode of exhibiting religious truth. The services of the ministers were entirely gratuitous. About 25,000 copies of a small selection of hymns, made for the occasion, were distributed, and the whole expense incurred has been about 600*l*. The numbers who have availed themselves of these services cannot have fallen much short of 150,000.

These facts ought not to be passed over lightly. We regard them as most significant and instructive, and shall be glad to find that others sympathize with us. It has long been our notion that the religious movements of the day are too formal; that they bear too much the *ex cathedra* stamp, and are better suited to maintain than to propagate religion. We erect our places of worship, we maintain our respective ministries, but the mass of society remains untouched. They will not come into our churches and chapels, they recoil from the officially religious air assumed there, and require something less formal, something to meet them in places of ordinary resort, if they are to be won over to the truest and noblest of causes. Now the Exeter-Hall meetings appear to us an admirable step in this direction, and we greatly rejoice at their success. We cannot part with any of the agencies we have. They are all needed, and should be maintained in greater vigor. To throw discredit upon them is to weaken, not to strengthen the religious element. What we want is, to supplement existing agencies by that which is more pliable, migratory, and aggressive—a something to stand in our highways, and in the language of common life, words at once transparent and terse, commend to all, the truths, and enforce the obligations, of religion. With a view to this, we crave attention to the Exeter-Hall services. They indicate what the times need, and we trust that the promise they hold out will be fully and speedily fulfilled.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES held their Autumnal Meeting at Northampton on the 13th and three following days. Much interest attached to this assembly from the fact of its being convened in the place where Dr. Doddridge laboured a hundred years ago. The Chairman, the Rev. John Kelly, of Liverpool, happily took occasion, in his able opening address, to compare the state of religion

in the Congregational churches of those times, with that which characterises the present day. We congratulate the members of the Union on the progress which the great principles they set forth have been making during the past century, not merely in their own churches, but generally in the public mind of England. We rejoice to find that the seasonable addresses of the Rev. Baldwin Brown, and the Rev. H. Reynolds, were so well received, and that the spirit of the meeting was such as became the representatives of so much that is evangelical, free, manly, and energetic in the Christianity of our age. The important missions at home, in Ireland, and in the colonies, which are identified with the Union, occupied a large portion of the time of the assembly, and we hope that the discussions which arose, and the resolutions to which they led, will be followed up by the infusion of new life into all their operations. A sacred responsibility, as we judge, now rests on the Congregational bodies in this country, to demonstrate to the world that their distinguishing principles are well understood by those who profess them, and that they are prepared to carry them out with the calm dignity, and vigorous devotion, of which they are so worthy. The repudiation of the *Regium Donum* was marked in a becoming spirit, and will greatly strengthen our hands in a determined opposition to every form of parliamentary interference with ecclesiastical matters.

The noble efforts of the men of the North in connexion with voluntary education prepared the way for the high tone in which the assembly dealt with that question. We are glad to observe that the system of 'Chapel Cases' is drawing towards its end, and that wiser and better plans of Chapel extension are coming into operation. Altogether, we have the conviction that a healthier tone is manifesting itself in our religious institutions, and that this augurs well for the great popular interests of this empire and of all nations. Everywhere the spirit of inquiry is at work. We are fully persuaded that it will be as safe and as beneficial in the Nonconformist churches as it is in those which are established. Not names and scholastic formularies, but living truths developed in holy, and harmonious action, will meet the demands of universal Christendom. We can trust the gospel in the hands of believing men. The simple institutions of the apostolic age can be revived only by such men acting without any restraints, but those which are imposed by the express authority of the one Lord and Master, and without any impulses but those of enlightened conviction. The judgments of uninspired men, of any age or country, must be soberly revised, and corrected by the experience of their successors. It is this vital power, this essential element of Christian freedom, which so broadly distinguishes our Nonconformist Unions from all other ecclesiastical assemblies; and, for this reason, we heartily rejoice in their existence, and wish them all prosperity.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LANCASHIRE affords matter for honest gratulation. Under whatever aspect it be viewed, whether in point of time, the motive which prompted it, or the mode of her reception, Englishmen may well be proud. Her Majesty is the first member of the House of Hanover who has visited the great towns of Lancashire, and

what she has seen and heard cannot fail to make an advantageous impression. It is well in these times of political strife, when opposite theories are in conflict, and the absurd pretensions of monarchs are driving some advocates of democracy to an opposite, and equally pernicious extreme; that a practical illustration should be afforded of the compatibility of authority with order, the co-existence of popular freedom with profound and devoted loyalty. Such a spectacle is frequently to be seen in this country, and it rebukes each of the two political parties into which the Continent is divided. To the sovereigns it virtually says, See how a people may be confided in, when once assured of your honest intentions towards them; you will need no defence against their wrath; their hearts will be your strength; you may walk amongst them safely; may see their condition, learn their wants, and be gratified by the honest and cordial expression of their fealty. To the people, what we have lately witnessed says, Distinguish between monarchs and monarchy; though the former, in many instances, are bad; the latter is not necessarily wrong. *Here*, at least, is an instance in proof of a sovereign confiding in her people, and being honored and beloved by them in return. Queen and people feel themselves to be one; different members, but the same body; having common interests and mutual respect. Learn, therefore, the folly of the war-cry you are so prone to raise. Refrain from the construction of barricades; put no trust in mere physical power; be content with a steady, though slow approach to constitutional freedom. Substitute the pen for the sword; a legal barrier for an encampment; knowledge of principles for the rallying cry of factions; and you will soon see the breaking of the dawn. Respecting yourselves, you will command the respect of others; and no potentate, whether Emperor or President, will be able to trifle with your wishes, or to mock your hopes.

The Queen's visit to Manchester afforded opportunity for a most appropriate and touching exhibition. Nearly seventy thousand children, now in course of instruction, were assembled on the occasion; thus furnishing to her Majesty a striking proof of what the voluntary principle can do in the matter of education. Never was such a spectacle presented to such a sovereign. May the reflections it awakened bear fruit in the wiser legislation of our rulers, that the generation we leave behind us, while better instructed, may be equally independent with that which has preceded it.*

* We understand that her Majesty has requested to be furnished with a detailed list of the Sunday-schools assembled in Peel Park, specifying, amongst other things, the number of each school, and the denomination to which it belonged. The following list was read by Dr. Halley, at the Congregational Union, Northampton, as the return which had been made in reply to this request. The numbers include those of Manchester and Salford:—

Church of England	24,169	Roman Catholics	8,080
Independents	12,273	Unitarians	1,064
Wesleyans	10,676	Swedenborgians	620
Other Methodists	8,153	Quakers	280
Presbyterians	1,496	Jews	200
Baptists	2,295		

THE CAFFRE WAR IS NOT YET CLOSED, nor does it seem likely to be so for some time to come. Having adverted to this subject elsewhere, we need not further enlarge here than to urge on our readers the necessity for prompt and vigorous effort, to compel the Government to put an end to one of the most iniquitous and unproductive contests ever waged. If the matter be left to the Colonial Minister, and the Governor of the Cape, disaffection will spread—tribe after tribe will join our assailants—an immense military expenditure will be incurred—devastation and carnage will be spread over the colony—the foundations of our power in South Africa will be overthrown; and when at length our vast resources have availed to extinguish revolt, we shall have a desert around us, a colonial population estranged from our rule, and the muttered curses of those remnants of the aboriginal tribes which have escaped our arms. And for what do we hazard all this? Let common sense and honesty reply. Sir Harry Smith now urgently calls for reinforcements. It was but the other day, and the struggle was to be terminated by an attack on the Amatola Mountains. Ten thousand additional troops are now called for; and the Governor is right, if the contest is to be terminated by the sword. ‘This much I predict with certainty,’ says Sir Andries Strockenstrom, and we agree with him, *‘you must go on exterminating, or you must restore the power of the chiefs.’* Are we prepared for the former alternative? We say, emphatically, No! The blood already shed cries to heaven against us. Murder has been perpetrated on a wholesale scale; and not another soldier should be sent to the magniloquent and unstatesman-like governor. Our only hope is in the immediate return of Sir Andries Strockenstrom. He has saved the colony once—let him have the opportunity of doing so again. Every day, nay, every hour is precious. His return may already be too late, and not another instant should be lost in investing him with full power for so delicate and trying a mission. If the Premier permits the obstinacy of the Colonial Minister to frustrate so hopeful a scheme, the nation will clearly understand that imperial are sacrificed to party interests, and will regard with stronger detestation than ever the family cliqueship which forms the weakness and opprobrium of the Whigs. The retirement of the Under-Colonial Secretary at this moment awakens inquiry, but indicates, we fear, no change of policy.

WE ARE DEEPLY CONCERNED, AT SUCH A CRISIS, to report the decease of Dr. Philip. This event occurred on the 27th of August, and has left a vacancy which will scarcely be supplied in our day. The loss of two such men as Dr. Philip and Mr. Freeman would be severely felt at any time, but their knowledge and counsel are doubly needed just now. They have ceased, however, from their labor. The Master whom they served has called them away, and we must endeavor, by increased exertions, to supply their place. For thirty years Dr. Philip was superintendent of the London Missionary Society’s stations in South Africa, and retired from this post only about two years since, on account of age and infirmities. He was mainly concerned, at a former period, in dragging to light the enormities of our South African administration. With this view he came to England.

and was speedily beset by members of the Whig party, then in opposition, who offered to undertake his case in Parliament. It is impossible to speak too highly of the wisdom and firmness with which he acted at that trying period. He saw the hollowness of the zeal professed, resolved to retain in his own hands the cause he had undertaken, refused to involve himself in the meshes of party, and placed his trust in the justice and humanity of the British people. His 'Researches in South Africa' produced a marvellous impression. The nation responded to his appeal, it was gratified by his confidence, and sent him back, the herald of glad tidings to the calumniated and oppressed. On his subsequent visit to England, we had frequent opportunities of personal intercourse, which led to a high estimate of his sound judgment, unswerving fidelity, and intense hostility to what he deemed mean, temporizing, or assumptive. His opinions were freely expressed in the confidence of friendship. He had felt some things deeply, and his self-respect and large-heartedness were offended at them. We shall never forget the solemn charge he gave us at parting. May we be able, in a better world, to show him that that charge has not been forgotten or unproductive. There are few men, with whom we have been thrown into personal intercourse, whose memory we hold in higher veneration.

FRENCH POLITICS ARE A PERFECT RIDDLE—at least, they possess all its uncertainty without its power to amuse. Louis Napoleon is evidently prepared, at any cost, or by any sacrifice of principle, to secure an extension of his lease of power. Elected President by universal suffrage, he soon began to coquet with the self-styled friends of order. A common interest had united various parties in his support. They cared nothing about him, and in many cases were thoroughly hostile to the polity of which he was the nominal head. Few French politicians, however, trouble themselves about *principles*, and they were, therefore, ready, through guile or through fear, to assume the garb of Republicanism, and to give to Louis Napoleon their temporary support. The effect of this was visible in the Roman expedition, and in the retrograde policy steadily pursued. Raised to office by the voice of the people, the President soon sacrificed them for the friendship of others. The law of the 31st of May was the price paid, and we know of no evidence to show that it was grudgingly or even reluctantly yielded. By this law the constituency was reduced more than two millions, and the Government press has panegyricized it as the safety of the State. So long as there was hope of retaining the support of the more wealthy and higher classes, this law was not only wise, but was absolutely needful; but now that such support cannot be relied on, the President turns shamelessly round, and calls for the repeal of the law. Last year, he sacrificed the people to their political opponents; and now, for a purely selfish end, he denounces the policy of those opponents, and calls for the restitution of that franchise which he had not scrupled to wrest from the people. Should France accredit him in this matter, it will sink to a lower depth than has yet been attained. The repeal of the law of May the 31st may be perfectly right, but the motive of Louis Napoleon, the complexion and aim of his policy, cannot be misunderstood. Any-

thing lower or more discreditable we have never known. As the immediate result of his determination to recommend to the Assembly the repeal of this law, his Ministers have resigned. What may be the result we cannot say. It would be as wise to prophesy respecting the wind, as concerning the immediate direction which French politics will take. The ultimate tendency we see—the issue is certain; but what may be the intermediate steps no mortal wisdom can predict.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILE, KOSSUTH, LANDED AT SOUTHAMPTON on the 23rd, and, notwithstanding the audacious calumnies propagated by the 'Times' and other journals, he received a thoroughly English welcome. Thousands assembled on the occasion, and, by the report of all witnesses, the enthusiasm displayed was at once intense and universal. He arrived by the *Madrid* steamer from Gibraltar, whither he had proceeded on the refusal of the French authorities to permit his passing through France. Anything more wanting in self-respect, more ignominious or contemptible, than such a refusal, we have never known. Happily, it has worked otherwise than was intended. By delaying his arrival on our shores, opportunity has been afforded to vindicate his fame from the gross libels circulated by mercenary scribes; and the voice of a united people is, in consequence, raised at once to congratulate and to sympathize with the Magyar patriot.* London, Westminster, Southwark, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Coventry, and many other towns, have already adopted *addresses* expressive of their admiration and sympathy. The country at large is deeply moved. The true chord has been struck, and the despots of Europe, wherever they dwell, and by whatever name they are called, will learn that their character is known and their policy abhorred by the people of this country. The moral influence of this persuasion will be one of the elements of the regeneration of Europe. It may be despised for the moment, but its influence will be wide-spread and lasting. We have no sympathy with the objection put forward by Mr. Anderton in the Common Council of London, and whispered by a few others, that being on friendly terms with Austria we ought not to give a public, much less a corporate, reception to a man whom she has proscribed as a rebel. M. Kossuth is the representative of a principle dear to the English people. He has struggled for the constitutional independence of his country; and the manner in which he did so was indicative of the highest order of administrative talent, and of a magnanimous spirit entitled to claim brotherhood with our own Pym, Hampden, and Vanes. He is the Washington of Hungary in all but success; and the fact of his having been overwhelmed by

* No words can adequately express our view of the course pursued by the 'Times.' It has not been ungenerous or malevolent simply. Such words convey a very inadequate notion of its obliquity. Its *leaders* of the 9th and 17th, are full of gross, and, we fear we must say, wilful falsehoods; while its hostility derives additional turpitude from the magnanimity which was extended by Kossuth to an unprincipled agent of 'the leading journal.' Anything more crushing than a pamphlet just published by Mr. Gilpin, under the title of 'Kossuth and the "Times,"' we have never read; and we strongly recommend it to the immediate perusal of our friends.

Russian interference only strengthens his claims on our sympathy. His maintenance of the old rights of Hungary against the tyranny of Austria is his great virtue. It is this which gives him a title to the cordial greeting of our people, and we look, therefore, with indignant contempt on any effort to deprive us of the right to express our admiration and sympathy for the illustrious exile who has visited our shores. Let us by all means maintain peaceful relations with Austria and all other powers, but let the kings and rulers of the earth know that we must be free to express our judgment on their policy, whether in the way of newspaper comment, of publications like the *Letters* of Mr. Gladstone, or of the cordial greeting which was tendered at Southampton to one of the most able, high-minded, and immaculate of patriots.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

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An Essay on the Local or Lay Ministry, as exercised by the Wesleyan and other Branches of the Methodist Family. By Richard Mills, Wesleyan Local Preacher, Rugely, Staffordshire.

The Local Ministry; its Character, Vocation, and Position considered, with Suggestions for promoting its more extended Usefulness. By John Henry Carr, Wesleyan Local Preacher, Leeds.

Homer's Iliad. Books I., VI., XX., and XXIV. With a Copious Vocabulary. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By James Fergusson, M.D., F.E.I.S.

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Funeral Address and Sermon, delivered in West Orchard Chapel, Coventry, on the Death of the Rev. J. Jerrard. The Address at the Interment, on Monday afternoon, July 28, 1851, by Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham. The Sermon by the Rev. E. H. Delf, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 3, 1851.

A History of the English Railway. Its Social Relations and Revelations, 1820—1845. By John Francis. 2 vols.

A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. Assisted by Richard Hill, Esq., Cor. M.Z.S., London.

The Papacy. Its History, Dogmas, Genius, and Prospects, being the Evangelical Alliance's First Prize Essay on Popery. By Rev. J. A. Wylie.

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The Apocalypse popularly explained.

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A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Elliott, A.M., showing that his Exposition of the Seven Seals in his 'Horæ Apocalyptiæ' is without any solid foundation. By Rev. R. Gascoyne, A.M.

The Protestant Dissenter's Illustrated Almanack for 1852.

The Freeholder's Catechism. The Speeches of James Taylor, Jun., Esq., the Founder of the Movement, and James Beal, Esq., at a Public Meeting of the Finsbury Freehold Land Society, held at the Mechanic's Institute, Southampton-buildings, January 28, 1851, T. Wakley, Esq., M.P., President in the chair.

A Contribution towards an Argument for the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture, derived from the Minute Historical Accuracy of the Scriptures of the Old Testament as proved by certain Egyptian and Assyrian Remains as Preserved in the British Museum. By Arachnophilus.

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The Antidote to Popery and Priestcraft, forming incidentally a Refutation of Cardinal Wiseman's 'Appeal' and 'Lectures.'

The Wolflee Series of Tracts. Nos. 2—6.

The History of Greece. By Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's. Vol. VI.

Bibliothecæ Sacræ and American Biblical Repository. Conducted by B. B. Edwards and E. A. Park. October, 1851.

THE
Eclectic Review.

DECEMBER, 1851.

ART. I.—1. *The Achill Herald.* June, 1851.

2. *The Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.* October, 1851. Dublin: James M'Glashen.

3. *Letter to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, on the subject of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and the Charge addressed to the Clergy of Dublin in 1851.* By Lord Monteagle, F.R.S. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Ridgway. 1851.

AFTER a fruitless experiment of three hundred years, the Irish Established Church is beginning to make some impression on the native population. Every attempt to convert the people, from the Reformation down to the present time, had proved an utter failure. The failure was nowhere so signal as in Connaught, where the old Irish retained their primitive habits and superstitions intact, while groaning under the double tyranny of the landlord and the priest. A recent visitor to that part of Ireland has remarked, that the only buildings which remain unaffected by the desolations of the famine and the consequent 'clearances' are those which indicate the power of these two classes—namely, the *pound*, an enclosure surrounded by a high wall, in which cattle and sheep seized for rent were confined; and the *chapel*, in which souls were enthralled by the terror of a system of religion more liberal of curses than of blessings.

There is no doubt that these terrors are fast disappearing. The papers have lately contained reports proving that there is a

real reformation in progress among the peasantry of Connaught, quite unprecedented, and less likely to have occurred in that quarter than anywhere else in Ireland. We visited Connemara and some of the islands on the western coast of Ireland in 1844, and found the people in a state of abject slavery to the priests, of which the inhabitants of the other provinces had no conception. The pecuniary exactions of the Church in Dr. M'Hale's diocese were exorbitant, and were extorted by curses and denunciations fiercely uttered from the altar where the Lamb of God was believed to be present. The horsewhip was frequently applied to the backs of the wretched people with brutal violence by their spiritual guides. Naturally kind and hospitable, these poor victims of superstition and despotism were inspired with the utmost abhorrence of any of their number who became Protestants. We have known cases where, in obedience to priestly interdicts, they refused to sell to such the common necessities of life—where the sick were left to die from want of nourishment, and their corpses were followed with yells and execrations to the grave, simply because they had left the Church of Rome! Yet this horrid fanaticism was relieved by gleams of genuine humanity.

The native ingenuity of the people sometimes contrived means of evading the spirit of the priestly prohibitions, while complying with their letter. They were forbidden to speak to the 'souters' or 'jumpers' (names given to the few Protestant converts), or to sell them anything for food, or to have any communication with them whatever; but prompted by the instincts of humanity, they went in the night and placed provisions under the doors of the excommunicated. The condition of a few Protestants under such a reign of terror, in a populous island many miles from the main land, when the state of the weather, especially in winter, might render the arrival of succour impossible for weeks, may easily be conceived. The horror which the peasantry were taught to feel against Protestant missionaries may be inferred from two or three facts with which we became acquainted on the spot.

The first Protestant missionary who landed on the great island of Arran, in the Bay of Galway, would have been starved to death, but that he was supplied with necessities by the kindness of the only magistrate there, a Roman Catholic gentleman named O'Flaherty; and when the fishermen found what sort of a character they had unwittingly imported, they got their boat 'blessed' by the priest, and re-sanctified with holy water, in order to remove the heretical defilement. A clergyman in Roundstone, Connemara, assured us that he was going, with some other ministers of the Established Church, to visit the

Protestant colony in the island of Achill, when they saw at a cross-road some females, whose cabin they approached in order to inquire the way. Recognising the character of the travellers, and dreading the curse that would follow any communication with these messengers of Satan, as they were believed to be, the women instantly fled into the house, whither they were followed by the ministers. There was no person visible—all was silent. On further examination, they found the horror-stricken victims of superstition all prostrate under the bed, with their eyes covered, lest by any chance they should look upon the infernal visitants! Again, when the Rev. W. Crotty, the converted priest, went first to Roundstone as a Presbyterian missionary, the people 'blessed themselves' when they met him: they ascribed the absence of fish from their bay to his having crossed it in a boat; and when his wife was in her confinement, the only doctor within many miles, a Roman Catholic, refused to attend her, lest he should lose all his practice. It is true that time has gradually softened such feelings of abhorrence, but these antecedents should be remembered, in order fully to appreciate the social as well as religious revolution which is now in progress beyond the Shannon.

The account of this movement which will, perhaps, be viewed with most credit by our readers, is that given in a letter to the 'Times,' dated 'Clifden, Connemara, September 23rd, 1851.' The writer is described by that journal as a gentleman of strict impartiality, wholly unconnected with either or any of the parties into which Irish society is divided, and whose information may be implicitly relied upon for strict accuracy and thorough impartiality. Hearing that Dr. Plunket, Bishop of Tuam (son of the great orator, who was compelled by the Whigs some years ago to retire from the Irish chancellorship in order to make way for Lord Campbell), was about to visit and hold confirmations at the missionary stations in Connemara, he resolved to accompany his lordship, and judge for himself of the truth of the reports in circulation. He has given the following statement to the 'Times' as the result of his observations, confirmed from various quarters, that the priests' voice in Connaught has lost its power—that the fanatical hatred of converts has disappeared, and that they are now regarded by even steadfast Romanists with feelings of toleration that would do honour to the most enlightened community. Everywhere in Connaught this change is perceptible: missionaries of all denominations are received with respect, and the word of God is heard with deep attention. The 'Connaught mission' of the Irish Presbyterian Church is also very prosperous, and its 'industrial schools' are crowded with Roman Catholics.

'The progress of Protestantism in this district has excited considerable attention, and I therefore resolved to examine the truth of the statements that had been made respecting the movement. The Bishop of Tuam proceeded to a place called Salruck, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, on Thursday, to hold a confirmation. A Protestant chapel and school have been built here by General Thompson, the proprietor of the property; thirty persons were confirmed by the bishop, two only of whom were Protestants, and about the one-half of whom were adults. There is a congregation here of about 160 persons, and upwards of seventy children attend the school, and nearly the entire of all are converts from Romanism. I attended a confirmation, on Friday, at Ballyconree, a place about six miles distant from Clifden to the north.

'At Ballyconree 115 persons were confirmed, forty of whom were adults, and all of them converts from the Church of Rome. A converted Roman Catholic priest is the minister of this station, and he has an attendance at Divine service of nearly 300 persons, almost every one of whom are converts from Romanism. There are three schools in connexion with the station—one on the adjoining island of Tarbert—which are numerous attended. I examined some of the children, and conversed with the adults, and they all could advance many arguments from Scripture, which they quoted fluently, for having left the Church of Rome. They sang some Irish hymns with great sweetness and feeling.

'There was a confirmation in the parish church of Clifden, on Saturday, when about 200 persons from the town and surrounding country were confirmed. Of these only twelve were originally Protestants; all the rest were converts from Romanism, and of the entire number sixty were adults.

'The same day a confirmation was held at a place called Derrygimla, in Errismore, where 119 persons were confirmed, of whom two only had been Protestants, the rest being converts from Romanism. There were about thirty-five adults confirmed here, and the attendance at the service was very large. There is a congregation here on Sundays of from 200 to 300 persons, of whom four-fifths were Romanists, and the minister preaches at other stations, where there is also a good attendance. There are about 600 children attending the schools in this district, nearly all of whom are those of Roman Catholic parents.

'The bishop admitted three gentlemen to priests' orders in the church of Clifden on Sunday, two of whom had been Roman Catholics. There were about three hundred persons present in the church at Divine service, and nearly all of them, I was informed, were converts from Romanism. I went into a Sunday-school where about two hundred children were assembled, and it was stated to me that almost the entire number were either the children of converts from Romanism, or those whose parents, though still nominally Roman Catholics, allowed them to attend.

'There was a confirmation in Sellema, in the district of Omev, on Monday. I visited a school at a place called Barrabrough, where 155 children were present: all of these had been Romanists, and they

answered very accurately several questions proposed to them from the Scriptures, and quoted most fluently texts to disprove the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

'At Sellaema there was a good congregation. There were eighty-four persons confirmed, of whom two were originally Protestants, and twenty of the number were adults. There are upwards of 200 persons, nearly all of whom had been Romanists, attending the services of the Church on Sunday at this place, and about 700 altogether at the various stations in the district.

'There appears to be a favourable impression towards the Protestants at the present time in all the places I visited. There was no disturbance or annoyance given by the people. The power of the priests is, from some cause or other, on the wane. In what I have written I have merely stated facts. I do not express any opinion as to the movement; I have merely reported what I have seen and heard. It is reported by credible witnesses that, in the district through which I have travelled for the past week, nearly 5,000 persons have left the Church of Rome. There were, certainly, large numbers of Romanists, or persons who had left that Church, at all the stations I have visited; and with many of these I conversed, who appeared to be sincere and intelligent, and who were quite able to assign reasons for the step they had taken. As I am proceeding through the north of Galway this day to Mayo, I shall be able in my next to give further details of the state of the country and the feelings of the people.'

The *causes* of this wonderful change are well worthy of investigation, and furnish a curious and interesting subject of inquiry. The chief of these is, undoubtedly, the famine. That revealed the true character of the clerical power, and proved it to be a selfish tyranny. In the hour of utter destitution, when his flock was perishing around him, the Roman Catholic pastor lacked *humanity*. Nearly all the supplies which preserved the lives of the people came from Protestants, and it was in the hands of Protestants only that there was anything like a just and considerate administration of the relief funds. Many parish priests had saved money, and were esteemed rich; these were pre-eminent for their hard-heartedness, for shutting up their bowels of compassion when what the people called, with fearful emphasis, '*the hunger*,' made havoc among the flock.

This conduct furnished evidence against Romanism intelligible to everyone, and its force was irresistible. The Church was known by her fruits, under circumstances which left no room for sophistry, and the instincts of humanity aided the conscience in revolting against her authority. Besides, it was too sorely felt that the vaunted '*blessings*' of Dr. M'Hale and his clergy could not save the potato, or avert the pestilence. They claimed the gift of miracles, and professed, by their holy rites, to bring fish to the coasts, and to give fertility to the fields; but in both cases

the power of Father Mathew himself had utterly failed after several ostentatious experiments. Credulity, thus stretched to the highest pitch, at length gave way, and the priest found, to his mortification, that there was no longer any terror in his eye or in his whip.

Another cause of the change is the breaking up of *clans*, with their local ties and combinations. The Repeal agitation and its organizations died with O'Connell; the clubs of the Young Irelanders were dispersed in 1848; the conviction and banishment of Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and their companions, proved to the people that God had forsaken them in their struggle for national independence, and they resigned themselves to their fate, because, to adopt their own expression, 'it was the will of God.'

The Encumbered Estates Court deprived many of the landlords of a position in which they were powerful only for evil; while those who remained made themselves hateful by their cruel evictions. Many of the principal laymen, heads of clans, leaders of the people, village politicians, &c., who aided the priests in intimidating the masses, were removed by emigration, or driven by hunger to the workhouse; so that all the old associations and local forces that had kept the people in bondage, were swept away as with a deluge, leaving the remnant of the population free to act according to their own inclinations, the dictates of their consciences, or the exigencies of their position. Such were the changes going forward in Connaught, while Dr. M'Hale was inditing bombastic epistles to Ministers of State. He was denouncing the cruelty of the Saxon, and the heresy of the Protestant, when, but for the benevolence of the former and the faith of the latter, thousands more of his own people would have died of starvation. In the meantime, the established clergy in Connaught had the advantage of being the almoners of British charity, and by the kindness they were thus enabled to show the hearts of the people were won.

But another cause of success has not been adverted to in any of the numerous notices of the new reformation in Connaught, which have appeared in the journals. It is not *as the Established clergy*, that the episcopal ministers labouring in Connaught have succeeded with the native population. No social change would ever enable *them* to make the least impression on the old Irish. A few years since, a beneficed clergyman in that country published a pamphlet, called 'Three Hundred Years' Experiment,' in which he proved from Bishop Mant's 'History of the Irish Church,' that the Establishment had been an utter failure; and the author drew the rational conclusion, that as a State Church it could never succeed. He also inferred from the success of

'The Established Church Home Mission,' which the bishops suppressed about ten or twelve years ago, that if the Church were separated from the State, her efforts to reach the native population would not be in vain. He was right. The conversions in Kerry, Galway, Mayo, and other counties, are due to the *voluntary principle*. Not by State funds have the missionaries been supported in their movements against the Church of Rome, but by contributions from British Christians. While acting on the old State-church system, nothing could be done. There stands the Protestant rector or the vicar in the parish church, as much estranged from the sympathies of the people, as he was in the days of the Lord-Deputy Strafford, or of Primate Boulter.

The Protestant press speaks of the native Irish yielding to the Establishment after a struggle of three hundred years; this is not true. On the contrary, the principle of the Establishment, maintained so obstinately during all that time, has, at length, yielded to the greater obstinacy of Irish nationality. In the depth of their humiliation and poverty, the people have in reality conquered, and the English Church has surrendered! If the plans adopted in Dingle, Achill, and Connemara, at the present time, had been adopted in any age since the Reformation, they would have been equally successful; in some ages far more successful. As it is important that this point should be made plain, we beg the reader's attention to the nature of the plans of the Established Church 'Irish Missions.'

In the first place,—it was always a fixed principle of the Irish Establishment to discourage the Irish language; this was the agent of the English power in suppressing and extirpating Irish customs. To these it would make no concession. If the 'mere Irishman' became a Protestant, he must also become '*civil*'—as the word was in past times,—that is, he must conform to English habits. Not all the influence of such men as Usher and Bedel could induce the Episcopal Bench or the English Government to have the ministrations of the Established Church conducted in the Irish language, even where the religion of the Church of Rome was proscribed, and the people were fined a shilling a-head for every Sunday they were absent from church. Now, this jealous anti-Irish policy is wholly abandoned, the native language is cultivated, and the missionaries preach the gospel to the people in that old tongue which had been so long stigmatized and banned by the Anglo-Irish Church.

Secondly,—that Church always regarded Irish agency with distrust. Men of Irish blood were excluded by law from benefices, unless it was found that no Englishman could be induced to take them. So late as the year 1723, a committee of the Irish Parliament adopted the following resolutions:—

‘ That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it is highly prejudicial to the Protestant interest, and an encouragement to Popery, that any person married to a Popish wife should bear any office or employment under his Majesty. That it is the opinion of this committee, that no person who is, or shall become a convert from the Popish to the Protestant religion, ought to be capable of any office or employment under his Majesty, unless he shall breed up all his children to the age of fourteen years, to be of the Church of Ireland as by law established. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that no person that is, or shall be, converted from the Popish to the Protestant religion, be capable of any office or employment under his Majesty, or practise as a barrister, attorney, or solicitor, for *the space of seven years after his conversion*, and unless he brings a *certificate* of having received the sacrament thrice in every year during the same term.’

These resolutions, and others of a similar character, were adopted by the House of Commons, and formed the heads of a bill sent over to the English Cabinet; and among those heads was a clause, that every Catholic priest who was found within the realm should be emasculated! This atrocious measure excited in England indignation and disgust, and was suppressed.

We need not remind the reader how different is the policy of the Irish Government now. Other things being equal, Romanism is a decided recommendation in candidates for public offices in Ireland. And although the conductors of missionary operations in the Irish Establishment are opposed to the Whig policy in this respect, and would, if they could, revive the penal laws, they are most kind, conciliating, and confiding towards proselytes. Immeasurably the most successful and popular of their missionaries to the Irish Roman Catholics are converts from the Church of Rome, some of them converted priests. Without the Moriartys, the Foleys, and the Callaghans, the Church could make little progress. To their ardent zeal and fervid eloquence in the Irish language, as well as to their influence with their clansmen, much of the success of the missions must be ascribed. Generally speaking, these men are not Celts, but Teutons; men with fair complexion, red whiskers, and grey or blue eyes, of energetic temperaments, and firm characters. The truth is, there is very little Celtic blood now remaining in Ireland, and least of all, in the districts bordering on the sea.

The spirit of these Protestant missions in Connaught is, in reality, intensely Irish. The conduct of the Government in resisting the demands of the Established Church in regard to the National Schools, has made many of the clergy decidedly anti-English. This feeling was moderated while the Conservatives were in office; but it has been violently exasperated by

the policy of the Whigs, which, till the publication of the 'Durham letter,' had discountenanced all anti-Popery movements, and since the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, has tamely borne the insolent defiance of Dr. Cullen, and the Ultramontane party. This antagonism to the English power is favourable to the Episcopal missionaries in Connaught. Had they appeared there as the agents of that power, as the Established clergy did in past times, they could not have succeeded to the same extent.

Another circumstance in their favour is their colonizing system, planting the converts on the land, attending to their temporal as well as their spiritual interests, and putting them in a way of living comfortably by their own industry. Roman Catholic journalists denounce all this vehemently—as an attempt to approach the conscience through the appetites, &c. But the people look at the matter in another light. They recollect that their Roman Catholic landlords (who were numerous in Connaught) rack-rented them to beggary, and treated them as if they were their slaves; while the priests did nothing to alleviate their temporal miseries, but wrung from them the last farthing that could be extorted by the terrors of the world to come, and the denunciations of the altar. In connexion with this subject, it should be recollected, that some years ago there was an insurrection of the peasantry of Connaught against their priests, in consequence of the intolerable exorbitancy of their imposts in the shape of dues and sacramental fees; and they actually published a scale of prices for the sacraments, a spiritual tariff, declaring that beyond those prices they were determined not to go:—that movement was put down, chiefly, by Dr. M'Hale. It proves, however, that the people had been prepared to make a comparison between the priests who would do nothing without money, and those preachers who *gave* money instead of taking it. *Now*, the Protestant minister is not preceded by the tithe-proctor and the bailiff taking the tenth sheaf, and the tenth lamb, and in default, seizing the widow's pot or blanket from the poor Popish tiller of the soil. On the contrary, he comes as the almoner of Protestant benevolence, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the houseless, to administer medicine to the sick, and to console the afflicted.

We come now to the most remarkable concession made to Irish nationality and Irish prejudice by the missionaries of the Established Church. We regard it as a surrender of Protestant principle; but whether it be the result of delusion, or a deliberate pious fraud, we are puzzled to determine. That a notion so false should be honestly entertained by men of learning, it is very difficult to affirm; and yet it is promulgated and defended

with a vehemence which indicates sincerity, if not downright fanaticism.

Some years ago, Dr. Todd, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, published a work to prove that the Irish Church had been independent of the Pope till the twelfth century; Dean Murray, and other writers, have published histories of that Church, in which they labour to prove that the existing Establishment is in reality the church founded by St. Patrick. A number of Irish Puseyites, anxious to establish an apostolic succession, which would exclude the Pope and his 'titular' prelates, have actually founded a college to *assert* this succession! This is called 'the College of St. Columba.' To its Warden and Fellows, Dr. Todd dedicated his work; and he tells us, that this is 'an undertaking *the first ever made to recommend the Irish Church to the Irish people, by asserting its connexion with THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF THEIR FATHERS.*' The *first* ever made! But the learned Fellow knows very well that assertion is not proof, though made on the foundation-stone of a college, and meant to enlighten a distant posterity. The finest monument may 'lift its head and lie;' and the grossest delusion may be embodied in the most gorgeous temple.

There were, in reality, two Churches in Ireland from the Conquest to the Reformation—the English and the Irish—between which there existed the bitterest animosity. The Dean of Ardagh most accurately distinguishes them thus:—'The one was the Church of the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy and of the Ascendancy party; the other was the Church of the Irish clergy and people.' (*Ireland and her Church*, pp. 112, 113.) It would take many a volume and many a college to prove that it was the latter—namely, the *Irish*, and *Irish-speaking clergy and people*—that embraced the Reformation of Henry and Elizabeth; and that it was the Ascendancy party of the Pale—the Anglo-Irish—that rejected it! Yet such is the enormous historical falsehood which the Irish Church missionaries now strive to palm on the ignorant peasantry of Connaught!*

Queen Elizabeth expelled the hierarchy of the Irish people from their livings; but she could not destroy their spiritual jurisdiction, which they derived then, as now, from the Pope. The subservient Irish Parliament had done what it was bid, and the royal will became the law. But the new liturgy thus imposed was not accepted by the natives. The English residents in the Pale and in the commercial towns, with the officials of Government and their families, embraced the Reformation, while some

* See an article on the 'Celtic Church of Ireland,' in the 'Eclectic Review' for March, 1846.

of the natives were compelled to attend the Established worship under heavy penalties ; but, throughout the nation, religion became, what it has remained ever since, the most powerful element in popular agitation against the Government. The adherents of Rome were everywhere active and zealous in denouncing the heretical queen and her sacrilegious innovations. Popery, at the same time, banned the Government, and sanctified treason. The clergy whose consciences would not permit them to conform, abandoned their parishes ; and such was the inflamed state of the public mind, and the lawless condition of society, that their successors had not the courage to take their places, and if they did, they had no congregations to address. Consequently, the churches fell into ruin, and the people were left without the ordinances of religion. ‘ Even within the English Pale,’ says Leland, ‘ the Irish language was become so predominant, that laws were repeatedly enacted to restrain it, but in vain. In those tracts of Irish territory which intersected the English settlements, no other language was at all known ; so that the wretched flock was totally inaccessible to those strangers who were become their pastors.’ The Lord Chancellor Clare, in a speech to the Irish House of Lords, said, ‘ The *violence* committed by the regency of Edward, and continued by Elizabeth, to *force the Reformed religion on Ireland*, had no other effect than to foment a general disaffection to the English Government.’ *

Notwithstanding these most notorious facts of history, the Irish High Church party, and its organ, the ‘ Ecclesiastical Journal,’ at the eleventh hour, preposterously labour ‘ to recommend the Irish Church to the Irish people, by *asserting* its connexion with the ancient church of their fathers ;’—that is, by asserting as great a fiction as can be found in the legends of Rome !

In spite of two centuries of cruel persecution, the Irish Roman Catholic Church has retained its succession complete, in the principal sees of Ireland, from the Reformation down to the present time. The late Bishop Mant, with all his zeal for the apostolic succession of his own church, cannot get over this fact. He is obliged to admit that ‘ the majority, indeed, of the bishops, as well as of the inferior clergy, were decidedly attached to the Popish creed and practice, under the patronage of Primate Dowdall ;’ though this Dowdall was appointed by Henry VIII., in the hope that he would forward his own views of reformation. Mant admits, too, that in the reign of Elizabeth ‘ there existed other intrusive missionaries, sent by the Bishop of Rome as

* See the ‘ New and Popular History of Ireland,’ just published by J. Cassell, vol. i. p. 140.

opponents of the sovereign, the laws, and the church of the kingdom, and arrogating for themselves the jurisdiction, and calling themselves by the usurped titles, of the rightful and duly recognised prelates.' This haughty language of Bishop Mant might be proper if ecclesiastical jurisdiction can come only from the civil magistrate, and if there can be no rightful prelate without his recognition. But such Erastian views would be repudiated by the Puseyites. Indeed, Mant himself labours to prove that the Irish bishops of the Established Church have the true succession *from the Pope!* He says, 'From Curwin, the Archbishop of Dublin, *recognised by the Papacy*, and who had been consecrated in England according to the *then legal forms of the Roman Pontifical*, in the third year of *Queen Mary*, Archbishop Loftus received his Episcopal ordination and consecration; and, on his translation to the see of Dublin, he conveyed the same Episcopal character to Lancaster, his successor in the Primacy; and by them the same was uninterruptedly transmitted through the several channels which have since distributed the blessings of an apostolical ministry through the Church of Ireland. Indeed, not a shadow of a doubt can be thrown on the *apostolical succession* in that Church. Even the Popish prelates, so long as any of them survived who were in their sees before the Reformation, were ready to assist at the consecration of the Protestant bishops; so that the *true Episcopal character* of the hierarchy of the Irish Church is unquestioned and unquestionable, and protected against all exception even from the Papists themselves.' (*History of the Irish Church*, vol. i. p. 270.) And it comes through one of *Queen Mary's* bishops!

It might as reasonably be argued that Smith O'Brien retained his jurisdiction as a magistrate for the county of Limerick after being convicted of high treason, as that any bishop of the Church of Rome retains the character of a legitimate prelate, and can transmit the orders of that Church after rebelling against the Pope and being excommunicated! It is a monstrous inconsistency in Bishop Mant, first to acknowledge the Supreme Pontiff as the bestower of the 'true Episcopacy' and the apostolic mission, and then to charge him with usurpation in exercising the jurisdiction allowed to be legitimate and apostolic! In his own history, he has furnished ample proofs that the Pope had maintained, from the Reformation down, a regular hierarchy in Ireland, who treated the English prelates as usurpers thrust into place and ruled by the civil power, without a particle of spiritual merit and thence excellent Bishop Bedell complained that he had

----- a Popish clergy more numerous by far' than
 * See an article on ergy, 'and in full exercise of all jurisdiction for March, 1846. their vicars-general and officials; who are so

confident,' he adds, 'as they excommunicate all who come to our courts, even in matrimonial causes.' (*Mant*, vol. i. pp. 463, 464.)

Throughout the whole province of Armagh, and in all the other dioceses, they had priests placed in every parish, and so far did they carry their opposition, that Bishop Downham, in 1622, reported to the Royal visitation, that 'amongst many other abominations' they practised, they did 'for small rewards, divorce married couples, and set them at liberty to marry others.' 'For the removing of these Popish priests,' he says, 'our laws are weak and powerless.'—(*Mant*, vol. i. pp. 403, 404.)

Bishop Mant speaks of 'the blessings of an *apostolical* ministry,' distributed through the Church of Ireland. But we look for those blessings in vain throughout his own history. A more melancholy record of secularity, simony, neglect, and desolation, was never written of any church in Christendom, although the author anxiously collected all the facts he could meet in the least degree favourable to the bishops and clergy.

In 1568, the lord-deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, referring to Munster and Connaught, speaks of 'the great abuse of the clergy there, in admitting of unworthy personages to ecclesiastical dignities; which had neither lawfulness of birth, learning, English habit, nor English language, but descended of unchaste and unmarried abbots, priors, deans, and chantors, and such like, getting into the said dignities, either with force, simony, friendship, or other corrupt means, to the great overthrow of God's holy Church, and the evil example of all honest congregations.' 'As for religion, there was but small appearance of it;—the churches uncovered, the clergy scatter'd, and scarce the being of a God known to those ignorant and barbarous people.' In 1575, the same lord-deputy gave the queen a picture of the diocese of Meath. It contained 224 parish churches, of which 105 were impropriated and leased out in fee-farms—'no parson or vicar resident in any of them, and a very simple or sorry curate for the most part appointed to serve them. Among which number of curates, only 18 were able to speak English,' the rest Irish priests, or rather Irish rogues, having very little Latin, less learning or civility. The churches with vicars were better served, 'but yet badly.' Sir Henry then proceeds:—

'If this be the estate of the Church in the best-peopled diocese and best-governed country of this your realm, as in truth it is, easy it is for your majesty to conjecture in what case the rest is, where little or no reformation either of religion or manners hath yet been planted and continued among them. Yea, so profane and heathenish are some parts of this your country become, as it hath been preached publicly before me, that the sacrament of baptism is not used among them. And truly I believe it.'

After referring to the spoil made of the bishoprics, partly by the prelates themselves, Sir Henry adds, 'that your majesty may believe it, that upon the face of the earth where Christ is professed, there is not a church in so miserable a case.'—(*Mant*, vol. i. pp. 298, 299.)

At the close of the sixteenth century, Spenser found no improvement. In his 'View of the State of Ireland,' he says, the clergy 'were generally bad, licentious, and most disordered,' addicted to 'gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinency, careless sloth, and, generally, all disordered life, in the common clergymen.' They neither read the Scriptures, nor preached, nor administered the communion. But they christened yet after the Popish fashion, and they diligently looked after the tithes and offerings.'

After quoting this, Bishop Mant adds a true remark,— 'Persons such as these were not likely to forward the English Reformation in Ireland.' Certainly not, nor were they likely to distribute 'the blessings of an apostolic ministry.' Perhaps, however, the bishops, who occupied the apostolic chairs, were men of a holier character. Alas, no! for Spenser says that they bestowed the benefices upon most incapable and unworthy men, reserving as much as possible of the income to themselves, and some of them kept the benefices in their own hands, 'and set their own servants, and horse-boys, to take up the tithes and fruits of them, with the which some of them purchase great lands, and build fair castles upon the same.' As for the churches, he says, 'the most part lie even with the ground!'—(*Mant*, vol. i. pp. 297, 320, &c.)

Nearly another century rolled by after these deplorable pictures of spiritual destitution were presented to the Royal head of the Church, and yet we find that church lying in ruins. We have in a state paper, a report of Dr. Mossom, Bishop of Derry, in 1770, as to the state of the Church in the county of Londonderry, which belonged chiefly to the London companies. The bishop says:—

'The churches, especially those within the twelve London proportions, are generally ruinous, and not one, except that within the city, is in repair and accommodation fit for God's worship; neither are the inhabitants, such is their extreme poverty, any ways able to build or repair them,—so that the holy offices of God's public worship are, for the most part, administered either in a dirty cabin, or in a common ale-house!'—*Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 392.

The clergy at this time were nearly all non-resident. Such are fair specimens of the state of the Establishment in Ireland

during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is the same unvarying story, of neglect, selfishness, corruption, and licentiousness on the part of the clergy, of ignorance, vice, and misery on the part of the people, down to the close of the eighteenth century.

At distant intervals a fitful gleam of zeal or spirituality appears in the midst of the settled gloom, but only to make the darkness visible. This new hierarchy, fabricated by Queen Elizabeth, and thrust into the Pope's chairs, seems not to have had an idea of spiritual duties or responsibilities. The people were utterly neglected, the altar unserved, the churches in ruins; and the persecuted priest, hiding from the informer, was the only person who apparently cared for the souls of men. Such were the blessings of Dr. Mant's apostolical succession!

We have hardly any space to refer to another delusion practised on the converts in Connaught. We find it set forth vehemently by the Rev. Edward Nangle, superintendent of the Achill Colony, in his monthly journal, called the '*Achill Herald*.' We are very sorry to find such stupid bigotry or gross dishonesty connected with a mission to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. If Mr. Nangle had never travelled out of the Island of Achill, we might impute his misrepresentation of the 'conventicle' to invincible ignorance. But he has had ample opportunities of knowing the truth, and, therefore, the falsehood of the following passage is without excuse:—

'While our Church Establishment has been sneered at by the Papist on the one hand, and the radical Dissenter on the other, as the creature of the State, the law church, and the act of parliament religion—it is, in fact, the glory of the united Church of England and Ireland that neither her ministers nor her people can combine to make her other than she is, either by changing one article of her faith, or disturbing one ceremony of her worship; and while the conventicle is continually shifting the form of its doctrine and the frame-work of its worship according to the varying hue of the fashions and the fluctuating taste of the age, and the Romanist constantly receiving new articles to his creed at the caprice of a pontiff or the decree of a synod—our Church holds on for centuries the even tenor of her way, unawed alike by the voice of popular tumults or the wild ravings of proud and intemperate prelates. Such as she was in doctrine and worship when Laud attempted, but in vain, to make her the tool of the Papacy—such as she was when Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, sealed the truth of her confession of faith with their blood, such does she continue to this day, and such she must continue, unless (which is all but impossible) the same blind fury at the same instant of time should seize on both laity and clergy with one mad desire of ruining both themselves and their church by an unparalleled act of spiritual and temporal suicide.'

Anything like a formal refutation of this nonsense is un-

necessary. Every intelligent Protestant knows that it is not among Dissenters that religious novelties, and the vagaries of fanaticism have been promulgated. They have nearly all emanated from the United Church of England and Ireland; and it is at the present moment so rent with divisions, and so perplexed with discordant doctrines and liturgical strifes, that we defy Mr. Nangle to find as much real schism among all denominations of Dissenters as his own Church exhibits. Need we remind him of 'the Tracts for the Times,'—the Oxford heresies, —the Gorham controversy,—the decision of the Privy Council, a lay tribunal, on Baptismal regeneration,—the Bishop of Exeter's synod,—the Popish ceremonies of St. Barnabas's and elsewhere,—the candles upon the altar, and other mummeries of superstition,—or the letter of the English primate, in which he says:—'I hardly imagine that there are *two bishops* on the bench, or *one clergyman in fifty* throughout our Church, who would deny the validity of the orders of these (foreign) clergy solely on account of their wanting the imposition of episcopal hands.' This statement, by which holy orders are admitted not to depend on bishops, caused such a ferment among high Churchmen, that its author has been virtually branded as a false witness and a heretic. Thus are the two great parties in the Establishment arrayed against one another in fierce conflict as to the fundamental points of their system, neither having the power to settle anything. As to the impossibility of 'disturbing one ceremony of her worship,' we invite Mr. Nangle's attention to the following paragraph from the 'Times':—

'THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE HIGH CHURCH PARTY.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has for some time past been in communication with several clergymen in his diocese in reference to the manner in which they are in the habit of conducting the ordinary services of the Church. It appears that the clergymen alluded to practise many of the ceremonies for which the Bishop of London recently condemned Mr. Bennett, such, for example, as having lights on the altar during Morning Prayer, preaching in the surplice, intoning the prayers, and turning from the congregation during certain portions of the service. To these practices his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury objects, as contrary to the rubrical directions of the Book of Common Prayer, and in the communications he has already made has peremptorily ordered their discontinuance. In most of the cases which have come under his Grace's notice, the clergymen to whom his instructions have been addressed have merely acknowledged the receipt of the letters addressed to them, and have persevered in the practices which the archbishop considers objectionable. His Grace has therefore determined on issuing monitions against the offending parties, and they will be served forthwith by the officer of the Ecclesiastical Court. If after the receipt of the monitions the

clergymen alluded to persist in the course they have so long practised, his Grace has determined on citing them into his court, in order to bring the disputed question to a final issue. The matter is likely to be productive of much interest to the Church."

The Rev. Dr. Drew, of Belfast, has lately denounced his own diocesan, as well as the Bishop of Meath, and others on the Irish bench, as '*constable bishops*,' and as the corrupters and enslavers of their clergy, though they had been before their elevation 'the obscurest of the obscure,' and as the bitter enemies of the Bible.

The truth is that there are two theological systems in the Church of England, bound together by the iron ligaments of the State, and two parties corresponding—the party of the Popish liturgy, and the party of the Protestant articles. These parties have never been at peace unless when asleep—and hence the *immutability* of which the 'Achill Herald' boasts. The moment the *Evangelical* party awakens and moves, the *Catholic* party, roused by the uniting chain, or by the instinct of jealousy, commences a fierce attack, and beats down its miserable companions. Had this union been like that of the Siamese twins, the effect of some living bond, it might be endured; but it is the union of two prisoners animated by mutual hatred, and chained together in a Neapolitan dungeon!

The origin of this perpetual contrariety and wretched impotence, is exhibited in the following passage from Macaulay's History of England:—

"The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both parties, which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a courtier. In his character of divine, he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of courtier, he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and time-server in action, a placable enemy and a luke-warm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery. To this day the constitution, the doctrines, the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang. She occupies a middle position between the churches of Rome and of Geneva. Her doctrinal confessions and discourses, composed by Protestants, set forth principles of theology in which Calvin or Knox would have found scarcely a word to disapprove. Her

prayers and thanksgivings, derived from the ancient breviaries, are very generally such that Cardinal Fisher or Cardinal Pole might have heartily joined in them. A controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her articles and homilies, will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in her liturgy. The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain supernatural graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands, through fifty generations, from the eleven who received their commission on the Galilean mount, to the bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, regarded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in the Scriptures. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy, but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society, or to the efficacy of the sacraments.'

ART. II.—*Sketch of Mairwara.* By Lieut.-Col. Dixon. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

SINCE this work has been prepared for private circulation, and is not accessible to the public generally, our chief purpose is to afford our readers a brief outline of its contents. We have had from India accounts of military operations, war and bloodshed, to a sufficient extent for the taste of most persons; zoological, botanical, and mineralogical science has again and again been enriched from that vast continent; the tricks of its monkeys, the onslaughts of its savage beasts, and the ugliness of its idols, have long been a staple amazement in English family circles: it is gratifying to meet in the volume before us, something of a totally different kind, and over which every well-constituted mind must rejoice—the serious and dignified subject of human civilization. We are favoured by Colonel Dixon with a detailed account of the progress of a race of men under his own superintendence, from the condition of a lawless, predatory, barbarous tribe, to that of an orderly, peaceable, and industrious peasantry; and of their land, from a jungle waste to a well-cultivated and productive country.

Mairwara forms a portion of the mountainous district stretching from Goozerat to Delhi; it is bounded by Ajmeer on the north, Meywar on the east and south, and Marwar on the west, and extends over about one hundred miles in length, with a breadth

of from twenty-five to thirty miles in its widest part. The inhabitants have sprung from many different sources, a great portion of them from men who, at various times, have taken refuge in that country, being driven into exile on account of their own crimes, or the fanaticism of their brethren. In the records of the early existence of this people it is impossible to separate what is fabulous from what is historical; enough, however, is known to show that they have for ages devoted themselves to plundering expeditions, robbery, and violence of all kinds. The annoying depredations of the Mairs led to many attempts on the part of neighbouring princes to subjugate them; no less than eight unsuccessful expeditions were undertaken against them between the years A.D. 1725 and A.D. 1816—in one instance, with an army of 60,000 men, which was totally routed in its attempt to drive the Mairs from their mountain home. The subjugation of these lawless depredators was, however, at length effected by a small British force. Considerable annoyances had been long endured; the peace and prosperity of the neighbouring states was destroyed; and, all attempts to enter into treaty having failed, the British commander found that the strong arm of military power was his only resource, and, accordingly, in the course of three months, from November 1820, to January 1821, the whole of Mairwara was completely brought into subjection, and has remained so ever since.

The following extract will afford the reader an acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Mairs, at the time of their subjugation:—

‘Although the Mairs consider themselves Hindoos, their observances of that religion are extremely loose; nor would any one brought up in the tenets of that faith acknowledge them as associates. They are perfectly regardless of all the forms enjoined as to ablution, the preparation of their food, and other set ceremonies. Nor do they pay religious reverence to the idols worshipped by orthodox believers of that persuasion Their principal food is Indian corn and barley-bread. They partake freely of sheep, goats, cows, and buffaloes, when such food is available. No interdiction exists as to the use of spirituous liquors. Hog’s flesh, deer, fish, and fowls, form no part of their diet. Their marriages are conducted after the custom of the Hindoos, and it is considered an imperative duty to collect the whole clan to celebrate the funeral feast of a departed relation. . . . Some pernicious customs prevailed, which called for the exercise of Colonel Hall’s best abilities in inducing the Mairs to relinquish them. These were the sale of women, female infanticide, and slavery. It was customary for sons to sell their mothers on the death of their fathers, and for husbands, at their own caprice or pleasure, to dispose of their wives, to whom they had been lawfully wedded. Women were considered in the light of property, and could be disposed of or transferred with the

same freedom and facility as cattle or land were sold. On the demise of the father, the mother lapsed to the son as part of the paternal inheritance, and he could sell her at his pleasure, provided he adhered to the rules observed in his own clan, which enjoined that a man cannot marry the wife of a deceased younger brother, but may take in wedlock the widow of his deceased elder brother: the intention being, that the widow may form connexion with a junior of the family, but cannot be taken as a wife by an elder brother.'—Pp. 28, 29.

The measures adopted to repress these evil practices were wise, and so far successful, that, in the words of Colonel Dixon,—

'For many years past, no female children have been put to death. The practice has fallen altogether into desuetude. Indeed, so greatly have the ideas of the people changed on this and other usages since the introduction of our rule, that the commission of such an act would now be viewed as a most heinous crime. Personal advantage has, however, had its weight in bringing round the desirable reform. Daughters are no longer looked upon as a source of trouble and anxiety; marriage being open to the poorest classes, they are much in requisition. Hence, fathers rejoice on the birth of a daughter, seeing they are now to be regarded as a source of wealth.'—P. 31.

We have in the following sentences the picture of a noble race of men:—

'This people bear the character of being faithful, kind, and generous; possessing a strong clannish attachment towards each other. They are bold, very regardless of life, and always ready to take their own or that of others for very trifling causes. They are easily excited to desperate acts, and as easily subdued by a mild address; or if time be allowed them to cool. They are much attached to their families. The dishonour of their wives was avenged by death alone. Indeed, the sword was their constant companion, and the arbitrator and assuager of all injuries. Feuds not avenged in one generation, were handed down as an heir-loom to their descendants, to be dealt with as occasion and opportunity allowed.

'Though residing in the hills, their stature is by no means low. They are of all sizes, well-made, good-looking, active, and hardy. Armed with a sword and shield, they will face any danger fearlessly. They constantly encounter tigers without any other weapon; but they never boast of their exploits, and think they have only performed their duty in exposing their lives to all hazards.'—Pp. 33, 34.

Into the details of the arrangements consequent upon the subjugation of this territory, our space will not allow us to enter. The mode of governing it appears to have been wisely adapted to the character, wants, and circumstances of the people. Of this we have the most conclusive proof in the gradual improvement of the manners and the condition of the people, and in the strong attachment to British rule, which, in a short time, sprang

up amongst them. On one occasion, when reports were rife that the first arrangements in Mairwara were about to be broken up, and its villages handed over by the British to the neighbouring states, the deepest regret was manifested by the inhabitants. The annual report of the superintendent, dated 1st of October, 1840, states that—

‘Numerous petitions have been received, and all breathing the same painful and heart-breaking sentiments; extreme despondence that they should be transferred to states to which they formerly paid only a nominal allegiance: that the British Government, through extreme kindness, conciliation, and liberality, had weaned them from their former predatory habits, and had taught them the arts of peaceful industry: that under the favour and solicitude of that paternal government, their children were becoming an industrious peasantry, looking alone to the produce of their land as the means of their livelihood: that at present they were eating the bread of industry in full security: that what they earned was their own, and in full confidence that they and their posterity would live in peace and happiness under the shade of the British Government: that they had sunk all their savings and profits on the improvement of their paternal lands: that their separation from the British rule would dissipate and utterly destroy all the visions of happiness they had so fondly hoped would be permanent, and descend from father to son in perpetuity.’—P. 70.

Such expressions from a people but lately raised from the condition of semi-barbarous banditti, speak much for the talent and benevolence of the men upon whom the conduct of their government devolved. In 1835, Colonel Hall, who had been for thirteen years superintendent of Mairwara, retired from that office on account of ill health, and was succeeded in it by the author of the work before us. From this time, therefore, the intelligence communicated respecting the progress of the district becomes more minute and interesting. The new superintendent at once discovered that the soil alone was the source from which wealth could be obtained, and independence of circumstances secured. He found, too, that success depended on his personal efforts, and the devotion of his whole time and talents to the work before him. That he thus gave himself entirely to the accomplishment of his purpose is fully proved by the extensive works which were immediately set on foot, and the vigour with which they were carried on.

The district of Mairwara being essentially mountainous, the rain which fell, and which was but little in proportion to that of other districts, unless obstructed immediately, flowed off, without saturating the soil sufficiently for agricultural purposes. Repeated famines, and the consequent return of the people to their former predatory habits, resulted from this. The first

step towards improvement, therefore, was to provide means of retaining on the soil every drop of rain that fell. For this purpose, the channels which drained the tract during the season of the rains, were closed up by embankments, and great reservoirs, or *tulaos*, were constructed at the expense of the Government. Much tact was displayed in awakening an interest amongst the people in these projects, and instilling into them a love of agriculture and a sense of its importance. Tools were provided and money advanced, to encourage them to aid these great operations for increasing the fruitfulness of the soil, by sinking wells, constructing *narees*, and building dike-walls.

‘The success of all arrangements must,’ in our author’s words, ‘depend on the untiring zeal and vigilance of the superintendent. To carry through his projects, it would be necessary that he disengage himself from all private pursuits and pleasures, and devote his entire undivided energies to the fulfilment of the object. . . . It was his ambition to secure the country against drought, to provide the means for sowing two crops in every village, in order that the people should possess no leisure for predatory excursions; to develop the capabilities of the country, and so to induce the people into the habits of an industrious peasantry; that Mairwara, as a whole, might serve as a pattern in all respects to our Rajpoot neighbours.’—P. 94.

The dependence of agricultural prosperity on the intervention of the Muhajuns (traders and shopkeepers) was speedily felt, and the next step in importance for the progress of Mairwara was the locating of people of this caste. Hitherto dealings had been carried on at a great disadvantage with Muhajuns from the towns of the neighbouring districts; suspicion of the Mairs preventing any of them from being induced to settle in the country. To work out the independence of the state in this respect, it was resolved to build a small town, or *Kusba*, on a waste spot of land adjacent to the cantonment of Beawr. The advantages which had been anticipated from this novel and bold measure of locating a town composed of foreigners in the heart of the Mugra were fully realized. The Muhajuns from the neighbouring towns moved over with their families, to settle permanently in the district; safety was ensured to them partly by their numbers, and still more by the construction of a strong fortified wall around the town. The name which this new settlement has received is Nya Nuggur; its present condition, and its benefits to the district, are thus described:—

‘It has been stated that in 1835, the district of Mairwara was wholly dependent on foreign countries for its supplies; that the cantonment of Beawr was destitute of all the necessities of life beyond the provision of Ata, Dal, and coarse cloths. But this state of destitution has yielded to the efforts of determination and energy. The

tables have now been turned, and in place of seeking supplies from distant towns, we have ourselves become the source of supply to surrounding countries. In the course of twelve years a town has been built, and fortified by a wall two miles in length. A population numbering perhaps nine thousand souls, entire foreigners to the country, have come to settle with us; and having built their shops and houses, are now sedulously engaged on their own immediate callings. An extensive and prosperous trade has arisen, and has become cemented by time; while Nya Nuggur presents a great variety in its manufactures, and is a sample of industry worthy of imitation by our neighbours.'—Pp. 109, 110

After this sketch of the general progress of the district, a great part of the volume is occupied with minute descriptions of the various tank embankments which have been constructed, to retain water for agricultural purposes. The want of space compels us to forego extracting any of these descriptions for the reader's benefit; but, since the foundation of all improvements in Mairwara has been the construction of these *tulao*, or embankments, while the account of them constitutes the main interest of Colonel Dixon's book, we give the following general description:—

'To admit of the construction of a *tulao*, it is indispensably necessary that the face of the country should possess an irregular, uneven surface, traversed by hollows and corresponding elevations. The bund is thrown across the low ground, whereby the water is obstructed in its passage, and being collected into a body, it constitutes a tank, or *tulao*. Hilly countries are peculiarly well suited for works of this kind; while their presence is the more necessary, since the rain-water, unless impeded in its descent, immediately flows off to the lower lands without penetrating into the soil, or imparting moisture sufficient for the purpose of cultivation. Their construction in such positions is generally attended with local facilities in the provision of stone and lime required for the walls of masonry, and in offering an abundant supply of wood for calcining lime. Land at a distance from the hills, whose surface is broken into gentle undulations, is also adapted for embankment works. It being desired to form a *tulao* on a plain possessing such gentle undulations, having alternately a rise and corresponding hollow or valley, the *nuddee*, or *nullah*, which drains the country during the prevalence of the rains, is in the first instance sought. By including the watercourse within the *tulao*, a supply of water is provided for. The largeness of the area of the land drained by the *nullah* is a subject of the first importance, since on the supply of water depend the size and extent of the work. If it be in contemplation to construct a large work, calculated to irrigate several hundred beegahs of cultivation, the area over which the *nullah* or feeder exercises its influence should cover several square miles. On the provision of a full and ample supply of water depends the success of our operations. In a country, therefore, like Rajpootana, where the

seasons are extremely unequal, it is desirable to have a superabundant supply; the only precautionary arrangement necessary in that case being to leave a larger escape for the spare water, in order that the embankment may not be injured or overtopped by floods during heavy or continued rain. The arrangement for the provision of water being deemed full and satisfactory, the next point for consideration is the selection of a site for the bund. In making this choice practice much facilitates the operation. An experienced eye will at once decide on the local advantages of position. The first consideration is to reduce the length of the bund to be thrown across the hollow to the shortest measurement; for the larger the embankment, the greater the outlay. In this decision, attention must be given that the ground which is to form the bed of the tulao is nearly level, or that it has a very gentle fall towards the intended bund. Were the ground to have a great slope, the expansive capacity of the bed would be restricted. To make it more capacious the embankment must receive a considerable elevation. If, therefore, the smallest span across the hollow or valley gives a limited space for the bed, it would be proper to seek some other spot affording a greater expanse for the water, with an increased length of bund. The nature of the soil on which the foundation is to be sunk is to be taken into account. Loose sand should, if practicable, be avoided; for it may be requisite to dig eight or ten feet before firm ground or rock be found. In some instances this inconvenience, when confined to the nuddees and nullahs, is not to be obviated. The foundation must then be sunk ten, twelve, or fifteen feet in depth, until firm ground, rock, or water be reached, when the excavation is filled in with lime masonry, forming a massive wall, sufficiently substantial to support the superstructure. On some occasions, the income of water is so great, that notwithstanding external appliances for its extraction, the depth of the foundation cannot be carried beyond ten or fifteen feet, while the soil below is sand. The course observed in such instances is, to partition off a few yards of the trench, or foundation, by a wall of clay or mud mixed with straw, and then to employ ten or twenty men to bale out the water. When the trench cannot be farther deepened, stones and unslaked lime are thrown into it promiscuously, care being taken there is an ample share of lime.

The stone and mortar settle down into one mass. The operation is continued until the trench is filled with masonry up to the water-mark. A line of arches is then built on this broad foundation. The centering of each arch is formed of solid masonry; and when the work has been carried out as far as may be necessary, the arches are built over the centerings. Thus the superstructure is supported by a series of solid arches, while they rest on a massive wall of lime masonry. In case the foundations should sink, it is probable it would descend as a mass; but should the sinking be partial, the arches would be found useful in binding the fabric into one mass. Rock on the surface is the best foundation, at the same time that it is the cheapest. The proximity of stone and lime to the proposed site is a matter of importance. Positions in other respects good, sometimes become useless from the difficulty attending the provision of materials. The most favourable features for

the construction of a tulao may thus be enumerated :—A broad expanse of land to the front of the proposed bund, to form its bed—it should be nearly level, having a slight inclination towards the embankment ; the land to the rear to be of greater extent than the bed, and slightly lower in its level, in order that every portion of it be irrigated through masonry sluices constructed in the bund, and communicating with earthen drains leading to each field ; a nuddee, or nullah, providing an ample supply of water to the tank ; a rocky foundation at a small depth from the surface ; water procurable from the bed of the nuddee, or from a well, for the use of the work and workpeople ; stone and stone-lime, or kunkur, with wood or cow-dung to calcine it, within a reasonable distance of the scene of work. It rarely happens that all these advantages are offered at one locality.'—Pp. 138—140.

The result of the construction of these *tulaos* is, that vast districts of land, which were previously covered with dense jungle, are now brought into a state of high cultivation ; the scenery of the country has gained the addition of many beautiful mountain-lakes ; while the benefits in every respect to the inhabitants are incalculable.

In the year 1842, the neighbouring district of Ajmeer was placed under charge of the superintendent of Mairwara. The same indefatigable energy marked his labours in this new field ; and the same course of operations which had been so successfully carried out in Mairwara were now commenced in Ajmeer. The people of this district had previously sunk into lethargy and discontent, the better condition of their neighbours in Mairwara having operated to increase rather than to remove these feelings. On the new arrangement, however, coming into operation, the face of affairs received a new aspect :—

' Every village was visited. The people, according to old custom, assembled under the awning at the superintendent's tent ; the means, and local capabilities, of each village were discussed ; places offering facilities for the construction of embankments, or for the sinking of wells, were examined ; assistance was tendered to all in working out the amendment of their social condition : but, above all, the health, heart-content, and improvement of station and respectability, which would inevitably result from an adherence to habits of industry and thrift, were inculcated on their minds. The people were quick in comprehending our intentions towards them ; and, having the example of the prosperity of Mairwara before them, eagerly entered into our plans. Embankments rose up in many places, giving fertility to a soil which heretofore had been barren and waste ; new villages were located, wells were sunk where local advantages favoured the measure, and narees were constructed. In the course of a few brief months, Ajmeer threw off her lethargy. Life and energy pervaded each village. The superintendent moved from place to place, encouraging the zealous, and urging the inactive to exertion.'—Pp. 182, 183.

As the news of these operations both in Mairwara and Ajmeer, and of their attendant benefits, became generally known, there were calls from various quarters, and requests from high authorities, for the issuing of some definite and detailed account of them. That which most immediately led to the compilation of the present volume was a command to the same effect by the Government of India, and conveyed in the following words to the Agent Governor-General Rajpootana :—

‘Major Dixon’s management of the territory under his charge has always been so admirable and so successful, and the example he sets to other officers similarly entrusted with the management of new countries might be made so successful if the results of his labours were published by Government, that the Governor-General in Council requests you will call upon him for a succinct report of the progress of improvement in the territory under his charge, with an explanation of the process by which he has converted tribes of plunderers into communities of industrious agriculturists, with a view to its publication.’—Pp. 231, 232.

This is but an example of many encomiums passed upon the superintendent of Mairwara, and in the very highest of them every reader of this volume will fully concur. It affords a rare instance of the rapid progress of civilization, where a man of talent, energy, and benevolence is at the head of the movement; and of the triumph over the greatest natural obstacles, both in the country and the people, by scientific knowledge, perseverance, and philanthropy combined in one person. The work before us contains an admirable map of the districts of Mairwara and Ajmeer, with elaborate plans of the various constructions of which it treats, and is embellished with landscape views of the country, from drawings by Lieut. C. Herbert, affording specimens of the lithographic art, as beautiful as any it has fallen to our lot to see. Although denied to the public generally, this work will find its way where it is most needed, and where it will undoubtedly produce valuable results. Mairwara itself, if its future history bear out what it now promises, must, before long, become in every respect a model district, the centre of beneficial influences, and the source of civilization to a vast surrounding tract of country.

We cannot look on these admirable exertions to raise a barbarous people without some anxiety that they should be instructed in the truths of the gospel. Believing that Christianity is the great civilizer of man, we, at the same time, learn from history, both ancient and modern, that the preacher of salvation usually follows the track of the discoverer, the conqueror, or the merchant. Among the remoter and more barbarous tribes of the Eastern world, our religion is as yet unknown. As these tribes are brought under the rule of the British Empire, they ought to

be visited by the Christian schoolmaster and the Christian missionary. We hope that some one of our missionary societies are considering the spiritual wants of Mairwara. We shall look with some interest for reports of their proceedings there. In no other way do we expect the highest culture of the interesting people for whom Colonel Dixon has done so much. Labours like his are of incalculable value in themselves, in their influence on surrounding states, and in the larger views which they suggest to the promoters of British power in India ; but they interest us yet more deeply as specimens of the grand harmonious movements by which Providence is gradually preparing all nations and tribes for understanding and repeating the Apocalyptic song of redemption, in which all the tongues of earth are to blend their ascriptions to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries, including numerous original Letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill.* Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' &c. &c. In Two Volumes. London: Colburn. 1851.

THE character of Horace Walpole combined several elements rarely found together. He had talents, industry, sagacity, and, in some sense, taste ; yet thought, said, and did the silliest things, was indolent and effeminate, pronounced the most ridiculous judgments on men and books, and sinned in every way against the laws of propriety. Living, no one loved him ; and dead, it is impossible to respect his memory. Yet we read and are amused by his works, admire the acuteness of his observations on men and things, delight in remembering his anecdotes, and while we sometimes shrink from the coarseness of his ideas, are often forced to confess that he knew how to appreciate delicacy of sentiment, and that he occasionally makes touching appeals to our noblest sympathies.

More, perhaps, than any other writer, he represents the cynicism and frivolity discoverable in the character of the eighteenth century. Seldom in any period of the world's history has society been more licentious or corrupt. There was no fixity of opinion, no reliance on principle, no attachment to country or creed, no reverence for the past, no hope or confidence in the future. In morals, religion, and politics, each influential individual might be regarded as an Ishmaelite, whose

hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. In other words, selfishness was the spirit of the age, and this may be said to have been condensed and incarnated in Horace Walpole. At times, no doubt, he appears to escape from the influence of this ethical incubus, which pressed habitually with all its weight upon his mind, and squeezed out of it every generous feeling. But upon further investigation we shall find that this is appearance only, since the acts for which we are most inclined to give him credit were, in truth, only so many instances of profound self-consideration disguised in the costume and aping the gait of some imposing virtue.

Still it must be owned that selfishness in Horace Walpole was frequently so moulded by philosophical reflection, that it produced much the same results as would have flowed from the moral qualities whose semblance it put on. This seems to have so far blinded some of his contemporaries, that they gave him credit for habits of mind entirely foreign to his nature. For example, when in a fit of apparent enthusiasm, he made an offer of six thousand pounds to his cousin, General Conway, in order to make amends to him for the public employments he had lost, those acquainted with the mere historical transaction might have supposed him to be actuated by pure motives of friendship, but an attentive examination of subsequent events altogether destroys this idea. Being extremely cool and calculating, he foresaw the future elevation of Conway, and he believed he could not advance his own fortunes better than by laying him under a great obligation.

Horace Walpole, however, like Moliere's Harpagon, was one of those persons who pick their own pockets. He loved and cultivated humbug so much, that he often overreached himself. Wishing to inspire Conway with a lofty idea of his virtue, he dwelt so much in his letters to him on his disinterestedness, on his aversion for public business, on his love of ease, in short, on his absolute indifference to everything in the world and of it, that the honest politician at length believed him, and, therefore, when he came afterwards to organize his administration, never thought of including in it the philosopher of Strawberry Hill. The truth then came out—the lordly sophist who professed to be in the possession of Pyrrho's perfect *ataraxia*, was at once transported beyond himself by indignation, and overflowed to his numerous correspondents with epistolatory reproaches against the man who had been simple enough to take him at his word. He expected, he said, to have been offered some considerable employment, which he is careful to add, he would have rejected. It does not appear to have occurred to him that the business of a great nation ought not to be de-

graded to the purposes of personal compliment. Besides, General Conway was probably the only man in the kingdom who believed in Horace Walpole's sincerity. If even he did not, may we not discover in that circumstance the reason why he offered him no considerable employment, as he would have calculated on his accepting it, which, taking into account the habits and temper of the man, would have been fatal to his cabinet.

Again, in his reconciliation with the poet Gray, we seem to discover symptoms of a generous self-condemnation. He had injured, he had insulted his friend, he had taken advantage of his own wealth and of that friend's poverty to impart additional keenness to the insult. He had abandoned him heartlessly in a distant country, and left him to fight his way home how he could. After all this, however, he had the courage, on observing the harbingers of Gray's celebrity, to make advances to him, to give a full and frank acknowledgment of his fault, and to live with him on terms of amicable intercourse. Had we discussed this matter privately with Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, we should have been apprehensive of awakening a cynical feeling in the depths of his mind, if we regarded the transaction of which we have been speaking as anything more than the result of prudent calculation. Gray, as a poet, was one of the ministers of fame; and Horace Walpole, being an accomplished courtier, could not possibly think of maintaining inimical relations with one so situated. If this conduct originated in nobler motives, he has no one but himself to blame for the inclination we experience to put a bad construction on the proceeding. He was in the habit of discovering in all men symptoms of littleness and selfishness, and has, therefore, no reason to complain if others return him the compliment.

Let it not, however, be supposed that Horace Walpole was without excuse for the worldly system of philosophy he adopted. His mind only reflected the lights which were gleaming and flashing all around him. Most of his contemporaries were sophists, impatient of profound study, but smitten with an unappeasable passion for notoriety: coveting the reputation for wisdom, but still more desirous of reconciling it with sensual pleasures; eager to overreach others, yet infinitely more anxious to escape being overreached in their turn. It is only reasonable to imagine that in such a state of things men could not be very scrupulous about the instruments they made use of to accomplish their ends. The world's stage did not exhibit a company of fierce combatants struggling rudely for lead and precedence. They who displayed their talents upon it were indeed gladiators, but they fought with masked weapons, and never seemed to be animated by the desire of overthrowing

often owes very much to these, as the slightest acquaintance with the history of literature will suffice to show. A rich and influential man's nonsense will for a time obtain readers, while wisdom and learning proceeding from a poor man are slowly and reluctantly received. In most cases, however, time does justice in these matters, by establishing the claims of true genius while it withers and casts into utter oblivion the memory of the opulent or titled pretender. Still it is painful to observe with what eagerness the world salutes the appearance of an aristocratic author, how it exaggerates his merits, how it applauds his wit, how it stoops to pick up the smallest crumbs that fall from his table. This was pre-eminently the case in the eighteenth century, when hosts of grantees, laboriously mimicking literary men, while they affected to despise them, poured forth volumes without end, knowing well that a reputation for superior knowledge or abilities is sure to eclipse and outlast that which is in the power of riches or worldly distinction to bestow.

Horace Walpole was greatly indebted, at the outset, to his rank and means, for the credit he enjoyed in the world. He collected about him the distributors of fame; he entertained, he flattered them; he made a dexterous use of his father's great name; he laid his friends and relatives under contribution; he courted the friendship of wits and antiquaries, of beaux and libertines, of women of fashion, of easy virtue and no virtue at all; he built a gothic castle, and made a show of it; he set up a private printing-press; he reproduced the writings of grantees, and authors of scandalous memoirs; he patronized artists and virtuosos, and condescended to become the retailer of the trivialities and nothings of society, for the entertainment of a host of fashionable, idle, and ambitious correspondents.

Yet it must not be pretended that he altogether owed to these circumstances his reputation as an author. They facilitated the reception and distribution of his writings; but if these had not possessed a real value, they would have been soon forgotten. Fashion and flattery seldom survive the age that produced them. But Horace Walpole is in some sense still popular—that is, among certain classes of readers, for his works do not as yet form a part of that great body of literature which supplies intellectual nourishment to the masses. If he be still a favourite, it is with the literary, the dilettanti, the semi-antiquarians, the political gossip-hunters, the lovers of anecdote, the retailers of smart things in society. His 'Mysterious Mother,' though full of ability, does not keep possession of the stage; his 'Castle of Otranto' scarcely maintains its ground in circulating libraries; his 'Fugitive Poetry' has made unto itself wings, and fled away

be allowed to accomplish his disreputable work alone. He showed his production to all the enemies of Jean Jacques, and every one of them seems to have added fresh pungency to the libel. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Horace Walpole could have written the letter himself. He was fully competent to furnish the malice, but not the wit, at least in French, by which it was rendered more palatable to the courtiers of Louis XV., and all the inferior litterateurs who felt themselves dwarfed and thrown completely into the shade by the genius of Rousseau. They could not foresee that when they and their writings should be forgotten, the author of the '*Contrat Social*,' would still be so popular in France, that twenty-four thousand five hundred copies of his whole works should on an average be sold every five years.

Voltaire was much better qualified to command admiration from Horace Walpole. Yet at the outset our countryman had the courage rather to imitate his example than to join in the servile adulations which all Europe consented to pay to the philosopher of Ferney. This writer, it is well known, had attacked Shakspeare with ignorance and indecency, and Horace Walpole had returned him the compliment in a manner equally unbecoming. He selected the most vulnerable points of his literary character, and by an extravagant, though skilful travestie, imparted an air of grotesque comicality to what was meant to be a picture of the deepest tragic passion. Since that time the trick has been played off so frequently that it now no longer excites surprise, though it can never cease to be regarded as an unfair and unmanly style of criticism. Some years afterwards, Voltaire read the historical doubts on the character of Richard the Third, with some other of Horace Walpole's writings, and in that courteous and polished manner, for which he was at all times remarkable, complimented and flattered their author. It would have been too much to expect our countryman to exhibit indifference on such an occasion. When genius condescends to praise the productions of inferior talent, it is not in the nature of things that the latter should be insensible to the distinction. Horace Walpole, however, surrendered his whole mind at once, so that had Voltaire thought it worth while to enlist him among his perpetual body-guards he might easily have done so at the expense of a few well-turned compliments. But the great sophist had conquests of far superior importance to achieve, and, satisfied with having numbered the English wit and lordling among his worshippers, passed on in his luminous orbit to think of him no more.

It is impossible entirely to explain the celebrity of any man by a reference to his wealth, position, or connexions, though he

into irretrievable oblivion. His 'Historic Doubts' have long been numbered among the curiosities of literature; but they who study the small politics, the court ethics, the arts, the biography, or the scandal of the last century, delight in his letters, his reminiscences, and his historical fragments.

One of the peculiarities of Horace Walpole was the strange affectation of which he was guilty in his political profession of faith. Though the son of a prime minister, who exercised with a strong hand the powers of a constitutional monarchy, he professed from the outset to be a republican, and sometimes indulged in fierce satire against the regal system prevalent throughout Europe. In this, perhaps, he only yielded to the spirit of the age. The whole civilized world was then immersed in that strange moral atmosphere which preceded the French Revolution, and appeared to carry its principles into all places, high and low, producing at times the strangest combinations between courtly and aristocratic manners and the opinions of the Athenian *agora*. Let the reader consider the import and temper of the following verses, and ask himself whether anything fiercer could be expected from a Chartist poet of the present day:—

'The greatest curses any age has known
Have issued from the temple or the throne.
Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
But priests must aid and consecrate their sins.
The tortured subject might be heard complain,
When sinking under a new weight of chain,
Or, more rebellious, might perhaps repine,
When taxed to dower a titled concubine:
But the priest christens all a right divine.
When at the altar a new monarch kneels,
What conjured awe upon the people steals,
The chosen He adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while
The priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore:
He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,
And feels divinity transferred within.
The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,
And worship God's anointed more than God.
Such sanction gives the prelate to such kings,
So mischief from those hallowed fountains springs.
But bend your eye to yonder harassed plains,
Where king and priest in one united reigns.
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
And droop, oppressed, beneath a Papal weight;
Where fat celibacy usurps the soil,
And sacred sloth consumes the peasant's toil:

The holy drones monopolize the sky,
 And plunder by a vow of poverty ;
 The Christian cause their lewd profession taints,
 Unlearned, unchaste, uncharitable saints.'

Vol. i. p. 277, *et seq.*

Everyone knows in what style the war was carried on in France by the people against the court during the early part of the eighteenth century. The powers of wit and ridicule, of satire, banter, and caricature, were called in to do the work of eloquence and political logic. Voltaire used to remark, that he cared not who had the logicians provided he had the laughers on his side. And the practice is not quite abandoned yet, though we have since become far more in earnest, and place more reliance on justice, truth, and sound principles, than on the light artillery of the fancy and imagination. England, however, at that period borrowed from the continent still more than she lent to it. Our literature was almost a reflection of that of France, and the desperate endeavour to rival their Gallic models is visible in nearly all the English writers of that age. The most serious things were treated humorously ; and, whenever party feeling appeared to justify it, even death itself was turned into a joke. Thus, on the decease of Frederick, Prince of Wales, a sort of epitaph was composed upon him which the democratic wits of the period would seem to have enjoyed infinitely :—

' Here lies Fred
 Who was alive, and is dead.
 If it had been his father
 I had much rather ;
 Had it been his brother,
 Much better than another ;
 Had it been his sister,
 No one would have missed her ;
 Had it been the whole generation,
 Still better for the nation ;
 But since 'tis only Fred,
 Who was alive, and is dead—
 There is no more to be said.'

Vol. i. p. 266, *et seq.*

Nothing, however, is more difficult than for the people of one generation to relish the wit of their predecessors ; for if there be a sort of geography in the productions of the mind, that is to say, if there be any law which determines the springing up of particular forms of thought in particular regions, there is also what might be called a chronology in the same matters, or,

in other words, a law regulating the succession of ideas and inventions somewhat analogous to that which regulates the succession of fruits and flowers in the different seasons of the year. For this reason, we may not be greatly surprised at observing that our ancestors rated very highly sallies of wit and humour which appear little remarkable to us, if we do not absolutely regard them as trivial and commonplace. Pope observes of one of his contemporaries:—

‘The wit is lost unless you print his face!’

and it often happens that what might be termed the sting of a *bon-mot* or repartee, is lent to it by the circumstances in the midst of which it arises. It must be suited to times, persons, and places, and bear some analogy to the general stratum of ideas overlying, if we may so express ourselves, the intellectual surface of society. Apart from all considerations of this kind, there is very little wit even in the writings of the greatest masters. Those brilliant combinations of ideas on which mankind have agreed to bestow this name, are rarely so independent of accidental relations, as to challenge the admiration of all ages. Much of that quality which enabled Aristophanes to convulse and intoxicate the Athenian *demos*, is entirely lost for us, or discoverable only through researches which make us pay dear for our whistle. Rabelais’ wit is likewise in great part obsolete; and Butler, inferior to no writer in this respect, now often requires a commentator and a glossary to render him intelligible. Swift and Molière already stand in the same predicament; and it is, consequently, not at all surprising that, when we attempt to appreciate the wit or humour of Walpole’s contemporaries, we should often be tempted to pronounce both insipid.

Among the persons who flourished beside the lord of Strawberry Hill, there was one for whose talents, because they were in his own way, he evidently felt great admiration. This was George Selwyn, who, known to everybody in those times, is among the obscurest of the obscure in ours. His life, nevertheless, may be studied by some persons with advantage. He was a striking example of that class of individuals who obtain notoriety—it would be ridiculous to call it reputation—by producing frequent paroxysms of surprise and pleasure among their contemporaries. Like a true master of his art, he devoted an infinite amount of time and pains to produce the effects he aimed at. Selwyn seems to have been enough of a philosopher to know that what is said is of considerably less importance than who says it. He, therefore, studied odd and strange ways, affected peculiar tastes, and clung with untiring pertinacity to

singular habits, which by degrees commanded attention. Possessing the basis which the Syracusan mechanician wanted, he was enabled to move the moral world—as much, we mean, as suited his purpose: he was wealthy, he had position, and in an age of infidelity contrived to render himself remarkable by the unbounded impiety of his opinions.

Among the affectations of this man was a fondness to be present at executions, and a preference for the society of little children. He had probably reflected deeply on the whole circle of social tastes, and selected for cultivation two which he regarded as most completely the antipodes of each other, reckoning, with the utmost confidence, upon producing by these means a powerful effect on those around him. Executions were then of every-day occurrence, and, as he managed the matter, his name came invariably to be associated with them in the public mind. Again, there were little children in most families, and by dint of the incessant gossip of his friends, the mention of them invariably suggested the name of George Selwyn. Had he been poor, this would of course have been impossible, but, making a judicious use of his wealth, if it be judicious to gratify vanity, he lavished presents on the Lilliputian population of great houses, and, as Howard became the protector of the criminal and the oppressed, so Selwyn was elevated into the patron of the pampered little minions of fortune.

All this implied, of course, the possession of considerable ability; and, as his was of a quick, sparkling, and animated kind, the careful use and application of it soon ensured to him the reputation of a wit. He contrived, however, to mix up his *bon mots* with his sepulchral partialities, and found in Horace Walpole a sort of Boswell, who treasured up his remarks and his oddities for the benefit of posterity. We can afford little space for extract, but shall make room for one or two passages, as they may assist in enabling the reader to estimate three persons at once—the author of the *Memoirs*, Horace Walpole, and George Selwyn.

“I told that story” (an anecdote of the Craggs and Arthur More) “to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses and executions: he replied, “that Arthur More had his coffin chained to that of his mistress!” Lord, said I, how do you know that? “Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles’s.”

‘Selwyn appears to have passed a good deal of his time in inspecting vaults and cemeteries; and was as well known to the sextons of the churches he honoured with his visits as was “Old Mortality” to the custodians of the grave-yards in which he pursued his strange vocation. Walpole goes on to say:—“He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man

who shows the tombs. "Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn" (exclaimed the man), "I expected to have had you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up."

These sepulchral visits furnished him with information which often surprised more than it entertained those who, it might be thought, were most interested in it. On one occasion he was inspecting the mansion at Cornbury, in company with Mrs. Frere and Lord Abergavenny, who were supposed to entertain a warm regard for each other. The lady was rather flighty and restless, hurrying from one place to another, till Selwyn, with a very grave air, called her back, complaining of her not letting him see anything. 'And you are a fool,' he added, somewhat ungallantly, 'you don't know what you have missed in the other room.'

"Why, what?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Why my Lord Holland's picture."

"Well, what is my Lord Holland to me?" she asked, with some impatience.

"Why, do you know," said he, "that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington Church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother." We can imagine the astonishment of the lady at receiving such unexpected intelligence. "Lord," adds Horace Walpole, after relating the anecdote, "she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times."—Vol. ii. p. 95, *et seq.*

Another anecdote is told of this person, which may be said to prove that his horrid appetite grew by what it fed on. Nothing in the history of France is more disgraceful than the diabolical punishment inflicted on Damien, for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV., and to witness this excess of infernal complaisance, Selwyn took a journey to Paris, where he had the honour to be mistaken for an executioner:—

'Everything being previously prepared, and the day arrived, George took his stand, dressed in a plain brown bob-wig, and as plain a suit of broad-cloth, an undress he generally wore, and which, at that time of day, evidently pointed him out as an English *bourgeois*. The horrid ceremony commenced, when Mr. Selwyn, from his dress and the sympathy which he showed upon this occasion, so attracted the notice of a French nobleman, that, coming round to him on the scaffold, and slapping him on the shoulders, he exclaimed, "Eh! bien, Monsieur Anglais, êtes-vous arrivé pour voir ce spectacle?" "Oui, monsieur." "Vous êtes bourreau?" "Non, non, monsieur, je n'ai pas cette honneur, je ne suis qu'un amateur."—Vol. ii. p. 97, *note*.

It was in connexion with this lugubrious subject that Selwyn uttered one of his best *bon-mots*, indeed the only one that

argues much wit. Being somewhere in company with the greatest of our modern orators, soon after one Charles Fox had been hung at Tyburn, 'his illustrious namesake quizzingly asked Selwyn whether he had been to witness it, covertly alluding to the strange passion for such sights he was known to possess; when Selwyn retorted, "No, I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals."—Vol. ii. p. 99.

Another anecdote of a very different kind, but illustrating the morals and manners of our immediate ancestors, may be introduced here. Most persons are more or less acquainted with the old Duke of Queensbury, who, in an extremely profligate age, occupied a bad eminence for excess of libertinism. This must be borne in mind in order to understand the point of the following passage from Wraxall's 'Historical Memoirs':—

'Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed his aim. It is a fact, that when he lay dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly indeed addressed to him by females of every description, and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his attenuated state, to open or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.'—Vol. ii. p. 109.

During a considerable portion of his life, this George Selwyn, the wit and amateur executioner, was a sort of Magnus Apollo to Horace Walpole, who, aiming at being thought to possess extreme critical acumen, was yet one of the easiest men living to be made a dupe of. Poor Chatterton, the marvellous boy, unfortunately formed the design of hoaxing the Lord of Strawberry Hill, and completely succeeded, which, when his manufacture of ancient papers had been detected by others, was resented with the most heartless cruelty. It is not difficult for a man of benevolent character to contemplate Chatterton from the right point of view—young, ignorant, ambitious, with genius enough to manufacture a hundred Walpoles, but betrayed by his position into the belief that no moral turpitude attached to the fabrication of ancient poetry. In this, as in all other cases, we must look at the actuating motives, and in Chatterton they were the pride of ingenuity and the love of fame operating in a peculiar way. Horace Walpole had indulged in precisely the same sort of imposture when he first published the 'Castle of Otranto;' and even Montesquieu, and many other less illustrious authors, have indulged in the same harmless trick. But Walpole had been outdone by Chatterton, and was vindictive precisely in proportion to the sorriness of the figure he cut.

Another hoax was practised upon him by Lord Bute, but in this instance unintentionally. Aware of his pursuits and studies, that nobleman wrote to him, and suggested the undertaking of a work on the Manners and Customs of the English, something after the manner of Montfaucon's production, entitled, '*Monumens de la Monarchie Française*.' Our antiquary immediately took it into his head that the suggestion came from George III., and it would be difficult to describe the flutter of vanity into which this mistake threw him. Fond as he was of money, it can scarcely be doubted he would have half ruined himself in accomplishing the design, had it really turned out to have proceeded from the king. He immediately put on paper the first conception of the work, and waited patiently for further commands from court, but, as none came, he conjectured that the hint had been thrown out at random by the minister, and indignantly dropped all further reference to it.

The rage for letter-writing, which commenced at the court of Louis Quatorze, where Madame de Sevigné may be said to have taken the lead in it, then pervaded all Christendom, where everybody who could wield a pen was daily employed in relating to everybody what everybody did or said. This epistolary fury sometimes led to the production of extremely elegant and admirable letters; though, excellent as they were, it would be one of the labours of Hercules to toil through them in search of anything beyond amusement. If content with that gentle exercise of the mind which the mere reading of a pleasant book supplies, we know of few departments of literature better calculated to furnish it than the letters of the eighteenth century, including those of Rousseau, Voltaire, Grimm, Lady Montague, Madame du Deffand, Horace Walpole, and his numerous friends. Deficient, perhaps, in important facts, they yet abound with aids towards a thorough understanding of the period, which is, indeed, reflected in them as in a mirror. Practice gives ease as well as confidence; and as the character of the times was in a high degree cynical, few persons were restrained by the laws of decorum from relating their experience or expressing what they thought.

Horace Walpole is pre-eminently remarkable in this way, so that his editors have often found, or fancied themselves to be under the necessity of, expunging long passages from his remains. Such as they are, however, literature could not afford to dispense with them. His style is lively, gossiping; sometimes picturesque, generally elegant, and, though deficient in earnestness, is still interesting.

The '*Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries*' are ably compiled, but have the fault, common to most biogra-

phies, of going too far back, and wandering too far from their subject. We were at first doubtful whether we were reading a life of Sir Robert Walpole or of his son; and afterwards, though the whole be amusing and in general well written, we find it difficult to discover by what principle the author's labours were directed. He might have included much more or much less in his plan with equal propriety. But, as his volumes are cleverly written, as his opinions are liberal, his views of men often just, and his criticisms honest, we recommend his Memoirs to all who desire to study the literature or manners of the eighteenth century.

ART. IV.—*The Sacraments. An Inquiry into the Nature of the Symbolic Institutions of the Christian Religion, usually called the Sacraments.* By Robert Halley, D.D. Part II.—*The Lord's Supper.* The Congregational Lecture. Fifteenth Series. London: Jackson and Walford. Pp. xvi. 387. 1851.

As the 'Eclectic Review' is conducted on principles common to the 'Baptist' and other Nonconformist churches, we could not notice in this journal Dr. Halley's former volume; and for the same reason, we are precluded from noticing those parts of the first lecture in the second volume which touch on the same controversy. On this account we are the more concerned to enter somewhat largely on the review of the volume now before us.

Our proper work commences at page 68, where the lecturer gives the following elucidation of the 'communion' of Christian worshippers in the 'Lord's Supper':—

'The bread and wine represent the body and blood of Christ, and our partaking of them represents our common participation of the blessings obtained by the offering of the body and blood of Jesus. The word *κοινωνία* thus preserves its etymological signification, as the adjective *κοινός*, denoting that which is common to several, and the verb *κοινῶναι*, to make common or profane, as, "He hath profaned this sacred-place" (Acts xxi. 28) by making it common to the Gentiles; and also the verb *κοινωνεῖν*, to have a share, as, "Nor have a participation of other men's sins" (1 Tim. v. 22). Thus the apostle observes in the succeeding verse, "For we being many are one bread and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread." (1 Cor. x. 17.) There is a common participation by many in the emblems of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus, and this is symbolical of their common participation in the benefits of his sacrificial death. It also represents the common union of all with Christ, of whom they partake, and with

one another, as they being many, are represented as one body, by partaking of the "same bread and wine." This common participation is indispensable in a sacred service, in which many are represented as one in Christ Jesus.'

'So in the eleventh chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, the apostle says, "When ye come together into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper. For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken." This passage admits of two interpretations, but either will support the opinion for which we adduce the citation. . . . Many commentators suppose, with Chrysostom, Theophylact, and others, that these feasts were the agapæ observed in the Corinthian church previously to the Lord's Supper. If this be the correct sense of the passage, the apostle forbids the providing of such feasts in the one place in which they came together: "What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not?" He then proceeds (for so we must understand him) to give directions for the observance of the Lord's Supper, in which there was to be nothing which might shame or grieve those who had not enough for their own supper, or afford an opportunity for excess to those who had more than sufficient. They were to eat of one bread, and to drink of one cup, according to the example of the Lord Jesus. The apostle concludes with this direction:—"Therefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another. And if any man hunger, let him eat at home, that ye come not together to condemnation; and the rest will I set in order when I come." The Corinthians were, therefore, "*to come together to eat*;" they were "*to tarry one for another*." Their eating together of one bread, was the emblem of their union as one Church of Christ. The common participation of this observance was so important, that the apostle would not tolerate the abuse, even for a few months, until he could visit them, and reform the disorders of the Church. Our inference is, that the Lord's Supper is essentially a social observance, a service of the whole Church, or a communion of saints. No private observance, no man's own supper, no supper of a section of the Church, is to be called the Lord's Supper.'—Pp. 69—72.

Having shown that the observance of the Lord's Supper is the social act of an entire church, Dr. Halley proceeds to prove 'that a church ought to consist of truly Christian persons; and that the members of a church are the proper persons to decide upon the qualifications of candidates for its communion.' This he does, most successfully we think, from several passages in the Epistles of Paul. We advise any of our readers who may be afraid of discussions and majorities and minorities in Christian churches to mark well the phrase *ὑπὸ τῶν πλειόνων* (*by the majority*) in 2 Cor. ii. 5, 6. It might be objected that 'these things were done according to an immediate direction of the apostle.' But Dr. Halley replies:—

'What else that was done rightly in the first age of the Church,

was not done under apostolic sanction, or in obedience to inspired authority? The apostolic direction is the strength of our argument, our infallible authority, and highest precedent. The apostle knew that he was writing an epistle which would become the directory for the discipline of Christian churches to the end of the world. If he had thought proper, he might have accomplished his object without submitting the case of the offender to the decision of the whole church convened for that purpose. He might, on his own authority, have excommunicated the unworthy member, and peremptorily have forbidden the disciples to have any further communion with him. But, though invested with apostolic authority, he would not interfere with the discipline and self-government of the Corinthian church. Or, if the excommunication of an offender ought to have been entrusted to any officers who had authority to act independently of the church, he might easily have given his directions to the bishops, or the deacons, or to whatever persons it belonged, to do that which he so plainly directed to be done by the assembled church, and afterwards so distinctly recognised as having been well done by its majority. His directions, in whatever light they are observed, appear obligatory upon Christian churches in all ages.—P. 80.

It has been said in opposition to the views of church communion advocated in the foregoing extract, that 'some of our Lord's parables contain a very different representation of the kingdom of heaven,' and that 'Judas was present at the institution of the supper.' Both these objections are, to our minds, satisfactorily refuted in this volume. We refer, with peculiar pleasure, to the happy specimen of the argumentative expositions abounding in the lectures, which the reader will find in Dr. Halley's method of collating and harmonizing the several statements of the evangelists, relating to this interesting portion of the life of Jesus, as elucidating not this particular question merely, but many others. On the subject of 'Private Communion,' Dr. Halley proves very plainly that such a practice is contrary to the manifest design of the 'communion,' and to the express directions of the New Testament, and that it is one of the many corruptions which gradually arose from neglecting the 'example sanctioned by inspired authority.' With the scriptural accounts of the Lord's Supper, Dr. Halley compares that which is given by Justyn (*sic*) Martyr, in his 'First Apology,' of the mode of observing the Supper by the churches in the first century of the Christian era. In the course of his scriptural studies, the lecturer had been called to examine the well-known German hypothesis of the irreconcilableness of the first three Gospels with the Gospel of John. On a question which has awakened much inquiry, and produced not a little alarm, it may be satisfactory to have the judgment of a scholar so candid and so orthodox as Dr. Halley is known to be. We have not space

for the whole of his remarks ; but we cannot forbear extracting the concluding sentences :—

‘ If, in order to harmonize the apparent discrepancies in contemporaneous narrative, we begin to conjecture what might have happened, we shall soon discover harmonizing theories most abundantly offering themselves. This occurrence, or the other, could we be sure it had taken place, would make all things clear. So critics have proceeded in arranging the harmony of the Gospels, and sometimes several suggestions have been offered, any one of which, if adopted, would accomplish the purpose. So far, however, as I have observed in modern narratives, whenever the harmonizing fact has been discovered, the most fortunate conjectures have proved very wide of the truth. Indeed, by such considerations, my mind has been brought to the conclusion, that, on comparing contemporaneous histories (unless they are very brief and general), a certain amount of apparent discrepancy ought always to be expected ; and further, that the particulars which, if ascertained, would correctly harmonize the narratives, are not often discovered by sagacious conjecture. The apparent discrepancies between John and the other evangelists, do not disturb me ; nor am I disposed to place much reliance upon the suggestions which have been offered to reconcile them.’—P. 119.

On the kindred question of the seemingly too close agreement of the ‘ synoptical’ Gospels, and on the bearing of such questions on the design of the lectures, the author remarks :—

‘ The three narratives do seem to run too harmoniously ; but so in many parts do their descriptions, their language, and their arrangement, which show some such common sources from which they have, to a considerable extent, been derived. Explain it as we may, the fact of verbal resemblance remains. Be it that they copied, according to various hypotheses, one from another ; or be it that they had access to common documents ; or be it, as I think not improbable, that there had previously existed an oral gospel, which had grown into use among the first converts, from which the evangelists derived a considerable part of their several statements ; or be it explicable, as some would probably explain it, on the principle of verbal inspiration ; or be it entirely inexplicable ;—there is a greater resemblance in their language, order, and relation, than would be found in three perfectly independent writers. When, therefore, we find less of apparent discrepancy in the incidents and circumstances than we should have expected, this fact is in exact accordance with the other peculiarities of the three earlier Gospels. Where so much language is common amidst much that differs, we should not look for the apparent discrepancies of writers who are, in every sense, absolutely independent and unknown to each other. The common sources, whatever they were, explain the unusual degree of correspondence. To find it in the language, but not in the incidents, would be far more perplexing. As it is, the three evangelists, whose writings betray, in many parts, concurrent sources, are synoptical in their circumstances much in the same proportion as they

are coincident in their language. But, unlike John in their language, order, and relation, they have, with him, far more apparent discrepancy in their facts than they have with one another. And just so it ought to be, if a natural consistency exists between them all.

‘I make these suggestions, that you may understand how the accuracy of the evangelists is not at all affected, if, in the process of this inquiry, we should be unable to resolve all perplexing difficulties on the subject of the last passover.’—Pp. 120, 121.

By comparing the first three evangelists in their accounts of the last passover, Dr. Halley arrives at what we cannot but regard as the just conclusion, that ‘Jesus ate the passover with his disciples on the evening preceding, and belonging to, the fifteenth day of the month, the legal day. On that same evening he instituted the Lord’s Supper; and on that same fifteenth day, that is, before the next evening, he was crucified: “Christ, our passover is sacrificed for us.”’ Now, in the Gospel of John, there are several passages (xiii. 1, 2; xviii. 28; xix. 14), from which it has been inferred, that Jesus did not eat the regular passover with his disciples. Dr. Halley grapples with this difficulty very fairly, refusing the solutions offered by various harmonists. He places his chief reliance on the fact, that Matthew, Mark, and Luke expressly assert, in the form of direct testimony, that Jesus ate the passover with his disciples at the time appointed in the law; whereas, it is only inferred from passing allusions made by John to incidental circumstances, that he did not. He seems to regard the discrepancy as inexplicable; but he does not allow this to invalidate the testimony of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. The apparent digression is made for the purpose of establishing the close connexion of the Lord’s Supper with the passover. As the original passover was a real propitiatory sacrifice, and the annual passover was *not* a sacrifice, but the commemoration of a sacrifice, so the death of Jesus was a real propitiatory sacrifice, and the Lord’s Supper is *not* a sacrifice, but the commemoration of the one offering for the sin of the world. In the notion of the Lord’s Supper maintained by the Roman Catholic Church, this scriptural character of the institution is entirely abandoned; for the priest professes to offer the real body and blood of Christ as a sacrifice for sin. They thus subvert the gospel. The language of not a few clergymen of the Church of England, it should be remembered, is equally opposed to the New Testament, and to the Thirty-first Article of their own Church.

We cannot abridge Dr. Halley’s exposition of the sacred narrative, as developing the design of the Lord’s Supper, nor his masterly exposure of the ‘incredible proposition,’ that the real body and blood of Christ are *present* in ‘The Sacrament.’ The

whole truth of the matter is, that the Romish doctrine is as inconsistent with the literal sense of all the words spoken by Jesus, as it is with his manifest intention, with physical or metaphysical possibility, with the actual grounds of our belief of the gospel, and with the usual mode of expression in relation to the passover; and, that it has no analogy with any mystery of religion, or with any miracle of Scripture.

'To turn water into wine is a miracle, which we believe Jesus performed. But to turn water into the identical wine which the guests had before drunk, which water had been in the water-pots hard by while the wine was also in the cups, is something which we cannot define. If it be called a miracle, we can only say, our blessed Saviour never professed to perform any such miracle. Be it observed, that the creation of a body out of nothing is a miracle which involves no such contradictions, nor metaphysical impossibilities, as the actual and proper conversion of one substance into another substance previously existing, so that they shall become truly and absolutely identical. God, if he pleased, could make a new world; but who could make that new world to be this very identical old world, which has run its thousands of revolutions? If the ingenuity of man, in all ages, had been exercised in devising the most incredible and contradictory of all propositions, it could not have devised one more incredible. It implies that thousands of wafers are made every morning into the one identical body of Christ; and that as there is only one body of Christ, all these wafers, as they appear existing in various places at the same time, are not many, but only one thing; the one perfect body and soul, and divine nature of Christ; that which is put on the tongue of the faithful Catholic in London, being the very same identical substance as that which is carried through the streets of every Catholic city on the continent; and again, as that which is preserved on the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome; which, again, is the same as that which is consecrated on every Catholic altar throughout the world. All the thousands or myriads of Catholics, communicating at some great festival, eat the very same identical substance. Every priest gives the one only body and soul of Christ to every communicant, and having given it to one, then gives it to another in its perfect integrity, as if he had given it to no one before. But more wonderful than this, the matter becomes spirit, for it becomes the soul of Christ, and yet it remains matter, for it is the body of Christ. Although the body and the soul of Christ are essentially distinct, as the body and soul of a man, yet are they in this Sacrament made identical, for every particle of the bread becomes at the same moment, both Christ's perfect body and his living soul. Moreover, the living soul of Christ never was dead (for souls die not, according to Catholic, as well as Protestant theology), yet that one living soul has been produced from the inanimate wafer. And further, the body and soul of Christ were never really and truly bread (for to say they were, would imply that they did not, at that time, exist as body and soul), and yet true and real bread has become the true and real body of the true and real Christ. Through several other proposi-

tions hard to believe, we arrive at the completion of this astonishing doctrine, that the bread is changed into the unchangeable divinity of Christ,—made into the Godhead,—and so the same bread, and every particle of it, becomes at once, not only matter and spirit, but flesh and divinity. Moreover, as these are evidently the properties or accidents of bread after consecration, and yet no bread remains; and as they cannot be properties and accidents of the body, or soul, or divinity of Christ, which has not the colour, or shape, or weight of unfermented wafers; these properties or accidents are only abstractions, belonging to no substance whatever, having no connexion with anything of which they are properties. Such is transubstantiation according to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church.'—Pp. 145—147.

There is much originality and force in Dr. Halley's exposure of Dr. Wiseman's sophistry and self-contradiction in his famous 'Lectures on the Eucharist.' He proves that the Apostle Paul, and after him Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, represent our Lord as calling *bread* 'his body'—doing that which Dr. Wiseman acknowledges 'is subversive of the doctrine of transubstantiation. He also exposes the absurdity of the mysterious power of converting the bread into the body of Christ, ascribed to the Latin words '*hoc est corpus meum.*' And he shows that 'any other form of the real presence than transubstantiation, has not even the poor plea of a literal interpretation.' We must not here omit to notice Dr. Halley's pungent note on Dr. Wiseman's lectures, appended to the tenth lecture in the present volume. He unravels the perversions of facts, plausible misrepresentations, specious show of reasoning, professed candour, and *artfulness* of the cardinal, with an argumentative severity, which loses nothing of its strength by being expressed in calm and courteous terms.

We pass over Dr. Halley's judicious observations on the mixture of water with wine in the Eucharist, which prevailed very soon after the apostolic age, and which has been magnified into a great mystery;—on the withholding of the cup from the laity, which he proves to be unsupported either by Scripture or by the practice of the ancient churches; on the manner in which 'the Supper' was observed; on the names by which it has been designated; and on the practical influence which it ought to have on Christians; and we proceed to the 'theories of this Sacrament' as held respectively by Romanists, Lutherans, Zuingles, and Calvin. We must observe here, that in a volume belonging to this series, by so learned a teacher, it would have been gratifying to have had these 'theories' set forth with more formality of citation from original authorities, instead of such writers as Dr. Hill, Mr. Watson, or even Mosheim. Our regret at the absence of such citations is the more serious, as Dr. Halley quotes Calvin's own words in his commentary on the first Epistle

to the Corinthians, and in his treatise on the Lord's Supper. For ourselves, we entirely agree with him in rejecting the mysterious notions both of the Lutherans and of Calvin, being convinced that Zuingli was in advance of all the Reformers in the scriptural simplicity of his views regarding this institution, and that every addition to such views is but a lingering on the threshold of that superstition by which the souls of men have so long been enthralled.

We now approach that which we regard as of infinitely more importance than any of the previous topics so ably discussed in these lectures—THE PROPITIATORY SACRIFICE, of which the Lord's Supper is the commemoration. We have studied what Dr. Halley has advanced on this great central theme of Christianity with close attention. We think his definitions accurate, his expositions of Scripture clear, his reasoning close, his refutation of Professor Norton's objections triumphant; and most heartily do we concur with him in the *substance* and *tendency* of the representation which he gives of the propitiation in the following admirable passage:—

'The only thing which can be pleasing to God, and can conciliate his love, is moral excellence. If the sufferings of Christ in themselves were not the object of divine complacency, yet the meek, and gentle, and holy spirit of the sufferer must have been well pleasing in the sight of his holy Father. With what complacency must God have looked upon that self-devoted, self-sacrificing spirit, which induced the Saviour to submit to "so great a death," "to become obedient to death,* even the death of the cross!" With what approbation must the Father have seen the calm and unbroken resolution of his Son to glorify him, by drinking the bitter cup which he had mingled! With what pleasure must God have heard the submissive voice of Jesus, when he said in his agony, "Not my will, but thine be done!" With what delight must the God of love have looked upon the trial, and the trial of the love of Jesus, when he proved himself the good shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep—the kind friend who, when we were yet enemies, died to reconcile us to God! The sufferings of Christ gave occasion for those acts of piety and love, which could not have been done without the trial of so great distress. How else could he have shown the fortitude and unbroken constancy, with which he endured the cross, and despised the shame, or the meekness and gentleness which is thus described: "Who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously;" or the forgiving spirit with which he cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?"

* The English version of Philippians ii. 8, seems to make 'death' the object of the Saviour's obedience. The words of the apostle are, *ὑποτάσσας ἑαυτὸν μέχρι θανάτου*, which are literally translated 'becoming obedient *until* death'—obedient, not to *death*, but to HIM whose servant he became in the likeness of men.—ED.

The obedience of Christ perfected in suffering—the attestation of his love, pity, forbearance, self-control, meekness, firmness, supreme desire to glorify God, and universal love of man, must have imparted to the sacrifice its inestimable value, by conciliating the good pleasure and approbation of God. There is no mystery, no uncertainty in this view of the subject. God must approve moral excellence, must take pleasure in whatever is truly great and good. And where, in the history of the world, has there been so illustrious an example of perfect greatness and goodness? The great trial of the character of Jesus was in his agony and sorrowful death, and from the trial it came forth perfect and glorious. Not the sufferings themselves, but the meek, submissive, loving, generous, and great spirit of the sufferer, was the sweet-smelling savour of that wonderful sacrifice. The sufferings indirectly, as giving occasion to those acts, feelings, and thoughts of the holy sufferer, procured our redemption; but the holy deeds on which God looked with pleasure were the direct and meritorious cause of our salvation, the true propitiation for our sins. God did tempt (try) Abraham by demanding the offering of his son, and his obedience was rewarded by making him a blessing to all nations. God did try Jesus by requiring the offering of his life; and the offering so willingly presented, as the last and greatest proof of obedience, was the object of the divine complacency.—Pp. 269—271.

With the *substance* and *tendency* of this representation we repeat our hearty concurrence. It avoids that harsh notion which so inconsistently attaches moral value to physical suffering: thus obviating one of the difficulties which hinder not a few thoughtful inquirers from embracing the evangelical doctrine concerning the death of Christ. Yet we are disappointed in not finding the full worth of the death of Christ, as THE SON OF GOD, 'found in fashion as a man,' and as the GIFT OF GOD to man for this purpose, exhibited in this lecture. That God 'gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins,' is a sufficient answer to the objection which represents the evangelical doctrine as dishonourable to the benevolent character of God: for *this* is the highest expression of that benevolence that has ever been recorded; and it does not seem to be possible that even the benevolence of God could go beyond it. We regard this as a main element of the great propitiation. God beheld in the obedience and death of Christ all those moral qualities, on which Dr. Halley has dwelt with such truly Christian complacency. But he beheld more. He beheld the manifestation of his *own* love. He beheld the working out of his own purpose. He beheld the harmonious acting of his own righteousness as a Ruler with his own compassion as a Father. He delighted in his Son, who stooped so low; who presented himself as a man; who did all that a man ought to do; who bore, in his own person, the chastisement of sin which he had not committed, that those who believe in him might, for his sake, be entitled to

the eternal life which they had forfeited; and who thus accomplished the work which he is perpetually pleading as the advocate of all who come by him to God that they may be saved. And because he delighted thus in his Son, he set forth that Son as the object of delight and complacency to men. They who look on the obedience of the Son of God as that obedience is regarded by his Father, are 'reconciled to God through the death of his dear Son.' The sacrifice was—the *submitting of the human will to the Divine will, in the person of him who is at once the Son of God and the Son of man.* The atonement of Christ was thus at once human and divine. It blended the perfection of the Divine with the perfection of the human. It brought God and man together according to the reality of their mutual relations. 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.' Man said, 'Thy will be done.' As each repentant offender humbly looks to the Saviour, he sees his own sin condemned, yet pardoned for the sake of Him in whom he believes. His believing is not in a proposition, but in a person; not speculative, but practical; not for the enjoyment of a momentary relief, but for the attainment of a new life which is to last for ever; not that he may escape from God as an angry Judge, but that he may draw nigh to him as a loving Father; not that he may *merely* be a partaker of an undeserved benefit, but that he may, through that undeserved benefit, be quickened by Divine power into a living image of his Redeemer, animated by the same Spirit, and prepared, by his own personal obedience to the will of God, to share the joy of his eternal triumph. The atonement completed on the cross is a great historical fact. It is a fact involving great principles. These principles are the doctrines of the gospel. The man who believes these doctrines is endowed with the power of the principles. They become his personal principles of action, his distinguishing motives; and, in proportion to the simplicity and the strength of their working, he lives as Jesus lived, realizes his own enlightened conception of what he ought to be, and approaches that perfection of human character which is to be the culminating point of a higher world, and—as we are disposed to think—the commencement of a series of ever new developments through the perpetual ages of the future.

While we should have been glad to see the truth of the Saviour's propitiation treated more amply, we may be allowed, also, to regret that the lecturer has not entered on the discussion of that philosophical theory which treats the historical atonement as of slight moment in comparison with the *subjective* atonement that belongs to the inward history of the human consciousness. In escaping from the cold abstractions of scholasticism, and from the sensuous associations of an imaginative theology, men are in

danger of retiring to the refinements of an ambitious spiritualism, separating the truths of religion from its facts, and substituting a cloudy idealism for the actual realities of the Christian revelation. Our readers may have met with examples of what we mean in some of the old mystical writers of France and Germany. It pervades, more or less, nearly every theological school in modern Germany. It is exerting a subtle power in English universities. We detect its presence in much of our literature. It betrays itself in not a little of the demand for *spiritualness*, which is not so much a definite want as it is a sickly craving, in religious society. It seems to us that there was a fair opportunity for disposing of this error in a course of lectures on the Lord's Supper. The ideal spiritualism which makes light of such a being as Jesus Christ, of the outward facts which constitute his life, and of the close connexion of that actual life with our personal safety, and with our real preparation for a state of being which is to be infinitely more than a succession of ideas, is diffusing itself like a sweet enchantment. We would that the manly and well-furnished author of this volume had shown how baseless, how feeble, how pernicious such dreaming is. As God is a being, not an abstraction; as each man is, also, a several being, not a mere component in a metaphorical unity; as sin is the character of something actually done; as the consequence of sin is a real experience; and as redemption from sin involves a real life of the entire man after death; so the reconciliation of God with man is effected by an external and revealed fact—a fact which brings before the mind a living Saviour having personal claims which are not to be slighted with impunity under the actual government of a real God. We would have the Christian teaching to meet every form of error; and, though it may be questioned whether the pulpit is the proper place for such discussions as the one we here desiderate, it belongs to the Congregational Lecture to travel beyond 'the ordinary range of pulpit instruction'; indeed, Dr. Halley's own 'range of pulpit instruction' includes many departments which minds of less affluence and boldness would probably consider scarcely quite professional, according to received usage; and we should rejoice to see so wise an example wisely followed. According, then, to our judgment, there is much matter in the volume now before us, which, however excellent, we would willingly have spared to make room for a vindication of the *real* sacrifice of Christ, in opposition to the illusory idealism which imaginative spiritualists are putting in its place. We have briefly indicated these particulars in the hope that either the writer of the lectures which we are reviewing, or some future lecturer, will work out the suggestions on which our limits forbid our now enlarging.

On the grand controversy touching the sacrifice of Christ in the orthodox and popular sense, our own convictions gather strength from day to day. We see but little in the gospel if this be not its characteristic truth. We write with the recollection of many years of earnest study, when we deliberately say that if philology and syntax, and the habitudes of human speech, have any value, they all declare that *this* is the current teaching of the Old and New Testaments, as well as of the earliest Christian writers after the apostles and evangelists. So palpably is such the case that the opponents of the doctrine are driven to the experiment of denying the authority, and disparaging the competency, of the Saviour and his disciples to explain the purpose of his mission. It is undeniable that Jesus Christ *believed* that he came into the world to save men, to give his life for them, to show his love for them in so doing, to shed his blood for many, for the remission of sins. Quite as true it is, beyond all fair denial, that the men to whom he promised the Holy Spirit, and who went forth to labour and martyrdom as 'witnesses,' entertained and propagated the same belief. The meaning of Greek words can be ascertained. The deepest and most accurate scholars agree that the meaning of the Greek words used in the New Testament to describe the intention of the death of Christ, is that meaning which is attached to them in the liturgies, hymns, sermons, and common speech of Christians. No scholar can make anything else of them. We are slow to believe that the speculative objectors to a doctrine which has been most tenaciously held by the holiest men, are playing an honest game when they assume to understand Christianity better than Paul, or John, or Peter, or even Jesus—their DIVINE MASTER; yet this most distinctly and avowedly is what they *do* assume, in fact, as they *must*, in logical consistency, when they deny what the Lord and his apostles so certainly believed.

And what are the grounds on which sane men, virtuous members of society, erudite and disciplined minds, are ready to take up a position so apparently self-sufficient and full of peril? As we understand them, they fall back on the moral consciousness of man, reflecting the moral consciousness of God. But was this moral consciousness unknown to Jesus Christ? Do they pretend that it is a discovery reserved for these latter days? If they think so, we very humbly beg their pardon for the seeming rudeness of telling them that their ignorance is as large as their vanity. But what are the dictates of man's moral consciousness? What is the testimony of all tradition—all history—all literature—all social institutions—all moral philosophies—all proverbial condensations of practical sagacity? Can any human being resist the broad truth that the universal consciousness of man is a *con-*

sciousness of sin? But sin implies a law; a law implies a ruler; a ruler implies right; and—unless men are prepared for the absurdity of saying it is *right* for the Supreme Ruler to do *wrong*—they must find out *how* it can be right for that Supreme Ruler to treat men who sin as though they had not sinned. The gospel shows us how that can be, and how, in fact, it *has been* done. With the sacrifice of Christ we can see how the moral consciousness of man agrees. The denial of that sacrifice, in our apprehension, does as much violence to the integrity of moral reasoning as it does to the facts and the principles of the Christian Scriptures.

To us it is a grave reflection that the most profoundly religious men, the men whose devoutness has been most manifest, whose life has been the most successful struggle against evil, and whose spirit has been the life of goodness and freedom in the brightest victories of European civilization, have been, at the same time, the calmest believers in the catholic doctrine of our Saviour's sacrifice. To our thinking, that doctrine stamps on man a dignity, on his freedom a grandeur, on his rights a sacredness, which exalt patriotism into a region higher than philosophy, and consecrate humanity in the very sanctuary of religion. For such a creature as man is seen to be by those who believe in the awful sacrifice of his redemption, no low and narrow estimate can suffice. He, for whom God offered his own Son as a sacrifice, is not a being to be enslaved, down-trodden by his proud fellow-sinner, without incurring a crime too terrible for any human words to name, while the labours of those who seek to raise him when fallen, to tear the veil of darkness from before his eyes, to break the chains that bind him, to reclaim him from his wandering, to breathe into his soul the consolations of Divine love when his heart is bowing down in sorrow, and to cheer him in the hour of death with the words of his divine Redeemer, are worthy of the admiration of the seraphim, and are written in the book of God's remembrance.

And while this doctrine encircles man with so much glory, what shall we say of the mild and blessed radiancy with which it invests our conceptions of the adorable God! We are not going to trespass on the preacher's function; but we cannot forbear remarking that, since there is an august being who presides invisibly over the administration of moral law, whose throne is JUSTICE, and whose name is LOVE—the conception which we have of him is not of the right character, if we so revere him as to forget his rights, or so dread him as to doubt his gifts; but where do we see those rights vindicated, and those gifts crowned with the highest gift of all, but in the Cross; and what is the meaning of the Cross but the sacrifice of the Son of

God accepted by his Father on behalf of man? We have no special desire to stand up for orthodoxy as the tradition of ages, or as the creed of churches; but, in our very soul, we scorn the pitiful philosophy which, while it debases immortal man into a thing of little worth, substitutes for the God who rules and saves us, a judge without tenderness, or a father who has no authority.

It were a strange thing if a doctrine which has received the suffrages of learning as the doctrine of the Bible—of the conscience, as built upon the truth of God—of history, as the light, and ornament, and solace of our nature—and of religion, as revealing a God worthy of our entire homage, and recognising in man a being on whom it became even Him to bestow his ineffable regards—it were strange, we say, if such a doctrine should be false. The idea embodied in it is divine. The facts embodying the idea are historical. The principles thus set forth have proved themselves to be the strongest principles ever laid hold of by the practical mind of man. Whatever else is false, this doctrine *must* be true.

Then of this one great sacrifice, the Lord's Supper is the appointed and perpetual commemoration. We have seen, in running along the pages of the lectures before us, that such is the palpable intention of this ancient and beautiful observance. It is one of those institutions to which Leslie referred, as infallibly attesting the facts which they commemorate; the attestation, however, is clear and strong only in the degree in which the commemorative character is preserved. One of the most fatal objections to all the sacramental theories of the Lord's Supper is, that they weaken, so far as they prevail, the proof God has given us of the reality of that great sacrifice in which the hopes of all the saved centre. Besides attesting the fact, the mode of the commemoration as described in the New Testament, and in the apology of Justin Martyr, and as exemplified by those Christians who have made the nearest approach to the simplicity of the original institution, is a perpetual illustration of that view of the Saviour's death which is characteristic of the Christian Church. By preserving the important analogy with the ancient passover, and by cherishing the emotions of grateful love, the celebrants of such a feast declare, in the most becoming manner, their personal reliance on the Redeemer's sacrifice, their adoring admiration of the love of God, their sense of obligation, and their recognition of the tender motives to obedience by which so divine a sacrifice, and such a perfect human example, continually appeal to their devoutest affections. In this respect we may truly say, Christianity, as an embodiment of thrilling facts, has more to do with the emotions of man than with his intellectual perceptions of abstract

truth; and, consequently, the Lord's Supper is a family feast in memory of ONE who is inexpressibly dear to us, rather than a rallying-point for disciples attached to a common creed.

There is yet another view of this Christian celebration which is clearly implied, rather than explicitly made prominent, in these lectures. We refer to it as illustrating the *spiritual equality of Christian brethren* in the fellowship of the Church. There is no priest; there is no altar. There is no sacrifice; there is no distinction whatever between one and another. Since our Lord himself presided at the Supper as the teacher and *paterfamilias* of that interesting household, there is an obvious propriety in assigning this place of love and confidence to the chosen instructor and guide of a Christian assembly. But, as Dr. Halley properly and gracefully acknowledges:—

'Scripture says nothing of an administrator. Justin mentions a president, to whom the bread and wine were brought, and who offered thanksgivings and praises to God. In a subsequent age, we find a remarkable contrast. Instead of thanksgiving, we have consecration; and instead of praise, we have an oblation. Tertullian, like Justin, speaks of a president. But we soon find the consecration restricted to the bishop, called chief priest (ἀρχιερεὺς), if he were present, or in his absence, to a priest, without whom the rite could not be celebrated.'—P. 212.

We feel ourselves warranted by truth, and required by duty, to protest against every deviation from the original design of an institution which derives its whole significance and authority from the command of our Saviour as obeyed, under apostolic guidance, by the first churches. We object, for this reason, to THE ENTIRE THEORY OF SACRAMENTS. The very *word* is delusive. It belongs to a system which is altogether unscriptural. We contend that there is nothing in Christian worship which can be correctly or innocently represented by that name. We would urge its discontinuance—not, certainly, from excessive fastidiousness about a mere word, but from a rooted conviction that it is never used without a lurking error respecting *that* to which it is applied. We purpose stating in full our objections to all SACRAMENTAL THEORIES, by whomsoever entertained.

1. *There is no sacrament to explain.* The notion of a sacrament is that of 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace'—'an *effectual* sign of grace and God's good will towards us, *by the which* he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only *quicken*, but also strengthen and confirm, our faith in him.' We make no reference here to Baptism, but to the Lord's Supper. According to the New Testament, that supper is *not* a sacrament, but a remembrance of Christ. Not a word

is said in Scripture of its being 'an effectual sign.' We are nowhere taught, by divine authority, that by the Lord's Supper 'God doth work invisibly in us.' Now, as there is no sacrament at all in the Christian church, we have nothing to do with any theory which proceeds on the assumption that there is.

2. The notion of sacraments is bound up with the notion of a *Christian priesthood*. We are certain that—except as every Christian is a priest—there is no priest on earth; and, therefore, all that belongs to a priest, *as such* officially, we utterly repudiate. We have too much esteem for the Christian ministry to degrade it by such unworthy and superstitious associations. As servants of Jesus Christ, the preachers of the gospel have no legitimate concern with so glaring a corruption of their functions. They have no power to do anything for the Christian people which the Christian people cannot do for themselves, unless it be the instruction of their superior wisdom, the benefit of their holier example, the efficacy of their more spiritual prayers, and the official discharge of their scriptural duties as the chosen pastors of their respective churches. But we recognise in them no sacerdotal dignity, no mediatorial character, no separate order, no apostolic succession, no power or right to convey spiritual grace by sacramental ministrations. When it suited the ambition of church rulers to put forth, imperceptibly, the monstrous claims which constitute the genius of the Papacy, the Christian people were blinded by false teaching, and betrayed by unsuspecting confidence into the betrayal of their rights, and the transfer of their obligations, as believers of the gospel and servants of Jesus Christ. They were stealthily extruded from the Church, and the designation of an entire body of worshippers was arrogated to the few who successfully aspired to be their masters. Instead of enlightened and free communities, guided by teachers of their own choice, and gracefully ceding to those teachers the superintendence of their worship, the course of ages witnessed the slow development of a principle which proved, in its maturity, to be a terrible and crushing power—the power of the clergy over the people. The foundations of this power rested in the substitution of *names* for things,—of outward forms for inward life,—of superstition for intelligent devotion,—and of traditions, which accumulated the abuses of successive ages, for the original documents which embodied the teaching of the Lord, and of those whom he inspired. Now, the bare conception of a church sacrament, as distinguished from the simple truth of a commemorative act of sound worship, involves all the priestly assumptions to which we have adverted. These assumptions are as unscriptural as the notion of a sacrament, and we are bound to resist the former, as firmly

as we repudiate the latter. As the thing denominated a sacrament is the perversion of an historical institution, the sanctity of the men who vaunt themselves as alone authorized to dispense it is the corruption of an office which is not less historical. Both the one and the other are plainly described in the New Testament: the altar, the sacrament, and the priest are due to a different origin, and belong to a system which—whatever it may be—is, surely, *not* Christianity. Then, why should Christians ‘entangle’ themselves with this ‘yoke of bondage?’ And why should those Christians especially, who have burst these bonds, or, being ‘free-born,’ never wore them, condescend to phraseology which has either no meaning, or a meaning totally different from that which it has borne for ages in the ‘Catholic church?’

3. The notion of a sacrament is inextricably bound up with another notion, not less contrary to Scripture than to correct apprehensions of our mental nature and our spiritual history—the notion of inward grace conveyed by supposititious means. Granting that there were such a thing as a sacrament, and such an office as a priesthood, it would not necessarily follow that the sacrament is the appointed channel of grace, and that the priest is authorized in that manner to convey it. Can it be necessary to show that the way in which Churchmen speak and write on this subject is open to all manner of objection? What *is* the grace conveyed? *How* is it conveyed? In what way can one man convey it, while another—who does precisely the same thing both mentally and bodily in strictly analogous circumstances—cannot do it? The whole theory of grace conveyed by the official doings of one man to the soul of another, is a coarse and clumsy after-thought, having no warranty of Scripture, and not the shadow of consistency with actual experience. Blessed, indeed, is the simple-hearted believer in Christ, when he centres his thoughts on his Redeemer in the midst of his sympathizing brethren. Great is the favour of God towards him in permitting and inclining him to honour his Lord by sharing in this social commemoration of his death. manifold are the benefits of strength, consolation, and joy, which come to him from God while thus engaged. So far are we from thinking lightly of all this, that we can scarcely hope ever to be nearer heaven than at the table of the Lord. But we see in such spiritual refreshment no mystery, and we dread the peril of mingling with it any superstition. The Lord’s Supper is the communion of each believer with his fellow-believers, and of them all with their ever-present Lord. It is a season of peculiar seriousness, and it requires, in those who unite in it, peculiar calmness of thought—fixedness of regard—the humility which bows down in the

remembrance of unworthiness—the faith which lays hold of the unseen, the future, the divine—the love which sympathizes heartily with the spiritual aspirations of the redeemed brotherhood. It is no part of *our* theology to expect these emotions in the heart of man without the ‘in-working’ of the Holy Spirit. But we do object, with intense earnestness, against representing that divine power as conveyed to men through bread and wine, or through ‘the body and blood of Christ verily and indeed received.’ Such a representation shocks our understanding of the meaning of words, our consciousness of spiritual life, our reverence towards the Spirit of God, and our conception of the great Sacrifice, for the sake of which we hope to be saved. We are perfectly satisfied, as the result of patient examination, that the whole frame-work of ecclesiastical diction in relation to the Lord’s Supper is either an unmeaning *formula* or the exponent of most baleful errors. There can be no human words without a meaning. Their use is to suggest the meaning. To use them without intending *this*, is either folly, or something worse. To use them for suggesting that which is not true, is, whether purposely or erroneously, to confirm and spread falsehood. Let none of our readers be afraid to apply these inevitable canons of speech to what they hear or read respecting ‘the Sacrament:’ we leave them to ponder over the result. It is one of the infelicities of our human condition to accept words; to pass them on; to rely on them as though they had some intrinsic and mysterious power; to imagine that there may be some irreverence in asking what they mean, and whether what they mean is true; but it is the office of a ripened understanding to throw aside these passive imaginations, and to refuse currency to the base coinage of words which have either no meaning, or a meaning which is not true. Assured that the Lord’s Supper is a social commemoration, and not a tremendous mystery; that while the divine presence of the Saviour attends this, as it does every other act of spiritual worship; that there is no sense in which a human body can be spiritually present at all; and, that the presence of such a body under the properties of another substance is a sheer absurdity; we treat every sacramental theory whatever as a mere figment, rooted in impossibilities and teeming with superstitions.

4. But we have not yet completed our objections to these theories. They are used for the purpose of sustaining the deadliest *tyranny* that has ever cursed mankind. Only admit that there is a sacrament—that this sacrament is appointed for the nutrition of the soul—that it is in the keeping of a separate order of men—and you concede to that order of men such a

power over the rest of mankind as would be inscrutably terrible, even though you had the strongest guarantee that they would always wield it reverently and discreetly. We should require the strongest possible proofs that any mere men have such a power as this. We should look for infallible tokens whereby to distinguish such awful ministers of heaven from ignorant pretenders and from audacious usurpers. We should, at least, demand the most explicit declaration of inspired authority in this behalf. But no proofs are offered. No tokens appear. No clear and express declaration—no ambiguous hint even—is found on this subject in any part of the New Testament. It is, from first to last, the empty boast of priestly arrogance. It contravenes the testimony of sacred history. It is fatally opposed to the entire genius of the Christian religion. It interposes a perplexing array of unintelligible agencies between our Saviour and our souls. It casts a gloom over the sunny blessedness of faith. It mingles a bitter cup of terror in the feast of love. It turns the jubilee of redemption into a thralldom which petrifies the innermost spirit. It coils around emancipated sons of God the chains of a spiritual domination, which is present at all times in every place—a hateful network of ecclesiastical *espionage*, which the wisest cannot baffle, which the strongest cannot resist, which the holiest dare not question! One cannot imagine a device more subtle, more penetrating, more horrible, than this. It revolts every sentiment of manhood. It sickens every emotion of religion. It is the strongest of all temptations to infidelity. We have reasoned hitherto on the hypothesis, that the men who wield this ghostly supremacy are censured against unfaithfulness and indiscretion. But who can be so ignorant as not to know that it has for ages been in the hands of men whose intellect would scarcely have sufficed to guide them in the plainest paths of life—men of the most sordid avarice, of the vulgarest ambition, of the coarsest sensuality, of the most malignant selfishness, and sometimes, alas! of the most diabolical inhumanity? It is not for us to condemn by wholesale the entire priesthood of Christendom. We believe that there have ever been found in its ranks some of the meekest of our Lord's disciples; they have been the victims of the delusive system which they blindly administered, as truly as the misguided multitudes who thought it a blessed privilege to be the slaves of the holders of the keys of heaven. Yet the character of the prime movers in the grand ecclesiastical dramas of the last fifteen hundred years is written on the roll of history, and branded in the institutions of the civilized world. It is by broad exhibitions on a large scale, and through a long course of time, that the true character of systems is evolved. To this test we are able to bring

the hierarchical systems which have grafted themselves on the living Christianity planted among men by the apostles of Jesus. There is no crime against man, no sin against God, of which the most notorious workers of these systems have not been convicted. Divine indeed must that religion be which has survived through the fetid heap of ecclesiastical abominations till this day—like a body throwing off the scales of a disgusting leprosy, and the slough of loathsome ulcerations, by the vital power in it which God would not permit to be overpowered by such deadly checks to its development. But why should we inoculate the healthy constitution of a free Christianity with the old *virus*? Is it not enough that the struggles of noble spirits, trusting to the help of God, have achieved for us, slowly, at distant intervals, and by most exhausting labours, the right to look for ourselves into the charter of our salvation? Shall we forbear to use this right, calling no man master? or, having used it, and asserted our rescue from the tyranny of superstition, shall we parade the bonds of captivity as the ornaments of freedom? Rather, let us do rightful homage to that Invisible King whose glory it is to rule our spirits by truth and love; let us break the enchantment, explode the mystery, cast away every fragment of detected imposture, and, instead of perpetuating the delusions of a melancholy past, or mimicking the mummeries of a superstition which still works the infernal will of man's worst foes, go back to the freshness of apostolic days, and bear our testimony for divine truth by adhering to the simplicity, freedom, and equality of the communion of that Supper, which is *not* a sacrament, but a commemoration.

We have not forgotten Dr. Halley's admirable lectures in this train of independent observations suggested by his theme. Besides the circumstances which are mentioned at the beginning of this notice as forbidding us to enter on the consideration of a large portion of his entire work, we are bound, in critical fairness, to confess the difficulties which have been occasioned by the arrangement of this volume. The author's candid and ingenuous preface has not satisfied us on this head. We regret that his mode of treatment has deprived us of his promised lecture on 'The Theory of Salvation by Sacraments.' We think that a consecutive discussion of that theory, by itself, would have been more effective than 'the apparent repetitions and logical disorder,' on account of which the censure of critics is deprecated. We may also animadvert on the omission of an analysis of the lectures, and of an index, as increasing the confusion which, by such simple and ordinary expedients, might have been considerably relieved. We hope we shall not be deemed hyper-

critical if we add, that the value of the lectures would have been greatly enhanced by a practical urging of the *duty* of partaking of the Lord's Supper, especially by showing how this social commemoration strengthens the ties, and illustrates the unity, of the Christian brotherhood.

We may not be trespassing the limits of propriety, if we conclude with one or two friendly suggestions to the Committee of the Congregational Library, and to the community which they are presumed to represent. We must say, that it was with great pain we witnessed the discouragingly small attendance during the delivery of Dr. Halley's course. In Manchester, Liverpool, or Birmingham, such a course, by such a lecturer, would not have failed to command large audiences; because adequate pains would have been taken to give them publicity. We fear, that the management of this 'Congregational Lecture' has been permitted to fall into the hands of gentlemen less conversant than others with the usual means of exciting particular attention, amid the multiplicity of objects that distract the dwellers in this busy metropolis; nor are we without an apprehension that, even if all possible pains were taken for this purpose, it would still be a very difficult matter to secure such an attendance as would be worthy of the occasion. Perhaps, however, an earnest working committee appointed for this special purpose, would be able to bring about a very great improvement in this respect. It is more within our province to call the attention of the 'Congregational' body to the Lecture, as an institution fairly claiming a much larger measure of support than it has yet received. We do think that some plans should be adopted, for bringing it more directly before the large numbers of intelligent and affluent Congregationalists of this empire. There ought to be no difficulty in securing such a number of *subscribers* to the series, as to make the copyright of great value. If this were done, it would then be practicable to publish a less costly edition of each volume as it appears. The subscribers would prefer the library edition, to stand side by side, with the 'Boyle,' 'Warburton,' 'Bampton,' and 'Hulsean' Lectures; while to those who cannot afford to subscribe to the course, or who take an interest only in one particular 'series,' a less expensive edition would be acceptable, and it would, generally, obtain a wide circulation. We have some experience in lowering the price of literature, and have gained much by a bold experiment. Still, we are not prepared to recommend an extremely cheap issue of the 'Congregational Lectures.' They do not interest the great public. They must be limited in their circulation, at whatever price; but, we believe, that the experience of the publishers would

warrant such a project as that which we have suggested ; if the readers of the ' Eclectic Review,' and of other periodicals in the same circles, were energetically canvassed by the Committee of the Congregational Library. The completion of the fifteenth series, and the peculiar circumstances of the passing times, must form our apology, if any be deemed needful, for throwing out these considerations on a question which so vitally concerns the efficiency and the dignity of Nonconformist literature.

ART. V.—*Life of John Sterling.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS volume has, for some months past, been expected, with a kind of fearful curiosity, by the literary public. Like the second shock of an earthquake—after the first had sucked a street into its jaws—so had men, in silence and terror, been waiting for its avatar. Every one was whispering to every other, ' What a bombshell is about to fall from Thomas Carlyle's battery ! Nothing like it, we fear, since the " Model Prisons." Let our theologians look to it ! ' Well, the book has come at last, and a milder, more tender, and more pleasant gossiping little volume we have not read for many a day. The mountain has been in labour, and lo ! a nice lively field-mouse, quite frisky and good-humoured, has been brought forth. It is purely ridiculous and contemptible to speak, with some of our contemporaries, of this volume as Mr. Carlyle's best, or as, in any sense, a great work. The subject, as *he* has viewed it, was not great, and his treatment of it, while exceedingly graceful and pleasant, is, by no means, very powerful or very profound.

In fact, we look on it as a clever evasion of the matter in hand. Why were the public so deeply interested in John Sterling ? Not on account of his genius, which was of a high, but not the highest, order, and was not at all familiar, in its fruits at least, to the generality. He was not a popular author. His conversational powers, and private virtues, were known only to his friends. But his mind had passed through certain speculative changes, which invested him with a morbid interest, and gave him a typical or representative character. He had been in youth a sceptic of rather an ultra school. In early manhood he became a Coleridgean Christian, and an active curate, and ere he died, he relapsed into a modified and refined form of scepticism again. This constituted the real charm which attracted men to Sterling. This was the circle of lurid glory which bound his

head, and by which we tracked his steps through his devious and dangerous wanderings.

But of all this, there is scarcely a single distinct word in the biography before us. It is Hamlet, with Hamlet omitted. Sterling's private story is very minutely and beautifully detailed. The current of his literary career (a river flowing underground!) is as carefully mapped out as if it had been a Nile or a Ganges—a broad blessing to nations. But the struggles of his inner life, the steps, swift or slow, by which he passed from Radical Rationalism to Christianity, and thence to Straussism or Carlylism, over these there is cast a veil, through which very little light, indeed, is allowed to glimmer. To show how unfair and unsatisfactory this plan of treatment is, let us conceive a new life of Blanco White, in which all his changes of opinion were slurred over; or a life of Dr. Arnold, in which his achievements as a schoolmaster and a politician were faithfully chronicled, but the religious phases of his history were ignored. Now Sterling's fame is, even more than theirs, based on his reputation as an honest and agonized inquirer, and it is too bad to cloak up the particulars of those earnest researches under general terms, and to give us, instead of the information for which we were panting, pictures of Welsh or West Indian scenery, vague ravings about the 'Bedlam delusions' of our day, and the 'Immensities and Eternities,'—or letters so selected or so garbled, that they shall cast no light upon the more secret and interesting passages of his spiritual history.

The gentleness of the tone of the work, although only comparative, is an agreeable change from that of the 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' the language of which was frequently as coarse and vulgar, as the spirit was fierce and the views one-sided. The Indian summer is often preceded by a short but severe storm, and, perhaps, is softer and more golden in proportion to the roughness of the tempest. Mr. Carlyle, here, seems absolutely *in love*! Not above ten sentences of vituperation occur in the 344 pages. We suspect that the reception of the 'Model Prisons' has taught him that even *his* dynasty is not infallible, and that bulls from Chelsea must modify their bellowsings, if they would not wish to be treated like bulls from the Vatican. Whether he be or be not aware of the fact, his giant shadow is passing swiftly from off the face of the public mind, nor will the present change of tone retard its down-going. It is *too late*. The gospel of negations has had its day, and served its generation, and must give place to another and a nobler evangel.

Few as the religious allusions in this book are, they are such as leave no doubt upon our minds as to Carlyle's own views. His sneers at Coleridge's theosophic moonshine—at Sterling's be-

lief in a 'personal God : '—his suppression of an argument on this subject, drawn out by Sterling in a letter to himself, page 152—his language in page 126, 'no stars—nor ever were, save certain *old Jew ones which have gone out*'—the unmitigated contempt he pours out on the clergy, and on the Church, and by inference and insinuation, upon the 'traditions' and the 'incredibilities' of Christianity—all point to the foregone conclusion which he has, we fear, long ago reached. With this conclusion, we do not, at present, mean to grapple ; but we mean to mark, and very strongly to condemn, the manner and spirit in which he even still states and enforces it.

Now, in the first place, although he must be sceptical, why should he be profane ? He may *curse*, but why should he *swear* ? He may despise hypocrisy, and trample on cant, but why should he insult sincere, albeit weak-minded, belief ? Why such words as these, in reference to a Methodist, who had displayed, in critical circumstances, a most heroic and noble degree of courage—'The last time I heard of him, he was a prosperous—modest dairyman, thankful for the upper light and for *deliverance from the wrath to come* ?' Words these, 'Wrath to come,' which shook the souls of Cromwell, Milton, and Howe to their depths ; which are still capable of moving millions to fear, to faith, to morality, and to love ; and which yet can only excite Mr. Carlyle to contemptuous derision.

If there be one thought in the Christian theology more tremendous than another, it is that of an unceasing outflow of just vengeance, like a 'pulsing aurora' of horror, like an ever-rising sun of shame and fear, like a storm, the clouds of which return after the rain—not to be compared to other wrathful phenomena, to the thunder-cloud which gathers, bursts, passes on to other lands or to other worlds, while the blue sky arises behind it in its calm immortality ;—nor to the pestilence, which breaks out like the sudden springing of a mine, stamps with its foot, and awakens death, but passes quickly away, and leaves the joy of health and security behind ;—nor to the earthquake, which starts up like a giant from his slumber, heaves mountains, troubles oceans, swallows up cities—but speedily subsides, and again the eternal hills rest and are silent ;—but to itself only : for it alone deserves the name of wrath ! And without dogmatizing or speculating on the real meaning or extent of this predicted vengeance, surely a sneer can neither explain, nor illuminate, nor stem its current ! There are many besides poor Methodistic miners, who tremble at the words, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God ;' and one of them, unless we are much mistaken, is, at times, the melancholy Polyphemus of Chelsea.

Secondly, why does he so often edge his evident earnestness with a levity and a mockery which remind you of Voltaire himself? Why thus delight in forming an ungainly and horrible hybrid? Deep solemn thought is on his brow; love is swimming wildly in his eye; but a sneer, keen as if it were the essence of all sneers, past, present, and to come, ever and anon palpitates on his lips. Why is this? Even as an engine of assault, such ridicule is powerless. Laughter, ere it can kill, must be given forth with all one's heart and soul, and mind and strength; must be serious, and total. But Thomas Carlyle cannot thus laugh at any sincere faith; his mirth, like Cromwell's speeches, 'breaks down,' chokes in his throat, or dies away in a quaver of consternation. But why ever begin what his heart will not permit him to finish?

Thirdly, his contempt for the office of the Christian ministry is so violent, and almost ferocious, as to increase the suspicion that he loves Christianity as little as he does its clergy. He speaks of Sterling's brief curateship, as the great mistake of his life; nay, as if it amounted to a stain and crime. It did not appear so to poor Sterling himself, who, when dying, begged for the old Bible he used at Herstmonceux among the cottages, and seems to have died with it in his arms. It does not appear so to us. A curate, however mistaken, 'going about doing good,' is a nobler spectacle, we fancy, than a soured and stationary *litterateur*, sitting with a pipe in his mouth, and, like the character in the Psalms, 'puffing out despite' at all his real or imaginary foes. Sir James Mackintosh thought otherwise of ministerial work, when he congratulated Hall on having turned from philosophy and letters to the 'far nobler task of soothing the afflicted, succouring the distressed, and *remembering the forgotten*.' We have no passion verily for 'surplices,' nor respect for many whom they cover; but we know that they have been worn by men whose shoe-latchets neither John Sterling nor Thomas Carlyle are worthy to unloose; and are still worn by some, at least, their equals in powers and in virtues, in scrupulosity of conscience, and in tenderness and dignity of walk. John Sterling would have been a far better, happier, and greater man, had he remained a working curate to the last, instead of becoming a sort of petty Prometheus, equally miserable, and nearly as idle, with a big black crow (elegantly mistaken for a vulture) pecking at his morbid liver. And, for our part, we would rather be an humble City missionary, grappling with vulgar sin and misery, in the lanes of one of our cities; nay, a little child repeating 'Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,' at his mother's knee; than sit with Sartor on his burning and tottering throne!

Fourthly, and finally, so far as the author of this volume is concerned, we desiderate not for our sakes, but for others, greater plainness of speech upon religious subjects. We respect and love much about Mr. Carlyle; we think him naturally a great, earnest, true-hearted man. We sympathize cordially with his crusade against shams. We can pardon, or, at least, wink hard at, the recent outpourings of his wrath against the most eminent of practical philanthropists, tracing them to a foul stomach, and not to a black heart. But we should like him to 'deliver his soul' more on a topic to which he often alludes, but on which he is never explicit—Christianity. We think we know his sentiments on the subject. He does not, we fear, acknowledge its peculiar and divine claims. Seeing clearly that there are but two alternatives, revelation or despair, he has deliberately chosen the latter. The authority of the Bible is one of those things 'which the light of his own mind, the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible.'

But a large proportion of the public are still in the dark as to his religious sentiments. We have heard him claimed by intelligent ministers of the Free Church of Scotland as a Christian, nay, a Puritan. Others, not quite so far astray, look upon his religious opinions as uncertain, vague, indefinite, perhaps not yet fully formed. This is the fault of his mystic and tantalizing mode of expression. Not every eye can pierce through the fantastic veil he wears, and see behind it the features of a mere nature and duty-worshipper. That veil, we think, he is, as an honest and earnest man, bound to drop. Masks may be pardoned in a tournament, but not in hot and eager battle. The question as to the truth of Christianity, has become the engrossing question of this age, and we cannot now bear with men who appear to halt between two opinions. The cry was never more distinctly or loudly sounded than it is at present, 'Who is on the Lord's side, who?' Differences of opinion on minor matters of religion may be pardoned; 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy' have become terms equally unmeaning, and equally contemptible; but this is now the point at issue, is Christianity, as a whole, a truth or a falsehood, a sham or a reality, *the* lie of the earth, or the one thing in its history worth loving, valuing, or trusting in? While the more resolute of sceptics, such as the worthies of the 'Westminster Review,' have taken their stand, and proclaimed 'war to the knife,' and while the defenders of Christianity are buckling on their armour, it will not much longer do for men like Mr. Carlyle to utter an uncertain sound, and to hang off cloudily on the outskirts of the great battle. In this 'Life of Sterling,' its author had a good opportunity of declaring himself fully on the subject, and the public were

expecting it; but they have been again doomed to disappointment. Is it to be so for ever? Has he determined

‘ To wrap the secret in his breast,
And die in travail, unconfessed ? ’

With regard to John Sterling, there is not very much added to our previous information; but beautiful lights, like the golden gleams of an autumn afternoon, are cast upon his character. His ‘nomadic’ existence—a wanderer in evasion of death—is most picturesquely narrated. Bute, Glamorganshire, Madeira, St. Vincent, Italy, and Clifton, all sit for portraits, which are alike faithful and poetic. Old Sterling of the ‘Times’—‘Captain Whirlwind,’ comes and goes in a very striking manner. Coleridge sits in Highgate, weaving endless webs of ‘theosophic moonshine,’ or walks along both sides of the garden gravel, from uncertainty as to which to take! (Hazlitt, we remember, describes him even when young, as perpetually crossing the road, and ascribes it to instability of purpose.) And the various members of the Sterling Club, including Carlyle himself, are introduced at intervals to add life and interest to the somewhat melancholy and monotonous story.

It is, indeed, a sad narrative. John Sterling died a young man; but he had passed through ages of bodily suffering and mental endurance. He ‘lived fast,’ although not in the common sense of that expression. His life was one hectic fever; and yet his peculiarly buoyant and sanguine temperament enabled him to endure with grace and dignity. His mental struggles, though severe, were not of that awful earthquaking kind which shook the soul of Arnold, and drove Sartor howling through the Everlasting No, like a lion caught in a forest of fire. It was rather a swift succession of miseries, than one deep devouring anguish. Yet the close was truly tragical. How affecting the words of his last letter to his biographer, ‘I tread the common road into the great darkness without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none.’

He adds, in reference to Carlyle, ‘Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been, and done like you.’ We are tempted to a very opposite conclusion; we think, that unintentionally Mr. Carlyle was the means of mortal injury to Sterling’s mind. He shook his attachment to Coleridge, and thus to Christianity; stripping him of that garment of ‘moonshine,’ he left him naked. Shattering the creed Sterling had attained, he supplied him with no other. That Sterling was friendly and grateful to him to the last, is abundantly evident; but that he was satisfied with his position on that cold Goethe-like godless crag to which Mr. Carlyle’s hand had helped him up is

not so clear ; his calling for the Bible in his last hours, is against the supposition that he was.* He took a Protestant extreme unction. We can almost fancy the stern Sartor in his last moments doing the same ; and, as is fabulously reported of Godwin, ' making a good end as a Methodist.'

The book does not at all modify our verdict of Sterling's literary character. He was rather brilliant than profound ; rather swift than strong ; rather a man of rare ingenuity and culture, than a man of transcendent genius. He was more of a rapid runner, than of a sturdy athlete. His powers were singularly varied and versatile ; and though he has left nothing behind him which the world shall not willingly let die, he has done so much, and that so well, as to excite keen regret at his premature departure. We think prose, and not poetry, was his proper department, and that in one region—that, namely, of high and solemn fiction—he would have had few superiors. Mr. Carlyle predicates great things of a poem on *Cœur de Lion*, which he left unfinished. Why is it not given to the world ? His 'Onyx Ring' is perhaps the best of his productions. In it he shadows forth Goethe and Carlyle, as Walsingham and Collins. Both portraitures are true to the life. The polished colossal coldness of the great German, and the wild, unhappy fire of the Scotchman, are made to give and lend illustration and relief to each other. His views of Goethe, Mr. Carlyle affirms, underwent a change, and he died, it seems, a profound worshipper of the 'Pagan,' as he had previously called him. He might, had he lived, have altered his opinion again. Mr. Carlyle's inordinate attachment to Goethe has always seemed to us inscrutable. It is the fire-king worshipping a gigantic iceberg—a pure man adoring a splendid sensualist—a sincere man admiring a consummate courtier—the most ardent worshipping the coldest of all men of genius—'tis verily a great mystery. We can only solve it upon the principle of those marriages where the parties seem to have selected each other on account of their absolute and ideal unlikeness.

We cannot close without adverting again to that topic which has invested Sterling with so much painful interest—his unsettled religion, and the representative he thus becomes of thousands in our day. A few general remarks on this subject must suffice.

That the times in which we live have assumed a dubious and portentous aspect, on the subject of religion, is a fact generally admitted. There are, indeed, still some who persist in closing their eyes to the dangers by which we are environed, and in

* Since writing the above, we saw an acquaintance of Sterling's, who assured us that he did *not* die a Carlylist, but a Christian.

crying out 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' These men, while listening to the loud masonry of rising churches, to the plaudits of May meetings, and to the far-borne hum of Missionary schools, have no ears for the roar of the fountains of the great deep of thought which are breaking up around them, or to the noise of the 'multitudes, the multitudes' rapidly convening in the valley of decision. But he who can abstract himself from nearer and more clamorous sounds, and from the pleasing but partial prospects which are under his eye, becomes aware of many and complicated dangers, which seem deepening into a crisis, darkening into a noon of night, above the head of all the Churches of Christ. Every one remembers the remarkable passage in Lord Chesterfield's letters, written in France before the Revolution, where he expresses his conviction that he is surrounded by all the tokens and symbols of a falling empire. So it now implies no pretensions to prophetic insight for any one to declare that he lives amid the auguries of a coming religious revolution—to equal which we must travel back eighteen centuries, and which, like that succeeding the death of Christ, has bearings and promises consequences of transcendent importance and unending interest.

The symptoms of this great revolution include the general indefinite panic of apprehension which prevails in the minds of Christians; the increase of a slow, quiet, but profound spirit of doubt among many classes of men; the spread of Popery (the coming forth of which Beast of Darkness is itself a proof that there is a night at hand);—the re-agitation of many questions, which, in general belief, seemed settled for ever; the fact, that all churches are shaking visibly, some of them, indeed, concealing their tremor under energetic convulsions; the fact that, like those plants which close up at evening, a few of our rigid sects are drawing more closely within themselves; the loosening of the bands of creeds and confessions; the growing disregard to the wisdom and disbelief in the *honesty* and *word* of the men of the past; the uprise of a stern individualism and of a personal habit of analysis, which leaves nothing unexamined, and takes nothing on trust; the eagerness with which every innovation is welcomed, and every new cry of 'Lo here, or lo there,' is heard; the significant circumstance that many from the most diverse classes, the *litterateur*, the inquiring mechanic, the statesman, the youth, the accomplished lady, are united in restless dissatisfaction with our present forms of faith, or in open protest against them; the innumerable defences of the old which every day sees procreated to leave little or no practical result; the yawning chasm in the public mind, crying out, 'Give, give' a chasm widening continually, and into which no

Curtius has hitherto precipitated himself; the hurry of the weaker of the community to plunge into the arms of implicit faith, or of low infidelity, or of hardened indifference; and the *listening* attitude of the stronger and better—of the literary man for his ideal artist, of the student of morals and mind for his New Plato—of the politician for his 'Coming Man'—of the Christian thinker for the Paul of the Present, if not for the Jesus of the Past;—such are only a few of the phenomena which prove that the silent frozen seas of an ancient era of thought are breaking up, and that another is about to succeed; that 'old things are passing away, and all things becoming new;' and that, moreover, this mighty change will, in all probability, be accompanied by the blackness and darkness and tempest, the voices and thunders and lightnings, amid which, in every age, great dynasties, whether temporal or spiritual, have been overturned or changed.

'*Overturned or changed.*' These are words on which much depends; and on them we join issue with Mr. Carlyle and his school. Their cry, open or stifled, is, 'Raze, raze it to the foundations.' Ours is, 'Reform, rebuild.' 'Fight on in the remaining virtue and strength of the system, till the expected reserve, long promised, come up to your aid.' Change—vital and radical, there must be—and the great question with the intelligent is, how far is it to extend; how much of the old is to be left; and how much to be taken away.

This question is too large for our present discussion; but this we must say, that while we deeply condemn the destructive purpose and spirit of Mr. Carlyle and his party, we have just as little sympathy with those who imagine that Christianity is in a very comfortable and prosperous condition. Surely these men have 'eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not; they know not, neither do they understand.' We seem, on the other hand, to see distinctly the following alarming facts.

First, Christianity, in its present forms, or shall we say disguises, has ceased, to a great extent, to be considered a solitary divine thing. It is no longer with men 'the one thing needful.' It has come down to, or below the level of, the other influences which sway our age. The oracular power which once dwelt in the pulpit has departed to the printing-press on the other side of the way. The parish church which once lorded it over the landscape, and pointed its steeple like a still finger of hushing awe; and even the Minster, lifting up a broader hand of more imperative power, have found formidable rivals, not only in the Dissenting chapel, but in the private school, nay, in the public-house of the village, where men talk, and think, and form passionate purposes over new journals and

old alc. Sermons are now criticised, not obeyed, and when our modern Pauls preach, our Felixes yawn instead of trembling. Ministers have for the most part become a timid and apologetic class; the fearlessness of Knox is seldom met, save among the fanatics of their number, in whom it looks simply ludicrous. The thunders of the pulpit have died away, or when they are awakened, it is through the preacher's determination to be popular, or through the agitation of his despair. In general, he consults, not commands, the taste of his audience; and his word, unlike that of his professed Master, is *without* authority, and, therefore, *as* that of the scribes, nay, less powerful far than theirs. John Howe could preach six hours to unwearied throngs—twenty years ago Edward Irving could protract his speech to midnight; but now a sermon of forty minutes, even from eloquent lips, is thought sufficiently exhaustive, both of the subject and of the audience. The private influence of clergymen is still considerable; but it is that of the respective individuals, not of the general class; and where now, in reference to even the best of their number, that deep devotion to their persons, that submission to their slightest words, that indulgence to their frailties, and that plenary confidence in their honesty, which linked our fathers to them, and them to our fathers?—a submission and indulgence from which, doubtless, great evils sprang, but which sprang from principles deeper than the evils, and which were rooted in the genuine belief of Christianity which then prevailed.

There are other ills behind. The written documents of the Churches have lost much of their influence; always dry, they are now summer dust. What man among twenty thousand in Scotland has read the Westminster Confession, and what man in a million in England the Thirty-nine Articles? The very curses of the Athanasian Creed have become cold, and now cease to irritate because they are no longer read. Catechisms chiefly rule the minds of children, who do not, however, believe them so firmly, or love them so well, as their fathers when they were children. Even to clergymen such documents have become rather fences, keeping them away from danger, than living expressions of their own faith and hope. They sign, and never open them any more! And thus those unhappy books, although containing in them much eternal truth, although written by men of insight, learning, and profound earnestness, occupy a place equally painful and ludicrous; they are attacked by few, they are defended by few, they are fully believed by few, they are allowed to sleep till an ordination day comes round, and after it is over, they lapse into dust and darkness again. Sometimes editions of them are placarded on the walls as 'reduced in price.'

Alas, their value, too, is reduced to a degree which might disturb the shades of Twiss and Ridgley. Ancient medals, marbles, fossil remains, nay modern novels, are regarded now with far more interest and credence than those articles of faith which originally came forth baptized in the sweat and blood of our early Reformers and Re-reformers.

Nay, to pass from man's word to God's word, the Bible itself, the book of the world, the Alp of literature, the old oracle of the past, the word of light, which has cast its solemn ray upon all books and all thoughts, and was wont to transfigure even the doubts and difficulties which assailed it, into embers, in its own burning glory; the Bible, too, has suffered from the analysis, the coldness, and the uncertainty of our age. It is circulated, indeed, widely; it is set in a prominent place in our exhibitions; it lies in the *boudoir* of our Sovereign, gilded elegantly, lettered, and splendidly bound. It is quoted now in Parliament without provoking a laugh; its language is frequently used by our judges, even when they are trampling on its precepts, and dooming poor ignorant wretches to be 'hanged by the neck till they be dead,' with sentences from the Sermon on the Mount in their wise and solemn throats. It is sometimes seen on the deathbed of sceptics; when assailed, the attack is generally prefaced by a deep bow of real or apparent respect; such a reverence as might be given by a revolutionist to a fallen king. But *where* is the crown wherewith its Father crowned it? Where the red circle of Sinaitic fire about its brows? Where the halo of Calvary? Where the awful reverence which once rang in its every page, and made even its chronologies and naked names hallowed and sublime? Where the feeling which dictated the title—which, although not expressly given by God, yet coming out from the deep heart of man's devotion might be called divine, and might be compared to God's 'naming of the stars'—the 'Holy Bible?' Where the thunder, blended with still small voices of equal power, which once ran down the ages, came all from the one Hebrew cave; and which to hear was to obey, and to obey was to worship? Has its strength gone out from it; is it dead, or has it become weak as other books? No; its life, its divine stamp and innate worth, remain; but they are disputed, or only half acknowledged, when not altogether ignored.

Such are a few of the symptoms of our spiritual disease. We have not room to dilate on our conceptions of the remedy; this may, perhaps, form the subject of a future paper. Suffice it at present to say, that our conviction is decided (and that of the age is fast coming to the same point), that there is nothing more

to be expected from Carlylism; that bomb-shell has burst, and its fragments are coloured with the blood of John Sterling, and hundreds besides him! The city 'No,' to use the prophet's language, has been long a 'populous city;' but its population is becoming thinner every day. The 'everlasting Yea,' on the other hand, has fair turrets and golden spires; but it is a city in the clouds, abandoned, too, by its builder; there is no such place, either in this world or in that which is to come. There seems nothing for it, but down-right naturalism, which means flat desperation, or a return to Christianity in a new, higher, and more hopeful form. *We*, at least, have made up our minds to cling to the old banner of the cross; expecting, that since Jesus has already shaken the world by his accents, as no man ever did, he has only to speak 'once more,' at his own time, and in the language of the 'two-edged sword,' which issues from his glorified lips—to revolutionize society, to purify the thrashing-floor of his Church, and to introduce that 'milder day,' for which, in all dialects, and in all ages, the true, the noble, the gifted, and the pious, have been breathing their prayers. If we err in this, we err in company with John Milton, and with many, only less than he.

Since writing the first half of our critique, we have read the 'Times,' on 'Carlyle's Sterling.' We are, in general, no admirers of that 'perpetual Prospectus,' that gigantic Jesuit of the press, that Cerberus with three heads, three tongues, and no heart; which can be bribed, though not bought; sopped, but not enticed to the upper air (and the Hercules to drag up this dog of darkness has not yet arrived, unless Kossuth be he); but we have for once been delighted with an effusion from Printing-house-square. The thunderbolts are well fabricated, and are strongly pointed at Mr. Carlyle's entirely negative and unsatisfactory mode of thought; at his systematic, though *sub roce* depreciation of Christianity; at the gloomy bile which spots the splendour of his genius; at the charges of 'cowardice,' and weakness, which he dashes in the face of every one who ventures to believe Christianity, or to pray to the Almighty Father; at the deliberate darkness he piles, or, at least, leaves unmitigated around the religious creed and last experiences of poor Sterling; and at the fierce and disgusting dogmatism, which is often his substitute for logic, and his *pis aller* for inspiration. But we do not believe with the 'Times,' that in this book Thomas's wrath has got to its height,' for, in fact, it is mere milk and water com-

pared to his 'Pamphlets;' nor do we think that his *temper* is his greatest fault; *pride*, according to the measure of a demon, is his raging sin; and no words in Scripture are more repulsive to him than these, 'Except a man become as a little child, he shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.' But none *are more true*, and, to a large portion of men, none more terrible.

ART. VI.—*The Flax Movement; its National Importance and Advantages, with Directions for the Preparation of Flax Cotton, and the Cultivation of Flax.* By the Chevalier Claussen. London: Effingham Wilson.

WE have read this pamphlet with much pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it certainly cannot be classed in the first, or even in the second rank of the best specimens of English prose. With this fact, however, we have nothing to do. The Chevalier Claussen simply proposes to show the importance of an extension of flax culture in the United Kingdom. Descriptiveness of certain points in connexion with the subject, is that which he had in view when writing his pamphlet. That he has succeeded in his object, cannot be doubted. Moreover, the Chevalier, with the strongest temptations to egotism from the fact of his being the inventor of a new article known as flax-cotton, has said no more about himself, or the means which he adopts for the convertibility of flax into flax-cotton, than the subject absolutely required.

The cultivation of flax cannot, in our opinion, be over estimated. The more we consider it in its agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial bearings on our welfare, the more apparent will, we think, become the necessity and advantage of its extension.

The climate and soil of the United Kingdom are peculiarly adapted to its production. The demand for our linen manufactures, too, is rapidly increasing; and the supply of cotton is not only deficient, but, owing to various circumstances, it is feared that this supply will henceforward not be equal to our demand, and that we cannot reckon upon the quantity of cotton we require, at such prices as will enable us to extend our manufactures, or even to keep them up to their present amount. In a

paper on the 'Statistics of the Cotton Trade in Great Britain,' read before the last meeting but one of the British Association, held at Edinburgh, Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, by whom it was compiled, after referring to the continued and increasing deficiency of the supply of that article from the United States, said:—'The uneasiness which it is natural to feel, under the circumstances here described, has led to the inquiry, as diligently and carefully as opportunity has allowed, whether some substitute or auxiliary may not be called into action, which shall meet the evil that threatens us; and this, it is suggested, may be found in a kindred branch of manufacture—that of flax.'

Whether this article is to become the substitute for, or auxiliary to, cotton, it is impossible yet to determine. But in the hope that either of these two opinions will be realized, our agricultural and commercial population are beginning to manifest much interest in the subject of an extension of its growth. Not so formerly. Farmers had a great antipathy to cultivating the crop. Objections, principally founded on the belief that it is an exhaustive one, have existed to no inconsiderable extent. This opinion seems to have been handed down from time immemorial, notwithstanding that it was a marketable commodity when Egypt was the seat of agriculture and commerce—in the second period of time since the supposed date of the creation of the world.

Clauses introduced into agreements and leases, forbidding its culture, seem to have operated much against an encouragement of its cultivation. That it is an exhaustive crop, cannot be denied. But it is less so than wheat. Chemical analysis of the constituents of the plant attest this truth. The result of practical experience confirms it. We are not aware that the Chevalier Claussen is a chemist, but in alluding to the constituents of the plant, we must take it for granted that he is. Though not very different from a description of the plant given by Sir R. Kane, in his 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' it is given as original by the Chevalier, and as such we must accept it. In the division of the pamphlet devoted to the consideration of the 'objections to the growth of flax, it is stated that,—

'If the construction of the plant be closely examined, it will be found that those portions of it which absorb the alkalies and the nutritive properties of the soil, are those which are not required for the purpose of manufacture, viz., the woody part of the plant, the resinous matter and the seed. The capsules of the seeds, the husk of the capsules, and the seeds, contain a very large proportion of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and may, consequently, be advantageously employed for the purposes of manure, or for the feeding of cattle. The fibre of the plant, which is that portion required for manufacture, consists of about 47 parts of carbon in 100, united to the elements of water; in

fact, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, are its principal constituent parts, and they are derived not from the soil, but from the atmosphere. 100 lbs. of flax fibre has been found, by recent experiments, to contain not more, upon an average, than 2lbs. of mineral matters, including lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, carbonic, phosphoric, and sulphuric acid, and silica.'

This looks well. Any schoolboy or amateur acquainted with the rudiments of the science of chemistry, must be aware that the analysis just given of the constituents of flax, is anything but unfavourable to the soil upon which it is grown. Where the land becomes exhausted through its growth, it may be assumed that the seed and the whole of those portions of the plant which have absorbed the nutritive matters of the soil are destroyed, and, consequently, nothing is left to be returned to it. The cause of this destruction is the system of steeping that has, hitherto, been adopted. But of that question more hereafter.

Much as we are satisfied with that division of the Chevalier Claussen's pamphlet, part of which has just been extracted, we feel more so with the statements of some agriculturists themselves who have experienced, practically, the results of an extensive culture of the flax plant upon their land.

Mr. Beale Brown, a gentleman who has devoted some years to the preparation and culture of this plant in the county of Gloucester, stated at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, that flax, deriving, as it did, a large amount of its nutriment from the atmosphere, was the least exhausting crop that could be put in the ground. This opinion was, however, given with a provision—namely, that it could not be considered an exhaustive crop, if the seed and refuse were retained on the land, and only the fibre itself carried off. The fibre being all that is required for manufacturing purposes, there ought, with proper management, to exist no difficulty in the retention of that which would give renewed vigour to the soil. Where the seed and refuse has been retained, the best results have followed. Mr. Druce, of Ensham, in Oxfordshire, gave his testimony to the effect that he grew turnips in the same year on this flax land, without manure, and that his son had found that some wheat sown after flax was one of the best crops he had ever grown; and Lord Monteagle states that no meadow on his land in Ireland yields such capital grass as that on which flax is grown.

The proper management of its culture must necessarily have taken place, to have afforded those gentlemen the opportunity of speaking in such language. We imagine to ourselves, Lord Monteagle, in the first instance, seeking a sound, dry, deep loam soil, with a clay subsoil. His next object, if he finds the land required, is to see that it be properly drained and subsoiled.

Then, according to the quality of the soil, he determines the rotation of the crops. This is as it should be; and if farmers will only try the experiment more generally than they hitherto have, perhaps, they may experience, through the ordinary course of the principle of exchange, some return of that representative wealth, of which they complain that they are deficient, in consequence of recent changes in our commercial policy.

The disinclination to grow flax is ably handled by the Chevalier Claussen in his pamphlet. But whilst this is acknowledged, we cannot agree in a deduction to which the Chevalier has come in reference to the sudden falling off of the culture of the plant in Ireland, where strenuous exertions have been made of late to extend its growth. The falling off is, in the Chevalier's opinion, attributable to two causes. The first is a feeling of apathy on the subject on the part of the growers. From this view we do not dissent. 'But,' says the inventor of flax-cotton, after alluding to this apathetic spirit in connexion with the producers, 'it is also to be regretted that, even among the supporters of a society calculated to be of such great service to the country, the same feeling very generally prevails, as is evidenced by the fact of the decrease in the amount of subscriptions and donations, during the last, as compared with previous years.'

We do not deny that a decrease in the amount of subscriptions and donations has taken place. Instead, however, of attributing that decrease to an apathetic spirit on the part of the former supporters of the society, as the Chevalier Claussen would have it, we are of opinion that the disposition remains the same, but that the impoverished condition of the country must influence, to a great extent, subscriptions to any institution, whether embracing a charitable or commercial object, or both combined. The people of Ireland, particularly the mercantile class, are fully alive to the advantages of an extended culture of flax in their country. It is not the will of the Irish people that the flax-movement should be lost sight of, or that the subscriptions should have become lessened. It has been their embarrassed financial position that has operated against the movement so much of late.

There is no necessity for our entering into the two subjects which the Chevalier discusses with no inconsiderable force and truth—the 'Distinguishing features of the present flax-growing movement,' and the chapter devoted to 'Division of Labour.'

Passing to that section of the pamphlet, in which the 'preparation of flax-cotton' is treated, we meet with a topic at once interesting and instructive.

The Chevalier, in giving a short introduction to the chapter on the preparation of flax-cotton—if introduction a few observa-

tions can be called—acts not unwisely in, first, explaining the structure of the flax plant. The stem of the plant consists of three parts: the spore, or wood; the pure fibre; and the gum, resin, or glutinous matter which causes the fibres to adhere together. In the preparation of the plant for any purpose of fine manufacture, we are told it is necessary first to separate from the pure fibre both the woody part and the glutinous substance. The poorer of these may be removed by mechanical means; the glutinous substance, by steeping, or some other chemical agent.

The system of steeping employed hitherto, whether by means of hot water or cold, has not been found effectual for the complete removal of the glutinous substances adhering to the fibres.

Alluding to the perfect and complete disintegration of the fibres from each other, by the entire removal of the substance which binds them together, the Chevalier says:—

‘This is effected by boiling the flax for about three hours, either in the state in which it comes from the field, or in a partially cleaned condition, in water containing one half per cent. of caustic soda. After undergoing this process, the flax is placed in water, slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid.’

The Chevalier seems confident of the system of steeping flax, the particulars of which have been just extracted, being the best extant. Nor has he reason to judge otherwise, supported as that system is by the Royal Agricultural Society. The society, in a recent report of its proceedings, alluding to the advantages of the foregoing process in reference to scutching, states that—

‘1st. The preparation of long fibre for scutching is effected in less than one day, and is always uniform in strength, and entirely free from colour, much facilitating the after-process of bleaching, either in yarns or in cloth.

‘2nd. It can be also bleached in the straw at very little additional expense of time or money.

‘3rd. The former tedious and uncertain modes of steeping are superseded by one perfectly certain with ordinary care.

‘4th. In consequence of a more complete severance of the fibres from each other, and also from the bark and boon, the process of scutching is effected with half the labour usually employed.’

There can be no objection either to the system or to the support given to it. The proportions of acid used being 1 to 500 of water, any objections urged against the employment of the substances before mentioned for disintegration are met by the fact, that the soda present in the straw, after the first process, neutralizes the whole of the acid, and forms a neutral salt, known as sulphate of soda. We are informed, however, that

complete as may be the separation produced by this mode of treatment, the fibres, from their tubular and cylindrical character, are still adapted only for the linen or present flax manufactures, as their comparatively harsh and elastic character unfits them for spinning on the ordinary cotton or woollen machinery. It is at this stage that the most important part of the invention of the Chevalier Claussen is brought into operation. We extract the words of the Chevalier himself in reference to this point.

‘The flax, either before or after undergoing the processes required for the severance of the fibres, is cut by a suitable machine into the required lengths, and saturated in a solution of sesqui-carbonate of soda (common soda) a sufficient length of time to allow of the liquid entering into and permeating by capillary attraction every part of the small tubes. When sufficiently saturated, the fibres are taken out, immersed in a solution of diluted sulphurine acid, of the strength of about one part to two hundred parts of water. The action of the acid on the soda contained in the tube liberates the carbonic gas which it contains; the expansive power of which causes the fibres to split and produces the result above described. The fibre is then bleached, and after having been dried, and carded in the same manner as cotton, is fit for being spun upon the ordinary cotton or woollen machinery.’

The material at this stage possesses the qualities of peculiar whiteness and cleanliness. We have examined some of the flax-cotton ourselves. It is superior, as respects colour, to any cotton we have seen. For manufacturing purposes, it appears, from evidence, that it occasions a great saving in waste as compared with cotton. The flax, from previous preparation, being in a thoroughly clean state when it enters what is called the blower, it cannot lose anything in process of working beyond some of the finest and lightest fibres. An eminent firm in Rochdale exhibited, not long ago, at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, the following curious articles; viz.—

‘1. Sample of flax-straw, prepared according to the new process, adapted for linen manufacturers.

‘2. Sample of long fibre scutched from the above.

‘3. Samples of pure flax-fibre, or “British cotton,” adapted for spinning on cotton machinery.

‘4. Sample of yarn spun on cotton machinery, some from all the above flax-fibre, others mixed in various proportions with American cotton, those mixtures being termed by the inventor flax-cotton.

‘5. Samples of flax-fibre prepared for mixing with wool.

‘6. Samples of yarn, produced on ordinary woollen machinery, composed of wool and flax in various proportions, termed by the inventor flax-wool.

‘7. Samples of flannel woven from the above.

- ' 8. Samples of fine cloth woven from yarn composed of flax and fine wool in various proportions, and dyed.
- ' 9. Flax-fibre prepared for mixing with silk, and dyed of various colours.
- ' 10. Flax-fibre mixed with spun silk, and termed by the inventor flax-silk.
- ' 11. A sample yarn produced from the above.
- ' 12. Samples of flax-cotton yarn dyed of various colours.
- ' 13. Samples of cloth woven from flax-cotton yarn and wool, dyed.'

If the foregoing can be taken as an estimate of the uses to which the flax plant is applicable at this early stage of what may be called its primitive history in connexion with manufacturing purposes, if we except linen and one or two more fabrics, what may we not expect in a few years hence as regards its further development. It is a plant that can be adapted to many uses. The convertibility of flax into a substance similar to cotton, but produced at a cheaper cost, is a wonderful invention. And the age is one of invention. The hive of industry that so lately existed sufficiently attested that fact. But among all the novelties which were there exhibited, and of which posterity will read an account, none will give more cause for approval and recognition than the system for the preparation of flax cotton invented by the Cheveliar Claussen.

ART. VII.—*Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Exeter.* By W. Campbell Sleight, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Ward and Co. 1851.

EMINENT theologians—Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Roman Catholics—Churchmen and Nonconformists—in every Christian country, concur in affirming that marriage between a widower and the sister of his deceased wife is not prohibited by the word of God. Strange to say, the statute-book of this country numbers among its enactments one which, in effect, declares this particular marriage to be absolutely null and void. The offspring, necessarily, are 'base born' and illegitimate.

Although much has been said, and volumes have been written, on this question, we frankly confess we could never perceive that the subject, fairly and dispassionately inquired into, presented any serious difficulty. We have always regarded the existing law as degrading and iniquitous, unwarranted by Scripture, and incapable of support even on the fashionable plea

of 'social expediency.' It is our present purpose to enter briefly into a consideration of the arguments which have been advanced in its defence, and then state our own grounds for wishing speedy success to the efforts of those friends of civil and religious liberty, in and out of Parliament, who have pledged themselves to procure the abrogation of a law prohibitory of a marriage which thousands of the most erudite men of all ages have pronounced to be not in violation of the revealed will of God; but, inferentially at least, permitted by those statutes which were delivered by the hand of Moses to the children of Israel.

Inasmuch as we write specially for those who, regardless of the *dicta* of men, whether expressed in Popish bulls, or ecclesiastical canons, defer to the unadulterated word of God, and submit to it as their sole rule of faith and practice, we propose to deal very summarily with what is termed the ecclesiastical portion of the question—the history of the early Church prohibitions, and the subsequent legal enactments affecting this marriage. Suffice it then to say, accordingly as it suited the austere notions of some, and the selfish and pecuniary requirements of others at the head of the Church, in the early and middle ages of Christianity, divers canons and edicts were promulgated from time to time, wholly denying to some [*e.g.* the priests], the privilege of marrying, and restricting all from unions within certain arbitrarily prescribed degrees of affinity, unless under the excusing power of Dispensations, which were readily to be obtained for a pecuniary consideration.

In process of time, the ecclesiastical laws became engrafted upon, and incorporated with, the law of the land; and, in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, Parliament was called upon, alternately by one party and then another, to aid and further, by passing statutes, the views of those in power. We need only add, that down to the reign of William IV., the marriage in question was not absolutely void in the eye of the law, but merely *voidable*. Such a marriage could have been declared void only by means of proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, until the year 1835, when the particular Act which renders absolutely null, and to all intents and purposes void, this description of marriage, became the law of England. Of this sapient piece of legislation it will be sufficient to state, that one clause renders valid all those marriages which had been contracted up to the 31st day of August, 1835; while the next clause enacts, that every such marriage which shall be contracted after that particular day shall be, to all intents and purposes, null and void! Of this Act, bearing, as it does, absurdity upon its face, and inflicting by its prospective clause deep and lasting injury upon the rising generation, we believe those who had

to do with its passage through the legislature have long since been heartily ashamed. And well they might. Nevertheless, this is one of the statutes of a *reformed* Parliament!

Before we proceed to the consideration of the arguments which have been urged in support of either side of this question, we would invite the reader's serious attention to the notable, and, we think, not unimportant, fact, that a marriage with two sisters is recorded as having been contracted by the patriarch Jacob. Now, when we reflect that the defenders of the present law do not scruple to stigmatize marriage with a wife's sister as an *incestuous* contract; and that the Bishop of Exeter, on a recent occasion, warned the House of Peers against legalizing this marriage, lest by so doing they should "draw down the wrath of God;" it becomes of no small moment in this inquiry, that we should endeavour to ascertain, if possible, how such a union was regarded by the Almighty when contracted by one of his own favoured servants—the son of Isaac and grandson of Abraham—from whom descended the twelve tribes of Israel. Referring, then, to Gen. xxix., we find that Jacob married Leah, and subsequently Rachel, under circumstances familiar to every one. With the fraud practised upon Jacob, whereby he married Leah previously to Rachel, his betrothed, we have nothing to do: our business is to ascertain, if we can, how the conduct of Jacob, in uniting himself to Rachel, the sister of his first wife, Leah, was regarded by God. Taking the facts as we find them, we certainly cannot discover any indication of God's disapprobation of the transaction; on the contrary, we think we are well justified in the conclusion that the peculiar favours, blessings, and immediate communications made by God to Jacob, and also to Rachel, the second married sister, are wholly inconsistent with the idea that marriage with a second sister was considered by the Creator as incestuous and unholy. And in this case it cannot be urged, that the paucity of the people rendered consanguineous intermarriages necessary, as in the case of the children of our first parents, for Jacob's marriage did not take place until nearly six hundred years after the deluge. How, then, do we find Jacob dealt with by God subsequently to his marriage with his wife's sister? A perusal of Gen. xxx. *et seq.*, will refresh the memory of the reader, and satisfy him that 'the Lord spake unto Jacob,'—that 'the angels of God met' him—that 'God remembered Rachel' the *first wife's sister*, and 'God hearkened unto her and opened her womb.' Again, Gen. xxxv. 5, we find the Lord speaking thus to Jacob: 'Be fruitful and multiply; a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and kings shall come out of thy loins;' and in the seventh subsequent verse, the birth of Benjamin, by Rachel, is

recorded. We repeat, we consider this fact, hitherto barely noticed, of great importance, as aiding us in our reply to the inquiry, what is the probable will of the Creator in a matter about which there is alleged to be some doubt and obscurity ! The fact that Jacob, the founder of the tribes of Israel, contracted this marriage—even with two sisters contemporaneously—and was blessed and favoured by God, is beyond dispute. The question then arises, is it consistent with the attributes of purity and holiness of our Creator, that He would peculiarly favour both the parties concerned in an act which he considered unholy and impure, even to the extent of hearkening to the prayer of the second married sister, and ‘opening her womb ?’ The whole transaction suggests the answer—the obvious answer—and to our mind clearly warrants the conclusion that God never contemplated the absolute prohibition of marriage with a second sister, but that, under certain circumstances, and for a sound and obvious reason, as set forth in Lev. xviii. 18, he deemed it right to prohibit marriage with the sister of a wife *during that wife’s lifetime*, but only during that period. Let it be further borne in mind that polygamy was freely practised, and clearly not prohibited by God, at the time of the Mosaic dispensation, and the reading of the celebrated passage, Lev. xviii. 18, will be free from all difficulty,—‘Neither shalt thou take a wife to *her sister*, to vex her, *beside the other in her lifetime.*’

Here, then, strictly speaking, we enter upon the consideration of our subject, and it may be as well that we now stop to remark upon the translation of the controverted verse, Lev. xviii. 18. Our readers are, doubtless, aware that there are some who contend that the correct translation of the Hebrew words, which are rendered ‘a wife to her sister,’ is ‘one woman to another,’ as given in the marginal reading of our Bibles—thus translated the prohibition would be against polygamy in general. This forms the groundwork of the argument that Scripture prohibits marriage with a wife’s sister. But that this view is erroneous, and, consequently, the argument founded upon it valueless, the testimony of the great majority of the most eminent Hebraists, ancient and modern, places beyond all doubt. Indeed, so utterly indefensible does the Bishop of Exeter consider it, that in his recent speech in the House of Peers against the Earl St. German’s bill, he uttered these remarkable words :—

‘The noble earl repudiates the version given in the margin of our English Bible, which would make this to be only a prohibition of polygamy. My lords, on this point, and in accordance with the judgment of the ablest Hebrew scholars, I agree with the noble earl ; I willingly concur with him in not setting any value on the version in the margin. In truth, I understand both this verse and the verse which immediately

precedes it, as recognising the permission of polygamy to the Jews, but regulating it by a prohibition against having two wives who are in certain degrees of propinquity of kin to each other.'

On this point the present Chief Rabbi of the Jews, whose authority on a question of Hebrew criticism we would beg leave to prefer to that of Dr. Phillpotts, thus stated his views to her Majesty's Commissioners in 1848, in reply to their interrogatory, whether the marriage of a widower with the sister of his deceased wife is understood by the Jewish nation as prohibited by the Divine law?—

'It is not only not considered as prohibited, but it is distinctly understood to be permitted, and on this point neither the Divine law, nor the Rabbis, nor historical Judaism, leave room for the least doubt.'

'As regards the Divine law, the literal translation of the original text (Lev. xviii. 18) runs thus:—

"And a wife to her sister thou shalt not take, to vex her, by uncovering her nakedness, beside her in her lifetime."

'The meaning of the text is obviously this:—Polygamy, which in ancient times was tolerated among the Israelites, is hereby limited in one instance, the legislator interdicting matrimonial alliance with a wife's sister, during her (the wife's) lifetime, lest the law of nature should be reversed, and those in whom she has planted mutual love, be converted into rivals and enemies. To avoid, however, giving rise to any misapprehension as to the extent of this prohibition, the legislator has worded it differently from all the preceding prohibitions, by superadding such explanatory clauses as should render it evident that the aforesaid alliance is forbidden only during the life of the sister. We have here, first, "beside her sister;" secondly, the word *לערי* which in Hebrew, as well as in Arabic, implies enmity caused by jealousy (compare Numb. xxv. 18; 1 Sam. i. 6; 2 Sam. xx. 3; Isa. xi. 13); thirdly, an additional "beside her;" and, fourthly, "in her lifetime."

If, then, the translation in the text of our Bibles be correct, we are prepared to ask, Where is the difficulty in this matter? The Divine prohibition was promulgated to a people practising polygamy, and with a clear reference to that practice, as, indeed, the command itself, carefully worded in perspicuous language, makes perfectly manifest. The Bishop of Exeter, in his speech in the House of Lords, appears to have made a most extraordinary admission regarding this passage in Leviticus as applying to polygamy, of which Mr. Sleigh, who has for years been identified with this cause, as its untiring and zealous advocate, thus takes notice, in his reply to the speech of that prelate now before us.

'I now propose to proceed with the examination of those paragraphs in your speech, in which you enter upon the consideration of that por-

tion of the Levitical code which bears more immediately and specially upon the case of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. You introduce the subject in these words :—

“ The noble earl has remarked that the phrase ‘ uncover nakedness ’ does not apply to the conjugal union, but always includes the notion of turpitude and pollution. I fully agree in this criticism.”

‘ Indeed ! my lord ! This was surely a most unfortunate admission for your case ! Why, my lord bishop, is not this declaration on your lordship’s part, that the phrase “ uncover nakedness ” (Lev. xviii. 18) is not used in reference to the conjugal union—the marriage state—completely fatal to your argument ? If the phrase “ uncover nakedness ” “ does not apply to the conjugal state ; ” and if “ uncover nakedness ” is the phrase used in Lev. xviii. 18 ; then, is it not an inevitable conclusion that MARRIAGE with a DECEASED wife’s sister was not contemplated in Lev. xviii. 18, but simply that “ *species of polygamy* ” (your lordship’s own words) which was prevalent amongst those from whom the Israelites had been lately separated ? “ It is,” says your lordship, “ a positive and absolute prohibition of this SPECIAL CASE OF POLYGAMY—‘ a wife to her sister thou shalt not take.’ ” If, then, Lev. xviii. 18, refers to a special case of POLYGAMY, it is only necessary, in order to make manifest the sophistry of this portion of your argument, to bear in mind the meaning of the word “ polygamy,” and then inquire whether polygamy can occur between a man and women—one alive, and the others *dead* ? I regret that your lordship should compel me to put so absurd a question. If *not*, then it is palpably evident that Moses was legislating for this *special case* of polygamy (*e. g.*, Jacob’s) ; was legislating, not against *successive*, but against *contemporaneous* marriages ; was legislating, not against the marriage of a man with his deceased wife’s sister, but against the taking to wife a woman “ UNTO her sister, to vex her, beside the other *in her lifetime*.” How, then, can a serious doubt be honestly entertained, that Moses legislated in Lev. xviii. 18, against marriage with *two sisters*, both living at the same time—this “ species of polygamy,” of which the patriarch Jacob’s was a notable case, he having married Rachel while her sister Leah was yet alive (Gen. xxix. 28) ? In Lev. xviii. 18, there is a peculiarity of expression to which I wish to call your lordship’s attention. I refer to the words, “ *to her sister*.” My lord, it is remarkable, that in the whole chapter now under review, the phrase “ *to her* ” nowhere else occurs ! Let us read the prohibition at length : “ Neither shalt thou take a wife TO HER sister, to vex her, beside the other in her lifetime.” My lord, you called Professor Mill, of Cambridge, to your aid : that learned Professor renders the original into the still more emphatic English words, “ UNTO HER.” Very well. Here, then, we have it on the highest authority that the words of the Divine lawgiver were equivalent to these in English : “ Neither shalt thou take a wife UNTO HER sister,” &c. Now, my lord, let us summon to our counsels just a little unsophisticated common sense, and ask ourselves, can there be a question that the prohibition in Lev. xviii. 18, contemplated the two sisters as *both living at the same time*—contemplated the abrogation

of this most pernicious "species of polygamy," at a time when polygamy was not unfrequent—contemplated, in a word, the prevention of a repetition of such a case as that of Jacob, Rachel and Leah?—Once more, let us read the text—translated, if more satisfactory to your lordship, by Professor Mill, of Cambridge—"And a woman UNTO HER sister thou shalt not take: to annoyance, to uncover her nakedness upon her in her life." And now, my lord, I have a plain simple question to ask, and then I shall leave this phrase, and the question I am about to propound, for the consideration of the reader in general and your lordship in particular:—Can the command, "Neither shalt thou take a wife UNTO HER sister" be violated, unless both sisters are alive, and one is taken UNTO the other *during "her lifetime?"*

Admitted, as it is on all hands, that the translation, '*a wife to her sister*,' closely corresponds with the Septuagint, Vulgate, Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic versions; and adopted as the correct rendering by one so hostile to the legalization of this marriage as is the Bishop of Exeter, we do not feel it necessary to dwell longer on this portion of the subject, but dismiss it with one more quotation from Mr. Sleigh's Letter, in which he forcibly demonstrates the prelate's strange inconsistency:—

'Here, then, we have your lordship frankly admitting the perfect accuracy of the common English version; ignoring the marginal reading as "valueless;" declaring your opinion that the prohibitions are merely legislative regulations touching polygamy—in your own words, "regulating it [*polygamy*] by a prohibition against having two WIVES who are in certain degrees of propinquity of kin to each other"—and yet, *mirabile dictu*, you refuse to the simple English words "*during her lifetime*," a plain, honest, common-sense interpretation!'

The next objection urged against this marriage, on scriptural grounds, is, that we are forbidden to marry our '*near of kin*,' and that a wife's sister being *near of kin* to her sister's husband is one with whom a widower cannot properly contract marriage. Whether this objection be valid or not entirely depends upon whether a wife's sister is *near of kin* to her sister's husband. Unfortunately, people are too apt to forget that before a conclusion can be safely adopted as correct, the ground or premises upon which it is built should be ascertained to be sound. In this matter there is no dispute as to the command itself, '*None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him.*' All, therefore, who are *near of kin* come within the spirit and letter of this general prohibition. The real question, then, is, Who are *near of kin* to a man? The objection under consideration is founded on an assumption that a WIFE'S SISTER is *near of kin* to her sister's husband. Is this so in fact? That there is no reasonable pretence for saying it is so, must be obvious when

we ascertain the true etymological signification of the Hebrew words translated *near of kin*. Now, when we satisfy ourselves that the best Hebraists of the day interpret these words as meaning '*flesh of flesh*,' leaving no doubt that *consanguineous* relationship is alone intended, a new light bursts in upon us, and we naturally enough feel no small degree of curiosity to learn how a man's wife's *sister* can be considered as consanguineously related to him! Bishop Jeremy Taylor, an authority universally respected, thus discusses this matter (*Ductor: Dubit: b. ii. c. 2*):—

'What is meant by near of kin to you? Our English is not sufficiently expressive of the full sense of it. The Latin is something nearer to the Hebrew—*vir, vir, non accedet ad propinquitatem carnis sue*, to the nearness of his flesh, or, as other books, to her that is near of kin, that they usually dwell in the same house; *that is, PARENTS and CHILDREN, BROTHERS and SISTERS, or our parents' brothers and sisters. . . . God never forbad to marry our kindred*, but he forbad to marry the NEARNESS OF OUR FLESH. Which phrase, when we rightly understand, this whole question will quickly be at an end. . . . Since we see the prohibition of marriage with kindred hath been extended sometimes, and sometimes contracted, it is necessary that all lawgivers do express what is meant by their indefinite terms. *Heminius* gives a rule for this as near as can be drawn from the words and the thing. *Propinquitæ carnis* (saith he) *quæ me sine intervallo attingit*. That is, she that is next to me, none intervening between the stock and me. That is, the propinquity or nearness of my flesh above me is *my mother*, below me is *my daughter*, on the side is *my sister*. This is all; with this addition, that these are not to be uncovered for thy own sake; thy own immediate relation they are: all else which are forbidden are forbidden for the sakes of these: for my mother's or my father's, my son's or my daughter's, my brother's or my sister's sake. . . . This is all that can be PRETENDED to be forbidden by virtue of these words, NEAR OF KIN, or, the nearness of thy flesh. AND THIS WE FIND EXPRESSED in the case of the high priest's mourning. (*Lev. xxi. 2*): *The high priest might not be defiled for the dead among his people, but for his kin that is near unto him he may*; that is, for his mother, and for his father, and for his son, and for his daughter, and for his brother, and for his virgin-sister. This is the *propinquitæ carnis*, she that is immediately born of the same flesh that I am born of, or she out of whose flesh I am born, or she that is born out of my flesh, is this—NEAR OF KIN. There is no other propinquity but these, *all else are removed*, and when a bar does intervene, all the rest are or may be accounted kindred, but not near of kin, not the NEARNESS OF MY FLESH, which ONLY is here forbidden.'

To devote another moment to the objection that a wife's sister comes within the general prohibition (*Lev. xviii. 6*), would be to break a fly upon a wheel.

Equally untenable is Dr. Pusey's objection that by marriage a man and his wife are made *physically* one flesh, the wife's sister

becoming contemporaneously the blood sister of her sister's husband, and thus his *near of kin*! That the phrase in Scripture, 'one flesh,' in reference to a man and his wife, is used merely in a figurative and spiritual sense, is the almost unanimous opinion of the most celebrated commentators; and, indeed, to interpret it in a literal sense we should, to use the words of an able writer on this subject, 'again place under the ban the marriage of *cousins*, and of *two brothers with two sisters*; which, carried on to its inevitable results, must lead to the sacramental character of marriage held by the Romish and Greek Churches—to all the absurd prohibitions still maintained in the Greek Church.'

The only other objection of any consequence, on scriptural grounds, which remains to be noticed, is that founded on the command given in Lev. xviii. 16, which prohibits marriage with a brother's widow. It is contended that, 'by parity of reason,' a man is equally forbidden to marry his wife's sister. In order that 'parity of reason' can apply, we apprehend it will not be denied that there must exist a strict *parity of facts and circumstances*. Otherwise, it is obvious there can be no parity of reason. Is there, then, a parity of facts in the case of a man's wife and her sister; and in the case of a man's brother and that brother's wife? Clearly not. In the first case, the *wife* is not consanguineously related to the man; in the second case, the brother is so related. This at once destroys the necessary parity of facts: hence parity of reason is quite inapplicable. However, apart from this view, the objection can have no weight when we remember that the marriage of a man to his brother's widow was strictly enjoined under certain circumstances (Deut. xxv. 5); which fact alone is sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous that the Creator did not regard such a marriage as unholy or incestuous, else HE would never have enjoined it under any circumstances.

The argument that the prohibition, in the sixteenth verse, to marriage with a brother's widow applies to the case of a wife's sister, is untenable on many grounds; but we think it conclusive that the eighteenth verse has any existence at all; for had it been the intention of the Divine Lawgiver that the *first* command (ver. 16) should be regarded as applying to these two cases, we cannot for a moment believe that the *second* command (ver. 18) would have been introduced with limitations which are not expressed in the command relating to the brother's widow, and which, if one is to be regarded as applicable to the other, could only have the effect of rendering *both* confusing and perplexing. The command in verse 16 has no expression of limitation; that in verse 18 has in explicit terms; and, therefore, the one must necessarily be regarded as wholly independent of the other.

This particular objection has been considered on *physiological* grounds at some length in Mr. Sleigh's Letter to the Bishop of Exeter; and as we cannot, in this place, take his line of argument, we would refer the reader to pp. 18—23. He concludes his observations on this head in these words:—

'My lord, the *very most* you can make of the prohibition, "Thou shalt not uncover thy brother's wife," is, that it is inferentially a prohibition to the wife against marrying her husband's brother, which most assuredly it is; that which is forbidden to the man being equally forbidden to the woman. Thus, where the man is prohibited marrying his mother—the mother is prohibited marrying her son: where the man is prohibited marrying his aunt—the aunt is prohibited marrying her nephew; and so on. How obvious, then, must it be, even to the most prejudiced, that the prohibition against marriage with a brother's widow cannot, by any possibility, even with the aid of "inference" and "parity of reason," be tortured into a prohibition against marriage with a wife's sister! By his marriage with his deceased wife's sister, a man no more uncovers one "near of kin" to him—flesh of his flesh—than he does by marrying, consecutively, two women, strangers to each other in blood, in language, and in country.'

We have now noticed the principal arguments adduced in support of the assertion, that the WORD OF GOD prohibits marriage with a wife's sister; and having done so, we propose to take a rapid survey of the history and law appertaining to this description of marriage, as narrated in the books of Moses.

We find polygamy was freely and generally practised. That marriage with two sisters contemporaneously was evidently not considered improper, we may safely infer from Jacob's case. That the Levitical code was promulgated when polygamy was a custom, is beyond all doubt. We will not stop to inquire whether Lev. xviii. referred to *marriage*, strictly speaking, or not—we will assume that it did. Amongst other prohibitions, we find one which interdicts marriage with a brother's widow, and another which forbids marriage with a wife's sister, *during her (the wife's) lifetime*. In all candour we must confess we are amazed that any difficulty should be felt in the interpretation of this command as translated in our Bibles; and of the correctness of the translation there can be no doubt. Had there been an intention to prohibit the marriage of a man to two sisters consecutively, the second after the death of the first, we are at a loss to account for the introduction of the words '*during her lifetime*.' Indeed, they weaken, rather than strengthen, such an inference. They are words much in the way. They negative the idea that it was meant as a full and unlimited prohibition to marriage with a second sister. In short, they clearly, and to our mind most satisfactorily, define the extent of the pro-

hibition to be *during the lifetime of the wife*. But, we need not rest our opinion merely upon these words. We have the further words, '*beside the other*,' yet to consider. What do they import, but that both sisters must be alive, in order to the infringement of the law? It cannot be otherwise, for to be '*beside the other*,' both sisters must necessarily be alive at the same time. With regard to the phrase, '*to vex her*,' the original word in the Hebrew so rendered in our translation, we have already seen in the quotation from the Chief Rabbi's evidence, implies '*enmity caused by jealousy*,' thus placing it beyond a shadow of doubt that the command had strict and limited reference to marriage with two sisters contemporaneously, as in Jacob's case. On this point the CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF EXETER thus expresses himself in a letter to DR. LUSHINGTON, one of her Majesty's Commissioners:—'It appears to me that the 18th verse of the 18th chapter of Leviticus is, as to this point, constructively, and as clearly almost as is possible, by implication, *permissive*. On the known principle of construction, "*Expressio unius, exclusio alterius*;" to prohibit expressly *during the life*, is to permit *after the death* of the wife.'

Rejecting, as unworthy of further consideration, the various other objections which we have already, and we trust satisfactorily, disposed of in this paper, we hesitate not to declare our firm conviction that Lev. xviii. 18, by implication, permits marriage with the sister of a deceased wife—but forbids it with two sisters contemporaneously.

The *social* branch of this subject next demands our attention. It has been objected that a repeal of the existing law would be attended with disastrous consequences to the family circle: that married women would regard their sisters with suspicion and jealousy; dread their presence as dangerous to domestic happiness; construe every polite word to their husbands as an indication of an attempted alienation of his affection, and so forth. But these suggestions are *mere modern inventions*. Passing strange they were never urged until after 1835! Passing strange that until 1835 Hansard does not record even an attempt to introduce a bill into Parliament to render these marriages illegal on the ground that domestic felicity was endangered by the state of the law, which did not then prohibit them! For hundreds of years these marriages were freely contracted in England, and no previous attempt was made to prohibit them by statute. Why?—for a very obvious reason—because they were unobjectionable and oftentimes most expedient unions. Every one knows—or should know—that the bill originally introduced in 1835, was not with reference to the future prohibition of marriage with a wife's sister; but, on the contrary, had for its object, rather their

protection from the almost unlimited power of the Ecclesiastical Court. The simple object of the bill, as originally introduced, was the contraction and limitation of the power of that court, so that no proceedings could be instituted, unless within a certain period from the celebration of the marriage. The history of the matter is soon told. A certain peer had married his deceased wife's niece—within the prohibited degrees. An attempt was threatened to procure a decree of the Ecclesiastical Court, declaring the marriage void, and thus bastardise the issue. The bill to which we refer was forthwith introduced, to limit the power of the court, and enact that no proceedings should be taken, unless within six months from the date of past, and two years of future, marriages. The passage of this bill would not merely have secured the object of the noble peer in jeopardy, but have acted as a future protection to all persons contracting marriage within the prohibited degrees. However, the case of the noble peer was urgent, and admitted of no delay. The session was fast drawing to a close—and the Church party in Parliament perceiving this, took advantage of the circumstances, and refused to consent to the passage of any measure of relief, unless on their own terms—that all such marriages should for the future be declared wholly void. These terms were acceded to, and this disgraceful compromise of the interests of posterity for the sake of one man, having been entered into, the law of which we now complain was inconsiderately ushered into existence.

The facts that such marriages were never sought to be prohibited by the legislature of this country; and that they are now, and ever have been, regarded in various countries as most expedient marriages; go far to negative the foul insinuation that their permission has tended, or would tend, to demoralize society, or render a wife's home unhappy. As to the absolute expediency of such marriages, and their moral and social effects, we have the too unequivocal testimony of men of the highest character in all countries, to allow us to doubt for one moment that the present law of this country is as unwarranted on social grounds as it is unsupported by scriptural authority. The following opinion of that eminent man, Mr. Justice Storey, as regards the feelings and practice of the people of the United States of America, will be read with interest:—

‘Nothing is more common in almost all the States of America than second marriages with a wife's sister; and, so far from being doubtful as to their moral tendency, they are among us deemed the very best sort of marriages. In my whole life, I never heard the slightest suggestion against them, founded on moral or domestic considerations.’

The Chancellor of the diocese of Exeter, whom we have

already quoted, after stating his reasons why he thinks such marriages expedient, thus proceeds to deal with the objections urged against them on social grounds:—

‘The argument, on which I apprehend much stress is laid, that the permission of these marriages would present temptation to the husband to indulge in improper feelings or conduct to his wife’s sister during her life, has with me no weight whatever. So unprincipled a husband would indulge in similar feelings and conduct to the same sister, or a maid, or a friend, whether with or without reference to a remote marriage; and the wife’s sister who would encourage or reciprocate such feelings or conduct, in the view of a possible reversionary marriage, would be equally unprincipled, and would very probably be deceived; and, at all events, the sacrifice in many instances, of the innocent and substantial happiness and welfare of well-principled widowers and motherless children, is too high a price to pay for other supposed instances of unprincipled people being protected against each other and themselves; and in fact I do not believe that, in this respect, we are indebted to the present system for any important and effectual safeguard to morality. If it be true that, on the one side, under the proposed change, some unprincipled parties would be brought into temptation, and suffer the consequences of yielding; it is also true, on the other side (at least such is my conviction), that a much larger number of really well-principled, or at least much better people, are, in the present state of things, drawn into a snare which involves them and their families in a grievous evil.’

Most thoroughly do we concur with the Chancellor in his opinion that ‘the present state of things will serve to draw well-meaning people into a snare, and involve whole families in grievous evil.’ It is impossible that it can be otherwise while a law exists which is disregarded and openly violated upon principle, and is at the same time an instrument which, in the hands of the unprincipled, may be made to do irreparable mischief.

In concluding this article, we would remind those who are suffering under the ban of this oppressive law, and, indeed, the friends of civil and religious liberty in general, that to the Earl St. Germans and the Right Hon. Stuart Wortley, the Recorder of London, they owe a debt of deep gratitude for the able and disinterested manner in which they have fought this battle. And when these brilliant and honourable ornaments of their respective Houses shall have brought to a successful issue this struggle for emancipation from ecclesiastical thralldom—and we firmly believe the time is not far distant—they will have earned for themselves an enduring reward—the proud knowledge that they have mainly contributed to erase from the brows of tens of thousands of their countrymen the brand of bastardy, and, at the same time, burst asunder those chains with which a haughty and into-

lerant Church party have long fettered the nonconforming portion of the English people.

Mr. Sleigh's pamphlet is an admirable specimen of calm and severe reasoning. We have never seen the force of the expression, 'near of kin,' so happily elucidated. We advise our readers to refresh themselves with Mr. Sleigh's exposure of the Bishop of Exeter's misquotation of a passage from Jeremy Taylor. He concludes this portion of his letter to the bishop in these words: 'Were the statement made by a *lay-peer*, that the passage in question from Bishop Taylor is, *as against* marriage with a deceased wife's sister, "a most conclusive one," I should have been very much surprised at the *error* into which he had fallen; but when made by a *spiritual* peer—a bishop—a scholar of high order—a logician, I cannot bring myself, on the one hand, to believe it an *error*, neither, on the other hand, can I allow myself to pronounce it a wilful, deliberate perversion of the truth by one of the bishops of the Church of England! No; I must content myself with stating *facts*, and leave the reader to form his own judgment. I have only to add, were a member of the English bar proved guilty of deliberately and designedly misquoting or interpolating an authority—a grave and most mischievous offence, alike destructive of good faith and subversive of honest, honourable advocacy—he would, from that time, forfeit the confidence of bench and bar; be degraded in the eyes of both; be regarded as one who would not hesitate to establish his case *per fas aut nefas*; and thus be a practical exemplification of Cardinal Pandolph's remark to King John—

‘He who stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up!’

- ART. VIII.—1. *Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Hungary.* 1847—1849. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty, August 15, 1850.
2. *Correspondence respecting Refugees from Hungary within the Turkish Dominions.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty, February 28, 1851.
3. *Kossuth; his Life, Times, and Speeches in England.* Post 8vo. Pp. 58. London: Charles Gilpin.

4. *Kossuth and 'The Times.'* By the Author of 'Revelations of Russia;' containing curious and important Information concerning 'Our own Correspondents' of 'The Times.' 8vo. Pp. 24. London; Charles Gilpin.
5. *Kossuth; his Career, Character, and Companions.* Post 8vo. Pp. 80. London: David Bogue.
6. *Kossuth and Magyar Land; or, Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary.* By Charles Pridham, Esq., B.A., F.R.G.S. late Correspondent of the 'Times' in Hungary. 12mo. Pp. 327. London: James Madden.

OUR readers would be disappointed, and our own sense of duty be violated, if we did not place on permanent record our estimate of the views and character of the illustrious exile who has recently visited our shores. We have frequently adverted to the career of M. Kossuth, and our language has uniformly been that of respect and admiration. In his earlier struggles against the centralizing policy of Vienna; in the labors of 1847-8; in the bolder, though strictly constitutional, policy which followed the revolutions of Paris and Vienna; in the manly assertion of Hungarian rights against rebels privately aided by Austrian arms and money; in the heroic spirit with which a nation was aroused to throw back the tide of invasion; in the dignity with which subsequent reverses have been sustained, and in the faith yet exercised in the *future* of his country; in all these stages of his procedure we have seen much to admire,—an embodiment of manifold virtues constituting the higher form of human genius and virtue. We have no doubt that the course of M. Kossuth has borne traces of its earthly character; that his judgment has sometimes been at fault, his information been partial, and his views local and temporary. Placed in circumstances equally trying to his intellect and his heart, with a power less enlightened, but more formidable, than that of Washington, the hero of a revolution, the idol of some millions of people, with an oratory rarely equalled, and never surpassed, capable at once of thrilling the most cultivated, and of moving to passion the impromptu armies which sprung into life at his bidding, it would have been strange, indeed, if he had not, on some occasions, evinced the limited capabilities and tendency to error which are inherent in our nature. We say thus much from the general probabilities of the case, and as a sufficient reply to many of the charges which reckless and mendacious journals have advanced against him. Let them make the most of the admission. They are welcome to it. There are spots on the sun, and M. Kossuth

will still be dear to every true-hearted man, though it should be proved that he partook of the common attribute of our race. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.* History may yet divulge the price at which some of our countrymen have sold themselves to the despotism of Europe. It may not be a money consideration—possibly not; but, whatever it be, the *purchase* cannot be doubted. Were proof needed, it might be found in the mendacity and malevolence which daily disfigure the columns of some of our contemporaries. But enough of this. The reptile may be traced by its slime, and no hardihood of assertion, no recklessness, nor even talent, can hide the baseness to which a section of our press has stooped.

Until recently, we knew M. Kossuth only at a distance. He was the Governor of Hungary, the life and soul of her finances, her armies, and her people. We read his State Papers, those marvellous productions in which the keenest intellect subordinated to its service profound political sagacity and fiery passions; we subsequently traced him across the Turkish frontier, trembled for his safety at Kutayah, and hailed the tidings of his freedom. But we have now seen him for ourselves. He has been in our midst. We have scanned his countenance with an inquiring eye, and say, unhesitatingly, that he is incapable of the selfish ambition and cruel policy charged upon him by the 'Times.' We want no other evidence of this than his physiognomy. He carries about with him a refutation of all such calumnies. No candid man can look upon him without perceiving it. It is stamped on his open and benignant countenance, as if nature, anticipating his career, had furnished him beforehand with a vindication which all could comprehend, and which every honest man would admit. Instead of his presence having dissolved the spell which encircled his name, it has increased it a hundred-fold. The admiration with which we regarded the patriot of Hungary, struggling, with superhuman fortitude, against the despotism of Austria and the brute force of Russia, has been changed into something like affection, as we gazed on his manly countenance, and listened to the tones of a voice, in whose deep utterances were recognised the hope and the faith of a future resurrection. We had no conception beforehand of the extent of Austrian baseness; or of the self-control which had been maintained by M. Kossuth and his patriot associates. Much as we had read and pondered on their civil and military struggle, we had yet to learn that the duplicity, and heartlessness and despotism of our own Stuarts had been exceeded by the authorities of Vienna; while the constitutional principles and heroism of our Pym and Hampdens had been equalled, to say the least, by the illustrious band of whom

M. Kossuth is the chief. But so it is. Partizanship may deny the fact; mercenary scribblers may do the bidding of their masters; hireling journalists may seek to make the worse appear the better cause; tyranny may vent its disappointed malice in foul aspersions; but there has been lodged in the heart of the English people, a sentiment which will never be extracted—there has gone forth a mandate which, sooner or later, will secure to the Magyar the constitutional rights for which he has struggled so heroically. But we must restrict ourselves to our special object, and shall, therefore, after briefly describing the course of Hungarian affairs in past times, trace the revolution recently attempted, and more particularly the part enacted by M. Kossuth. In doing this, we shall place before our readers the main points of one of the most interesting struggles of modern times, and shall thus qualify them to judge for themselves on the merits of the contending parties.

We need not advert to the ancient history of Hungary. It is enough to say that the Huns, Goths, and Lombards successively occupied the country, and that in the ninth century it was conquered by the Magyars, a tribe from Central Asia. Their chief became Duke of Hungary, and his successor, Stephen, assumed the title of king in the year 1000. Andrew III. was the last king of this family, which became extinct in the male line in 1301. Nine years afterwards, Charles, brother of Louis IX. of France, was crowned king, and his descendants for some time occupied the throne. Eventually, however, Hungary fell under the dominion of the House of Hapsburg, through the death of Louis, in 1526. The battle of Mohatz, on the 29th of August in that year, annihilated the Hungarian army, and left the country, for a time, at the mercy of the Turkish sultan, Solyman. The king perished in the flight, and Ferdinand I. of Austria, claimed the crown under a double title of family compacts, and of the right of his wife Anne, only sister of the deceased king. The Hungarians refused to recognise his claim, and he offered himself, in consequence, as a candidate, according to their usual mode of election. This point must be distinctly borne in mind, as it materially affects the rights of the several parties in the yet pending struggle. It was not by conquest that the House of Austria obtained the Hungarian crown. They were elected by the suffrages of the nation, and had to swear that the constitution of the nation should be maintained in its integrity. Such was in substance the oath taken by Ferdinand, as King of Hungary, in 1527, and it has been repeated by his successors in all subsequent times. 'Three hundred years have passed,' says the Declaration of Independence, 'since the Hungarian nation, by free election,

placed the House of Austria upon its throne, in accordance with stipulations made on both sides, and ratified by treaty.' What has been the fruits of this compact does not admit of doubt, as our narrative will show. 'These three hundred years,' says the document just quoted, 'have been for the country a period of uninterrupted suffering;' yea, it is subsequently added, 'The policy of the House of Austria, which aimed at destroying the independence of Hungary as a state, has been pursued unaltered for three hundred years.' In tracing the Hungarian policy of the House of Hapsburg from 1526, we see much to remind us of our own national struggles. Change the names of the actors, and the terms employed, and the Long Parliament stands before us, with its life and death contest. The Austrian Cabinet seems never to have swerved from its treacherous and tyrannical policy. It hated liberty throughout the empire, and felt that its policy was insecure, so long as the municipal institutions and guaranteed constitutionalism of Hungary survived. Against these, therefore, its efforts were directed with an utter want of good faith and truthfulness. To Prince Metternich belongs the unenviable notoriety of having surpassed all others in the heartlessness and brutality of his policy. He lived on the prejudices of race, and sought to maintain the supremacy of Austrian rule by arraying the bad passions of one of her people against those of another. A more treacherous and disgraceful policy was never pursued by the least scrupulous agents of tyranny.

Such was the state of things up to the peace of 1815, when the so-called Holy Alliance parcelled out Europe, as if it were the patrimony of a small privileged class. The kings and rulers of that day were verily beside themselves. They threw off the masque which their sorcery had worn, and thus purchased temporary by the dread-folk of permanent power. They spoke out and acted as they felt, and the *actual* destroyed the spell of the *ideal*. For the season the nations were silent, but in the meantime they were rapidly unlearning the slavish deference and feudalism of past ages. The Hungarian diet, like the parliament of Charles I., did not meet for several years, but the necessities of Austria at length compelled its being summoned, when it was instantly seen that the national mind had made progress, and was prepared to sustain a bolder and more searching inquiry into grievances than at any former period. It was so with the English parliament of November, 1640, and the ministers of Austria were taught a similar lesson when they stood before the representatives of Hungary, in 1825. The parliamentary struggle was then commenced, which the diets of 1832 renewed, and which has subsequently continued, with

varying fortunes, until the treachery of Görgey gave temporary ascendancy to despotism.

At this time Kossuth was rising into notice. Born at Monok, a county of Zemplin, in Hungary, in 1802, he received his education at the Protestant College of Patak. He was trained to the bar, and early took part in the provincial diet of his county. The basis of his popularity was laid in 1831, and the circumstances out of which it arose, reflect the highest honor on his humanity and heroism.

‘In the year 1831,’ says one of the works before us, ‘circumstances occurred which laid the basis of that deep and fervent attachment on the part of his fellow-countrymen, which has clung to him through every reverse, has followed him in his exile from his native land, and is far deeper and stronger than that which attaches to any other popular leader of the age, or, we had almost added, of *any* age.

‘In that year the *cholera* broke out in Hungary; the disease was unknown, and its frightful ravages induced the belief on the part of the ignorant peasantry, that their waters-prings had been poisoned by the upper classes. Riots ensued, in which many of the clergy and country gentlemen lost their lives. Kossuth was present everywhere. In the hut of the peasant, by the bed-side of the dying, he prescribed the means for checking the fearful disorder; he fearlessly checked the wrath of the mob and stayed the uplifted hand of the assassin, and, while by his earnest and practical eloquence he subdued the passions of the multitude, he pointed out to them the needful sanitary measures to prevent a recurrence of the disorder, or to mitigate its attacks.’—*Kossuth: His Life, &c.*, p. 1.

Kossuth now devoted himself to journalism. He was sufficiently alive to what was passing around him, to perceive the augmenting power of the press. He, therefore, betook himself to it as the weapon with which he could best withstand the armies, and unravel the wily policy of Austria. He also learnt stenography, and began, in 1835, to report the proceedings of the legislature, for which he was thrown into prison two years afterwards. In the fortress of Ofen he devoted himself to political studies, and probably matured those views which have subsequently been embodied in some of the ablest state-papers which the intellect of man has framed. It was during his imprisonment that his acquaintance commenced with Madame Kossuth, the sharer and solace of his exile, of whom it is no slight praise to say that she is the meet companion of one of the genuine nobles of our race.

‘It was in prison that he also became acquainted with the venerable patriot Wesselenyi, who was also a captive at Ofen. The friendship of this nobleman proved of great service to Kossuth. Endeared to each other by similar misfortunes, and alike desirous of relieving their

native land from the burdens which oppressed her, their friendship lasted beyond their prison-walls; and Wesselenyi was the means of gaining for Kossuth the sympathy and co-operation of many of the Hungarian nobility.'—*Ib.* p. 2.

Happily, Kossuth was not destined, like our Sir John Eliot, of immortal memory, to die in prison. The Austrian authorities, equally with our faithless and brutal Stuart, would have rejoiced in such an issue, and had they possessed sufficient prescience to foresee the *future* of their victim, they would not, probably, have scrupled to compass their end. But the opposition members of the diet made the liberation of Kossuth and his fellow prisoners the condition of their acceding to the demands of the Imperial Government, and the Emperor at Vienna ultimately thought it best to yield. The imperial rescript of 1840, granting the amnesty required, was a proud triumph for Kossuth, or rather for the liberal cause with which he was identified. It showed the immense strides which had been taken, and proved to the Hungarian patriots how their end might be attained by the peaceful use of constitutional means. From his incarceration the young jurist came forth a renovated and fearless patriot, with his views confirmed, his principles more clearly ascertained and more deeply laid, and with his *future* more fixed, and, at the same time, more elevated and illustrious. On the 1st of January, 1841, he became editor of a journal entitled the '*Pesthi Hirlap*,' the circulation of which rapidly extended, while the masterly manner in which it was conducted greatly widened his fame. In the meantime the Government was not idle, but the popular feeling was with Kossuth, and he availed himself of it with vast energy and talent. On one occasion he visited Vienna, and had an interview with Metternich. His object was to obtain permission to commence a journal of his own, as he had found it necessary to retire from the '*Pesthi Hirlap*,' through, as he suspected, the influence of the Austrian minister. It is needless to say he did not obtain the *privilege* he sought, but advantageous offers are reported to have been made him, 'if he would use his pen for the Government.' These offers he spurned. The patronage of Austria was no equivalent for self-respect and a nation's gratitude, and he therefore persevered in the course which has its present issue in exile, but will find its ultimate fruit in the liberty, knowledge, and independence of his country.

A wider scope for his talents was afforded by his return to the Diet of November, 1847. An immense sum is said to have been expended by the Hungarian Conservatives in opposing his

return ; but all was unavailing. The hour had come, and the man equal to it was now placed in the post of honor. We can well imagine the grave countenances with which the Magnates assembled, and the combined resolution and hope with which the representatives gathered in their hall. What a drivelling thing is *red-tape statesmanship* ! How little can be learnt of the *probable*, or even of the *actual*, from mere officials ! How miserably wanting in the elements of political sagacity and prescience are many of our titled representatives at foreign courts ! Their opinions are those of a clique—their judgments are one-sided and superficial. They are themselves deceived, and they help to deceive others. Thus it was with Lord Ponsonby, our ambassador at Vienna, at the very time when the storm was about to burst. The heavens were dark, the elements were charged with thunder, yet, said his lordship, writing to Viscount Palmerston on the 8th of November, 1847, ‘I have heard from persons likely to be well informed, that it is believed, as well as hoped, the coming session of the Hungarian Diet *will be a quiet one.*’ No doubt his lordship had heard so ; but how he could have credited the report in the midst of the facts around him, it is difficult to imagine. A mere tyro in diplomacy ought to have known better, and he would have done so had he looked beyond the narrow circle of a clique. It is not for such childish credulity that the British people pay princely salaries to their so-called representatives at foreign courts. Better be without such than be misled by twaddle like this.

It has been customary to represent the Hungarian revolution as an offshoot of that of Paris, but nothing can be further from the truth. The former was in progress before the latter occurred, and would have been carried out—perhaps more successfully—though the Orleans dynasty had not been driven forth to the exile which it so richly merited. As early as March, 1847, before Kossuth had a seat in the Diet, the liberals issued a lithographed manifesto explanatory of their views. It is written with calmness and dignity, and must be thoroughly studied in order that the true nature of the Hungarian contest should be known. The men who withstood the tyranny of Strafford and Laud were not better informed as to their constitutional rights than the framers of this address. By whosoever it was drawn up, it reflects the highest honor on the men who adopted it. After declaring that in every constitutional state it is the province of an opposition to control the government—

‘They profess that their opposition is not directed against persons, but against the system of government hitherto pursued. For the pre-

* Correspondence, 1847-49, p 1.

sent Government of Hungary, they say, is not a national, but an alien (heterogenous) Government; a Government which, by ruling with absolute uncontrolled sway over the other states of the empire, is quite unfit for the administration of that state—viz., Hungary, which is in possession of a constitution.

‘They further declare that they can perceive no tendency towards the adoption of a better system, but that, on the contrary, the recent acts of the Government prove that the same anti-constitutional spirit still prevails. Their grievances, they say, which have been repeatedly laid before the throne, are still unredressed: and they contend that a Government that thus slights the legitimate voice of the people, violates the laws in as great a degree as the former Government by whose illegal acts these grievances arose; and that both are equally unentitled to claim the confidence of the nation. . . .

‘Under these circumstances they declare that they will use all their efforts to obtain further guarantees for the independence of the country. Among such guarantees they mention—

‘A responsible Ministry;

‘Liberty of the press;

‘Union of Hungary and Transylvania;

‘Publicity respecting everything relating to public affairs.

‘Among the reforms which they intend to propose at the next (that is to say at the present) Diet, they enumerate—

‘A system of general taxation for all classes, noble and non-noble, without distinction;

‘The co-ordination of the free towns;

‘Equality before the law;

‘A reform of the Urban laws (those pertaining to the feudal burdens of the peasantry);

‘The abolition of the Aviticity laws (those relating to the disposal of property). . . .

‘Professing our willingness to support any measure that may tend to an equitable adjustment of the conflicting interests of Hungary and the hereditary States, we at the same time declare that we cannot tolerate a system that would sacrifice all our interests and our constitution itself to the so-called general administrative unity; a kind of unity which by many is regarded as correlative with that of the monarchy. It was in the last quarter of the past century that the Government, by acting on this system of administrative unity, and offering us material advantages in exchange for our constitutional rights, attempted to subvert the nationality and independence of Hungary. It is to this system of administrative unity, developed, as it has constantly been, on the principles of absolutism, that all the free institutions of the Austrian hereditary States have been sacrificed. Our constitution is, however, a treasure which we cannot sacrifice for any advantages whatsoever. To maintain and invigorate this constitution is the first and most sacred duty that we owe to our country.’
—*Correspondence*, 1847-49, pp. 15, 16.

Such were the views broached before the *return* of Kossuth, and we need not wonder at their having his most earnest and con-

tinued support. He soon obtained great influence in the Diet. He was not an unknown man. For years he had labored in the field of politics. His character was unstained, his legal acquirements were of the first order, his principles were clearly and firmly grasped, his oratory was unmatched, and his administrative talents were pre-eminent. Such a man could not fail to have influence. A popular assembly was his appropriate sphere, and times of intense passion the precise period when his ascendancy would be most complete. We are not, therefore, surprised to find Mr. Blackwell, our representative at Presburg, reporting that a question respecting Transylvania was brought before the Diet January 14, 1848, by Kossuth, 'who made a two hours' speech on the occasion, which was listened to with profound attention, the popular orator only being interrupted by loud cheers from all parts of the House, as well as from the turbulent young juris-consults in the galleries, whenever he relieved his dry statement of facts by an impassioned burst of his peculiar eloquence.' (*Ib.* 1847, p. 22.)

The forms of the Hungarian Government admitted of much delay, and of these the Ministers took advantage. Their movements, however, were speedily quickened by the news from Paris, which Mr. Blackwell tells us 'produced the greatest sensation.' It was resolved to require a responsible Ministry to be chosen from the ranks of the Liberals. Kossuth made this motion March 3rd, and so powerful was the support he commanded, that 'the Conservative delegates agreed to give their tacit support; or, in other words, that the motion should be carried, without a single observation being made from either side of the House, by general acclamation.' (*Ibid.* p. 34.) The influence of the Paris revolution was exceeded by that of Vienna. This was perfectly natural, and might have been anticipated. Prior to the latter, the Hungarian Magnates ridiculed the notion of a responsible Ministry; but the Vienna revolution of March 14th, 'produced,' says Mr. Blackwell, writing from Presburgh, 'a great change in opinions; and this morning (15th) when the news arrived, that Prince Metternich and Count Apponyi had been compelled to resign the seal of office, the Conservatives, having no other alternative left, were obliged to comply with the demands of the Liberals. It is now self-evident that the Hungarians must have a *bonâ fide* responsible Ministry, liberty of the press, and annual Diets at Pesth.'—(*Ib.* p. 46.) No right-minded Englishman will gainsay the propriety of this. The demand itself was right; and if our ancestors were justified at Edge Hill, and on Naseby Field, it will be difficult to censure the Hungarians for withstanding the armies of Austria. If the sword was rightly drawn in the one case, it could not, without

treachery and cowardice, be permitted to remain sheathed in the other.

And here we may advert, for a moment, to the notion which some of our journals have propagated, that the Vienna revolution was concocted, or, at least, greatly accelerated by Kossuth and his associates. Had it been so, we know not, whatever 'The Times' may allege to the contrary, that any great crime would have been committed. But the allegation is devoid of truth. It is one of those reckless assertions which have currency only at a distance, and on which libellers venture in the hope of effecting their purpose before a correction can be obtained. Happily, the Foreign Office contained such refutation in the present case, and it is given in the 'Blue Book' of 1850.

'I am told,' says Mr. Blackwell, March 25, 'that some of the Austrian Ministers fancy that the students were instigated to the bold step that led to the resignation of Prince Metternich by the Hungarian Liberals, that they were in secret correspondence with Kossuth and other leaders of the Liberal party. There cannot be a more erroneous notion. The revolution at Vienna took every one here by surprise. Kossuth, Szemere, and Szentkiralyi were I know quite astonished—never dreamt of such an event happening. They certainly expected a revolution at Prague, from the notorious fact of the Government having had recourse in Bohemia to precisely the same arbitrary measures that in England were adopted under Charles I. I, for my part, expected that the first burst would break out in Gratz; but I repeat, no one here supposed for a moment, that a Government having such a strong military force at its command, could fall before a handful of students. The Liberals, in their famous programme, stated their views without the least disguise, that they would use all the efforts in their power to obtain a responsible ministry, liberty of the press, &c., at the same time, recommending his Majesty to grant constitutions to the hereditary States of the empire. This programme and the representation of March the 3rd, together with Kossuth's speeches in the Lower House, no doubt exercised a great influence on public opinion in Vienna; *but this is the only kind of conspiracy the Hungarian Liberals have been guilty of.* They were determined to realize their views by constitutional means, and by constitutional means only.'—*Ib.* p. 53.

Count Batthyany repaired to Vienna, in the hope of obtaining the Emperor's consent to the measures which were demanded by the Hungarian Liberals. He returned, however, 'highly dissatisfied,' and the more Conservative members of the opposition party were also greatly offended at the course pursued by the Viennese authorities. 'Kossuth,' says Mr. Blackwell, 'did not say much; but what he did say, shows that the Liberals are determined not to give way.' This judgment was correct. Count Batthyany reported to the Diet his having formed a Ministry, of which he was Premier; Prince Esterhazy, Foreign

Secretary ; and Kossuth, Minister of Finance. The Emperor, as king of Hungary, finally acceded to the demands of the Magyars, and the Diet was closed on the 11th of April. To this Assembly belongs a far higher distinction than can usually be boasted by such bodies. Its acts, like the earlier proceedings of our Long Parliament, will ever remain amongst the most honored records of history. Itself may be broken up ; its truest members may have perished in the field, or be now in exile ; military force may have swept it from the land it sought to benefit ; and tyrants, whether kings or ministers, may execrate its memory and abhor its noblest deeds ; but its legislation has wrought what no time or despotism shall annul—the personal freedom of the serf, and the consequent security and enlarged humanity of his lord. In this noble achievement, which future ages will rank with the most illustrious performances of our race, Kossuth bore a prominent part. One who knows him well, and is competent to estimate his rank, tells us,—

‘ Kossuth succeeded in framing, by the unanimous votes of a parliament of landlords, that great measure—one of the most important ever carried through. The influence and eloquence of Kossuth was sufficient to persuade these noble masters to complete the boon of freedom they had accorded, by ceding to the peasantry the lands they had occupied as serfs. The jealousy with which he had watched, and skill by which he managed, the national finances, enabled him to frame a scale of compensation, satisfactory to the landlords.

‘ This same assembly further declared the equality, before the law, of all classes and all races. Its result was to render impossible the scenes which desolated Galicia, and which hourly threaten society throughout Russia and Poland, to unite in indissoluble bonds of brotherhood classes whom oppression and suspicion had estranged. In history it stands alone as an instance of the mutually satisfactory reconciliation of seemingly conflicting interests. Its immediate effect was to give the Magyar nobles, yeomen, and middle class free scope to vindicate their rights, and to strengthen them by the grateful co-operation of the masses.

‘ The disasters which have overtaken Hungary, have rather tended to cement than to disturb the harmony, and have been powerless to destroy the benefits which Kossuth conferred on millions of his fellow-countrymen. The noble and his emancipated peasant have bled on the same field, perished on the same scaffold, and shared the same captivity ; but the landlord sleeps secure in the affections of his former serf, and the former serf retains the freedom which he owes to Kossuth, which even Austria dares not snatch away, and remains in the enjoyment of the lands with which his masters had magnanimously endowed him.

‘ It is in this great measure that we must seek the first cause of that wonderful resistance, which enabled a nation limited in number, widely scattered over extensive plains, utterly unarmed and thoroughly surprised, to drive twice back the tide of invasion, to place a mighty empire

at their mercy, and to render it more than questionable whether, if not betrayed by Görgey, it would not successfully have resisted the double aggression to which it succumbed at last. It is in this measure we must seek the cause of a popularity greater and more deeply-rooted in misfortune, than any modern leader has enjoyed in the zenith of success.'—*Kossuth and the Times*, p. 23.

In the interval which elapsed, prior to the re-assembling of the Diet, important events occurred. The Ministers consisting, as Mr. Blackwell reports, 'of the most moderate men of the Liberal party,' displayed much energy in preserving order, and were happily successful. But the old policy of Austria was now brought into play. Compelled to bow before the force of popular enthusiasm, the successors of Metternich sought to array against the new order of things the prejudices and selfish ambition of the Croats and their *Ban* Jellachich. It is thus that her rule has been maintained in past times; and her course at this juncture is strikingly illustrative of the recklessness and brutality which presided over her councils. The Hungarian Ministers demanded explanation, and stigmatized the policy of the Austrian Cabinet as perfidious; but the time was not yet come for throwing aside the veil, and recourse was therefore had to dissimulation and perfidy. Jellachich was rapidly advanced to the highest administrative post in Croatia; was made Councillor of State; raised above thirty-nine colonels who were his seniors, and was then created lieutenant-general; 'an advancement,' says our consul at Belgrade 'unprecedented, I believe, even in the case of archdukes of the Imperial family.' (*Corresp.* p. 70.) Such were the honors rapidly accumulated on the man who was immediately afterwards, in royal proclamations, branded as a rebel; but was privately encouraged from Vienna, and was aided by Austrian money and arms. Publicly the Ban was commanded 'to acknowledge the authority of the Hungarian Diet and Government;' but, says Lord Ponsonby, when reporting this, 'it is certain, the Ban knows the reason by which the Imperial Government was moved; and, it is believed, as well as hoped, that he will *content himself with silent disobedience*. He knows that the Hungarians are unable to enforce the order; that the Hungarian Ministers themselves are perfectly aware of their own want of power; and, therefore, that no attempt will be made which will bring on a crisis.' Twelve days afterwards (May 24, 1848), it is again reported to Lord Palmerston in yet plainer terms, that the consent of the Imperial Government had been given 'under the notion that the Ban of Croatia having, as it was supposed, perfect knowledge of what passed in Vienna, would know that it would not be necessary for *the Croats* to take any notice of the affair, and might do no more than allow

it quietly to drop, without paying obedience to the order.'— (*Ib.* p. 72.) More to the same purpose is furnished in the correspondence of our ambassador, and yet we are told that the policy of Austria was single-minded and upright—that she acted with integrity towards the Ministry of Count Batthyany, and that the mistrust with which she was regarded is proof of the unreasonable dissatisfaction and revolutionary tendencies of Hungary. Verily, the latter must have been more credulous than childhood, had they viewed the course of Austria with other feelings than those of mistrust and indignation. It scarcely needed the assurance of Mr. Mageniz, dated from Vienna, August 3rd, that Jellachich in that city 'was received with marked favor by the Austrians.'

And now commenced the unravelling of the plot. Radetsky's victories in Italy reassured the Cabinet of Vienna, and the Emperor, in curt speech, declined the invitation of the Hungarian deputies to visit Pesth. The latter requested military and pecuniary assistance against Jellachich; but, reports Lord Ponsonby, 'the Austrian Government will not give either.' This state of things alarmed the timid, and made even Count Batthyany despair of his country. The obvious perfidy of the Austrian Cabinet, and the unpreparedness of the country to meet the Ban of Croatia, broke up the Ministry of Hungary. Then appeared the genius and marvellous resources of Kossuth. While others despaired, he was hopeful. They counselled submission as their destiny, but his noble spirit, confident in itself and in the resources of his fatherland, spurned the suggestion, and called on his countrymen to show their worthiness of the liberty recently obtained. No intelligent observer conversant with history could have expected Counts and Princes to take the lead in a life-and-death struggle with Austria—not, be it remembered, for *independence*, for the conflict had not yet assumed that character—but for the *old constitutional rights* of Hungary. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that Kossuth was at issue with his associates, or to be told by our ambassador—ever ready to exhibit the Great Commoner of Eastern Europe in the worst possible light—that he 'overbears the Ministers, his colleagues, by his influence in the present Diet.' We doubt not that his influence was transcendent. It ought to have been so; it would have been disgraceful to his compeers had it been otherwise. His ascendancy was based on larger views, deeper sympathies, a profounder insight into the wants of his country, and a more resolute determination to brave every danger rather than abandon the constitution and liberties of Hungary. He was, in fact, the rallying-point of all true Magyars—resolute where many were timid, and faithful where some proved recreant. It is not too much to say,

that but for Kossuth, Hungary would have succumbed in the autumn of 1848. Her Magnates trembled for their possessions, and retired from the helm; and even the patriotic and ill-fated Batthyany deemed the difficulties of the crisis insuperable, and withdrew in despair. Kossuth, however, stood erect and man-like—the embodiment of Hungarian resolution, talent, and virtue. He was ‘the man’ of the hour, and his mission was nobly discharged. He addressed himself at once to the heart of the people. It was their struggle, and he appealed to them accordingly. They had made him Governor, and he confided in their patriotism and valor. The effect of his proclamations was astounding. Armies sprung into existence at his call, and the want of discipline, and even, in many cases, of military arms, was supplied by an intense and absorbing enthusiasm. History records no parallel, and future generations will wonder when they read the story of what followed. It was more marvellous than fiction, and shows what a brave people may accomplish in defence of their liberties.

The fate of General Lamberg hastened the crisis. In September, he was sent to Pesth, professedly to stop the proceedings of Jellachich, and to settle the differences between the Croats and Hungarians, but really to aid the Ban and to subvert the constitution of Hungary. Lord Ponsonby may well report, when announcing Lamberg’s mission, ‘Some people say that the Government is not in earnest, and do not wish to impede the progress of the Banus.’ (*Ibid.* p. 84.) His purpose, however, was known at Pesth. It involved beyond doubt the guilt of treason, and would have subjected him fairly to the severest penalty; but the people, maddened by their wrongs, would not wait the slow process of law. The commissioner was stabbed by the populace, and the proofs of treason found on his person were conclusive of his guilt. A proclamation was immediately issued by the king (October 3rd), dissolving the Diet, declaring all its resolutions which had not his sanction null and void, appointing Jellachich military commander and royal plenipotentiary in Hungary, and laying the kingdom under martial law. We need scarcely say how this was met. Had the Diet submitted, the fate of every illustrious man in it would have been sealed. It needed no writing on the wall to forewarn them of this. Kossuth and his colleagues knew it well, and they answered the claim of the Croat in the way that brave men ought. ‘Jellachich,’ said Kossuth at Winchester, ‘escaped towards Vienna—I ordered to follow him.’ Had the General been like the Governor, the power of Austria might now have been broken. But a self-denying ordinance was required, as it formerly had been in England. General Moga, the Essex of the Hungarian army, was wholly

destitute of the promptitude, vigor, and determination which the crisis required. He was unfit for his position; and the Ban was, consequently, permitted to join the Austrians, and to move with them towards Vienna. The events which followed need not be traced in detail.

It is sufficient to say, that the Vienna Revolution of October 6th, with the subsequent bombardment and capture of the city, annihilated, for the time, the hope of the democratic party in Austria, and left its military forces free to act against Hungary. In that direction they were immediately sent, and no doubt was entertained of a certain and speedy triumph. Hungary was entered on all sides by the Imperial troops, and one stronghold after another submitted to their assault. The letters of our ambassador report these victories with evident complacency. Merging the English in an Austrian character, he forgot his neutrality, and became a partizan. His whole correspondence shows his leaning, but occasionally his zeal masters his discretion in an unwonted degree. Thus he writes January 17th, 1849, 'The news from Hungary continues to be *as favorable as possible*.* Had this proceeded from an ambassador of the Czar, or from the agent of one of the petty tyrants of Germany, it would have been in character; but that a British minister should see anything *favorable*, nay, *as favorable as possible*, in the victories of Windischgrätz and Jellachich, in the destruction of an ancient constitution, and the establishment of Austrian centralization in the place of Hungarian institutions and guaranteed rights, is mortifying proof of the manner in which we are *misrepresented* at many foreign courts. At the very time when Lord Ponsonby was thus writing of the overthrow of Hungarian troops, and the capture of its towns, the people of this country, Whig, Radical, and Conservative, were uttering their sympathy with the Magyars in tones of earnest and impassioned eloquence. For a time, the career of the Austrians was triumphant. Hungary was unprepared to resist its formidable assailants, whose progress was facilitated by 'the rivers having been so firmly frozen over, that they could be passed with artillery and cavalry at any point.' Lord Ponsonby consequently reported, January 28th, 1849, that 'the war is looked upon as nearly at an end.' But our ambassador knew little of Hungary or of Kossuth, and was soon taught

* A subordinate official—Mr. Magenis—evinces the same temper in his correspondence. Writing to Lord Palmerston, May 29th, 1849, when the Hungarians were performing feats of marvellous heroism, he says, 'I regret to inform your lordship that the capture of the fortress of Ofen by the Hungarians has been confirmed to me by Prince Swartzenberg.'—*Correspondence*, 1847, p. 210.

the fallacy of his hopes. Kossuth retired to Debreczin, and his voice was heard above the storm counselling resistance unto death. So magical were his words, that it was said, 'Wherever he stamped his foot there sprung up a soldier.' His talents were as practical as his genius was inspiring. He created the munitions of war; formed and disciplined battalions; and appointed generals whose military skill was only equalled by their enthusiasm. One capital error was committed, in constituting Görgey commander-in-chief. We see it now, and must deplore it; but the selfish ambition and treachery of the soldier were then concealed beneath the guise of patriotism. It was not in human sagacity to penetrate the thick folds of that hypocrisy, in which the General enwrapped himself.* Encouraged by success, a royal proclamation was issued March 4th, 1849, annihilating the separate existence of Hungary; declaring it an integral portion of the 'hereditary empire of Austria,' and naming Vienna as the capital, and seat of the Executive power. Such a procedure precluded, of course, the possibility of an amicable adjustment. It was the act of a victor who deemed his enemy prostrate, and on the field of battle issued his mandate with an imperious and provoking insolence. But the end was not yet. By the end of March the Hungarians began to act on the offensive, and the campaign which followed is one of the most remarkable in history. Bem recovered Transylvania, and the Austrian Windischgrätz, instead of putting down rebellion, was defeated by the raw levies of Kossuth, and driven to the frontier. The Imperialists were worsted in ten great battles, and the friends of liberty throughout Europe began to breathe more freely, and to hope for a cause which had seemed well nigh desperate. Had no new element been introduced, their hopes would have been realized. Hungary had shown itself equal to the crisis, and her noble governor and patriotic sons had proved, on many a hard-fought field, their ability to defend the rights which their fathers had handed down. But the Camarilla of Vienna were not thus to be disappointed. They had calculated on victory, and yet determined to secure it, though at a terrible price. The passion of the hour mastered their better judgment, and regardless of the future, they resolved on placing themselves

* Kossuth evidently referred to this in his speech at Winchester, when he remarked, 'So much I can say, that, though forsaken by the whole world, I am to-day confident we would have been a match for the combined forces of these two despotical empires, but that it was my fault and my debility that I, the Governor of Hungary, who had the lead of this great cause, had not faculties enough to match Russian diplomacy, which knew how to introduce treason into our camp; but had I been capable even to imagine all these intrigues we should not have fallen.'

in the hand of an ambitious neighbour, whose rapid progress throws a shade over the prospect of European civilization and liberty. They asked the help of Russia, which was instantly and with obvious exultation granted. The intervention of this power had been talked of so early as the previous November.

'The Austrian Government,' says Lord Ponsonby, November 20th, 1848, 'I am pretty sure, has not asked the Emperor of Russia for assistance anywhere, although the most amicable relations exist between the parties; but I have little doubt, that *should the Austrians receive a severe check in Hungary, the Emperor of Russia would give the most efficient aid to the Emperor of Austria in that country*; and also, that should there be any attempt in Galicia at insurrection, the Russians would, even without being applied to, *march troops into that province to put down the insurrection there.*'—*Ib.* p. 102.

On the 2nd of February, the Russians entered Transylvania; and the Hungarians are described by the British consul at Belgrade 'as more resolute, since they appeared on the soil.' 'No one,' says Mr. Fonblanque, 'in these directions believes the Austrian assurance that this Russian intervention is merely ephemeral.' The indomitable spirit and restless energy of Bem now found a fitting sphere of action, and it is due to his memory, and to the brave men he commanded, to give the report of Mr. Grant, our representative at Hermanstadt, who was present at that city, when Bem, having outmanœuvred the Austrian general and beaten the Russians, captured it. His account is an ample refutation of the charges preserved against the Hungarian troops.*

'Not an act of pillage,' he says, 'appears to have sullied their conduct; not a house was fired. The men, wearied with nine hours' marching and five hours' fighting, demanded and took refreshments from such of the inhabitants as remained, and bivouacked without committing any of the horrors which rumour has hitherto attributed to the Hungarian soldiery. Bem's force amounted to 8,000 men of all arms, and twelve or fourteen guns.

'It was only during the engagement that it became known that Bem commanded in person; he took up his quarters in the house of the burgomaster, whose name three weeks previously was appended to a proclamation offering a price upon his head.

* Our consul at Bucharest, Mr. Colquhoun, makes a similar report. Writing to Lord Palmerston, May 10, 1849, he says, 'You must not believe the reports the Germans spread of the cruelty exercised by the Hungarians against their prisoners; *there is not one word of truth in these tales*; on the contrary, both officers and men are allowed to go about freely, and receive good pay.' A similar report is made by Sir Stratford Canning, July 14, 'Correspondence,' 1847, p. 279.

'The population was immediately disarmed, and order established the following day. Early in the morning of Monday the 12th, General Bem sent for Mr. Grant, who had remained in town during the night. He received him most kindly; assured him that he should meet with every respect and attention; and said he wished an Englishman near him to place his conduct in its proper light before Europe—conduct which he accused his enemies of vilifying most cruelly. Mr. Grant said his duty was now to return to Bucharest to report to his chief the important fact of the capture of Hermanstadt, and asked the general for a safe-conduct beyond the Hungarian outposts. He took leave of General Bem, after recommending to his kind consideration Captain Newd, who had been sent with other prisoners to Debreczin; the general promised to write immediately to Kossuth in his favour, and also said, should any other Englishman be taken, he should be kindly dealt with.'—*ib.* p. 170.

The intervention of the Russians changed the aspect of the contest, and gave it, to use the language of Lord Palmerston, 'the character and proportions of an important European transaction.' It was only 'indirectly and constructively' that the contest could be supposed to effect the interests of Russia, while, in its ultimate result, as the Foreign Secretary argued, in his despatch of August 1st, it might 'either derange the balance of power, or lead to changes in the state of territorial possession, or produce both of these effects.' Such being the view entertained of the possible results of the struggle, we are surprised that no protest was addressed to the government of the Czar, or any other step taken to prevent his troops from entering Hungary and Transylvania. On the contrary, our representative at St. Petersburg was informed, May 17th, that much as her Majesty's Government regretted the interference of Russia, 'they, nevertheless, have not considered the occasion to be one which, at present, calls for any formal expression of the opinions of Great Britain on the matter.' We do not believe that our country is fallen so low, as that a firm and dignified remonstrance against Russian interference would not have had effect at St. Petersburg, while political considerations, to say nothing of constitutional sympathies, powerfully urged such a course. But the Foreign Office was silent; our representatives at Vienna were the champions of the false-hearted House of Hapsburg; and nothing remained to Kossuth and his brave associates but to surrender liberty and life, or to establish the independence as well as the freedom of their country.

'When,' said Kossuth at Winchester, 'did I make the proposal no more to acknowledge the House of Hapsburg? When I got true and exact intelligence that the Russian intervention was decided on, and had been accepted, and when I had got, I am sorry to say, the intelli-

gence, that in order to avoid this Russian intervention we had no help in the world—from nobody—no, not one—then I considered matters in my conscience, and I came to the resolution, that either my nation must submit to the deadly stroke aimed at her life, or, if we were not cowards enough, not base enough, to accept this suicide, it would not be amiss to put as the reward of our struggles—our fatal struggles—that which should have the merit of being worthy the sacrifice of the people; and if we had to contest with two great empires—if we had no one to help us—if we had no friend—and to contest in our struggles for the liberties of Europe, because now the Hungarian question rose Europe—“high,” it assumed the dignity of an European question—if it was our fate to struggle for the liberties of Europe as once we had struggled for her Christianity, and if God should bless us, I proposed as a reward the independence of Hungary, and it was accepted. That is the statement, the brief—no, not the brief, but the true—statement of the relations between Hungary and Austria.’

The Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Hungarian Diet on the 14th of April, 1849, and states in full the case of the patriots. It is a noble document, drawn up with considerable ability, full of historical information, and replete with the soundest principles of political freedom. Its great length precludes our transferring it to our pages, but we earnestly counsel our readers to make themselves acquainted with it. After declaring that the house of Hapsburg, ‘as perjured in the sight of God and man,’ had forfeited all right to the Hungarian throne, it proceeds:—

‘At the same time, we feel ourselves bound in duty to make known the motives and reasons which have impelled us to this decision, that the civilised world may learn we have taken this step, not out of overweening confidence in our own wisdom, or out of revolutionary excitement, but that it is an act of the last necessity, adopted to preserve from utter destruction a nation persecuted to the limit of the most enduring patience. . . . The Hungarian nation has all along respected the tie by which it was united to this dynasty; and in now decreeing its expulsion from the throne, it acts under the natural law of self-preservation, being driven to pronounce this sentence by the full conviction that the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg is compassing the destruction of Hungary as an independent state; so that this dynasty has been the first to tear the bands by which it was united to the Hungarian nation, and to confess that it had torn them in the face of Europe. For many causes a nation is justified, before God and man, in expelling a reigning dynasty. Among such are the following:—

‘When it forms alliances with the enemies of the country, with rebels, or partisan chieftains, to oppress the nation. When it attempts to annihilate the independence of the country and its constitution, sanctioned by oaths, attacking with an armed force the people who have committed no act of revolt. When the integrity of a country which the sovereign has sworn to maintain is violated, and its power dimi-

nished. When foreign armies are employed to murder the people, and to oppress their liberties.

‘Each of the grounds here enumerated would justify the exclusion of a dynasty from the throne. But the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg is unexampled in the compass of its perjuries, and has committed every one of these crimes against the nation; and its determination to extinguish the independence of Hungary has been accompanied with a succession of criminal acts, comprising robbery, destruction of property by fire, murder, maiming, and personal ill-treatment of all kinds, besides setting the laws of the country at defiance, so that humanity will shudder when reading this disgraceful page of history.

‘The main impulse to this recent unjustifiable course was the passing of the laws adopted in the spring of 1848 for the better protection of the constitution of the country. These laws provided reforms in the internal government of the country, by which the commutation of servile services and of the tithe were decreed; a fair representation guaranteed to the people in the Diets, whose constitution was before that exclusively aristocratical; equality before the law proclaimed; the privilege of exemption from taxation abolished; freedom of the press pronounced; and, to stem the torrent of abuses, trial by jury established, with other improvements. Notwithstanding that, as a consequence of the French February revolution, troubles broke out in every province of the Austrian empire, and the reigning dynasty was left without support: the Hungarian nation was too generous at such a moment to demand more privileges, and contented itself with enforcing the administration of its old rights, upon a system of ministerial responsibility, and with maintaining them and the independence of the country against the often-renewed and perjured attempts of the crown. These rights, and the independence sought to be maintained, were, however, no new acquisition, but were what the king, by his oath, and according to law, was bound to keep up, and which had not in the slightest degree been affected by the relation in which Hungary stood to the provinces of the empire. . . .

‘The measure of the crimes of the Austrian house was, however, filled up, when, after its defeat, it applied for help to the Emperor of Russia; and, in spite of the remonstrances and protestations of the Porte, and of the consuls of the European powers at Bucharest, in defiance of international rights, and to the endangering of the balance of power in Europe, caused the Russian troops stationed in Wallachia to be led into Transylvania, for the destruction of the Hungarian nation.’—*Ib.* pp. 256—263.

The particular form to be assumed by the Government was reserved for a future Diet, it being provided, in the meantime, ‘by acclamation and with the unanimous approval of the Diet,’ that Louis Kossuth should be governor, and that the affairs of the kingdom should be conducted ‘on the basis of the ancient and received principles which have been recognised for ages.’ We cannot dwell on this important step, much as we should like to do so. The Hungarians were obviously driven to it by

the course of events. There was nothing else before them save an ignominious surrender of all for which they had struggled, and this was not to be looked for. Other opportunities, however, will occur of discussing this point. Our space is now pre-occupied, and we, therefore, content ourselves with saying that superhuman efforts were made to sustain their position, and that, terrible as was the force arrayed against them, they would, probably, have done so, but for the treacherous defection of Görgey. This is clearly the opinion of Kossuth, and the same view was expressed to Mr. Pridham by General Bem at Widdin. 'But for the treason of Görgey,' said the brave Pole, 'and his partisans, we should ultimately have cut off, in detail, both Austrians and Russians. In England, you hardly appreciate the immeasurable and priceless advantages Hungary possessed over every other country in Europe for defensive operations.*' At first, however, as was to be expected, the combined forces of Austria and Russia, amounting to about 300,000, were successful. The bulletins of Vienna again appeared, and with more truth than formerly, they announced the capture of forts, and the defeat of Hungarian armies. In the meantime, however, the Imperialists were fighting with other weapons than the sword. The Commander-in-Chief began to dispute the orders of the Governor, and reports were rife of his contemplating some step which would materially alter the aspect of affairs. His army became, in consequence, demoralized, and other detachments partook of the infection. The prospect of successful resistance under his direction being thus destroyed, Kossuth, as a last resource, and in the desperate hope of retaining his fidelity to Hungary, resigned office in favor of Görgey. 'I expect from him,' said the noble-hearted patriot, 'and I make him responsible before God and history, that he will employ this power to the best of his abilities, for the preservation of the national independence, as a state of our unfortunate country. May he love his country as devotedly as I have loved it, and may he be more fortunate than I was in laying the foundation of the prosperity of the nation.' This was said in the early part of August, but so far was Görgey from answering the hope expressed, that on the 13th of that month he surrendered his entire army at Világos. He had previously been in correspondence with the Russians, and had taken much pains to prepare his troops

* 'Kossuth and the Magyar Land,' p. 160. Mr. Pridham's volume is deeply interesting. Its personal details are invested with an almost romantic charm, while the sympathy evinced with the Magyars, and the sound-heartedness conspicuous throughout, commend it to the confidence of all. We advise our readers to lose no time in making its acquaintance.

for so ignominious a termination of the struggle.* Nothing now remained to Kossuth but to escape across the Turkish frontier, and this he happily effected on the 18th. A noble letter of his to Bem, dated the day after Görgey's surrender, was intercepted, in which patriotism and self-sacrifice, of no common order, are seen, under the depressing influence of ingratitude and treachery.

'I am indifferent,' says the wanderer, 'as to my personal safety. I am tired of life; for I see how the splendid edifice of my country, and with it the sanctity of European freedom, is overthrown, not by our enemies, but by our brothers.'

'It is not the dastard love of life which has induced me to go away, but it is the conviction that my presence has become injurious to my country.'

'General Guyon writes that the united army at Temeswar is in complete dissolution. You, General, are unfit to fight. Görgey, at the head of the only army which, according to this report, still exists, has declared that he will no longer obey, but that he will rule. I have conjured him, patriot, to be true to his country, and have made way for him. For the present I am a simple citizen, and nothing more.'—*Ib.* p. 367.

Austria and Russia immediately demanded from the Porte the surrender of the refugees, and the Cabinet of the Sultan appealed to England and France for support. Happily for the honor of our country, this appeal was met as it ought to have been. The interference was tardy, but decided, and it had the desired effect. Its success strengthens regret that it did not take place earlier. What might have been the result of a prompter interference it is now vain to inquire, but in reading the *Correspondence* of Feb. 1851 we cannot avoid the impression, that our Foreign Secretary felt that the proper moment for the expression of British feeling had been permitted to pass. But though the cause of Hungary had been slighted, the personal safety of the refugees was pressed with energy and with much more zeal than is common to statesmen. Our ambassador at Constantinople—unlike our representative at Vienna—worthily sustained the national honor, and to him the ultimate decision of the Turkish Government is greatly attributable. In his de-

* Writing to Lord Palmerston, September 1st, our Austrian ambassador says, 'General Görgey has been pardoned, and is permitted to retire into Styria.' We need not comment on this report. The name of Görgey will go down to history in association with that despised and abhorred class.

'Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.'

spatch of September 3, 1849, after reporting the demand of the allied powers, he says :—

‘ On grounds of humanity, not unmixed with considerations affecting the Porte’s character and future policy, I have not hesitated to advise a decided resistance to the demand of extradition. I have further endeavoured to dissuade the Turkish Ministers from pledging themselves to any measure of restraint not clearly prescribed by the terms of treaties, and from contracting any engagement not leaving a certain latitude of action for the future.

‘ I was happy to learn from General Aupick (French ambassador) that his view of the matter was entirely similar to my own, and we have in consequence acted upon the same line and received assurances of the same tenour from the Grand Vizier and Aali Pasha.

‘ We should have been better pleased to take even a higher position, and to recommend a more generous treatment of the unfortunate exiles ; but the treaties, though pushed beyond the strict letter of their obligation, and the example afforded on other occasions by the claimants themselves, give, nevertheless, a certain degree of weight to the Austrian and Russian demands, taken in their more limited extent, and impose, for the sake of peace, a necessity of acting with much prudence and consideration for these powers.’—*Correspondence*, 1851, p. 3.

Austria and Russia persisted in requiring a positive reply to their demand, and the aspect of affairs became at length so threatening that our ambassador reported that the question assumed ‘ not only a serious aspect, but a character of immediate urgency. It would seem,’ he adds, ‘ that the former two powers are determined to obtain possession of the refugees, or, at least, that their representatives are prepared to go the full length of diplomatic intimidation, in order to force the hands of the Porte.’ Failing in the immediate accomplishment of their purpose, they actually suspended diplomatic relations with the Porte, and waited further instructions from Vienna and St. Petersburg. In these circumstances the Turkish Government addressed six queries to the ambassadors of France and England with a view of ascertaining their opinion on the points in dispute, and of learning whether in the event of war being declared, the Porte might ‘ count upon the effective co-operation of those two powers.’ A letter was also forwarded to the Turkish ambassador in London, to be communicated to Lord Palmerston, expressing the confidence of the Porte that the English Government would ‘ hold itself ready to afford it, in case of necessity, *moral and material support*.’ To this Lord Palmerston replied, October 6th, authorizing Sir Stratford Canning ‘ to state to the Porte, that her Majesty’s Government *will comply* with the request contained in the application transmitted by the Turkish ambassador.’ Happily France and England were united on this point,

and their combined fleets were ordered to take up a position near the Dardanelles, from which they might promptly render aid, if such were required. This necessity, however, was prevented by the vigor of the measures which had been adopted. The Austrian and Russian Governments gave way, and ultimately M. Kossuth and the more eminent of his co-patriots were removed to the interior, with a view of preventing further disturbance to these powers. The two emperors preferred their being retained under Turkish custody, to their being allowed to depart from the Ottoman empire. We cannot but regret that the Porte submitted, even for a time, to be the jailor of its powerful neighbours. It was not to its honor that it did so, but under the circumstances of the case we do not wonder at its having so far yielded to their policy. We are glad to find that our ambassador did his utmost to provide for the security and comfort of the exiles on their removal from Shumla to Kutayah. Hearing that their treatment was not such as it should be, he brought their case before the authorities, in terms highly creditable to his humanity and intelligence. Speaking of their journey, he says:—

‘The superintendent, in particular, should be a man of *intelligence, steadiness, and humanity*. Warm clothing, wholesome food, clean lodging, medical assistance, and supplies to provide for petty wants, are indispensable. *Liberty of religious worship, occasional privacy, access to the means of cleanliness, and free exercise in the open air, ought also to be allowed*. In short, the Turkish Government cannot better consult its own interests and honor than by attending carefully to these humanities, and thereby securing the attachment of men who have thrown themselves on its protection, and who at no distant period may discharge the debt of gratitude by devoting their lives and talents to its service.’ —*Ib.* p. 120.

Of what occurred at Kutayah we have no space to write. It is more to the purpose to say that numerous Memorials were addressed to the English Government praying its interference on behalf of the refugees, and that the United States sent a steam-frigate to convey Kossuth and his attendants to the Western World. Austria threatened vengeance in case they were permitted to depart; but the Turkish Cabinet resolved to listen to the representation of other powers, and on the 22nd of August last, the welcome tidings of freedom were conveyed to Kossuth. ‘Go,’ said Suliman Bey, in announcing the fact; ‘you will find friends everywhere now; do not forget those who were friends when you had but few.’ On the 1st of September, Kossuth left Kutayah, and landed at Southampton on Thursday, the 23rd of October.

We need not enlarge on the character of his reception in this country. It was worthy at once of England and of Kossuth.

His most ardent admirer could scarcely have wished it to be more enthusiastic and universal. Our people were thoroughly moved—far more so than they had ever previously been in the case of a foreigner. His progress through the country was a perpetual triumph. Wherever he appeared, the young and the old, the artizan and the merchant, turned out to do him honor. Our people felt that he was the embodiment of a great and vital principle, and the homage they rendered was proportionably intense. If we ever doubted the political sympathies of Englishmen, the scenes which have recently passed under our eye would effectually remove our incredulity. On one point, and one only, we have felt regret. It is not to be denied that our nobility have stood aloof. The fact is significant and ominous. We deplore it on their own account; it is another proof of the growing interval between them and the people, and the result cannot be doubted.

It is most repugnant to our feelings to refer to the efforts made by a portion of the press, to lower the reputation of the ex-governor, and thereby to destroy the sympathy of our people. We must do so, however, in order that his case may be fully known. The vilest arts have been resorted to, in order to compass this end, and they have been employed with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. We need not say, that 'The Times' has been foremost in this inglorious career. When the Hungarian struggle was pending, it did its utmost to enlist English sympathy on behalf of the oppressor; and when Kossuth was an exile, and his life was threatened, it basely sought to tarnish his good name, and thus deprive him of the only consolation which he had. The whole history of journalism supplies nothing equal to the tergiversation, mendacity, and meanness which have been evinced in Printing-house-square.* This conduct has met with the exposure and rebuke which it merited, as may be seen in the pamphlet entitled 'Kossuth and the Times.' We do not wonder, though there is petty meanness in it, that the advertisement of this pamphlet was refused by 'The Times.' Unscrupulous as it may be, it affects honesty; and there are some,

* 'The Times' has recently attempted, *in its own style*, to rebut the charge of having been bribed by *foreign courts*. That it should have been subjected to such a suspicion is sufficiently humiliating, but its self-defence is as unsatisfactory as its course has been unprincipled. Be this, however, as it may, there are returns beside money, and other vices than the love of gold. It may be true, that foreign courts have not bribed 'The Times,' and yet the venom it has distilled may have been prompted by mercenary motives. Parties nearer home than 'foreign courts' may be interested in maintaining the monetary reputation of Austria; and it will be for the livery of London, in the event of another election, to ascertain whether such have had anything to do with these disgraceful and mendacious libels.

possibly, who yet give it credit on this score. In its leader of the 17th of October, this journal takes great credit to itself for having relied, in its version of Hungarian affairs, 'upon information derived from our own English correspondents, or from English gentlemen present in Hungary during the war.' Provoked by this boast, the author of 'The Revelations of Russia' gives an account of the Hungarian correspondents of the paper, of which the following may be taken as a sample:—

'Mr. R.—— was, is, or states himself to be, or to have been, in the British service, and is described as lamentably addicted to creature comforts, a fact which may account for conduct so inconsiderate as to border on simplicity.

'Mr. R.——, in his character of Englishman—a character for which all classes of the Magyars have had at all times the strongest predilection—was allowed to pass where he pleased. Before the conquest of Transylvania by Bem, Mr. R.—— had reached Clausenburg, where he was on terms of great intimacy with the Austrian officers, to whom, in the hearing of numerous witnesses, he openly communicated all he had heard and seen in the Hungarian camp. Bem having entered Transylvania, and defeated both Austrians and Russians, whom he drove over the frontier, entered Clausenburg, where Mr. R.—— was found most unconcernedly in company of his bottle, and apparently unconscious of the position in which he had placed himself. As an officer or ex-officer, there was no excuse for his ignoring that according to the stern usages of war his life was forfeited, and that Washington hanged Major André under circumstances less unequivocal. Bem arrested, and but for his character of Englishman, and ignorant assurance, would undoubtedly have shot him. As it was, he sent him prisoner to Kossuth. Kossuth met him on the road, far from sober, and exceedingly abusive. The Governor of Hungary addressed a few words to him, to the effect that he had disgraced the name of an Englishman, and ordered him to be set at liberty—not where he could reach the Austrians and make further disclosures—but on the Turkish frontier, to which he was accordingly conducted, and then set at large. This "correspondent" wrote several letters to "The Times;" one or two denying the victories by which Bem conquered Transylvania, and another full of wrath at the treatment a "British officer had experienced," but without adding that, consciously or unconsciously, drunk or sober, he had degraded the British name by acting as a spy.

'The Austrians or Russians (General Bem in relating these particulars assured me), would have shot him within four-and-twenty hours.'—*Kossuth and 'The Times,'* pp. 17, 18.

Another correspondent, Mr. Pridham, whose volume stands at the head of our article, has exposed with an unsparing hand the course pursued by this journal; and we should have been glad, had our space permitted, to quote his strictures. So far respecting the claim of 'The Times,' on the ground of its supe-

rior and more impartial information. And now to the specific charges advanced against Kossuth. We can notice only a few of them. Our space precludes more than this; but the complete and triumphant answer, of which they admit, enables us fairly to apply the old adage, *ex uno omnes disce*.

Personal corruption, and that, too, in the discharge of a charitable trust, was first broadly stated. On the 9th of October, 'The Times' affirmed, that judicial proceedings had been instituted against him some years previously, 'for misconduct in the performance of a trust in the county of Zemplin, and that he was not exonerated from the charges then brought against him. All traces of the procedure in this case,' it was maliciously added, 'were carefully destroyed during the period of his government.' To this statement, gravely put out by a 'journal which boasts the accuracy of its information,' the author of 'Revelations of Russia' replies,

'Count Vay, a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in the Comitatus of Zemplin, addressed to the 'Times,' in answer, the following letter, which it neither printed in its columns, nor even acknowledged to have been received.

' "To the Editor of the Times.

' "Southampton, 16th October.

' "SIR,—The 'Times,' of the 14th instant, inserts the letter of a correspondent, who, on the alleged authority of another morning paper, says of Kossuth (speaking of the Zemplin affair), 'This immaculate patriot was guilty of malversation after all.'

' "I belong, sir, to the same county as M. Kossuth, and, without entering into the details of this calumnious accusation, declare that he was notoriously acquitted of a gossiping charge, abandoned by those who made it, and which, as a Hungarian, I indignantly rebut. The facts are briefly these:—M. Kossuth, appointed at an early age the trustee of an orphan charity, although then as much addicted to the turf as to the bar, was seen on one occasion to play higher and more unfortunately than usual. It was reported (at Austrian instigation) that he had gambled with the trust fund. An investigation was called for, but, on preliminary inquiry, the fund was found intact, to the confusion of his accusers. I am, &c.

' "COUNT LADISLAS VAY,

' " (of the Comitatus of Zemplin)."

' "The Times" says—"That all traces of the procedure in this case were carefully destroyed during the period of his government;" not only is this untrue, but could not have been true. Unlike our English records, written upon separate rolls, the records in Hungary cannot be tampered with without publicity and scandal. They are entered in bound volumes, in the keeping of corporate bodies, who hold their possessions by tenure of keeping these records, and subject, on any falsification of such documents, to forfeiture of those possessions.'—*Ib.* pp. 10—12.

But if free from personal corruptions he was open to the charge of 'self-seeking,' and 'the spirit of his administration' was 'arbitrary.' So says 'The Times' of October 9th. But *audi alteram partem* is a good old rule, and it was never more applicable than in the present case. Let us then hear the defence of the witness already adduced. It is at once direct, free from suspicion, and triumphantly conclusive.

'Few men have been more consistently disinterested than Kossuth.—When imprisoned in 1838, for his spirited persistence in the assertion of a public right, a sum was subscribed for the support of his mother, on the interest of which she lived during the four years of his incarceration. When the growing strength of public opinion obliged the Austrian Government to liberate him, Kossuth refused to accept the principal of the sum, which was devoted by his desire to the foundation of a school for the encouragement of national industry. When, subsequently, Batthyany and certain magnates, to secure him an independent position, which would permit him to devote his time, uninterruptedly, to the public service, clubbed together to present him with a considerable estate, he refused, inflexibly, the donation,—when, after the battle of Temesvar, he resigned the reins of government into Görgey's hands, his last quarter's salary, as Governor of Hungary was still in the public treasury, and yet on a constitutional scruple he sent back, without paying himself out of it, 600,000*l.* in bullion, by Duschek, who surrendered it to Austria to make his peace.

'When he reached Viddin, his whole worldly gear, as I personally witnessed, was contained in a portmanteau without a lock, and a pair of open saddle-bags. With regard to his subsequent retirement, I could give further evidence, but as M. Kossuth has honoured me with his confidence and friendship, I prefer to quote Mr. Massingberd, who writes in his "Letter on Kossuth and the Hungarian question :"—

"Your astonishment, like mine, would not have abated when with the statement of "The Times" before your eyes, that he was surrounded by an oriental luxury obtained through the plunder of Hungary and the proceeds of that crown, which it particularized as having *passed into the smelting-pot of a Jew*, you found him living in the humblest style, a scanty iron service having replaced at his frugal table the costly plate with which the Diet had presented him"—*Ib.* p. 8.

Kossuth, however, we are told, is a republican of the worst class. 'He will land at Southampton,' it was affirmed, October 9th, 'an avowed adherent of the extreme republican party in France ;' and he has since been represented by the same journal as the enemy of monarchy under every form ;—a preacher of republicanism, as the political type at which all should aim, and towards which the efforts of all free-men should tend. Now the monarchical temper of our people is well known. All our political associations centre in the throne, and nothing is more adapted to

prejudice a candidate for popular favor than to charge him with anti-monarchical views. The conductors of 'The Times' knew all this. They were aware of John Bull's prejudice on the subject, and with a baseness rarely equalled, have endeavored on this ground to alienate English sympathy from the illustrious Hungarian. Kossuth himself replied to the charge in his speech at Manchester, and we cannot do better than quote his words—

'Here I take the opportunity to declare, that it is true I for my own country, and for myself, have convictions; I consider that after what has happened in Hungary, if it were the most monarchical country in Europe, still the mere establishment of it is impossible, because the treachery of the house of Hapsburg has blotted out every hope of it. But it never came into my mind to have the pretension to go through the world to preach republican principles. Wherever I go, I acknowledge the right of every nation to govern itself as it pleases, and I will say that I believe freedom can dwell under different forms of government. This I say, because gentlemen whom I have had the honour to answer, upon an address presented to me—of course, not having quite well understood my words—have given such a report as that I should have said, I considered in Europe there was no other form of government possible—no other really constitutional form of government than a republic. That was a misunderstanding. I never said so. I consider that a form of government may be different, according to the peculiar circumstances of a nation. Freedom exists in England under monarchical government as under republican government. There social order is established. Combine my republican convictions with the principle of respect for the security of persons and property.'

Again, it is alleged that Kossuth proposed in the Hungarian Diet a large levy of troops to aid the Austrians in putting down freedom in Italy. 'The Times' has made much of this, yet anything falser was never asserted. The author of 'The Revelations of Russia' denied the alleged fact in the public journals; and it is within our own knowledge that the very reverse of what 'The Times' affirmed was true. The best rejoinder, however, was furnished by the secretary to 'The Society of the Friends of Italy,' which appeared in 'The Daily News,' of November 19, and from which we extract the following:—

'The Hungarian constitution was based on the Pragmatic Sanction, according to which the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, was bound to send troops to the aid of that country, if threatened by a foreign enemy; whilst Hungary, on the other hand, was bound to furnish men and money to maintain the integrity of the House of Austria, if any of its possessions were menaced by a foreign enemy. The cabinet of Vienna, having incited the rebellion of the Serbs, took the opportunity of the war with Sardinia, and the disasters of the Aus-

trian arms in Italy, to embarrass the Hungarian ministry, presided over by Count Louis Batthyany, and in which Kossuth held office as finance minister. It was the opinion, and known to be the opinion of Count Batthyany then, that Hungary was not yet in a condition to resist Austria. . . . Now, the Emperor of Austria, in the month of June, 1848, required, as King of Hungary, that his Hungarian ministry should demand a levy of men, which, in fact, was not intended to exercise an immediate influence on the affairs of Italy—as these affairs must have received some solution before the levy, if granted, could ever have been got together. But it was supposed that if, on the one hand, Batthyany's ministry had unconstitutionally refused to make that demand, it might constitutionally, and without danger, have been dismissed. . . . On the other hand, if Batthyany's ministry had made the proposition, it was thought that they would have forfeited all popularity in Hungary. From this seemingly inextricable dilemma, which was fully understood upon both sides, that ministry was extricated in the following manner by Kossuth, who, as finance minister, had to make the proposition. After noticing, on behalf of the crown, that a rebellion raged in the lower parts of Hungary, and that the King of Hungary was still engaged in a foreign war in Italy, he asked for a levy of 80,000 men, and then added that, after having made this demand as minister, as a Hungarian he recommended that the grant should be accompanied by the express stipulation that none of these men should, under any pretext, be employed beyond the Hungarian frontier till the Serbian war was over. In this manner the employment of Hungarian troops in Italy was practically stopped; but the same evening a cabinet council was held, and Batthyany argued that it was impossible, constitutionally, not to concede the principle that the King of Hungary had a right to demand, and to obtain, Hungarian troops for the defence of Italy—supposing, for instance, the Serbian rebellion to have been quelled, which had afforded the legitimate, but accidental and temporary, pretext for refusing them to Austria. This consideration was incontrovertible; but it was agreed to meet the difficulty by discussing the question as a matter of principle, and annexing the further stipulation to the eventual employment of the Hungarian troops in the defence of the Austrian possessions in Italy, after the Serbian or any other rebellion, that these troops should only be so employed after reasonable attempts at reconciliation had been made with the King of Sardinia, and on the condition that the Italian provinces should receive a separate administration and free constitution in all respects similar to that enjoyed by the Hungarians. These conditions were proposed by Kossuth, and passed in the Diet on the following day.'

But on the 12th of November, the 'Times' exulted in the unexpected aid obtained from two letters of General Bem, severely reflecting on the Hungarian Commissioners in Transylvania. 'We print these curious letters,' says the oracle, 'with pleasure.' We do not doubt it. For once, 'The Times' spoke truly; but reverting instantly to its old habit, it designates as

'the ablest and bravest soldier,' the man of whom it could formerly speak no good. Bem is unfortunately dead, and we suspect that this circumstance has much to do with the appearance of these letters. Certainly, we give them no credit, until the originals are produced, and their genuineness established. Mr. Pridham gives an extended account of the views of Bem, as expressed freely to himself; and from another gentleman who had frequent opportunities of conversing with him, we learn that nothing analogous to these letters ever proceeded from his lips. Further, it appears in the last degree improbable that such atrocities should be practised by the *civil functionaries* of the Government, when self-control and clemency were exercised by its *armies*, as we have noticed. (P. 765.) But waiving all this—suppose the letters to be genuine, and the picture they give correct—what then, so far as Kossuth is concerned?

In such case they merely prove that at a distance from the seat of government, and at a time of terrible exigency, when everything was out of course, some officials disgraced themselves and injured the public service by an arbitrary and cruel exercise of the powers with which they were entrusted. Knowledge of their enormities is never charged on Kossuth; nay, it is evident from the whole tenor of the letters that he was deemed ignorant of them. And further, the writer, now that he is brought into court against Kossuth, 'the ablest and best soldier who figured in the Hungarian war,' pledges himself to Kossuth against all competitors, and that, too, at a time when he thought he had personally reason to complain. Had Bem supposed Kossuth to be a party to the alleged enormities of the commissioners, he would never have done this. But enough: we repeat our doubts as to the genuineness of these letters, and ask for proof. We are clearly entitled to do so, as the parties producing them are capable of any forgery which will serve their purpose.

Here we stop for the present. It is matter of necessity, or we should not do so. Numerous topics crowd upon us, but we must defer them. Kossuth is now on his passage to America, where he will see a different phase of society, though not more freedom, than in this country. His return may be speedily looked for, and we pray the Ruler of the Nations that the time may not be distant when, on his native soil, he may again erect, under more favorable auspices, and with a better issue, the standard of Hungarian freedom. It is not often that we meet with such a man. May his mission be accomplished in the early and complete enfranchisement of the land of his birth.

Brief Notices.

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Ranke's History of the Popes: and Gladstone on Church and State. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman and Co.

A Lady's Voyage round the World. A selected Translation from the German of Ida Pfeiffer. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. In two parts. London: Longman and Co.

Essays from the 'Times.' Being a Selection from the Literary Papers which have appeared in that Journal. Reprinted by permission. London: J. Murray.

THE first and second of these publications belong to 'The Travellers' Library.' Of the former we need not speak. It forms part of the justly popular Macaulay reprints, and is every way entitled to rank with its predecessors. The scheme was a happy one, and we cannot doubt but that it has proved remunerative. The publication of such works in a neat and cheap form was a national service, and has already gone far to displace much of that trash which had previously been provided for travellers. The present reprint is specially acceptable to us, as, apart from its literary excellences, the treatises which it contains enunciate principles of the highest importance which do not ordinarily find their way into our first-class literature.

The second publication happily varies the series to which it belongs. It is deeply interesting, and unites personal anecdote with geographical and other information in a more than usually attractive form. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable and instructive companion for the traveller. The translation has been made *verbatim* from the original work, some parts of which, however, are omitted, as dealing with matters already familiar to the English reader. The chief attraction of the work 'will most likely be found in the personal narrative, and in the singular character, of the authoress, . . . who has emancipated herself in earnest—not from the fashions of gowns and petticoats, but from indolence, and vanity, and fear—and that, too, without deviating for a moment from the simplicity and housewifely sobriety of her sex, her age, and her position in life.' The work will have many readers, all of whom will be much delighted with its vivacious and picturesque descriptions.

The *Essays from the 'Times'* constitutes the first volume of Mr. Murray's 'Readings for the Rail,' which has been commenced in accordance with the suggestion of that journal on the 9th of August last. It contains eleven papers selected from the 'Times,' the topics of which are various, and the ability displayed, we need not say, is

first-rate. We often dissent from the judgments pronounced by our daily contemporary on the works reviewed in its columns, but no difference of opinion can exist as to the pre-eminent talent and vast range of information which its *literary* articles betoken. We are glad to have such a selection as the present volume furnishes, and recommend our travelling friends to make its early acquaintance. It is published at four shillings, while Messrs. Longman's series is issued at one shilling each part.

The Wesleyan Almanack for 1852, compiled for the Use of the Wesleyan and other Branches of the Methodist Family. Pp. 64. London: John Kaye and Co.

The Protestant Dissenters' Illustrated Almanack for 1852; with Pictorial Illustrations, from Designs, by Gilbert, of several important Events in the History of Nonconformity. Pp. 84. London: John Cassell.

The Reformers' Almanack and Political Year-book for 1852. Pp. 92. London: Aylott and Jones.

The Christian Almanack for the Year 1852. Pp. 72. London: Religious Tract Society.

The Scripture Pocket-Book for 1852; containing an Almanack; also a Passage of Scripture for every Day, with an arrangement by which the Bible may be read in the course of the Year; and a variety of Useful Information. London: Religious Tract Society.

THESE almanacks are clearly distinguishable from each other. They are designed for different classes, and the information they communicate is adapted to the position and requirements of these several parties. The first proceeds from the reform party of the Wesleyan body, and is, in consequence, pervaded by an *animus*, to which the friends of Conference will strongly object. Its information—within the circle of Methodism—is extensive; and its general views are indicative of progress, though the temper sometimes evinced savors more of personal and party contention, than of genuine spirituality.

Mr. Cassell's almanack has a new feature this year, which will commend it to many purchasers. The eye is addressed by means of pictorial embellishments, which are employed to illustrate, and give vividness to the conceptions formed of, some of the most prominent events in the history of Nonconformity. 'It was thought,' says the editor, 'that to select a few of those occurrences, with a brief narrative, and a well-executed engraving, might tend to inspire respect for those who nobly suffered for the truth's sake; and a determination to cherish and defend the great principles of civil and religious liberty.' This end is very happily attained in 'The Protestant Dissenters' Illustrated Almanack,' in combination with a large amount of statistical information, and a forcible exposition of the principles which lie at the basis of religious freedom.

'The Reformer's Almanack,' as its title indicates, differs from the other two in the kind of information supplied. This is strictly political,

and evinces considerable diligence and pains-taking on the part of its editor. It contains, in addition to the usual matter furnished by such publications, a list of the members of the Lower House, with their votes on important questions; an analysis of the principal statutes of 1851; an electoral table, and a variety of statistics pertaining to the taxes on knowledge, the freehold-land movement, army expenditure, episcopal revenues, and other kindred topics. The whole forms a volume, eminently 'worthy of being the text-book of reformers in Church and State,' and to such we cordially recommend it.

'The Christian Almanack,' and 'The Scripture Pocket Book,' are sufficiently described by their title, and the Society by which they are issued. Their character is distinctively religious, at the same time that they furnish a variety of information useful to all. The latter is issued in the *form* of a pocket-book. We may just add, that each of these Almanacks is published at so low a price, that nothing but a large circulation can render them remunerative.

The History of Greece. By Connop Thirlwall, D.D. Vol. VI. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

WE are glad to receive another volume of this admirable work, of which we have spoken so frequently, and in such high terms, that we need add nothing now to a simple announcement of its publication. Its appearance has been so long delayed, that we began to fear it might not be forthcoming, at least, in our time. However, here it is, and we give it a right hearty welcome. From the prefatory notice of the publishers we learn, that the Bishop of St. David's cannot, at present, find leisure to complete his revision, and that they have resolved, in consequence, to bring out the remainder of the work without it. The bishop's revision is carried to page 161 of the volume before us, and as the subsequent portion of the history has been recently published, it is thought 'not to require such revision, as would compensate the subscribers for further delay.' In this opinion we entirely concur; at the same time, that we regret the loss which the world of letters will thereby sustain. The present volume brings down the history to the death of Callisthenes, and leaves little to be desired save the speedy appearance of its successors.

Buried Treasures: The Law of Liberty; A Letter on Toleration. By John Locke. With a Life by the Editor. Part I.

On the Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes; and on the Likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church. By John Milton. With a Historical Sketch and Notes. Part II. London: Albert Cockshaw.

THESE are issued by the Anti-state-church Association, as specimens of a series of reprints which, if judiciously selected, and edited with the same ability as those before us, cannot well fail to be popular: and will certainly conduce to the diffusion of sound views on matters ecclesiastical. The literature of past times, and the periodical

press of our day, furnish a mass of very valuable treatises which ought to be put into a more permanent form; and the Anti-state-church Association will greatly enlarge its usefulness, by rendering these accessible to the general reader. Locke's *Letter*, and Milton's *Treatises*, constitute the first and second parts of a series entitled—not very happily, as we think—'Buried Treasures.' They are printed in a neat and cheap form, and are introduced, the one by a brief memoir, and the other, by a historical sketch. Of these we shall merely say, that they are admirably suited to their purpose; are full of all requisite knowledge; and display towards the illustrious men whose works they preface, the profoundest respect and admiration. We strongly recommend the series to the favor of our readers. It promises to supply what has long been needed, and will do so, if the two before us are a specimen, in the very best way possible.

The Talbot Case. An Authoritative and Succinct Account, from 1839 to the Lord Chancellor's Judgment. With Notes and Illustrations, and a Preface. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. London: Seeleys.

THE Talbot case was eminently instructive, and its occurrence at the precise period when the pretensions of the Papacy were urged with especial fervor, and in a mode which aroused the conscientious and alarmed the timid, was a significant and highly important fact. Happily the chicanery of priests was speedily exposed, and notwithstanding some rather extraordinary negligence on the part of the highest legal functionary, the supremacy of English law was, at once and firmly, established. All who were interested in the case will be glad to possess an authentic record of it, and this is supplied in the small volume before us. Times are coming when the disclosures of this narrative will serve an important end, by exposing the cupidity and checking the presumption of an intolerant priesthood. We have no sympathy with that pseudo-Protestantism, which would combat Popery by weapons drawn from its own arsenal. We reprobate coercion in matters of religion, under whatever guise it presents itself: but cannot express too strongly our conviction of the inherent wickedness of the Papal system, and of the mischiefs which attend its rule. Within the limit of argument and persuasion, it cannot be opposed too firmly, and in such opposition Mr. Seymour's volume will answer an important end.

Secret Prayer, and its Accompanying Exercises. By Rev. James McGill. Glasgow: Bryce.

THIS little book is one that you cannot read for the purpose of writing a notice of it. The class of works to which it belongs, the devotional, are not meant to be criticized, but to be felt; and we should as soon think of taking a good man's prayers to review, as of coming to such a volume for that purpose. We can only say of the present treatise that it is universally practical and prayerful, simple and earnest, likely therefore to be peculiarly acceptable to the large class who seek in reading for stimulus to their religious life from the affectionate reiteration in familiar words of familiar truths.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Old Testament. Nineteen Sermons on the First Lessons for the Sundays from Septuagesima Sunday to the Third Sunday after Trinity. Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.

Stories of Scotland and its Adjacent Islands. By Mrs. Thos. Geldart.

Dr. Robinson's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament. Condensed for Schools and Students. With a Parsing Index, containing the Forms which occur, and showing their Derivations.

The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives. 3 vols.

Chapman's Library for the People. Sketches of European Capitals. By Wm. Ware, M.D.

Literature and Life. Lectures, by Edwin P. Whipple.

The Advent of Charity, and other Poems. By Thos. Bailey.

Motives to Faith. By Benjamin Glazebrook.

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